

Lykos-Redemption

\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\Act II\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\

Ch.5: Chasseurs Viendront et Je Vous Protégerai.

Coulter DarkClaw

When they got out of town, Demi and Mel looked at each other with vicious ire. They both knew that this fight was not over and they had no intention of quitting until they came to its utter conclusion. Once more—snarling and gnashing their teeth—they circled each other. It was a frightening sight to behold. Two very hairy men with animalistic features and horrific claws circling each other. To any observer it would have been quite obvious what the intentions of these beasts were: they wanted to rip each other apart.

Demeas started off the battle with a jump-tackle, which Melaeneus easily dodged. “Too obvious...” Mel growled as Demeas crashed into the gravelly ground. Melaeneus turned to face Demeas as he got up, prepared for anything.

Demeas leaped once more and once more Mel dodged. This time however Melaeneus raked his claws down Demi’s side as he went by. Demeas let out a shrill yelp before hitting the gravel yet again. Before Demeas could get up, he felt hands grasp his leg before being dragged unceremoniously through the gravel.

After only five *podes** he clawed Mel’s hand thus freeing him and injuring his brother. Demeas quickly got back on his feet before diving at Melaeneus who was in the process of turning around. Mel was bowled over and with Demeas on top of him, it looked to any watching on that Demeas would prevail. Demeas did indeed try to grip Mel’s neck in his mouth, but before he could, Mel flipped him. He had Demi pinned much in the way that he was moments earlier. Demi bucked his hips, setting Mel off balance and with a swipe of his hand Demeas was free.

As both wolves were winded, they broke off and circled each other, once more. It was here that the rest of their family showed up. As well as those whom Demeas had turned. With shouts of encouragement for both brothers, Demeas and Melaeneus swelled with pride. Mel’s eyes glowed—literally glowed—a luminescent gold. Demeas’ shone a more amber hue. Demeas’ confidence swelled outrageously and he went directly for a throat bite. Mel saw the strike coming and waited for it. Just before Demi’s teeth broke his skin, Mel’s struck Demeas in the back of the neck near where his spine connected to his skull. It was a situation which they’d seen wild wolves in in the wild and knew that there was nothing either of them could do. If one bit down so too would the other. It was a draw.

The younger siblings looked at each other in astonishment. The two eldest brothers of the Lycaonids were evenly matched, now. Demeas could declare himself Alpha. Both brothers growled around their ‘meals’ to let go. They did so in unison and once Mel stood up from the fight, he surveyed the group by which he was surrounded. He looked into each of his brothers’ eyes and the newly turned wolves of Demeas’ ‘pack’. “I am ashamed of you!” He yelled to the crowd, “Ashamed of your blood lust, ashamed of your indiscretion ashamed that you did not have the foresight not to come. This was between me and Demeas. He and I were to fight alone. We didn’t want to attract attention to ourselves, but now. All will

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†Swearing on the River Styx is about as powerful as an oath as you can get in Greek mythology.

see our packs. All will know of us. Is that what you wish? To be hunted and feared. To be killed because we're different? Because there is a chance that we may kill our fellow man? Nyctimus will do his best to erase this from the minds of the citizens of Athens, but we are now still at risk.

"As far as this goes," Melaeneus swept his hand toward Demeas, "Those of you who were cheering exclusively for Demi, may go with him. I wish to *never* see your faces again." With that said, Melaeneus walked off toward the house.

Before he was able to reach the house, however, an arrow sprouted from his shoulder throwing him off balance and making him stumble forward into the dirt. The remaining crowd cried in collective shock. "Everyone down." Demi shouted; everyone obeyed.

It was then that they heard the sound of a playful laugh. They all turned toward the sound as over the ridge came Perseus. "It is so nice of you all to gather for me. It makes it that much easier to kill all of you flee-bitten monstrosities." He growled.

He dropped his bow and pulled out his *xiphos***. With *xiphos* in hand, he charged at the throng of werewolves. The wolves changed to better protect themselves, as they did they crouched to lower their profile.

Melaeneus by this point had gotten up and broken the shaft off, trying to minimize the effect it had on him. He looked to Demeas, who looked at him in turn. They both howled their loudest howl and charged.

Before they even got to him however they heard the echoes of a shout, "STOP!" as a green wave of energy shot its way toward them from the wooden building they deemed a home. Nyctimus appeared seconds later in a flash of golden light, with Apollo by his side. The green energy had stopped the aggressors in their tracks. Some were in mid-change; others, mid-stride. Melaeneus was in both. He looked at Demeas again, both their eyes wide.

"I will not allow you to harm these men, Perseus. They are my brothers. They are the only things I have left of my life in Arcadia. I may not have been what I am now, but I was part of a—almost—full family." Nyctimus intoned, "To anger or betray me is to betray your Father and your Half-Brother. Understand?"

Perseus chuckled. "Did you honestly think that would work?" He started walking again. The magic's effects not fully having taken hold. "You have used that staff for what? A whole fortnight, now?"

Nyctimus' eyes widened in shock. Slowly his hold over the magicks fell away and so too did they. Then he felt Apollo's touch on his shoulder, and his magicks returned a hundred fold. Even he had trouble moving in this field. He nodded his thanks—after much concentration—to Apollo. Then went up to Perseus and looked at him with scorn fully written in his eyes. Nyctimus unfolded the fist that was wrapped around Perseus' *xiphos*, and withdrew the sword from his grasp. He then took the sword in both hands; held it above his head still staring scornfully at Perseus. He moved to one side; kicked in the hero's knees to get him in a kneeling position. "I am the protector of the lykaonids any and all threats against them I will eliminate. That is my duty. I tried reasoning with you and that lead nowhere. If you wish to leave with your life I need your word. Invoke the Styx[†] and swear to never come to my family again."

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Obviously understanding the situation as Nyctimus rested the blade of his *xiphos* against the back of his neck, Perseus looked to Nyctimus and laughed, "There is no way in Tartarus below or Olympus above that I will ever stop trying to kill your brothers. They are monstrosities. If you wish to take my life, understand that it is not impossible to climb out of Hades. I *will* come for them. And I *will* kill *you* if you stand in my way."

Nyctimus looked to Apollo, who looked grimm. Then back to Perseus and he again intoned his oath, this time invoking the River Styx, "On the River Styx, the River of Lost Souls,

And with solemn Heart
I swear to protect and keep
My family no longer apart
In human form again shall weep.
"Love of a brother, love of family
To those in wolf's clothing shall I give,
With honor and truth I take this duty
And I will die that they may live."

A Dark chill went through Nyctimus' spine as the permanently binding oath took root. He raised again the *xiphos* and brought it down with force in a swinging arc. His brothers forced to watch on as they could do nothing to stop their brother from the dark act, willed their respective bodies to allow them to scream, allow them to do anything but stand around and watch as Nyctimus, their sweet, innocent, naïve little brother took the life of a Demigod. As the sword fell so too did Nyctimus soft façade. He was a hard, determined—if emotional—man when it came right down to it. He let that show as the blade sank into and then through Perseus' neck. The <<*thunk*>> that came afterwards was little more than a capstone to the atrocity that was the Death of Perseus.

"More will come. I will protect you from them." Nyctimus said as he went to Apollo and hugged him tightly after dropping the sword.

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