

Lykos Redemption

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

Ch. 6: Hier Kommt Krieg.

Coulter DarkClaw

“What I said before still stands, Demeas. You are no longer welcome here. Get out of Athens with your betas and I hope to *never* see you again. If I do, you will not live to see another full moon.” Melaeneus spoke before leaving towards the house, half of his younger siblings joining him.

The other half looked to their second eldest brother, waiting for a response. “If you will follow me, I will lead you to prosperity.” Demeas looked almost ashamed, yet there was a gleam of hope in his eyes. That gleam, that small sliver of hope Demeas was showing was the beginning of an ambition. It was one so huge, it couldn’t easily be stopped. Those who’d been turned by Demeas were visibly shrinking back. They feared their alpha’s ambition. Those brothers who’d decided to follow Demeas grinned almost maniacally. They knew what their brother’s ambition was and they shared it, wholeheartedly. If Melaeneus was banishing them, it was the biggest mistake that he could make. They would make him pay. He wouldn’t be alive much longer. Nor would their other brothers. They would be the only ones of their kind left in the world. They would propagate their race until they smothered out the inferiority that was the human race. The mania that one would see in the eyes of the Lycaonids who followed Demeas would be vastly apparent. And it was growing.

They followed him as he left the clearing in which the fight had taken place. He went not toward the house, but to the south. The brothers grinned wider. They were going to their actual home. Their original kingdom. They were going to Arcadia. They all knew that they’d come back, but first it was time to regroup, recuperate, and recruit. It was time the world knew of the lycanthrope.

Though the rest of his pack could not see it, Demeas wore an evil smile. His eyes showing to all how dark his soul had become. It was at this moment that his wolf tore from its bond with him. It threw him out of balance so quickly that he almost fainted. His brothers caught him and they asked him what happened.

“I cannot say.” He said, and brushed off his brothers and continued to walk on. “Not to you, my brothers, but I know what just happened. My wolf and I are no longer one. I hope to repair it before you find out.” He whispered to himself.

His brothers murmured amongst themselves wondering what could have happened. Their brother was never lightheaded. Never was he unsure or unknowing. He was the epitome of *overconfidence* and of strength. The others of Demeas’ newly formed pack stayed back from the brothers. They were still extremely unfamiliar with their new selves. They were still a week or so out from the full moon, so until then they wouldn’t know their true forms.

Nyctimus went into the house, trailed closely by Apollo. Apollo looked concerned. He knew that Nyctimus had not wanted to take the hero’s life. He knew that he’d wanted to avoid conflict if at all possible. Apollo knew that Nyctimus would not fully, if ever at all, recover. This would mark his soul until the day he died. He’d done it to protect his family. He’d done it because it had seemed necessary at the

time. The first kill was always the hardest. The one that took the most from a person. It was never easy to kill, even for a god such as him. He looked forlornly at his lover and even though he wanted to say something, anything at all to aid Nyk, he stayed mute.

They came to the door that led to Nyk's bedroom and Nyk opened the door. Went in the room. And promptly slammed it into Apollo's nose. "Love, is everything all right? Do you need to talk?"

Apollo could hear muffled crying. And then an incredibly quiet—almost inaudible through the door—"I'm sorry. Just go. Please."

"Everything is going to be fine. I will go. Remember, Nyc, I am here for you. I love you now and forever." Apollo left with a quick teleportation.

He was in his palace on Olympus. He felt his father at his back. "I know, Father. He killed Perseus. Why did he have to be so hard-headed? That man did not know when to back down, Father. This was the time to back down. Nyk's control over the Shepherd's Crook has grown. He stopped time. Literally froze everyone around himself but him. Yet Perseus still persisted and was intent on slaughtering his brothers."

"Apollo that is not what I am here to talk about. I am here to talk about Demeas. He is too far out of control. His wolf and he are separate again. I do not know if we can bring him under control."

Nemesis appeared next. "Demeas now has a vendetta—my realm. He is under my protection. Understand?" she asked, staring pointedly at Apollo.

He nodded his head subtly. Then he said, "Aye, I do. Yet Nyctimus' family is under my protection. If Demeas becomes a threat to Melaeneus, which I assume he will, he becomes *my* enemy."

She growled in annoyance and poofed out of the room.

"There's darkness in that man's heart, Apollo. Do not let it affect your family." Zeus stated solemnly. And he poofed away as well. Leaving a lot of electricity in the air.

"I know father. I am hoping that I can truly protect him." Apollo said quietly to himself. He walked to one of the many Doric columns that supported his palace and leaned against it. Nyctimus' life was about to get a lot more interesting. Apollo doubted that Perseus would be the last time that Nyctimus would have to kill someone. He hated that fact more than anything. He wanted the sweet little innocent boy that he'd fallen in love with to stay that way forever. He mourned the loss of Nyctimus' innocence silently for a while.

Then he went to go find the muses and possibly Dionysus. He wanted a distraction from the day he'd just experienced. It was one of the things Apollo never really let on to anyone. He was fragile. Extremely so. He hurt so much from so much that had occurred on that day. Nyctimus' loss of innocence, Perseus'—his half-brother's—death, and the separation that had come to pass between Melaeneus and Demeas. He needed to get drunk and forget for a while.

Melaeneus looked around the group assembled before him. His pack just kept getting smaller. He needed to be able to continue on. To have his pack live on. Thirteen wolves against several million would not be good odds. He needed to find a mate. Soon. That's all he could think about.

"Alpha, stop worrying. We will figure this out," said Harpalykos. He smiled acutely. His way was always to follow the path set before him and never question it. His path recently had been Melaeneus. He would not stray from that path.

"Harpalykos? What do you know?" Melaeneus looked at his beta, at his brother.

"I know that between you and Nyctimus we will be protected from almost anything. I believe in you. Brother, you are our proper Alpha. Demeas, ruled through fear and threats. You rule through compassion and understanding. I would much rather have you as our Alpha than him."

"Thank you for that, Harpalykos. I needed it." He nodded his thanks to his younger sibling, "You all—Nyctimus, too—are the reason I have stayed here so long. I should have had my own family by now..."

They stared at him, realizing what really the matter was. He was lonely. Romantically lonely. He needed to find a wife. That was something that they, his brothers, would gladly help him pursue.

Nyctimus lay in the fetal position, tears streaking down his face. His eyes clenched closed as his mind played through the many different scenarios that could occur due to his killing Perseus. He wasn't entirely sure that he could keep all of his brothers safe. That more than anything scared him. His oath made it pretty clear what would happen to him if any of his brothers perished. He himself would die in trying to save them.

Not only that but he knew for a fact that Demeas wasn't done in his ambitions. He'd rule all lycans or kill those that would not follow. There was a war on the horizon and Nyctimus couldn't see a way around it. The one thing he knew for sure was that Demeas was recruiting people to join his pack, turning them, and growing in strength. His life was going to be a lot more difficult in the coming months.

There was a bright flash behind him and then he felt warmth on his back. "Thank you, Apollo." Nyk sobbed.

"It is not a problem at all, my love. I would do anything to see you smile."

"I know. That's why I love you." Nyk broke down even further. Apollo just cuddled up extremely close to the human and kissed him affectionately on the back of his head.

The entire time he whispered sweet nothings into Nyk's ear, trying to get his emotions under control.

"I love you, Apollo. You are the best thing to ever happen to me." Nyk said, quietly. He was finally beginning to calm down. Now that he was done crying, he was exhausted.

"I love you, too, my darling. You need to rest, my love. Let Morpheus spirit you away to the land of dreams."

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