

Lykos-Redemption

\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\Act III\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\

Ch 4: Il Risveglio di Lupi Demoniaci

Coulter DarkClaw

Nyctimus looked at the approaching army of men. There were not just the wolves of his second eldest brother's pack, though they were in front. There were also a contingent of soldiers who appeared to be from Arcadia, based on their shields. He saw the standards of many of his father's men, and many new ones on which he had not laid eyes. Apollo looked at Nyctimus and Nyk at Apollo and they both nodded to each other.

"The Twelve keep us. Hecate give me strength.

Athena help me to build this great wall."

They recited aloud. Nyk punctuated the spell with a stamping of his Shepherd's Crook against the ground. The wall went up instantly. This time instead of turquoise the wall was a light pink between the two of them, though it faded to an intense reddish orange as it got closer to Apollo. It cooled to the original turquoise the closer it came to Nyctimus.

Melaeneus immediately started organizing what remained of their once proud family into what would be referred to a somewhat large platoon if these were soldiers. Mel organized them into four man teams in order to further delineate his plan for this battle to the wolves under control. Each team had a higher ranking beta among them. He called these betas up, all ten of them. "So brothers, it is time to show Demeas why I am the alpha of this pack. Get your teams ready. This is not going to be easy, I know. Know you will not be forgotten. Know your sacrifices today will be remembered. Most of all, remember whom you are fighting for!" He growled out, before transforming and howling his accepting his brother's challenge.

He along with the rest of Nyk's family ran towards the barrier. Nyk and Apollo looked to each other and dropped the barrier right as Mel and his pack got to it. They closed it once the pack had gone through. Nyk clenched the Crook with such vigor the wood of the staff creaked. Apollo came over and though he himself had doubts about the outcome of this battle, he comforted Nyctimus. He assured the young Arcadian that his charges would be safe. They were about to see what would happen. They were about to see the way in which their fates would play out; this battle would see to the future of what it would mean to be a lycanthrope.

Mel charged down the slope toward the ever advancing force that was his brother's pack. Internally he wept. He wept that today it was going to be him fighting against his younger brother. He would rather it had not have come to this, but here they were. On the gods-be-damned battlefield.

He raced toward Demeas, while trying to ignore his younger siblings and the soldiers of Arcadia who stood alongside them. Though he mostly succeeded, he received many deep gashes as many of the enemy wolves noticed his mad dash.

* Pous (pl.: podes)= Ancient Greek foot; 1 pous =12.13 in=308.2mm

** Himation= Ancient Greek cloak worn by adults.

As he slowed to a stop in front of Demeas he noticed the goddess Nemesis standing next to him. “I should have known. Demeas, why are you listening to this bitch of a goddess?” Mel looked to his brother in utter disappointment.

“Remember who you are speaking of, little wolf.” Nemesis spoke, in sibilant whispers. She sounded so much like a snake. “I take no responsibility for his actions, Mel. It is only he that possesses that right. It was his choice to heed my advice and seek vengeance against—”

Just before she was able to speak her last words, an arrow sprouted from her chest. It was bright. Bright as the sun, one might say. Mel looked over his shoulder. Sure enough, Apollo held his bow in hand and was already prepping his next arrow. He needed to remember to thank Apollo.

“Now it is just you and I, brother. Now we can decide the fate of the lycans. Will we be known solely for our ability to transform, or will it spread that we have a tendency to murder? Let us decide this now. Let us stop this fighting for the good of our new race and the good of our brothers.” Mel said just before flicking out his claws and jump-tackling his brother and slashing at his chest.

Demeas growled before transforming.

Right as he started though a loud crack spread throughout the clearing as a bolt of lightning struck Demeas squarely in the chest and blew Melaeneus off his brother and through the air for fifty *podes** and then some. There was another crack and another. In fact the lightning seemed to focus on the area of the battle as many of the wolves on Demeas’ side—no all of the wolves on Demeas’ side—were struck.

Melaeneus’ ears rung horribly as the multiple thunderclaps that accompanied the bolts of lightning rang through his overly sensitive ears. He cupped his hands over them in an effort to protect them from further damage as he rolled onto his side and into the fetal position. He waited for the muted claps of thunder which still were way out of the range of comfort for the lycan to die down.

Once they had, he removed his hands from his ears. He looked around. All the enemy lycans had been downed. The Arcadian troops seemed to have fled. Mel almost got his hopes up before he heard what sounded like the cracking of bone.

He looked over and what beset his eyes defied all logic. The previously-still form of his brother was now contorting itself in such a way as to completely disturb the man-wolf. Demeas Jaw had opened up well past the point of breaking and a blood-soaked, distorted canine muzzle protruded out of it.

As he watched more of this new creature revealed itself. Claws ripped through the forearms of the human form before him and soon the flesh around the chest and midsection started to rip. It seemed as if Demeas’ body had literally started to burst at the seams. Demeas’ human flesh fell from his arms to reveal the even-more blood soaked forelimbs of this new monstrosity. It used its now-malformed hands to tear at the rest of the human form.

Before long the entire creature revealed itself. It was fifteen *podes* tall on its hind legs, built like an Olympian athlete and had a raging *pous* long hard-on between its legs. It dripped a dark grey substance that Mel realized was pre-ejaculate. He slowly backed away from the horrifying creature, before he ran into somebody and turned around.

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Zeus stood there before him regal in his dark grey, silk *himation***. “Melaeneus, my boy, run. This is no longer a battle for you alone. Regroup with your pack. Find Nyctimus and Apollo. These creatures are even more powerful than I had intended.” Zeus rubbed the back of his neck in a very ungodlike gesture. Then he pointed his finger and yelled “Run!”

Mel did as the god bade him and ran toward his brother and Apollo. As he did he looked around to assess the situation. He noted that there seemed to be thirty and two of these new creatures and there were eighteen corpses on the ground that showed no signs of movement whatsoever. The corpses he recognized as his brothers. He understood the prophecy’s line “eighteen in Hades shall meet.”

Apollo watched the bolts of energy strike the unsuspecting lycans and found himself afraid that one could strike him. When Zeus was truly angry, his aim couldn’t truly be trusted. He looked over at Nyctimus and gave him what he hoped was a reassuring look. He knew very little of what was now occurring and he found that that scared him more than his father’s anger.

It was ironic, then, that Nyctimus was the one to calm Apollo. He smiled and nodded. “Zeus’ wrath has never been so appreciated.”

Apollo laughed at that, turned back to assess the battle and stared shocked. Many large, blood-red, deformed, barely-anthropomorphic canines had replaced the lycans Thad had previously been there. Except eighteen of them. It was then he noticed that Melaeneus was running at them full speed. “Make a hole!” he shouted to Nyctimus.

Nyctimus turned to see his brother running at them at a manic pace. He did as Apollo bade him and tapped his Crook and opened a hole large enough for the partially changed Mel to fit through. As soon as Mel came through the hole, Nyk closed it. “What’s going on?”

“Zeus...changed...them...into...monsters...” Melaeneus panted. He then looked to Nyctimus and in a tone far calmer and more serious, “Drop the barrier. We need to retreat.”

Melaeneus then let up a low, chilling howl. Nyk again did as he was bade and then seconds later forty-nine frightened lycans joined them. Nyk raised the barrier again.

“This is your future, sons of Lycaon. You shall have three outcomes, now upon giving someone the bite. The first is the form that you, Melaeneus, and those who follow you now have. The second is this form which I’ve given those who have followed Demeas. The third is Death.

“If you kill an innocent, or if your wolf and you fall out of harmony, if you give in too strongly to hate, the form of Demeas shall take you. I am sorry, Apollo. I am sorry Nyctimus, but Demeas needed punishment for his straying from the path. This is his punishment.” They all heard Zeus’ voice say. They heard the loud clap of thunder signifying Zeus’ return to Olympus, followed shortly thereafter by them feeling a heavy sleepiness cloud their minds. Morpheus must have accompanied Zeus.

//////////END ACT III\\////////

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