

Wolves and Dragons of the Blood: Revelations

Their Beloved was angry.

So much emotion flowed through him since they had rescued For'mya and she returned to their arms. Unlike at any time since they had been together Martin now held nothing back from his Queens. Any of his Queens. His words to Tinra, words he thought none of them would ever hear; it was the embodiment of his deep feelings for all of them. Now... now all of them could swim within his mind and feel his utter and complete commitment and love for each of them. He was them and they were him. And the love and unrequited desire for him alone was returned by his Queens a hundred fold. There was one place within his mind that they would not go however. A place that he shared only with his son and his *mard fervon*. A place all of them had decided they did not want to go, for it terrified them. It was a place that held all of the horrors and power that he could unleash upon his enemies. A place that showed the lengths to which he would go to safeguard all of his family and his people. The destruction he would wrought if it meant that his family and his people were left alone to live in peace. Aricia and her fellow Queens knew better than most that Martin Leonidas would be perfectly content to spend his days loving his Queens breathlessly and playing with his children. He would muddle through the more mundane tasks as King, make decisions that benefited all of their people and lead them by what his heart told him. There were very few however, that could possibly imagine the death and violence he would and could give free rein if it meant protecting that which he had come to love.

Aricia Leonidas was witnessing just a small portion of that this day.

All of the weeks and months spent searching for and finally rescuing their *Kinsoaurgai*, imagining the horrors and humiliation she had endured, and finally feeling her back within their arms. It had been building in their husband and mate, and while he kept it tightly controlled they all knew it would come out soon enough. Coming out here to discover about their history, what had taken place on Onterom and now seeing his people being hunted by what were quite obviously violent and evil people had been the tipping point.

Martin Leonidas had had enough.

While they had not the time to set up a proper ambush because the Kintaur had moved faster than they thought, Lycavorian Spartans, truly anyone trained as a Spartan, could adapt on the fly instantly. When the Tasmor forces

had begun to turn to face the advancing Kintaur, that is when they struck. Yet it was their Beloved husband, mate and King that carried the day and the battle. Martin had reached the end of his tolerance and the Kintaur suffered for it. Even as she moved along behind him, witnessing what he was doing, she could feel the thick emotion flooding through him and how it affected everyone around him. It made them act with perfect action.

Martin had shifted back to human form just before he fell upon the Kintaur troops, his yellow/gold eyes wide in savage anger, and his aura pulsing madly. The *Durcunusaan* troops with them had fought beside their King many times before and they had moved far faster than the Kintaur could compensate for and before they could lift their weapons and react the battle was upon them in a very personal way. What she saw then, Aricia Leonidas would share with her fellow Queens without question. And it would give them an insight into the man who held their hearts and souls so tightly within his grasp.