

## *Wolves and Dragons of the Blood: Revelations*

Garget was a large and older Alpha. The most senior male wolf of their pack and the one who was the first to endorse Loras when she became to Matriarch to all the Mountain Packs. He was nearing thirty thousand years of age and had the battle scars and experience to prove it. This day it was as if he was a newborn wolf who knew nothing.

Garget could not stop himself as he was ripped from his feet and suddenly found the large hand of the black armored figure wrapped securely around his throat and holding his six foot four body off the ground as if he was a child while that armored fist squeezed. Out of the corner of his eyes he saw shimmers of light and heard the grunts of his young soldiers as they were beaten down and their weapons taken from them with speed and ease unlike anything he had ever seen. Behind the armored figure he saw the day light shimmer three more times and then three additional figures armored in black and wearing strange helmets appeared behind him.

Andro looked around casually, his near glowing azure blue eyes taking everything in, and his Nehtes in his fist. Garget's eyes grew slightly wider when he saw Andro's lips part to speak, revealing the viciously long and savage looking dual wolf fangs.

"We are secure father." Andro spoke. "Carisia and Zarah report no one else in the area."

Martin Leonidas was not in a good mood as he let his eyes scan the area and see for himself that Denali, Dorian, Laren, Radem, Fedor, Jomann and Kalis had indeed taken care of the twenty other Alpha Lycavorians that had been gathered near the ramp of the *STRIKER*. It had not been done gently either as he could see at least half of them that were not getting up any time soon. Martin turned back to Garget, his own dual fangs now fully extended and his usually dark brown eyes now changed to the yellow gold of his wolf persona.

"The women that were on this ship?" Martin asked Garget. "Where are they?"

Garget was trying unsuccessfully to claw at the hand that was now firmly seated around his throat. The grip was like a vise with power unlike any he had felt before in his life. The wolf aura radiating from nearly all of the others was unquestioned in its supremacy for Garget had never felt such an aura on a fellow

wolf in all his life. Not even King Osrod radiated such an aura at his peak and for the first time in his life Garget felt fear begin to creep into his veins. Garget was old enough to have read the Ancient Scrolls and he knew all about the Prophecy of the Oracle.

One day Alpha wolves would come.

Alpha wolves who descended from the original homeworld of their people far away in the stars. A world long thought to be nothing more than a myth. Alpha wolves who would be more powerful than anything anyone had ever seen. Among them would be the *Taviruos* of the *Mard Revik*.

*Vada Revik rie Arve.*

A King with eyes of yellow gold and dual fangs that would cause fear to grip even the bravest warrior with fear. Dual fangs that only the bloodline of the Mard King would bear.

Garget felt the man pull him closer to his face, those eyes holding him in their grip like nothing ever could.

“*Pen gur toer quvor ared cova daanth.*” Martin Leonidas snarled angrily, Garget’s eyes going even wider as he spoke with such natural fluency in their language. “*Vada channes lon intus oia allon endra. Cingola wen hnes?*”

“I... I do... do not know!” Garget managed to choke out the words.

Martin drew him closer still. “You see the two men behind me?” Martin growled. “Your people took his daughter and my son’s wife and mate. You took my daughter... and you took my Queen!” Martin hissed angrily. “You see the two women behind me? They want their fellow Queen back! The others you see around you are her children! You will return them to me unharmed and you will do so now! My son and his mate’s father, her children, they do not have any patience right now. Patience left me a long time ago when it comes to my Queens.”

“Queen... Queen!” Garget gasped. “You... you speak of the red haired, half breed female! The one... the one with a sharp tongue!”

Martin’s eyes narrowed. “She is my Queen!” Martin almost screamed. “And I want her back! Do not make me ask again!”

“I do... I do not...”

Martin’s snarl of savage anger cut off his words and he brought Garget’s face to within an inch of his own, so much so that Garget could see the lips peeled back in barbaric savagery and saliva dripping from those cruel looking fangs. Close enough to see that those two eyes were like glowing suns up close.

“Let me be clear old man!” Martin growled once more. “I know every divine inch of her body like I do my own! Every single strand of her hair! Every freckle that dots her skin! For this Queen, I will spill however much blood I need too. For this Queen, I will shatter and crush however many bones I need too. For this Queen, I will burn whole worlds to fucking ash! For all of my Queens I will bring death incarnate and unleash its wrath upon whoever would do them harm! And now... now old man, I will start with you!”

Martin did not see the look of utter love and devotion that passed between Aricia and For'mya at his words. Given what Dynina had told them on Ventori, about their beloved mate and what was within him, what she had told them about Anja, what he had just told this man was as completely truthful as possible. And neither Aricia nor For'mya disagreed with Martin's stated course of action when it came to Anja if she was not returned to them.

How could they?