

Wolves and Dragons of the Blood: Revelations

Lazar pulled his eyes away quickly when he felt Rhaos move up beside him and he centered them back on Anja. He held up the bloody R4 Hybrid Fighting knife that Anja had carried for decades and he slowly lowered it to the knee high table in front of them. He also took note that not one of the four women even flinched when he lifted the knife to show them and then set it on the table. These women were not afraid of him or Rhaos, that much was very obvious.

Lazar held his finger on the knife for a moment before standing back up. “You killed one of my men with this knife.” He told Anja meeting her eyes. “I want to know how you did this, how your daughter healed you so quickly, who you people are and where you come from.”

“That is an awful lot of demands from a man who kidnapped me and my friends, killed our people, stole my ship and is now holding us hostage.” Anja responded to him. “You must think pretty highly of yourself for killing helpless men and women.”

Lazar seethed as he looked at her. “I did not give those orders!” He snarled angrily. “He disobeyed my orders and went off on his own!”

Anja shook her head quickly. “If he was your crewman, then you own his actions!” Anja popped right back at him, the pilot’s words from the cockpit ringing in Lazar’s head. She had said almost the exact same thing. “You can’t just dismiss them as if they didn’t happen! He shot my son and his uncle as if they were nothing more than animals! He shot those people, our people as if they were just animals!”

“He was not following our orders woman!” Rhaos jumped in now stepping forward slightly and pointing his finger at Anja. “And you would do well to watch your tone with us. You will answer our questions!”

Anja looked at him as she came to her feet. “You and your partner here don’t frighten us Mister Big Bad Alpha Lycavorian!” Anja quipped at Rhaos. “*For þen arne sey un neval fornsibfla forn ronnus!* All of you are just walking around dead men for what you have done! You just don’t know it yet!” (And I don’t have to tell you shit you bastard)

Lazar’s eyes opened wide at her obvious fluency in their language. The dialect was one he had heard before, but the meaning of the words was the same no matter the dialect used by the different packs. This female’s dialect was one he had heard used only three times in his entire lifetime of three hundred plus years, all by Mountain Pack Elders who had made the trip from Ventori all those millennia ago and to this day hated his grandfather for removing them. It was said to have come from the homeworld of the Lycavorian people. A homeworld that most now thought was nothing more than a myth as he had told Rhaos. How could this tiny female know that dialect?

Rhaos lifted his finger again to point it at her and Anja brazenly slapped his hand away watching as Rhaos's eyes grew wide in stunned shock. "You point that finger at me one more time boy and I will give you your hand back minus one digit." Anja snarled viciously, this time her jade green eyes changing to that of the wolf within her and her dual wolf fangs exploding from her gums to become fully exposed. "And you can stop pulsing me with that pitiful little aura you got. The wolf who claimed me and made me his wife and mate smells way better than you ever will, and he has got far more than you ever will hanging between his legs. Your aura doesn't even come close little boy."