

Wolves and Dragons of the Blood: Revelations

“Allon coy covaycle lon Endith for Normya sey kinchas sy nison medwaw.”

Zarah spoke never taking her eyes from Lazar or Rhaos. (This is everything that Endith and Normya have discovered so far mother)

Anja nodded her head as she took the pad. *“Cyn forn fenneenum.”* Anja looked at Lazar and activated the data pad and placed it on the table in front of him. “I already know so much more about you than you do about us.” (Thank you daughter.)

Lazar looked at her confused and lowered his tray to the table and picked up the data pad. His eyes grew wider as he realized he was looking at news reports from Jetania. These news reports quickly switched to secure military communications and he looked up at Anja. “You have... you have decrypted our secure military communications!” He exclaimed. “How... how have you done this?”

Anja reached out and took the pad from his hands. Lazar attempted to stretch out and snatch it back but before he could even blink, Zarah had blurred to his side and now held the wickedly sharp blade of the knife to his throat. Rhaos had stopped chewing and was leaning back as he stared down the business end of the very large barrel, at least to him, of the Pralor Pulse Magnum that Radem had leveled at his forehead. Lazar had never experienced or seen anyone move so fast in his life and he froze as Anja sat back on the couch.

“If you wish to continue using that arm...” Zarah snarled into his face, her dual fangs now extended fully and her warm breath on his cheek. “...I suggest you lower your hand back down. I am not my beloved sister Retta Alpha wolf, and your scent and aura does not make my blood burn for you, but if you move another millimeter towards my mother, I will not hesitate and I will end your life where you sit.”

Lazar did just as he was instructed and lowered his hand back into his lap very slowly. Anja lifted her mug from the table once more and sipped the coffee.

“You strike me as being very intelligent Lazar Aspion.” Anja told him. “I instructed my pilot to only monitor civilian channels and those trivial military use channels that were mildly encrypted. See... the biggest mistake this *igord* Sibot made was shooting my son and killing those innocent people. I was willing to be very open had things gone as we had hoped they would. They did not and now because of what he did, I am going to be somewhat of a *upaee*.” Anja sipped her coffee again. “You don’t want to see me in full *upaee* mode Lazar Aspion. I guarantee it will not be a pleasant experience. I want our discussions to be civil and intelligent. My husband and mate would much rather be friends with a group of our own people. And trust me when I tell you, having Martin Leonidas as an enemy is perhaps the most suicidal position to be in.” Anja sat back. “I will leave it to your decision. We can have constructive dialogue, or we can do things your way. You can puff out your chest and espouse whatever you like, but considering that our technology is easily five thousand years more advanced than yours, that would not be the most productive of positions to be in don’t you agree?”

“And if I refuse to tell you anything?” Lazar questioned her.

Anja shrugged her shoulders. “Then we will deposit you and your friend Rhaos here at a remote location somewhere on your planet and we will leave you there to find your way back to your father and leaders.”

“My men?” Lazar asked.

Anja shook her head. “They will remain with us and face our justice for what they have done. After that, they will be buried honorably on Ventori, which in my opinion, they do not deserve. The Lycavorian Union has laid claim to Ventori and the Beta wolves in positions of power there have aligned with us. The planet is now under our protection. We will not allow any harm to come to them ever again and we will not seek relations with your Coalition ever again either.” Anja met his eyes. “But rest assured if we ever do meet again, it will not be as friends and you will not survive that encounter.” Anja rose to her feet and looked at him.

“I will allow you to think about that and talk with your friend here while we continue to monitor your planet for a time. After one hour I will ask you again if we can conduct ourselves as equals and if not, I will then have my pilot hack your main military database, which for her will be painfully easy, and she will take whatever information that is in it. We will then depart after leaving you on the surface.”

“You do not... you do not give me much leeway.” Lazar told her.

Anja chuckled and leaned close to him her eyes changing and her wolf fangs extending fully. Lazar’s eyes grew a little wider as those dual fangs became fully visible. “*Igorda haro.*” Anja snarled in his face. “If my son was dead we would not be having this conversation. My husband and mate, my son Androcles, all of my children and all of our military might would right now be laying waste to your father’s kingdom in retribution. That would not matter to you however, for you would be floating somewhere in space with your friend here.” Anja smiled once more, her fangs making the smile look more like a sneer than anything. “Think about it.”

Anja’s head snapped around when they heard the beeping noise and she saw Kalis appear from the rear cabin and go to where they had deposited all of the gear Lazar and Rhaos had been wearing. He reached down and picked up the small cylindrical object.

“Some sort of COM unit *Tenna* Anja.” Kalis spoke rising to his feet once more and moving over next to her.

Anja took it from Kalis and turned it over in her hands. She looked at Lazar. “Your fool father?” She asked.

Lazar shook his head slowly knowing as powerful as she was she would detect his lie instantly. “My mother.” He replied.

Anja blinked several times. “Really? This should be interesting then.” She handed it back to Kalis. “Plug it into the COM *Mandri.*” She said. “It will convert the signal automatically. Let’s see if we can have a more productive conversation with Lazar Aspion’s mother.”