

Wolves and Dragons of the Blood: Revelations

All of the Jetania Lycavorians were looking around trying to find their weapons and act on their order but none of them had their weapons anymore and they looked at the small group of strange Lycavorians and saw their side arms in a pile at their feet.

Loras grabbed Garget's shoulders and jerked his head around to look at her. "You will be silent Garget!" She shouted at him. "You are acting no better than Osrod right now! You are acting like the monster we all loathe!"

Garget looked at her wide eyed, his head still ringing in dull pain. "Loras we must..."

"You have acted stupidly!" Loras barked at him. "For all your years and wisdom you have acted more the fool today than at any time in your life!"

"Excuse me?" Anja's voice broke in and Loras turned to see her step up to where she squatted beside Garget.

"Be silent half breed!" Garget rasped angrily.

Anja chuckled. "Half breed?" She commented. "Wow... that's original." She jerked her thumb back toward *SPARTAN ONE*. "You should probably look on top of my ship." She told them.

Garget finally rose to his feet with Loras beside him and they both directed their eyes to the ship and saw the now occupied protrusion on top of the ship. It was not there before and it was obviously some sort of weapons turret. Garget's eyes went wide and he instinctively moved in front of Loras when he saw the gun turret come to rest pointed directly at him.

"Loras get..." He began to speak but Loras shoved him out of the way and remained in front of Anja.

"*Ata uvenn Garget!*" Loras snarled looking at him. "*Aellsel ata uvenn!*" (Shut up)

"You have more men about to enter this area." Anja spoke now looking at Garget. "Tell them to stand down or they will die. Just as you and everyone else here will die. I don't know what your problem is, but you will not succeed here. I will not allow you to take us prisoner."

"You will not allow?" Garget snarled at her.

Anja Leonidas was known throughout the Lycavorian Union as perhaps the one Queen that you did not want to test. Her combat skills were unquestioned as was her distaste for those who thought themselves superior to others. Her temper was famous and many had been cowed by her verbally through the years when they thought to challenge her. She was also known, along with Aricia, as being fearless. Anja stepped closer to Garget and allowed the wolf within her to come out. The black ring encircled her jade green eyes and her dual wolf fangs burst from her guns fully as she stared at Garget without fear.

"I will not allow!" Anja growled at him. "We came here, we brought Lazar and Rhaos back, even after your people attacked mine! Your people shot and almost killed my son!" Anja glared at him now, Garget's eyes wide as he saw the dual fangs and the ferociousness of this Alpha wolf. Half breed she may have been, but he could feel her aura pulsing with more power than he had ever felt from a pureblood in all his thirty thousand plus years. "We came here in friendship! You obviously don't want that friendship! We have nothing to do with that dipshit you call a King and your own arrogance and fear will ensure that doesn't change! We are going to board our ship now and leave you to wallow in your own ignorance!" Anja poked Garget in the chest hard, unafraid of him in the least. "You want to try and stop us *vorat avan*, go ahead! You will not succeed!"

“Anja no!” Loras pleaded.

Anja looked at her now. “I would have truly enjoyed getting to know you Loras Ranev, all of us would have, but we will not remain where we are not welcome. And Martin will not come here if this attitude is so prevalent. He has less patience for ignorance than I do.”

“Anja please... we...”

Two large flashes of white orange light appeared on either side of Garget and Loras, Anja’s head snapping around as suddenly a dozen men and women in light weight black and red body armor appeared on either side of them. All of them carried staffs of some sort and they immediately moved to take up positions surrounding Retta and the others, but facing outwards as if protecting them.

Loras looked around at them in shock. “*Vada Brutu Stros!*” She exclaimed.

“*Tenna!*” Kalis barked out as his hands tightened on his rifle, his eyes darting all around them as he made ready to dash forward and scoop her into his arms. He had been among them the least amount of time but he was also the most tactically sound and experienced and Anja knew it. And if he chose to act, Anja knew she would not be able to compete against his sheer strength in getting her to safety.

“*Nysil Mandri!*” Anja snapped quickly knowing what Androcles and Martin must have told him. Protect her at all costs. Kalis would do so even at the cost of his life Anja knew. (Hold Nephew)

Another flash of orange white light and suddenly Garget’s wide eyes were focused on where Taris, Anoria and Rylin appeared as if by magic directly to his right. The Lycavorians in the landing area were also stunned into non-motion, unbelieving of what they had just seen take place.

“Taris!” Garget almost shouted when he saw his youngest and most cherished daughter twirl the staff she carried in her hand and move to stand beside Lazar with Anoria Vesrak next to her. Rylin stepped forward and looked at Garget shaking her head as if in disgust.

“Have we fallen so far into fear and mistrust that we no longer trust our own instincts Garget?” Rylin questioned him. Garget was about to respond when Rylin turned and looked at Anja. She bowed her head deeply which stunned Garget and those around them for the High Priestess of the Oracle never bowed to anyone. “Lady Anja, Queen Anja, it is with great hope and happiness that I greet you on behalf of the Oracle Nilantha.”

Anja smiled and looked at her, Rylin’s own eyes and fangs now openly displayed. They had spoken very briefly on the COM, most of her conversations having been with Loras, but she struck Anja as a capable and extremely intelligent woman. “Thank you.” Anja spoke evenly. “Though I dare say there are some who do not share your sentiment.”

Rylin looked at Garget quickly and then back to her. “Garget Ranev has led the Ranev pack with honor and a calm hand for many centuries Queen Anja. His only goal is to keep our people and Loras safe ever since she became Matriarch to the Mountain Packs. There are times when his devotion to his duties blind him to other things.”

Anja looked at Garget then, bending over to retrieve his fallen and discarded sidearm and she stood back up. “I do have some experience in witnessing that. Martin tends to be very overprotective at times.”

Rylin smiled at this. “*Vada Mard Revik* is like this?”

Anja rolled her eyes slightly and her smile grew wider. “You have no idea.” She said. He looked at Garget and held out the sidearm to him, seeing his eyes grow wide at this action. “*Thisnubous igord* King Osrod gave the order to shoot my youngest son and one of my dearest friends, Garget Ranev. We have no connection to him and given the opportunity, I will happily serve you his shriveled *nor* on a plate. If my husband and mate doesn’t catch him first. That would be even more unpleasant for him I assure you.”

Garget's eyes went wide at her words and even Loras and Rylin could not help the laughs that escaped their lips. Garget reached out slowly and took the weapon from her fingers, his eyes never leaving her face. He had not detected even the hint of a lie in her words, her heart calm and her words true. This Alpha female, half breed though she may have been, she had ice in her veins.

“Then... then it is true?” He gasped aloud. “It is all true?”

Anja glanced at Loras and Rylin. “Is what true?” She asked.

Loras reached up and put her hands on his broad shoulders. “Yes, Garget my friend. It is true.”