

Androcles turned slowly to face Rylin and the men with her, his wings arching upwards above his back, and seeing their faces widen in disbelief that he was not in the least bit injured. The only sound in the massive chamber was the constant and unnerving sound of the small device in her hand and its solid alarm going off. Rylin lifted the small blood detector device, a tool devised by Arhtai Pack scientists and her eyes grew wide in utter disbelief as she saw the once blinking green light turn suddenly a bright solid green as she held it towards Androcles.

"Son vada carians!" She gasped looking at Androcles. "It cannot be! You... you bear the blood of Daniho and Ashten Mahanlo within you!"

"And now I know what the scent of Arhtai Pack traitors' smells like!" Androcles snarled angrily.

He reached up and gripped the hilts of *Saar* and *Cana*, wrenching them off the front of his armor from where they had resided in slightly recessed slits in his chest armor. As the intricately carved blades, forged from pure Dragon armor to razor like sharpness, burst from Flat Space, they were encased in a bluish light of pure Etheric energy.

Rylin knew immediately that something was very wrong here. Before her stood an Alpha Wolf of astounding power and aura; a wolf with the blood of Daniho and Ashten Mahanlo in his veins. Pure blood different from anything she had ever smelled, that surged with immense power unlike anything Rylin had ever felt before. Pure Blood she had only smelled once in her lifetime. Pure blood that had sent chills down her spine at the time. When the Blood Detector was going off for Anja and the others Rylin thought perhaps that it was just some kind of malfunction, but this now, this was no malfunction.

Rylin turned her head sensing something else. Something was getting closer to them. Something that was wrapped within pure rage and power. Her eyes grew even wider when she realized it was another Alpha Wolf that dwarfed even this monster before her in power and aura and the pureness of its blood. Rylin turned back when she heard one of her men laugh.

"The fool brings swords to fight us!" He growled confidently as he slammed in a new magazine into his weapon and lifted his weapon.

"Vada voray rie Cerath coi dangua niob!" Androcles growled menacingly in a loud voice that only Reva's sphere reacted too. The single bright light on the face of the sphere focused entirely on Androcles. *"Una coi vada daanth rie toniru!"* (The snow on Cerath is melting now) (It is the time of Reckoning)

"How?" Reva gasped out the single word.

Then Androcles lifted his arms and threw *Saar* and *Cano* with all of his considerable wolf strength in either direction, the swords rocketing off on a curved path with a bluish trail behind them. Rylin and her men could only stand there frozen in shock as *Cano* and *Saar* moved with blinding speed and curved inward, and whipped along in front of the fourteen men, cleaning slicing through the rifles of each of them and severing them in two pieces. As the pieces of the rifles dropped to the floor, *Cano* and *Saar* returned to Andro's hands and he quickly willed them away back into Flat Space.

“Kill them!” Rylin screamed once more staring at Androcles with real fear in her eyes now. Real fear surging through her veins. “Kill them now! Something else approaches!”

None of them understood the smile that split Andro’s face under the helmet, exposing the dual wolf fangs of his Mahanlo bloodline.

“NO!” Andro screamed out the single word before his massive wings lifted him ten meters into the air in a single motion.

Loras Ranev had been watching all of this from behind the edge of Elynth’s wing and her eyes went wide in sudden shock when those wings lifted Andro into the air above them and the sunlight from the now shattered glass ceiling struck those same wings and for a single instant, it appeared as if those wings were on fire.

“*Aur carian!*” Loras Ranev muttered loudly. (My god) ***Vin gente vinn’ tryn ardu mornar mero shyron un vada darsam.***” Loras Ranev remembered those sacred words she had spoken not so very long ago. “***Mornar jen sha tor Androcles.***” (He came upon fiery wings and he brought death to the unjust. And his name was Androcles)

“Brace yourselves!” Elynth screamed out openly as she tightened her wings around those she was protecting. “It is about to begin!”

Androcles paused for a single moment at a height of ten meters, those in front of him frozen in shock at what he had just done. He lifted his right fist, channeled all his Etheric power into that fist as Murano and Sarlana had taught him, as his grandfather’s Tomes had taught him, and then with a mighty thrust of his wings he drove himself back to the floor and rammed his fist into the steel and concrete with everything he had.

The steel and concrete floor shattered like delicate glass from the impact, the entire floor buckled upwards and then Rylin and all fourteen of the men with her were launched into the air with devastating force and the shockwave blew out two sides of the Flower Atrium terrifying hundreds of onlookers who were rushing towards the facility at the first sound of gunfire.

Elynth drew her head back now and retracted her wings from around her charges. She looked at Aricia, Anja and For'mya and her next words were spoken almost as if in apology.

“Now... now you will see what we never wanted you to see.” Elynth told them. “Forgive us for what we must do.”

Aricia opened her mouth to respond but Elynth was gone, leaping into the air with powerful grace.

“By the gods!” Anja muttered softly and Aricia and For'mya turned to where she was looking.

If the six Queens of the Lycavorian Union had thought they knew their oldest son before this day, today they were going to learn just how much about him and his father that they did not know and would never understand as they watched Androcles fall among five of the assassins as they were staggering to their feet.