

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

“...Sniper teams are all in place.” Murano spoke as he reentered the room Coren had used for his office for nearly a hundred years.

He now wore Union Body armor but still carried his Saber Staff and an additional K12 Magnum on his left leg. He refused to carry a P190 A4, but that concerned no one. Androcles hardly ever used one anymore, and Murano had proven more than capable without the chopped down version of the rifle.

“Coren made it out as well?” Andro asked turning from the table they were using as a map tile. It had a holographic image of the estate on the surface, with Denali, Dorian, Deion, Jomann and Dutkne standing around it.

Murano moved up beside him with a nod. “He will act on the new information this Rinel and his friend Jokros were able to discover. It should be interesting what they find.”

“No bets here.” Denali quipped.

Andro nodded and turned back to the holo map. “I will leave that to Coren.” He said.

Murano looked at the detailed holo image of the estate and the grounds. “What is this?” He asked.

Andro motioned with his finger. “The two most likely routes they will take to perform entry onto the estate grounds.” He answered turning back to the map model. “...One from the northeast, the other directly from the west. They provide the most cover and concealment and the least chance to be spotted by Vanari who might be awake.”

Murano nodded his head. “We have already covered this.” He spoke. He looked at Andro intently. “Now tell me what it is you feel boy. Or what you have seen with your *Dahakoan* sense.”

Murano and Sarlana had spoken many times since that first moment on the ship, mostly of Androcles and Dorian, but of other things as well. A grudging respect and friendship had formed between them and now they felt comfortable being with each other. It was Sarlana who had tried to explain to him why the *Dahakoan* of old had been so powerful and so successful against the Scourge even though they lacked the Praetorian power of the Pralors. The *Dahakoan* had somehow been able to see into the future for short seconds and were able to almost always predict what the Scourge were going to do. It was like this in personal combat as well and that is why so few of them fell to Scourge warriors in one on one fights. It was sort of a living and moving

precognition skill as Sarlana had tried to explain to him. Not many people knew of this skill but as a *Doraanar*, it was one of the secrets that they held the knowledge of. Androcles, Murano knew now, had been exhibiting flashes of this skill all of his life, which would account in part for his incredible prowess on the battlefield. Dorian had showed signs of this as well in several different battles. Murano had begun calling it their *Dahakoan* sense and even as he schooled them in Praetorian tactics and skills, he knew this *Dahakoan* sense made them more deadly than any Praetorian that had ever lived with the exception perhaps of their father.

“It’s not that simple Murano.” Dorian spoke. “We can’t exactly control it.”

“We in this room are the beginning of the future of the Praetorians and the *Dahakoan*.” Murano spoke. “With Sarlana, Dutkne, Nara, Helen and others, you will be the Heralds of a new day. For my people as well as your own and the *Darastrixi*.”

“Really Murano?” Deni spoke up no. “No pressure huh?”

Murano looked at him. “You believe it is different for me Denali? It is not. I am having to learn new things just as all of you are. I am still learning, and I believe your grandfather Sumar knew this and that is why he insured I was left behind. So that I could be here and we could learn together. This power we command is...” Murano shook his head. “We must remain ever vigilant over ourselves my friends. I do not wish to change who all of you are. I am the one who must change to suit the times, and I have, but we can learn from the past, just as we learn from the present and what the future could hold.”

It was silent for a moment until Andro met his eyes. “You have been hanging around with Sarlana haven’t you?” He said.

Murano grinned a crooked grin and shrugged. “A little.” He answered.

“*Anse fervon*, for a minute there I thought he was going to go into a *Feravomir* rant like when we were small.” Denali spoke.

This broke the tension and they all laughed softly as they turned back to the holo map. Andro pointed to the northeast on the map. “They will come from the northeast.” He stated moving his finger along the path. “Right up to the employee entrance of the estate and onto the main grounds.”

Dorian leaned closer to the map now. “They’ll split into two groups. Half will move for the residential rooms, while the others move into the main estate here.”

Murano looked at the map and nodded. "They are confident." He spoke finally. "Too confident."

"That is because they have never faced anyone like those in this room." Dutkne spoke now. "You must remember, with the exception of the Enverr, no one has been brazen enough to confront us directly in this quadrant of space. Not after we had our encounter with the OSG and destroyed one of their colony worlds."

"It will be full dark in three hours." Andro said looking up and out of the patio doors into the setting sun. "They will hit us shortly after high moon. When they assume we will be in our rooms sleeping or entertaining ourselves."

"Well... some of us would be anyway." Dutkne spoke again with a grin.

Deion elbowed him gently in the side. "Your day will come Dutkne." He stated already knowing, as did all of his brothers and sisters, that Dutkne was head over heels for their sister Zarah and Lucia.

"Before or after I am old enough to remember how it works?" Dutkne asked.

This brought soft laughter from all of them and Murano once more had to shake his head at the laconic nature of Lycavorian Spartans. Most especially those like Martin and his sons and daughters. They viewed danger as a challenge. And they never backed down from a challenge.

"Eirene has set up in Safe House One and is monitoring all of the Vid Feeds from the area." Andro continued. "Eli, Inamarno, Serale and Cvea have the triage set up and standing by at Safe House Two."

Jomann nodded. "And I won't tell you the words she used to described being left out of the fighting." He spoke up.

"If this goes to *sibfla*... she will be up to her eye balls in fighting." Andro commented. "She won't have time to complain."

"True enough." Jomann said.

"We must keep the battle contained to Coren's estate, inside the perimeter that Vanari Commandos loyal to Coren will set up the moment the battle starts." Andro told them. "If it spills into the streets, you can damn well bet that Ardan will have his won Vanari Commandos ready to act. They won't hesitate to fire on any Lycavorian they see. It fits perfectly with the picture he is trying to paint of our people. Denali and I now have Vanari wives and mates and we truly do not want to injure or kill their people." Andro motioned to the map again.

"Kalis, Ridor and Torian will be set up on three points of the compass to insure

none of them escape back the way they come in. With Cowen and Sherice directing them from the building across the river, none should reach the wall. We contain them, collapse them and kill them.”

“Prisoners *fervon*?” Dorian asked.

Andro shook his head. “Only one. I want the leader, whoever he is.” He replied. “Cowen will try to mark him when they enter the estate, no doubt he will be directing the others. The rest do not leave the property alive.”

“What will you do with this man Androcles?” Murano asked now.

Andro met his eyes. “I’m going to give him to Am’uur and my Drow father.” He replied instantly. “They are waiting on SPARTA'S WRATH. They will interrogate him.”

“And when they are done?” Murano pressed him.

“Then they will see to it that he disappears.” Androcles answered. “Forever.”