

Wolves and Dragons of the Blood: Revelations

They were so much more beautiful in person Jezima thought to herself as she gazed at them from the counter. Their skin was so vibrant and tanned and their hair so lustrous and long. She and Meral had let others take care of them when they first arrived for neither of them knew what to expect or how to react. Jezima's hands had yet to stop shaking for she could sense him in each of them so deeply. He was wrapped within their collective psyche like the strands of a fine tapestry. So interwoven were those Etheric strands that it was difficult to see where he ended and they began and Jezima could sense that is just how they wanted it to be. His Etheric resonance was like a burning beacon within the darkest abyss. It resonated within the Etheric realm, pulsed so beautifully that for a moment Jezima thought it was him. She knew this could not be the case, but there was no doubt that he was descended from her son. There was no doubt that he carried within him that same Etheric spark of Praetorian power. Raw, untamed but controlled power that he held in check by force of will alone. Jezima had no idea how this could be, and she truly did not care.

The gods of fate and destiny had finally answered the prayers she had stopped praying centuries ago. They had given back to her at least a part of what they had taken. His image alone she had stared at for what seemed like hours after first seeing it. She had studied his face, so handsome and strong and it was like she was gazing into her own son's face and eyes. The likeness was unnerving, but it only took her moment to overcome that and then she found her fingers tracing the image on the screen as more tears flowed and she realized that her bloodline had not died with her sons. It had lived on somehow and now it was so very close to her.

Before her were three of the wives he had claimed as his own, three of the six women that shared his heart and his bed according to the reports which she had gone back and reviewed with Meral. They had clutched each other tightly and cried while watching the interview he had given. His voice was the same, the corners of his eyes as he spoke, the way his lips moved when he smiled or laughed. It was him.

It was her son.

It was Meral's older brother.

It was Sumar.

It was easy for her to see him in each of them and the other three women who were his. She could feel them just on the edge of her mind, and she knew

they had to be somewhere close by for her to sense them as she did. Their combined ability to shield their Etheric resonance was astonishing to say the least, by Jezima had learned a few tricks of her own through the many years she had been alive. The blond elven female and two of those who were not here with them echoed with Etheric power yet unrealized Jezima took note. One was a raven haired beauty with blue eyes unlike anything she had ever seen before and the other had hair the color of red silk. The three of them carried him within themselves more deeply than the others, but this made no difference apparently. She could feel their devotion to him and to each other in every way. She could feel his utter commitment to each one of them burning within their essence. The depth of the love between them was something Jezima had never felt before in her lifetime and its power was unquestioned.

They carried themselves with an almost regal like grace, talking with others and smiling and laughing softly as they ate. There was no doubt within them; no arrogance in the least though they all held the title of Queen. Jezima wanted to go to them and embrace them ever so tightly; to speak with them and be with them and ask them hundreds of questions that they probably did not have the answers to.

[Mother?] Meral's soft voice echoed within her mind in a tightly shielded connection they had shared and nourished for centuries.

[They are breathtaking Meral.] Jezima spoke in reply as she turned slightly and watched Meral come up beside her.

[Very much so.] Meral agreed squeezing her arm. *[Do you feel him within them mother?]*

Jezima nodded her head. *[Oh yes... so pure and so bright. He resonates as brightly as your brother ever did child.]*

[I feel it as well.] Meral said.

[They are very intuitive.] Jezima spoke. *[They sensed something when they first arrived you know. They have been looking over here ever since I came into the room.]*

[Is it wise to remain mother?] Meral asked.

[We have asked the questions for thousands of years Meral.] Jezima told her. *[Before us stand three who could answer some of those questions.]*

[They may not even know what blood they carry within them mother.] Meral said.

Jezima shook her head slowly. *[They know daughter.]* She said. *[They know.]*

[How though?] Meral asked. *[How is it possible they are here? How is it possible Sumar had children? They told us his ship was destroyed in an Ion storm.]*

[I do not know daughter.] Jezima said. *[Do you doubt what you feel?]*

Meral shook her head. *[No. Never.]*

Jezima looked at her. *[Then perhaps it is time to ask these questions.]*

[When I saw him on the VID Monitor I... for a fleeting second I thought...] Meral said softly looking away, a single tear rolling down her cheek.

[I felt the same thing Meral.] Jezima said. *[But there is one thing I know with complete certainty. If your brother still lived he would have found a way to discover that we too survived. He would have come for us.]*

Meral nodded her head. *[I know.]*

[I have been at peace with your brother's passing for many years.] Jezima said. *[Perhaps this is the way the gods in the Rift of Time have seen fit to give back to me. To us. Our blood Meral. It stands before us now.]*

[The blond one... an elf she is called.] Meral spoke. *[She is more powerful than the other two. At least in an Etheric sense. There are two others as well that are not here but I can sense them. They are equal if not more powerful than she is. The other three are strong in their own right however.]*

Jezima nodded her head. *[Just as I have felt. These three are tied to him more tightly than the others but their devotion to each other is beyond question, as is their devotion to him.]*

[And his to them mother.] Meral said. *[I can feel him within each of them, even those who are not here. His resonance echoes deeply within all of them.]*

[Yet we cannot sense him.] Jezima commented. *[That tells me he knows what he is and he has discovered a way to disguise himself that even we do not know. A way your brother did not teach us.]*

[That would mean he knows what he is.] Meral said quickly with wide eyes.

[Yes.] Jezima said.

[Could Murano know?] Meral asked.

Jezima shook her head. *[I do not know.]* She answered. *[I have not been able to sense Murano for weeks now. It is almost as if he just disappeared.]*

Meral stiffened slightly. *[Mother the blond one has taken note of us.]* Meral said. *[She is making her way over here.]*

Jezima shook her head at Meral's tugging on her arm. *[No.]* She spoke firmly. *[We have hidden for too long and now I will not hide any longer.]*

Meral was going to reply but suddenly the elven female was in front of them staring at them with bright emerald eyes. Her four inch high elven ears curved elegantly inwards towards her head but the tips poked through the strands of her silky platinum blond hair. She was tall and extremely well built from what Jezima could see. She was the perfect combination of muscular definition and feminine allure. All of them were to be honest. She had maneuvered through the throngs of men and women who were present in the large room easily, the other two women right behind her, and almost before Jezima could blink they were in front of her.

"Excuse me...?" Dysea spoke as she felt Bella and Cirith come up on either side of her. "Do we... have we ever met before? We feel as if we should know you somehow. Were you part of Chief Elder Delnash and his crew on Onterom perhaps?"