

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

Androcles could not hold it in any longer. “Father... grandfather Sumar and Dadrien appeared to us.”

Martin’s eyes grew wider and he moved closer to the holo disc. “What?” He gasped not expecting this in the least. “Where? When?”

“Within moments of us meeting and touching Laren and Ladur.” Andro replied. “Father it was...”

“It was inspirational father.” Dorian finished. “It was as if we were...”

“In a dream.” Laren finished.

“Father, it has been grandfather and Dadrien guiding us all of these years.” Andro spoke. “They...”

“What!?” Martin barked. “How! Speak to me son!”

“They are the reason that Dorian and I are like we are. Who we are. Elynth and Ryner as well. Laren and Ladur. They are the ones who have been influencing events for centuries to make it so we could exist.”

Helen rose to her feet now her eyes wide and she stepped up to Martin, her hands going to his arm and squeezing. “Androcles are you sure?” She gasped.

Andro nodded his head. “We sat and talked with them for over three hours *Feravomir*. Right there in the landing bay. They told us so much father.” He told them. “And they said they needed to talk with you and Torma father. That they would do this soon.”

“Me?” Martin Leonidas gasped.

“You are *Wer Irral*.” Laren spoke now. “The First. The center from which all else will evolve.”

“Come again?” Martin asked with wide eyes.

“There is much we need to talk of father.” Androcles said. “All of us.”

“Yeah... I’m getting that.” Martin said.

“There is something else father.” Androcles spoke as Dorian and Laren got to their feet. “Something that we need to show you.”

“I’m not going to like this am I?” Martin said.

Andro shook his head. “It is just... odd.” He said as he began to unbutton the fleet fatigue top he wore. Dorian was doing the same and Martin and the others watched as they stripped out of their t-shirts as well. Laren apparently

had no qualms about this either, though she held the t-shirt over her firm breasts. She knew instinctively that no one among those she was with would look at her in any sort of manner that wasn't respectful.

As if on cue, all of them turned around and Martin's eyes grew wide in shock as he saw the intricately designed tattoo markings on their skin. They covered nearly all of their backs and shoulders, part of the carvings going up alongside their necks. Most of the ink was dark, but there were parts that were done in both red and green ink. It was the most detailed piece of tattoo artwork Martin Leonidas had ever seen in a tattoo, and he had seen enough of Pablo's work to know he was a master.

"Holy shit!" Martin finally gasped as he felt Danny come up beside him.

"That's... that's some serious artwork there *Mandri*." Danny spoke with some awe in his voice.

Andro looked over his shoulder. "It must have happened when we embraced Laren the first time. We did not think anything of it, but Eliani said she and the others saw a very brief flash of Etheric power. Like a living pulse. Carisia and Lu'ria saw them first as I was changing. Carisia said they almost felt alive beneath her fingers."

"Sheva and Onera said the same thing father." Dorian echoed.

"Jesus... what are they?" Martin gasped as he moved even closer and looked at the intricate markings intently.

"A key." Sarlana spoke now as she moved up between Androcles and Laren. "They are a key Martin Leonidas."

"A key?" Wayonn asked now. "A key to what?"

Sarlana shook her head. "That I do not know. I know they represent a key for some of the pictographs are in an ancient dialect of the Darastrixi language. A language only Dadrien and those from his time would have known and spoken."

"Sarlana, can you translate them?" Martin asked.

"Oh yes, once I gather the relevant scrolls from Artaaya." She answered him. "The other images and words, and I only assume they are words, they are in a language I have never seen before. If it is a language at all. Whatever it is... it is far more ancient than anything I have ever seen."