

Wolves and Dragons of the Blood: Revelations

“Don’t believe everything you read.” She told him. Helen took his arm in her hands. “We are not your enemy Neral.” She said softly.

“You... your King shot me!” Neral quipped.

Helen nodded her head. “You are *anse* lucky he did not kill all of you outright.” She told him sternly which caused him to look at the floor. “He may be King but he is also an Alpha wolf who is very protective of his family and those he loves. Ever since we arrived in this far quadrant of space, people or creatures have been trying to kill us. We do not take kindly to that as I am sure you understand.” She squeezed his arm now. “Honesty is your weapon now. Prove to him and to us you are not our enemy and you have nothing to worry about.”

“Helen?” Martin’s voice echoed in the room from the other end of the table.

She looked at him and nodded ushering Neral to the chair beside Lirana. “Sit down with Lirana Neral.” She told him. “You have nothing to fear from us if you are honest. I give you my word as *Feravomir* that this is true.”

Neral nodded his head slowly and moved to the chair beside Lirana and settled into it slowly. He looked up at where Martin stood near the other end of the table and saw the three Alpha females all take chairs around him. The raven haired female behind him and the red haired female directly in front of him, while the blond female with pointed ears sat in front of her. All of them radiated power in their auras that like Lirana, he had never felt before.

Martin turned his head when the door to the CIC opened once more and he saw Jezima and Meral enter with Archer and Asa right behind them. Neral watched with surprised eyes as he went over to them and embraced them both in long, emotional hugs, kissing each of their cheeks.

Jezima relished in his embrace, feeling his power and strength not just physically but within the Etheric realm as well. She shivered in delight, for his essence and resonance spoke of her son in every way. She met his eyes and saw him staring at her adoringly. “We heard that you discovered those that were following Meral and I. We wanted to...”

Meral squeezed his arm now. “We wanted to know why.” She told him.

Martin nodded his head. “Of course.” He told them. “Grab a chair.”

Jezima and Meral looked to where Aricia and the others were and they were quickly drawn in to the embrace of Martin’s Queens and chairs were

brought over to make room for them. Martin reached for Archer's arm and they clasped forearms tightly before he leaned over and touched his forehead to Asa's.

[They understand?] He asked both of them.

Archer and Asa nodded together as they erected additional Etheric shields around their conversation naturally. *[We explained it to them.]* Asa answered.

Martin nodded his head. *[Good.]* He said. *[You have no other priority. Just them.]*

Archer nodded his head. *[We understand Martin.]* He replied. *[We will not fail you.]*

[I know you won't.] Martin answered. He turned back around and looked at Lirana and Neral who were staring at him. He stepped back to the table and moved up behind where Aricia sat, placing one hand on her shoulder and one hand on Anja's shoulder.

"Let's begin with where you got your hands on a Tasmor ship and how you acquired a Pralor Frigate and the know how to fly it. The Lycavorians here on Ventori were barely into the Space Age yet you obviously know how to control these ships." Martin spoke to them now. "And know that lying to me about anything will only make things really bad for you."

Lirana glanced at Neral and saw him nod his head. She turned back to Martin. "I can... I can only tell you what our history has been since we left Ventori."

Martin nodded his head. "How is it that you left Ventori to begin with?"

"My mate's father was approached by a Pralor." Lirana spoke now. "He offered him a deal that would see several hundred of our people taken from Ventori and provided everything we ever dreamed for in exchange for working for him."

"A Pralor?" Tobia asked now. "Are you certain?"

Lirana nodded her head. "He is a *ronnus* who hates us and treats us as if we are beneath him and..."

Martin chuckled softly stopping her words and shook his head. "That definitely sounds like someone we know so well." He said almost casually before his eyes grew a little wider and he looked at Lirana. "Wait a minute, do you know his name? He is a fat little fuck with pudgy cheeks and a funky twitch in his eyebrows?"

Lirana nodded her head quickly, her own eyes wide. “Yes! He still to this day gives us our directions in what he wants us to do.”

Martin looked at Wayonn. “Lorendo.” He said.

Wayonn nodded his head as Lirana’s eyes grew wider in shock. “It has to be. And it would certainly explain quite a bit.”

“You know him?” Neral gasped now looking at them from his chair. “How... how is that possible?”

Martin pulled a chair from the wall closest to him and he moved it over beside Helen before lowering himself into it. “Tell me.” He told Lirana. “Tell me everything.”

“”It began almost twenty thousand years ago and we...”