

“I will need several hours to translate the Naami dialect and then we need to determine what the third language is.” Sarlana answered. “We need...”

“Doraanar?” Laren soft voice echoed in the room and everyone turned to look at her. There were gasps as everyone in the room either sat back in their chairs or came to their feet with wide eyes.

“Carians!” Dynina gasped as she gripped Gorgo’s hands and Jezima rose to move between them.

Laren’s eyes were nearly glowing, as were Andro’s and Dorian’s, but what caught everyone by surprise was that their eyes had altered shape and now the black ring that usually surrounded wolf eyes, now it surrounded dragon eyes. Thick, black slit dragon eyes that were surrounded by cobalt and azure blue. Andro’s eyes were no different, except completely azure in color, while Dorian’s eyes were pure cobalt blue, his usually brown eye now gone to be replaced with cobalt blue.

“Sibfla!” Martin muttered as he looked at his sons and Laren.

Laren turned back to the monitor and lifted her hand to run it slowly across the screen where the Lycavorian words were written.

“Rynvor vada daanth coi regovar hnes gur chevsh.” Laren spoke the words reverently as she ran her fingers over the words on the screen slowly. “Arve Tarivuos, Vada Ardorm Sinuovas echum. Arve essos un cikor vada rebeth.” (When the time is right they will come. Three Heralds, the Winter Dragons reborn, three keys to unlock the fourth.)

Dorian moved around Androcles to stand beside Laren and he lifted his hands to the monitor where the Naami dialect was written. Sarlana moved to intercede when Martin reached out and took her arm.

Sarlana looked at him. “Martin I have not translated the words.” She spoke.

Martin shook his head. “Something tells me you won’t have too.” he told her.

Sarlana turned back to where Dorian was and saw Laren now standing between Andro and Dorian, gripping the hands of both of them tightly as they stared at the screen. “No one has spoken this dialect in nearly three million years Martin. They could not...”

“Three keys to unlock the fourth...” The three of them spoke in unison, Laren gripping their hands with hers while Dorian and Andro traced the words with the fingers of their free hands. “So that the journey may begin. Hear these words and have faith... have faith...”

“Joa!” Gorgo almost shouted as her hands went to her face and tears burst from her eyes. Jezima and Dynina grabbed for her as everyone stared at her in open shock at her outburst.

“Gorgo!” Jezima gasped. “Gorgo what is it?”

“There is no mountain too great! He lives in you! He lives in me! He watches over everything we see! Into the future, into the truth. In your reflection... the path you will see. The Mountain of Stone and Light. Three keys to unlock the fourth... reveal the First King of Three and begin the journey. Atop the Mountain of Stone and Light. Only here will the journey be revealed. Only here can the journey begin.”

“Martin the words!” Gorgo gasped loudly. “The words!”

Sarlana looked from Gorgo to Martin quickly her face a mask of confusion.

“Whoa!” Danny exclaimed and he moved for where he saw Andro teetering to the side, Dorian and Laren also appearing as if they would fall over. He reached Andro just as he toppled over and Martin moved within milliseconds as well, catching first Laren and then Dorian as they collapsed.

“Androcles!” Martin shouted looking at his oldest son while holding his youngest son and his soul daughter in his arms. “Dorian! Laren!”

Androcles screamed out and suddenly sprang to his feet as if ready to do battle and Danny quickly lifted his hands in front of him. “Easy Mandri!” Danny spoke. “It’s me Andro. It’s Uncle Danny.”

Andro blinked several times and everyone saw his eyes had returned to normal. “Tenne.” He gasped aloud. His azure eyes blinked several more times and then he saw his father holding Dorian and Laren. “Dori!” He screamed aloud. “Laren!”

Andro dropped to the floor beside his father and scooped Laren into his arms just as she was shaking her head and rapidly blinking her eyes. “Andro?” She called out. “Dori!”

“Saoi sibfla!” Dorian groaned next. “What hit us?”

“Dori?” Andro hissed reaching across and taking his brother’s hand.

Dorian’s eyes focused now and he looked at him. “Andro?” he looked around quickly and saw his father holding him. “Medwan?”

“By the word of Dadrien!” Laren exclaimed as she clung to Andro and he rose to his feet. She looked at him once she was fully up. “Andro... what... what just happened?”

Andro looked at his father. “How long have we been gone?” He asked.

“What?” Martin asked him. “What do you mean?”

“Father, how long have we been gone?” Andro asked once more even more urgently.

“Keto... you haven’t gone anywhere.” Martin told him as Aricia and For'mya moved in now.
“You have been here all of this time!”

Andro turned and looked around several times. “That is not... it’s not possible!” He said.
“We saw... we were there! We were there! We saw them... we saw them in the distance!”

“Andro what are you talking about?” Aricia pressed him as she reached for his face. “Saw who aur keto? Who did you see?”

Andro looked at his father now. “We saw Dadrien! We saw grandfather Sumar! We saw grandfather Resumar! We saw... we saw grandfather Leonidas!”