

Wolves and Dragons of the Blood: Revelations

PRALOR LONG RANGE CORVETTE

HELIX-CLASS

DESIGNATION

VALISTAR ONE

“...Happen Wayonn?” Jezima asked softly. “Tell us what happened? How did... how did my son die?”

They sat in the passenger area of the *HELIX*-Class Corvette now assigned to the *ARC ROYAL*. It was by far the fastest ship that they had within the Task Force and Martin had been adamant about Wayonn taking it to Honelze once he discovered that Jezima and Meral lived. Wayonn sat across from Jezima and Meral, both of his hands holding theirs within their grasp.

Wayonn grimaced slightly but looked at them. “I cannot answer that.” He said softly. “Sumar had arranged for a mission back to Pralor space once the remaining transport we had was repaired. I led it. We never returned to Lycavore.”

“That is why you are here among us now?” Meral asked.

“I would have given anything to return and be beside him.” Wayonn spoke in a haggard voice. “He was... he was my brother! I...”

Jezima reached up and laid her palm across his cheek as Meral squeezed his hand even tighter. “I... he loved you as such too Wayonn.” She stated with fresh tears. “I did not mean to ...”

Wayonn shook his head slowly. “By the time we returned from Pralor space it was already over. I sent my... I sent my two oldest sons and my youngest son Canth and a few hundred volunteers back with the ship once we had found a suitable planet to settle on. I could not leave. There were over twenty thousand of us and we had families and...” Wayonn stopped talking and took a deep breath.

“So many on a transport?” Jezima gasped. “How did you survive in such a way?”

Wayonn looked at her and smiled gently. “We were all Lycavorian by then.” He told her. “Survival is part of our nature.”

“You took a bride as well?” Meral asked.

Wayonn nodded his head. “A beautiful flower. She was three thousand years younger than me, but so willful and intelligent. She turned me our first night together and I never looked back.”

“You had children?” Jezima said.

Wayonn nodded once more. “Thirteen.” He replied.

Jezima’s eyes grew wide. “So many!” She gasped with a smile.

Wayonn couldn’t help but grin. “Neria wanted a large family. That is what we had.” He stated. He looked at Jezima. “Canth became to Sumar’s oldest son Resumar as I was to Sumar. He was only able to send one transmission back to Amanuce where we had settled. All he was able to tell me was that Sumar died as a Praetorian. He went down fighting to keep his wife and children safe. Canth told me that he and Sumar’s son Resumar would carry on in our stead. That they would make us proud and that their legacy would continue for millennia.” Wayonn nodded his head slowly. “And they did.”

Jezima couldn’t hold back the fresh tears and she squeezed his hand even tighter. “Martin Leonidas.” She said softly.

Wayonn nodded once more as his eyes grew brighter. “Jezima... he is so much like Sumar. You have seen his image and how much he appears as Sumar, but you have not seen within his heart. You have not seen how much of Sumar’s blood pumps within his veins and the veins of his children. Lycavorian blood! Pralor blood!”

“You speak as if you are one of them.” Meral said.

“I am. I have been since the day my mate turned me.” Wayonn answered her. “I have been Lycavorian for far longer than I was a Pralor and I feel nothing but joy and pride at that knowledge.” He looked at her. “I questioned the souls within the Rift of Time for so many years Jezima. Why did they leave me? Why did I still live when so many of those I loved die? Why did I survive and not Sumar? I received the answers to my questions the day that I discovered Martin lived.”

“Is he... is he like Sumar Wayonn?” Meral asked.

Wayonn smiled and nodded his head. “So much so that it will cause your stomach to tighten and your heart to believe that those same gods have given him back to us.” He told her. “What they did give us is the next best thing.”