

SPARTAN ONE

Anja stared at the women in the transmission intently. This exotic and beautiful female was a very powerful Alpha female, that much Anja could detect even from here. Her Etheric resonance was untrained and barely restrained and while no woman could ever entice her away from her fellow Queens, Anja Leonidas had to admit this woman's beauty was stunning in every way. There was obviously a rift of some sort within this Coalition. Lazar and this woman spoke of the COLS King as if they hated him, and based on their comments there was obviously much discord within the ranks of the military and the people.

Anja knew there was a reason that Martin and their family agreed to this mission. While it had not taken place as they had hoped, ultimately Anja was right where they had planned for her to be. Of all his Queens, Martin trusted Aricia and Anja the most when it came to unknown situations such as this. Not because of their diplomatic skill, for Dysea and For'mya were far better diplomats, but because Aricia and Anja had an uncanny knack for reading people and their wolf instincts were almost never wrong. Anja had spent many years reading Lycavorian and Spartan history, and with Aricia's help she had trained herself to let her wolf instincts take over and guide her in so many things. When combined with the intense training and tools she had acquired as a Navy SEAL officer all those years ago, Anja and Aricia Leonidas were the perfect agents for this. For'mya had been doing this as well for the last decade, and this was the reason the three of them worked so flawlessly together.

Nilantha stepped closer beside Loras now. "*Forn wen gelleenat un vada Mard Revik?*" She asked. (You are Queen to the True King.)

Anja nodded her head slowly before choosing her words carefully. "*Jainn. Aur sha coi Anja Leonidas. Pen brol ared rie berim gelleenats.*" Anja tilted her head to the side again. (Yes. My name is Anja Leonidas. I am one of six Queens.)

"*Vada tryn gelleenat.*" Nilantha spoke the name once more. "The one whose disposition matches the color of her hair. And the one who is the finest healer in all the universe."

"How do you know that? And why do you call Martin the True King?"

"Martin?" Nilantha whispered the word almost reverently. "This... this is his name?"

"Martin Leonidas." Anja spoke in reply. "Yes. Who are you, and how do you know about us?"

"You... you know of my species?" Nilantha asked. "How is this possible?"

Anja blinked several times unsure of how much to tell her but she quickly decided that truth was what they needed now. "We have had the Darastrixi among the Lycavorian Union for almost three decades now. The *Vrrarhoinpa* caste. We did not discover there was a *Jilhoipacaste* until we met the *Doraanar* Sarlana on Manne. We..."

"A *Doraanar!*" Nilantha almost shouted.

Anja nodded her head. “Sarlane. Yes. It was she who explained what our sons Androcles and Dorian are. What Laren Ti-shara is.”

“The *Lorsvek ar Sepas*.” Nilantha said in almost a whisper. “Then it is true. Everything is so true. They are so much more than *Tarivuos*. They are the *Dahakoan* reborn!”

Anja nodded her head seeing the animated expression on her face. “Given what we have seen our sons do recently, most of us are hard pressed to deny it I suppose.” Anja said honestly.

Nilantha took a deep breath, having waited millennia for this day to come. It was upon her now, before she was fully prepared for it, but she needed to adapt and insure everything took place.

“My full name is Nilantha Ma’Carr.” She began to speak. “Yes, I am Darastrixi as you can see. I was sent here as the Oracle to this Seed Mission of Lycavorians by the spirit of Dadrien of the Mountain.”

Anja stepped even closer to the transmission. “Dadrien!” She gasped in surprise.

“I know of the True King and the *Tarivuos*, the Heralds, because of him, and because of the Pralor Sumar.” Nilantha continued knowing that this would definitely have a reaction and she was not disappointed.

“What do you know of Sumar?” Anja demanded as her wolf eyes grew even wider. “How is it possible that you... who are you?”

Nilantha smiled knowing that the time had now come. “I have spoken to both of them.” She stated calmly. “They told me that you would be coming. They told me that the *Tarivuos* would be coming. They told me that *Vada Mard Revik* was coming, and everything as we knew it would then change. They told this to me many millennia ago and I have been waiting for the day when you would arrive. When he would arrive. We all have.”

“*Saoi sibfla!*” Anja gasped aloud. “Martin was right... crazy does follow us around.”

JETANIA

Nilantha couldn’t help herself now and the tears came forth as she burst into laughter. Loras looked at her like she was crazy to laugh in a situation like this and Nilantha squeezed her hand. Nilantha got control of her laughter quickly however and she looked at Anja in the transmission. “From your reaction, I assume that you are still discovering things as you go.” She spoke. “Ever since you arrived here in the Echo Quadrant.”

Anja looked at her in the transmission. “You seem to know an awful lot about

us.” Anja spoke.

“I am no enemy to you Anja Leonidas, and I could never be an enemy to the *Dahakoan*.” Nilantha answered her. “If you know of my people, if you know a *Doraanar* then you know it is not within my blood. They are *Dahakoan* and they are the Heralds for... for your husband and mate. *Vada Mard Revik*.”

Anja looked at her. “Why should I believe anything you have to say?” Anja finally asked.

Nilantha smiled and looked at Loras. She squeezed her hand tightly and pulled her closer to her body. “Because what you seek is here on Jetania Anja Leonidas.” She answered her. “I know what you are looking for. I know what the *Mard Revik* is looking for. What he has always been looking for even though he did not know it.”

“And what is that?” Anja asked.

“The Mountain of Stone and Light.” Nilantha replied seeing Anja’s wolf eyes go even wider. “*Vada Dir rie Hal for Saar*.”