

Wolves and Dragons of the Blood: Revelations

Martin turned and looked at her Etheric image. “Chetak?” He gasped aloud. “They were a Ruling Pack back then?”

Reva nodded her head. “Yes.” She answered softly. “They were a founding member of the Council of Elders on Cerath.”

Martin came to his feet slowly and shook his head. “And I am the one who wiped them out.” He muttered to himself.

“You did no such thing!” Reva’s image snapped.

Martin looked at her. “I killed the two most senior members of their pack! I ordered the others to be tried for their crimes and they were all executed! The only member of that family who lives is Isra. I destroyed his family! His pack!”

“I will not relate to you the many crimes and indiscretions that the Pack of Chetak is responsible for through our long history Martin. That alone would take days. You will see the reason for this soon, but you did the one thing that needed to be done. The only thing that could be done.”

“Is that what I tell Isra when he asks me about what we saw out here?” Martin asked her. “He is a founding member of Mjolnir’s Hand! He is one of my closest friends! He will find out about everything that has happened out here. I will not lie to him to protect myself.”

Reva’s image shook her head as she rose to her feet and she moved over in front of him and looked up into his face. “You do not need to lie to him.” She told him softly. “The Chetak Pack was not always like what you know Martin. They were proud once.”

“That doesn’t make me feel any better.” Martin said. “They were a Ruling Pack from the beginning!”

“And your blood was their King!” Reva snapped. “And they betrayed that King on more than one occasion!”

Martin looked at her with wide eyes. “What?”

Reva waved her hand once more and the images and scene around them returned to the outdoor coliseum from earlier, only this time the coliseum was filled beyond overflowing. Thousands upon thousands of men, women and children were crowding into the facility, both Onab and Lycavorian alike.

“...Made our decision and the votes have been counted from all across Cerath and the colonies we have settled.” Pengot was speaking as he was the only one within the coliseum standing at the moment. The podium had been set up in the center of the open area and he looked around at the thousands of faces that were present and the billions that watched via holo discs across their planet and from their many colonies. “Our Onab brothers and sisters have done similar votes among their leaders and their people and the outcome was unanimous. Let it be known that as of this day, we have united as one people, one entity and henceforth we shall be known as the *Ardorm Kys*. The Winter Entity, given how half of Cerath is among the winter months at any given time and how both our peoples view this season and its beauty.”

The cheers that erupted were deafening to say the least and they continued for several minutes as Pengot stood there proudly. He finally raised his arm for silence and over several minutes the coliseum once more became silent.

“In order to further unite our two peoples and bring about something greater we have chosen one leader.” Pengot spoke once more. “From this day forward, we will follow him and the passion for life that he exudes. These last three days have not been easy, but ultimately that name kept returning to the forefront. As the representatives of the people, both Lycavorian and Onab came forward and gave us the decisions of their people, it became more and more clear. As of this day, the *Ardorm Kys* will be led by a King. A person dedicated to seeing our future in as bright a fashion as any that exist. The Onab people, by their very nature have never been involved in this form of government. By their own admission they are happily not leaders, but followers and doers. Our own people have never seen fit to have this form of government but most of us now believe it is time.” Pengot looked around. “Given the nature of the threat that we now face together, all thoughts of selfishness and personal gain must be put aside. We must unite as one as spoken only a few short days ago. We, as the Lycavorian Elders, the senior Onab leaders, we believe that this is the right way. His name was submitted by his brother, who told us that he would not want the position we are about to impart to him. He is from one of the nine Major Bloodlines among our people. The only truly unique bloodline.”

Martin and the others saw nearly every head in the stadium turn to look at where Daniho and Ashten sat. Daniho had an astonished look on his face, squeezing the hand of his beloved wife and mate, while Ashten sat calm and with the slight curl of a smile on his face, his own wife beside him sitting proudly.

“In all the years of their existence, none of our people has been able to determine the why of this uniqueness in their bloodline. Only that in every generation since their inception they have produced those who push for the betterment of our people and the protection and love of everyone around them. The Mahanlo Pack of the Lycavorian people has been an anchor for all of us throughout our history, and they are the only Pack among our people that carry the unique bloodline of dual fangs! We once thought this an oddity, but now many have come to see it as a sign. A sign that they were meant to lead us forward. To guide us into the future and beyond and whatever that may hold.” Pengot stepped around the podium. “The Onab people have made their choice! The Lycavorian people have spoken and the Council of Elders has ratified this decision by a 13-1 majority vote! Henceforth, we decree that the bloodline of Mahanlo to be *Mard Hippeis Saan! Vada ared mard saanigaro!* His brother and sister will now be known as Crown Prince and Princess! Their mother as Royal Lady Reva. I ask... we the people of the *Ardorm Kysask*... will our new King, Daniho Mahanlo please step forward and receive the blessing of his people so that he may lead us into the future!”

Martin and the others watched as an obviously stunned Daniho slowly stood up to the uproarious cheers of the thousands gathered in the stadium and beyond. What he did not hear were the thousands of voices from across the stars joining in from every colony world they occupied. Slowly Daniho moved up beside Pengot, looking at the senior elder of their people. He leaned close to him.

“Pengot... I do not... I do not wish to be King.” He stammered the words, just barely audible over the deafening sounds of cheering and clapping.

They all saw Pengot smiled and nod his head as his hands came up and he took Daniho by his shoulders. “And that is why you were chosen young Daniho Mahanlo.” He spoke. “Fight with your head young Alpha, but lead our people, lead them with your heart.”