

Wolves and Dragons of the Blood: Revelations

Martin Leonidas stared at her for a long moment. All of his waking life he had desired the answers to these questions. How? Why? Who? The answers about himself, about his family, his history and his people. Each of his children were so very special in a unique way and he had seen that in their eyes the moment each of them entered this world. He couldn't explain it, could not put his finger on it, but now all of those questions were here in this one spot.

And finally all of those answers as well.

“*Alvva?*” Martin turned as Eliani reached out and put her hand on his arm, her voice soft and even. He looked into her fern green eyes, so much like her mother in her beauty and her intelligence. “*Evell sey chevsh allon nison Alvva. Una coi daanth un kincha una hote.*” (We have come this far Papa. It is time to discover it all.)

Martin reached up and stroked her cheek seeing her smile at his touch and the fatherly aura he pulsed her with. His eyes cut to Andro and he saw his oldest son nod his head, and finally they moved to Dorian and Laren who stood side by side. Laren, his Soul Daughter, part Darastrixi and part Lycavorian. He had accepted this almost from the moment he saw her in that transmission. She had too much of Androcles and Dorian in her to deny it, and now he was finding out they had much of her in them. She clutched Dorian's arm in both her hands and he saw her nod her head along with Dorian. His youngest son, and the product of the love he had for Isabella and she for him. Vampire and Lycavorian. Yes, all of his children, born of his blood or not, all of them were special. Martin looked back to Reva finally as so many revelations of his life filled him and he nodded his head to her.

“You are our blood.” Martin spoke.

Reva nodded her head slowly. “I suppose I am. Many thousands of generations removed, but yes.”

“Then do not ask us not to acknowledge this.” Martin told her. “There is nothing more important than family, and that is what their mothers and I have raised them to believe. You are our blood... our family. And you will be treated just as they treat my mother and Jezima and Dynina and Meral.”

“That is hardly important now given my current form and...” Reva began.

“It is important to us!” Martin snapped. “All of us! If you have been watching us for all of this time *staania* Reva, then you know this to be true!”

All of them saw her look at him and once more they could almost see the moistness in her eyes even as an Etheric projection. Reva Mahanlo may have been an Etheric projection right now, but her connection to her physical body was still present and she could still feel emotion. Right now all she could feel was happiness and love. She nodded her head finally and met his eyes.

“I do.” She spoke softly. “It reminds me of... of the closeness that Daniho, Ashten and Kelia shared with me all those millennia ago. And it feels wondrous.”

Martin nodded his head. “They are our strength and our purpose. This is their history just as much as it is ours. It has been from the moment that we brought them into our lives and our blood now flows within them. Sadi carries the next generation of our blood *staania*. How much more important can that be?”

Reva met his gaze. “She carries far more than that Martin. Within her... within her she carries the reunification of our people.”

Andro knew what his father thinking and he stepped closer to him. “Then they should be here with us *staania*. Learning all of this, just as we are. We will share it with them anyway, isn’t it better if they learn it with us?”

Reva looked at him now and she nodded her head. “The time for long held secrets is now passed. You are correct.” She said softly as she closed her eyes.

The moon was full outside the Temple, the camp quiet. *Durcunusaan* patrols stood guard all around the perimeter with *Darastrixi* and *Lycavorian* and *Pralor* security from the city. They were conversing as if they were long lost friends who had been reunited and laughter could be heard among the small groups from time to time.

Aricia and For'mya were curled into each other’s arms on the bedroll near the large fire, Sadi, Ne'Veha and Carisia spooned with Sehri, Lu'ria and Caliria between them. Dynina, Gorgo, Dasha and Jezima lay sleeping only a few meters away. Jomann was the only one who was awake at the moment, Brendi curled into his arms. Jomann nearly jumped out of his boots when the figure of Reva appeared by the fire and he sprang to his feet in an instant. His sharp movements brought the others instantly awake and the image of Reva could only smile as she realized that none of them had left the small clearing around the entrance to the Temple. She watched as all of them moved from the shadows around the fire to stare at her. All of her blood family no matter how it had come to be, just as Martin and Androcles had told her. It only took a simple nod of her head to deactivate the security measures within the Temple and eyes went wide as they heard the doors to the Temple begin to open a short distance away.

“*Carians!*” Gorgo muttered as she clutched Dynina’s hand.

“It is time.” Reva spoke. “The love of this family, this bloodline, it knows no distinction of species or race. It did not in the beginning and as my grandsons have shown me, it does not now. Come, all of you. There will be no more secrets among family. Come.” Reva’s image waved her hand toward the double doors.

No words were really needed among the Leonidas family, and all of them broke for the doors at the same time, including Laren’s parents Yokra and Robati. Reva’s eyes were bright and smiling when she saw this and she turned her head to see Kadeer standing there silent, Perlae, Ishma and Awser beside him.

Reva’s Etheric form moved closer to them. “You carry the blood of Mahanlo within you, no matter how it came to be.” She spoke. “You are family Kadeer, as are your children with Maha. Set aside your role now and follow your family.”

Perlae and Ishma gripped their father’s hands and Kadeer Imuma did something he had not done since the day Maha had come into his life.

He took a leap of faith.