

Wolves and Dragons of the Blood: Revelations

“We have seen it.” Andro spoke now before his father could answer. “Dorian, Laren and *Istaania*. We have seen it within our minds ever since...”

“Ever since we were born.” Laren finished his statement.

Reva looked back to Martin. “They... they shared this with you?” She asked.

Martin nodded his head. “You said the battle came here *staania*.” He spoke. “That this Iais’Kai fool Dalet Nulai that Andro killed, you said that he and Daniho fought here.”

Reva nodded now. “Yes. The battle carried them up into these mountains while it raged above them. All around them. Dalet Nulai’s cronies saved his life that day and thought they had killed Daniho by pushing him off that mountain. It was a fall that would have killed him.”

“Dadrien saved him didn’t he *staania*?” Andro asked softly, a whisper of reverence that all of them detected.

Reva met his gaze and slowly nodded her head. “Dadrien’s father Arnor... but Dadrien was with him that day. Young and powerful and full of vision.” Reva answered him. “Arnor snatched my son from the jaws of death only a hundred feet from crashing into the frozen ground beneath him. Daniho later told us that he had accepted his fate as he fell that day, and that he would join his beloved wife and children in the heavens. He told me he saw Pria moments before Arnor grabbed him and that she was standing there holding the hands of his children and smiling at him, shaking her head. ‘It’s not your time my beloved.’ He told me she said to him. ‘It’s not your time.’ And then Arnor grabbed him as he fell.”

There large room was utterly silent as that shiver of disbelief and awe swept through them all. They could all sense it as they lifted their heads and saw the massive black and white dragon descending to the ground carrying Daniho’s limp body in its savage looking front talons. All around him were other dragons, many with two legged *Darastrixi* upon their backs, all of them landing in the clearing with hundreds of *Lycavorians* and *Onab* watching. They saw Reva run from the crowd even as others tried to hold her back as Arnor gently lowered Daniho to the ground in front of her. *Sarlana*, *Nahko* and *Robati* had tears rolling down their cheeks, *Gorgo*, *Jezima*, *Dynina* and *Dasha* clinging to one another on the verge of crying as well.

“Battles were still raging across the planet but in that one clearing time stood still.” Reva spoke as the images and *Etheric* memories showed them.

They watched *Kelia* and *Ashten* run up to their brother, *Ashten* embracing Daniho so hard it was painful, then both their arms were encircling their sister and pulling her to them. Finally, Daniho *Mahanlo* turned and looked with awe upon Arnor and the hundred other dragons and *Darastrixi* that had landed in the clearing. Dragons of similar color but varying sizes.

Daniho stepped away from his brother and sister slowly, moving closer to Arnor as he lowered that massive head to within inches of Daniho’s head and shoulders.

“Your spirit weeps with pain Daniho *Mahanlo*.” The deep gravelly voice came from Arnor’s muzzle shocking all the *Lycavorian* and *Onab* present.

“You... you can talk!” Daniho gasped in shocked and all of them saw the huge upper body move with gentle laughter.

“We have watched for many millennia from our hidden mountains where you would not go.” Arnor spoke once more. “We have seen your successes and your failures. We have seen your love and your anger. Both are formidable to behold Daniho Mahanlo.”

“You... you saved my life! Why?”

“You know why.” Arnor answered. “You saw her did you not? The one who holds your heart within her grasp. She spoke to you from the afterlife.”

“How do you... Pria...”

“We can see within. The Etheric realm is all encompassing Daniho Mahanlo. The spark within you, within your blood and your family cannot be denied any longer. It grows and it will become even stronger in the many millennia before you.” Arnor spoke gently moving his snout forward and pressing it to Daniho’s chest.

“What...?” Ashten had moved up beside his brother now, Kelia right behind him, none of them showing the same fear that the other Lycavorians and Onab showed openly on their faces.

“What do you mean?” Ashten asked.

“She was correct you know. It is not your time.” Arnor spoke. “My son has seen this as well.”

They watched the dragon beside him move closer now. Also black and white in color and slightly smaller in size, but still enormous in every way, even larger than Torma.

“I was not fast enough...” Dadrien began to speak and all of them recognized his voice now. “I tried to stop him... and my heart weeps with yours. I remained behind to ensure that your people got there before the animals and elements claimed their remains. For this failure I devote myself to you and your cause.”

Daniho looked at him with wide eyes. “What...?”

“The battles still rage across our world Daniho Mahanlo.” Arnor spoke once more. “It is past time for my kind to get involved. Their leader believes you dead, he is wounded but he will try to press this advantage now. I have fifty thousand Darastrixi warriors ready to assist you in defending what is our home as well. It is time that these vile creatures, these Iais’Kai, it is time they felt the wrath of the *Onkmet* Darastrixi for invading our world. We stand beside you and your people now Daniho Mahanlo. Let them feel our combined fury.”

They all watched as Dadrien turned sideways and lowered his huge body completely to the ground. They saw what could only be a brown colored saddle uniquely strapped to his shoulders between the two large spikes that protruded from his shoulder blades where his wings connected to his body.

“A gift from those of my people who walk on two legs.” Dadrien spoke as he settled. “Allow me to carry you while we cleanse our world of this stain. It is not your time Daniho Mahanlo, just as your beloved mate told you. And one day, you will know happiness again.”

Daniho Mahanlo did not know it then, but Dadrien’s words would ring true. Now all he wanted was vengeance and he turned to snatch the helmet from a nearby Lycavorian before leaping up on the saddle and settling onto the shoulders of the massive beast before him without fear.

“Now it begins!” Arnor barked out before releasing a deafening trumpet into the skies and his legs launched him into the air. Dadrien followed his father’s actions and soon they were pulling away in to the sky as Reva and the others watched.

It was silent in the large room once more for a long, enduring moment and then Dorian’s voice broke the silence.

“*Saoi nubous sibfla!*”