

## *Wolves and Dragons of the Blood: Revelations*

The armor was quite impressive looking to say the least. It was suspended on the podium within an Etheric bubble of some kind, rotating very slowly. Around the base of the podium were several thin, rectangular box like objects probably no bigger than an old butane lighter. The upper chest piece, which is all Martin could see, was layered across the shoulders, the elbows and the forearms. It was very similar to how their Dragon Armor was forged to provide maximum flexibility to whoever wore it. This armor was dull silver in color, with the images of a dragon leaping into the air on either pectoral chest piece and the head of a Lycavorian wolf on the lower abdomen with wings on either side.

“It is called *Onkmeti Naami*.” Daniho’s voice spoke as Martin gazed at it. “A very special metal discovered by the Onab in the winter mountains on Cerath.”

Martin turned back to his image. “Winter’s Wisdom?” He said.

Daniho nodded. “The Onab named it, for they had never seen something like it before. After roughly fifty years of testing and research they discovered a way to make it malleable. It was used to armor our warships and gave us a sizeable edge in our war with the Iais’Kai and many other things. It is impervious to any known projectile weapon, and surpasses even your own Dragon Armor in its resistance against energy weapons. Heat. Cold. It can actually alter its molecular structure in order to protect against nearly any environment.”

Martin looked back to the armor. “Is it alive?” He asked.

Daniho did not laugh at the question but he did smile slightly. He had asked the same question of the Onab all those years ago. “I asked that same question *staaniaketo*, many years ago.” He said and watched Martin turn back to him.

“And?”

Daniho shook his head. “It has something to do with the molecular structure of the metal itself. I don’t begin to understand it for it is far out of my knowledge base.” Martin grinned to himself now and Daniho’s head tilted slightly. “What?”

“I get that a lot.” He spoke.

“Ah...” Daniho nodded his head in understanding. “The Onab... the Onab made this for me during the *Zin sarakoa vyen ils*.” He continued. “They were always so concerned for my safety.”

Martin looked at him once more. “You never wore it?” He asked.

Daniho shook his head. “No.”

“Why?” Martin pressed him.

“An Onab Seer came to me one day after it was complete.” Daniho said. “They told me they saw you wearing it. That only you would be able to wear it.”

“Me?” Martin rasped. “Why?”

“As with the *Wer Rithtari ar wer Isk*, the armor is etherically bound to one person. Once this connection is made, it is permanent and can never be removed.” Daniho answered him. “I did not possess the Etheric capability to make this connection. Only your sons and your *ano fenneenum* have this ability. Only you have this ability.”

“Because of *staanio Sumar*.” Martin said softly.

Daniho nodded his head. “Yes. Even from long before he was born, the gods of fate and destiny had planned for his arrival and his descendants. Just as they did mine. They knew

how we would become one. And they knew of the place that *vada sinuovas* would act in that future. They knew how tightly we would become bound to them and they to us.”

Martin looked back at the armor. “*Durcunus for Sinuovas rie vada Saan.*”

Daniho nodded his head solemnly. “Wolves and Dragons of the Blood.” He spoke almost reverently.

Martin looked at him with wide eyes. “Arzoal!” He gasped. “Then it was... it was no mistake that she chose the last of Dadrien’s physical offspring to transfer her consciousness too before she died.”

Daniho shook his head. “It was not.” He answered. “Dadrien and my mother guided her.”

He held his hand up in the Etheric image knowing what Martin was going to say. “And no... we did not influence any of her decisions, nor did we do this with you or anyone along the way. We only allowed them to see things from every perspective. The decisions she made, those that you have made, that Andro and Laren and Dorian have made, these decisions have shaped you into who you are now. My mother has told you this already, and it is time that you begin believing it my boy.”

Martin shook his head. “*All this sibfla...* it just seems so...”

“Otherworldly?” Daniho offered.

Martin looked at him. “Yes!”

Daniho nodded his head. “How do you think I felt, and I did not know half of what you know *staaniketo.*”

“I need... I need to step beyond the power that I wield... I need to step beyond the simple boundaries of what my eyes and my senses tell me.” Martin said softly.

Daniho smiled and nodded his head. “Ah... Canth’s words to you on that foul world. The day that true realization came to you of what you are.”

Martin looked up and met his eyes. “Yes.”