

WARIM MEDICAL CENTER

The petite, Persian red haired Queen they called Anja had joined them and now they were engaged with Irani at one end of the table, speaking with Loras and who Doseb now knew was Martin's birth mother Gorgo and Aricia's birth mother Dasha. Martin stood alone by the large window in the conference room overlooking the city of Warim, his hands crossed at the small of his back, his eyes gazing out over the city. The *Arwa rie vada Revik* conformed to his body as if it was a living thing itself, the sun glittering off of the dull silver portions of the armor. The *Arwa rie vada Revik* and the *Arwa rie vada Tarivuos* had been two things of legend among the Kirek Pack as he was growing. Spoken of with true reverence and awe even as so many others of their people dismissed that they even existed after so long. Well, they did exist Doseb now knew, and those with Mahanlo blood wore them. Once more Doseb had to maintain his composure for standing as he was, Martin looked exactly like the many images his grandmother Kelia had shown him as a small boy of both her beloved brothers. Daniho and Ashten. Martin and his sons looked so much like them it was actually frightening to some extent. While all of his children that Doseb had seen retained small physical marks of their bloodline that were very pronounced, it was Martin and his oldest son Androcles who looked more like the two brothers than any of them. At this moment, standing as he was, Doseb was thrown back to those times when his grandmother showed him the pictures of her brothers and how her voice filled with love and longing whenever she spoke of them. Doseb moved up slowly to stand beside Martin, his eyes gazing out over the city of Warim as well.

"You are deep in thought Martin Mahanlo-Leonidas." Doseb spoke finally.

Martin nodded his head slowly. "There is a lot to think about." He answered.

Doseb nodded in agreement. "Indeed." He said. "So this Nilantha woman is Darastrixi. Like those that Daniho discovered on Cerath?"

Martin nodded his head. It hadn't been a very hard decision for him after his mother had suggested it and Martin had passed an abbreviated version of what they now knew to Doseb and Irani through an Etheric connection. He included Loras and her siblings as well as their children to include Lazar. It wasn't a full accounting of their history, but it was enough for them to begin to understand their past and what it meant. Martin kept certain parts from them, mainly those about Reva until such time as she was returned to her true form. Irani was absolutely taken with Aricia, Anja and For'mya and full of questions, which they were happy to answer as they sat with her and Gorgo and Dasha.

"For lack of a more scientific explanation, there are two subspecies of Darastrixi. Those like my Bonded Brother Torma and like Dadrien and then those like Nilantha and Sarlana." Martin spoke.

"And it was this Nilantha that followed the teachings and guidance of Dadrien and your grandfather, the Pralor Sumar?" Doseb spoke. "She is the one that kept the truth alive here on Jetania."

Martin nodded his head again. "Yes." He said. "I don't know what happened to the Oracle that was with the Ventori Seed Mission, but when this fool Osrod's grandfather brought you here, Nilantha naturally took her spot."

Doseb nodded his head. "We were amazed that many believed as we did when we first arrived here." He said. "I should have figured it out, but I didn't."

Martin shook his head. "Don't feel bad about that. Dadrien and my grandfather Sumar were very careful in their plans. Even more so after they passed into the next life." He said with a small grin. "Not everything happened as they had hoped, but the end results is what truly matters."

"And this is where these... these powers that you and your children possess come from?" Doseb asked. "From the Pralor blood within you."

Martin nodded his head once more. "Yes."

Doseb shook his head in disbelief. "So much... it is so much to take in." He said.

Martin looked at him. "You have no idea." He said with a grin.

Doseb glanced back at the table. "Your wives and mates? They know all of this?" He asked.

Martin followed his gaze and then turned to look back out the window. "When I look at them, I do not see six different women." He said. "I see one complete entity. They think the same, they act the same, and they speak with one voice. They are my center. My core."

Doseb looked at him. "As it should be." He said in agreement. "As Irani is and has been my center for so many millennium."

"I can't really explain it *Tenne*." Martin said seeing Doseb's eyes go a little wider when he called him that. "It just is."

"You called me... you called me Uncle." Doseb said.

Martin nodded his head. "That is what you are to me." He answered him. "No matter the number of generations that are between us, you are *Tenne* to me and to all of my children. Irani is *Tenna* to us. You are family. That is what matters most to all of us."

Doseb reached out and put his hand on Martin's arm and squeezed his thick bicep. "And you are family to us *aur Mandri*." He said softly. "A family we thought lost so long ago."

Martin looked at him. "Not lost..." He said. "We just got a little side tracked is all."

Doseb smiled at this, knowing the meaning of his words. "What now *mandri*?" He asked finally. "I know you and your son were speaking to one another so that none of us could hear your words. I could see it in the faces of your wives and mates, of your mother. You do not do this often I take it?"

Martin shook his head. "My son Androcles and I... we have a connection that only we can use. It began the moment he was conceived and became aware while Aricia still carried him in her womb." He replied. "We do not use it often, for no one else can hear us, and we do not like to keep our family from our thoughts."

"But this time you did." Doseb commented. "Why?"

Martin looked out the window once more and Doseb waited patiently knowing he would continue when he was ready. He saw Martin take a deep breath finally. "All of my life I have wondered who and what I am *Tenne*." Martin spoke softly. "I have discovered so much this last year, so much about my ancestors, my past and my history. To me and to my first born son, there is nothing more sacred than our family and our people."

Doseb nodded his head in agreement. "As it should be."

"We have discovered some things," Martin told him. "Some very disturbing things that does not sit well with us."

"This has to do with *Vada Dremsa rie Saan* doesn't it?" Doseb asked.

Martin nodded his head slowly. "Part of it, yes. But even among others that have no idea about our history or who we are, our family, my family, we have always been a target." Martin said. "My wives and mates have suffered because of this. My children. My people. I'm tired of it *Tenne*."

Doseb looked at him intently. "And?"

Martin met his gaze. "We need to speak with Kesas Pengot." Martin told him. "I need to hear from him *Tenne*, before I make any decisions."

"And if he tells you what I believe you and your son already know in your hearts Martin Mahanlo-Leonidas?" Doseb asked him softly.

"Then the souls of my family whom I was never allowed to know, the souls that cry out for justice even now, they will have their voice." Martin spoke softly. "And what I will do will cause their voices to resonate across the stars forever as a warning to all those who would do us harm without cause."

Doseb Athltin shivered slightly at the intent of Martin's words, but not a single part of him could find grievance with his words or what actions he would undertake. Doseb finally looked out the window once more and nodded his head.

"*Avoi*." He spoke softly.