

Aryera pushed her brother away from her as she turned to regain control of her own emotions. Marda stood up slowly unsure of what to do or say. "Mother?" She said softly seeing Lylor's head move around to look at her surprised.

Aryera held up her hand and nodded to her youngest daughter. She turned back to Lylor and motioned to Marda. "Your youngest niece fervon." She said. "Marda Kirek. She stands here this day because Kesas Pengot saved my life on that stinking nightmare world!" Aryera stepped closer to him once more. "It was Kesas who led us after you and Kelia were taken! For nearly half a millennium we fought! His only goal was to keep you and my nieces and nephews alive!" Aryera barked at him. "When Yelma Arhtai figured out that she would be unable to keep what was truly happening quiet, she threatened to kill Kelia in her chamber if we did not cease the fighting. Five hundred years he led us, his heart crippled with despair because of what he had lost! He never gave up! Never! Yelma Arhtai finally told us that if we left Koltar Four, Kelia and your children would remain unharmed. She told us that if we returned the chambers of you and your three children that we could leave. It took us forty-eight years to gather everyone in a safe area and leave Koltar Four. On the last day as we were leaving, Yelma killed your children in their chambers because she discovered that Kesas had no intention of returning you and the others. He was actually planning an assault that would free Kelia and your remaining children as we left. Gara Nenay helped to discover this and had given the information to Kesas. When Yelma discovered this, she killed their children as well. Somehow the Arhtai Pack discovered this plan and Yelma killed your children. Kesas practically went mad!" Aryera stopped talking to reign in her emotions as Lylor dropped his large body into the chair behind him, his face now a mask of disbelief.

Aryera was facing away from her brother when she began speaking again. "Kesas swore that day that he would see her burn for her actions." Aryera said as she turned back around. "She told us to keep your chambers but that if we ever woke you up, any of you, she would kill Kelia instantly. We were banished to Anlar Prime, but when she exiled the Nenay Pack for not siding with her five hundred years later, we were banished here to Pakar Six." Aryera looked at her brother. "Almost two million years we have lived here. We can only have so many children because of resources, but Kesas Pengot has never let us forget who we are and where we come from and we have survived. And he has never forgotten the treachery of Yelma and Nyser Arhtai. Ever!"

"How...?" Lylor stammered.

"She seeded this world with blood detectors that she had made from the Onab technology we were supposed to destroy." Aryera told him. "And she has spies among us. Those who are playing the good husbands and mates to our females. we know who they are and we have learned how to trick the detectors for a time, but not entirely. We have four days, perhaps five before they discover we have woken you."

"Why... why have you awakened me then arande?" Lylor asked as he came to his feet again his eyes wide. "If waking me puts Kelia at risk I..."

Aryera shoved the data pad at him. "We had to be sure." She told him as he took the pad.

"Sure... sure of what?" Lylor demanded.

“That the Prophecy was coming true.” Aryera told him.

Lylor stared at her in disbelief and Aryera nodded her head slowly. “You are Kelia Mahanlo’s beloved mate fervon, and you now bear the Prophesied Rebirth of the Crest of Mahanlo blood on your left shoulder. You bear the fangs of their bloodline within you as do your remaining children.”

“This... this cannot be true!” Lylor gasped aloud as he looked up from the pad. “Even... even Kelia believed them to be lost. Reva as well. It broke her heart when she could no longer feel them within her.”

“It is true fervon.” Aryera said. “Daniho and Ashten Mahanlo have gone before us, this is true, but their bloodline continues in their descendants. The descendants of both brothers joined as one, just as the Onab Prophecy foretold it would. We woke you fervon... we woke you to be sure ourselves.”

Lylor looked up from the pads once more. “Chiron!?” He almost shouted the word.

Aryera nodded her head once more. “The Mahanlo Bloodline is returning to us brother. More powerful than it ever was before. The Mard Revik and his Tarivuos are returning to us with their awran. The blood of Daniho and Ashten Mahanlo! And when they do, the Arhtai Pack will feel the wrath of the Kirek and Mahanlo Packs once more. And we will have justice for the Dremsa rie Saan as only we can.”