

“They are also not telling us everything.” Lylor spoke softly.

Aryera looked at her brother. “*Fervon?* What do you mean?”

“*Henes intus nysilis draem bara.*” Lylor spoke. “Protecting something that is far more precious to them than anything else.” (They were holding something back)

Kesas Pengot nodded his head in agreement, inwardly thrilled that Lylor Kirek had lost none of the intuition that made him such an inspired leader. “Indeed, they were.” He agreed.

“A threat?” Rothan ventured. “Do they consider us a threat?”

Lylor shook his head quickly and straightened up in his chair. “No, never. In this... in this Etheric connection that we shared with them, I could feel the... I could feel the happiness and joy within them. I could feel the power of Daniho’s blood within them. Of Ashten’s blood. It was like their... it was like their very *anos* were crying out in bliss. Even then, they were holding something back though. Protecting something that their blood, something that their blood demanded of them. It was there... I could almost feel it within me... but then it was gone. Their resonance blocked everything.”

“I felt it too.” Kesas spoke softly looking at Lylor. “It was like seamless wall of blackness came down and it was gone.”

Lylor nodded his head in agreement. “I will have my beloved Kelia back in my arms soon.” He spoke. “And we will have justice for what the Arhtai Pack has done. I have... I have waited for almost two million years. I can wait a few days more until those descended from her brothers come for her. And they will come, just as they have said. I could feel that within them as well. And the...”

“The rage.” Kesas said. “Rage at what they believe has taken place. Did you notice that neither of them asked how many...?”

“Neither of them asked how many had fallen.” Aryera spoke now.

Kesas nodded his head. “They... they fear the answer.” He said softly. “Lylor is correct. They are protecting something, but I could also, I could also sense something else. A sense of Pack and love for our people that I have not felt since the days that I stood beside Daniho and Ashten themselves. It is empowering.” He reached out and tapped one of the data pads that rested on the table. “While we gathered our wits after this Etheric connection they established, I had Caylt and Yasha go over some information that Chiron sent to us while we talked with them.” Kesas turned to his son who had sat by his sister and so far, he had kept silent. “Caylt?”

Caylt shifted in his chair and reached for the pad that his father was touching and picked it up. “He is King of what they call the Lycavorian Union.” Caylt spoke. “At least 900 different species, and over thirty trillion citizens, of which at least a quarter of them are our people. The descendants of the packs that left Cerath with King Daniho.”

“*Carians.*” Aryera gasped.

“He leads what Chiron calls Spartans.” Caylt continued.

“Spartans?” Rothan asked now.

Caylt nodded his head. “They are named for a group of warriors that the King’s father led while he lived. Chiron’s information said we would be getting much more information once they arrived, but what he sent, while short on details, is astonishing to say the least.” Caylt spoke. “Their training is fierce and brutal, their ground forces are massive, as are their fleets of ships. Many of the species within their Union are involved in the military in some way, but only half a dozen or so species do the actual fighting

when called upon. Their logistic and support apparatus is unlike anything Chiron has ever seen. It is more than triple what our people had at our height on Cerath.”

“*Sibfla!*” Rothan gasped now.

Caylt smiled at this comment. “That is what I said as well, sir.” He commented. “These Spartans... according to Chiron, there are several different kinds of warriors among them, but most of those with the King now are what they call *Durcunusaan*.”

Lylor looked at him. “Wolves of the Blood.” He spoke.

Caylt nodded. “Not all of them are Lycavorians but each of them are trained and mentally prepared to eliminate twenty of the enemy before they fall. They are also almost fanatically loyal to the King and his family. Since discovering what they have in the last year, Chiron says they have begun using the name Mahanlo-Leonidas. Leonidas was the name of the King’s father. Their government is a Republic of sorts. He is King but they have a Senate and civilian control of most aspects of their society.”

“Most?” Aryera asked.

Caylt nodded his head. “The King commands the military and while they are technically under the control of this Union Senate, they will not act without his word or order. The Lycavorian Union is very wealthy and has active trading corridors with dozens of other species within the Alpha Quadrant where they are located. They have many allies that are not officially part of this Union, but they also have enemies. None of whom are able to face them in force and win.”

“Truly?” Rothan asked.

“I did not dig too deeply into what details Chiron sent because of time, but according to what I did read, they have had many conflicts in their history. Large and small. None of which they started.”

“But?” Rothan pressed him.

Caylt met his eyes. “They have lost battles, but they have never lost a war. Ever.” He said with an almost perverse glee in his voice that everyone detected. “The King’s son, Androcles, he is considered an almost exact duplicate of his father in every way, and it was he who ended their longest war, some fourteen thousand years long given the information in Chiron’s report. He ended it in a single day, before coming out here to join with his father.”

“A day!?” Rothan gasped. “How do you end a war of that length in a day?!”

Caylt shook his head. “I do not know.”

It was Lylor who chuckled softly. “I smell the blood of Daniho.” He said.

“No doubt this is all information that Martin told Chiron to give to us while they spoke to us.” Kesas said. “He wants us to know who is coming here. He wants us to know who is he.”

“He is the *staaniketo* of Daniho and Ashten Mahanlo!” Lylor spoke firmly. “I do not care how many generations separate us! He is the blood of our one true King; the King chosen by all of our people! He is Kelia’s blood! The blood of her beloved brothers! The blood of Reva Mahanlo! That is all I need to know! They were the hope and saviors of our people once before. And they will be again. The Kirek Pack has always been beside them, and that is where we will be again!”

Aryera reached out and squeezed her brother’s hand tightly. “*Avoi*.” She spoke.

“*For sy una rayd tur*.” Rothan agreed nodding his head. (And so it shall be.)

“*Niob for innyne*.” Kesas spoke with a nod. (Now and always)

Caylt's head turned when the COM panel in the center began to chirp loudly and he rose to go over to the large console. He adjusted the controls and his eyes grew wider. He turned quickly to look at his father.

"Father! It is the Nenay Pack Emergency channel!" Caylt hissed.

Kesas looked at Lylor who nodded his head. "*Vada Daanth rie Toniru coi vinn' jar.*" He said. "It is time our allies knew what we know."