

Ch'eldo squeezed Ivore's shoulder. "Sit beside your beloved wife Ivore Mahanlo-Arhtai. You bow to no one young man. And one day soon, your King will tell you this himself."

"King?!" Ivore stammered the words as he got back into the chair next to Revia.

Ch'eldo opened the ancient volume once more to that page, sliding his hand slowly across the image of the black wolf. "Do you remember what I told your brother that night he took my eyes Ivore?" Ch'eldo asked looking at him.

"I... I will never forget it." Ivore answered. "I will carry it with me until the day I pass into *Vada Wayn*."

Ch'eldo nodded his head.

***"They will come, from distant stars, they will come. From age to age they have been forged. They will feel the call. They are mirrors of light, with the memories of future dreams. They will ride the sky, keeping the fires bright. You will not know their names. You will not know their faces. But there will be no victory for you. Past and present will collide. Black and Crimson will descend upon you. They fight for honor, for family and for King. For Mahanlo blood shows no remorse***

***There will come a time when the snow on Cerath will have melted and is no more***

***And then, the Time of Reckoning will be upon you."***

Ivore shook his head. "But what... what does this have to do with the symbol Ch'eldo?" Ivore asked.

Ch'eldo met his eyes. "Your actions on the *Dremsa Rie Saan* are the third Prophecy in this book Ivore Mahanlo-Arhtai. Your actions that night helped to pave the way for the future to take place."

"Ch'eldo..." Revia began but he held up his hand stopping her words and then rested it back on the book over the image of the wolf.

"This symbol... this *Saanigaro Lecoa* that you now wear, that all who bear your blood within them wear. This is the *Lecoa* of the Rebirth of the Mahanlo *Saanigaro*." Ch'eldo told them. "This is the sign!" (Bloodline Crest)

"What sign?" Revia asked as she reached for her husband once more and took his arm.

"Whoever bears this symbol on their left shoulder will know the truth of it."

Ch'eldo told them. "The descendants of King Daniho Mahanlo and his beloved twin brother Ashten are not dead as so many of our people believe. They are very much alive. And they... they are coming for those that are their family. In six days."

"Six days?" Ivore asked now as he gripped Revia even closer now.

Ch'eldo nodded his head. "The prophecy tells us that six days after this *Saanigaro Lecoa* begins to appear on their family, they will come for them." He said reverently.

"Just as I told Nyser. From age to age they will have been forged and they will feel the call. The call of their bloodline, the call of their *Nathos*. Past and present will collide and Mahanlo blood will show no remorse. There will come a time when the snow on Cerath will have melted and is no more. And then, the Time of Reckoning will be upon us."

Ch'eldo looked at Ivore. "All of this is true, however, I did not finish the full phrase of the prophecy that night with your brother Ivore."

“There... there was more?” He gasped.

Ch'eldo nodded his head again. “Cerath is gone Ivore.” He said softly seeing Ivore and Revia’s eyes go wide. “Destroyed by the Iais’Kai almost fifty thousand years ago. We saw this as well, but in order for the prophecy to be fulfilled it had to be. I felt our planet die, as did all of those among my people. We knew this and we accepted it. Many of us believe it is the reason King Daniho and Lord Ashten did not want to view the four prophecies held within this book. It was too hard for them to know what needed to happen. What had to be endured for our people, yours and mine, for us to reach our full potential. We do not know what took place to have delayed the prophecy for so long, nor did we see the *Dremsa rie Saan* and what your brother and Yelma would succeed in doing. All we knew was that events would happen that would force these four prophecies to take place.”

“What... what did you not tell my brother that night Ch'eldo?” Ivore asked softly.

“*Vada Dremsa rie Saan gur, heuhly, tis vada falyne inachia mihar.*” Ch'eldo spoke the words gently, in almost a whisper. “*For terit Saanigaro gur tur joa cova.*” (The Night of Blood will, finally, in the future twilight sleep. And your bloodline will be no more.)

“*Carians.*” Revia gasped softly.

Ch'eldo nodded his head. “Indeed.” He said. “The Prophecy states that the descendants of Daniho and Ashten Mahanlo will be unlike any Lycavorians that we have ever seen before. Pure. Wild. Raw. Focused and clear.”

“*Vada Mard Revik for jen Tarivuos.*” Ra'tel spoke softly from behind his father.

“They will come for their family.” Ch'eldo said as he nodded in agreement with his son’s words. “For their blood. And anything that stands in their way will feel their justice and their wrath.”

“*Avoi.*” Ki'cha spoke now.

Ch'eldo looked at Revia. “It is no doubt the reason that Kesas Pengot has woken your father Revia my child.”

“My father!?” Revia gasped. “My father... my father is awake now!?”

Ch'eldo nodded his head. “To confirm what I have just told you. I felt Lylor’s resonance the moment he woke, the briefest of moments and then it was hidden again. If they have woken him, it is only to confirm what Kesas Pengot must suspect is happening now. And to prepare.”

“But how?” Ivore gasped.

Ch'eldo shook his head. “How they have hidden this from your brother and Yelma I do not know Ivore.” He told them quickly. “They do not know that you and Revia live, or your children and blood. Both of you are listed as being killed on the *Dremsa rie Saan*. We have been unable to communicate with anyone from the Kirek Pack since that night and the barriers around this compound prevent us from signaling off the planet even if we were able. I have no proof to back up my belief, but I think Ranol Nenay has contact with Aryera Kirek and Kesas, in some form, at least. Yelma Arhtai still holds two of his children and that is how she has kept his silence for all of these years. Most believe your mother to be dead Revia, but we all know the truth of that. Yelma Arhtai is a master manipulator, and even Nyser won’t defy his wife and mate. That is the power she holds over Kesas and the others of the Kirek Pack.” Ch'eldo rose to his feet and began to pace in front of them slowly. “Kesas Pengot is no fool however, and he spent far more time

around your uncles than most people thought. He became just like them in many respects. Kesas has the only other copy of this book child. He knows what is within it and what it means. It is the only reason that Kesas Pengot would wake your father Revia. Somehow, he knows or has discovered that the reborn Mahanlo bloodline is coming here and that they mean to retrieve their family.” Ch'eldo stopped pacing in front of her and he pulled Revia to her feet in front of him, holding her hands curled inward against his chest. “You will be reunited with your mother and father soon Revia Mahanlo.” He said seeing the tears flood her eyes. “And all of those who are of yours and Ivore’s blood. Your family will know you by your scent alone Revia, and you will know them the moment you see them. The moment you smell them. You must be strong now. Stronger than either of you has ever been. Both of you.”

“Ch'eldo... what... what do we do?” Ivore gasped as he rose to his feet now.

“We prepare.” He answered confidently looking at him. “It is clear to me now that your brother and Yelma do not know that Lylor Kirek has been woken or they would have already been here to arrest everyone. We cannot worry about those out of our reach right now. We must prepare everyone within our compound to be ready to move at a moment’s notice. And we must initiate our own plans as well.”

“Move?” Ivore asked. “Move where?”

“Wherever the *Mard Revik* decides that we will call home as a people once more.” Ch'eldo said.