

They stared at each other from across the small recovery room in silence still unsure if it was all really happening.

Anja had prepared meticulously for the moment and they had been talking amongst themselves in the medical room when Reva's sphere suddenly twitched once and then dropped to the floor heavily and was still. Anja knew what was happening instantly and she directed everyone else as they sprang into action. Denali and Deion were on either side of the bed where Reva's body rested peacefully and both of them were ready when her lungs took in a massive breath of pure unrecycled air for the first time in nearly three and a half million years. Her upper body rose off the bed as it fought the sensations and Denali and Deion gently placed their hands over her abdomen and held her down on the bed as Anja and Eliani began to work their healing magic from either side of the bed.

They really did not have to do anything except monitor as Anja's medical regime for the last two days had already been preparing Reva's body to begin moving once more on its own. Small injections of natural steroids through her muscles and protein enzymes that flooded her bones and joints. The chamber had kept her internal organs in superb condition, just as they had been when she entered the chamber all those years ago, and Anja and Eliani simply used their healing power as an extra source of growth stimulation. Dynina and Gorgo stood on either side of the bed, each of them holding one of Reva's hands tightly within their own while Jezima stood at the head of the bed and rested her hands on her temples. More than anything, they wanted her to feel the love of her family all around her. That is what mattered most of all.

And feel them Reva Mahanlo did.

Their scents filled her senses instantly as she took her first deep breath. So powerful and sweet. Mahanlo blood. The sweetest scent of all to her. Then their Etheric resonances reached for her in a way that Reva had never truly experienced. Her family, her blood had always been more powerful within the Etheric realm, but this was so much different. This swept her up in it and caused her to feel like she was flying on the clouds. She saw so much, felt so much that it caused her to gasp aloud in shock, her dual wolf fangs springing forth from her gums and her dark eyes changing to the wolf within her as she felt it. The dedication to her. The unrequited love. It was the most natural thing in the world to them. The sense of devotion to family that Daniho, Ashten and Kelia had began and cultivated reigned supreme within all of them. Added to that was the Pralor sense of family and Reva could not help but feel humbled at the emotions that flooded through her without doubt or hesitation.

It moved quickly because of the preparations that Anja had taken and soon Reva was sitting up in the bed as her bloodline flooded the small room to see her. To feel her touch upon them and smell her scent. Reva Mahanlo was the beginning of their bloodline. She was where it all began and even Gorgo and Dynina were truly honored to be in her presence, though in the months to come, Gorgo, Dynina, and Jezima would learn just how much Reva Mahanlo regarded them as her fellow Matriarchs of their family. There were tears aplenty to be sure, especially when Reva held Calyb, Retta, Zarah and Nara in her arms and felt the joy of new found love and devotion within them. Reva Mahanlo's bloodline was growing right in front of

her eyes and this is what fought back the horror of what had taken place through the years and the losses she had to suffer as she watched so many of her bloodline die.

This is what held the pain in check.

The pain she felt within him and his oldest son. It was clear to her now, perhaps not to those that loved them, not just yet, but to her, to the Blood Matriarch of the Mahanlo bloodline, it was so very clear.

The room became silent when he entered with Androcles, Dorian and Laren. All of them could sense the difference in their father, their brothers and soul sister Laren. It was a palpable thing to them and all of them wondered what had taken place on that mountaintop Temple.

The Mountain of Stone and Light.

Their eyes locked from across the room and the tears began before Reva had time to blink. Before her stood the physical incarnations of her precious sons Daniho and Ashten. To her wolf eyes Martin was a twin to them both in every way. He had the same set to his jaw, the same skin coloring, the same angle to his eyes. His forehead and cheekbones were all Sumar she knew, strong and proud Pralor features, but he carried all of them within him. Reva did not have time to reach out her arms to him for Martin covered the ten steps to her bed in two blinks of the eye and then he was kneeling beside her bed, burying his face in her lap and weeping. Reva Mahanlo lost it herself then, lifting her head skyward as her arms wrapped around his broad shoulders and baring her dual fangs once more, she let loose with a howl of happiness that shook the entire building and was heard by every wolf for nearly five kilometers in every direction.

It only grew in intensity as her family, her blood, closed in around her and joined her howl in a chorus of rebirth and happiness.