

“You hope?” Martin gasped aloud as he stared at Yelma and Nyser Arhtai in the transmission.

It was almost too much for Martin Mahanlo-Leonidas to reign in his horrific rage as he stared at the two people most responsible for the deaths of so many of the family and blood he never had a chance to know.

Innocents and children.

Yelma Arhtai shuddered in fear when the roar erupted from the transmission and she gripped her husband’s arm tightly as they watched the *Vada Arwa rie Vada Revik* deploy instantly from Etheric space, wrapping around Martin’s body and head as the massive wings took shape and expanded fully. They could only watch as that helmeted head finally turned to stare at them in the transmission, the yellow gold eyes almost surreal to look at as they gazed upon them. They could see the multicolored plume that fell from the helmet’s top and the dull silver armor that surrounded Martin’s face. His dual fangs were fully extended now, terrifying to behold, and those eyes focused on them.

And when those terrifying eyes focused on them he spoke. The tenor of his words cut through them both, ripping whatever confidence they may have had from their hearts and crushing it beneath his power.

“Mahanlo blood has come. We are the direct descendants of both Daniho and Ashten Mahanlo! I carry both of their bloodlines within me, as do my children and my blood.

We have Reva Mahanlo among us!

And we have come for our family that you wrongly hold. We have come for our friends that you wrongly hold.

Mahanlo blood has come and we are the nightmare that plague your waking dreams.

Come to us, deep down in the dark where the monsters be, in the maw with the jaws and the razor teeth.

Where the brimstone burns and the angels weep, that is where we reside.

Call to your gods if we cross your path, because hope... hope is a moment that is now long past.

The shadow of death is the one that we cast for all those who took part in the *Dremsa rie Saan*.

And now... now we will have our retribution!”