

“Nyser!?” Yeren gasped. “*Fervon*, are you saying the broadcast that she is using is... it is correct?”

Nyser met his brother’s eyes. “Yes.” He answered. “Kelia Mahanlo, her children and Ranol Nenay’s sons are in this facility in Cryo Freeze. We had three more children of hers and Lylor Kirek. The oldest three if memory serves. We executed them during the Civil War. The children in cryo Freeze now are ones that she carried within her womb when she was captured. No one even knew that they existed when we first took her. We kept her awake until they were born and then put all of them into Cryo sleep. No one knows they live.”

Yeren stared at his brother in shock. “Nyser you...”

“You knew this is what we planned for *fervon*.” Nyser spoke quickly.

Yeren met his gaze now. “The other Packs were supposed to eliminate the King and his bloodline!” He snarled. “You were supposed to maintain communication with them! To insure that they completed their tasks before we moved against Kelia Mahanlo and Lylor Kirek!”

“The last message we... the last message we got from them was that they had removed most of their bloodline and were moving in on the last ones that had survived.” Nyser told him. “We... we never got a confirmation.”

“You never got a confirmation and yet you and Yelma ordered that we move against her and the Kirek Pack?” Yeren snarled.

“We waited as long as we could!” Nyser almost shouted. “If we had waited any longer we would have lost the element of surprise and they would have discovered that something was coming at them.”

Yeren snarled angrily. “That is why the Blood Detectors on the station went off just before the station went dark!” He barked loudly. “We thought it was a malfunction of some kind but it wasn’t. They went off because they detected Mahanlo blood!” Yeren looked at him. “And given the locations they went off in, they detected more than one or two of them!”

“We don’t know!” Nyser snapped.

“We don’t know?” Yeren almost screamed at his brother drawing the odd looks of many within the Command Center. “The Mahanlo blood that traveled with Kelia and Lylor Kirek were the oldest of their bloodline. Those who were done having children for the most part! Only a few dozen pairs had children after arriving here, and those that weren’t mated before leaving Cerath became mated to Kirek Pack members! The only true Mahanlo blood that would have given us a problem was that Kelia Mahanlo and her children! Most of the young and healthy breeders in the Pack went with King Daniho, Ashten Mahanlo and their remaining children!”

“I know all that Yeren!” Nyser snapped.

“Then you know what will happen next!” Yeren barked.

“Not if we kill them first!” Nyser growled at him.

Yeren looked at his brother as if he had gone mad. “If this... if this is truly Mahanlo blood that has come for their family, you and I both know that none of us will live out this day *fervon*.”

“I intend to fight!” Nyser barked. “You can either help me or leave! It is up to you!”

Yeren shook his head. "I have no other choice but to fight." He said softly. "You saw to that."

"Then help me!" Nyser snarled.

Yeren shook his head and moved to the Plot Board. "Alarms from within this facility seem to indicate that it has been breached. Given what you just told me, it appears as if they collapsed part of the tunnel from the main compound to the facility and made their own entrance to avoid attacking the garrison."

"Which means they do not have many troops." Nyser said.

Yeren nodded his head. "That could be one of many reasons." He said quickly. "They have already put nearly three thousand troops on the ground in and around the Constellation Monument, they have taken *RENDITION* Station down and we have lost contact with the Iaaldo Engineering Compound. We don't know how many troops they have at the other two locations. Maybe they didn't think they needed them given how quickly our men have fallen!" Yeren spoke sarcastically.

Nyser looked at him harshly but the look bounced off his younger brother. "What about our gunships?"

Yeren looked at him. "They are on alert but in standby mode." He answered. "They are the only source of Onab military technology that we have Nyser!"

Nyser stabbed down on the board once more. "We must break this main force here." He snapped. "We need to take out this ship at the Constellation Monument and the surrounding troops. The only way to do that is with the gunships. Have them conduct one or two passes and then our troops will roll in and sweep up the survivors."

"Nyser... they have layered air support all over the city!" Yeren exclaimed.

"Order our gunships to remain below the horizon and within the buildings." Nyser said. "Our pilots have trained for that and I'm betting these new ones have not."

"And if you are wrong?" Yeren snapped.

Nyser looked at him. "I'm not wrong! Now give the order and I will lead my personal detachment to the southwest corner here and attack in force while the other commanders hit the other three corners. We press in together, break their backs and then remove the threat!"

"What about the Iaaldo Engineering Compound?" Yeren asked.

"Send a compliment of gunships there as well, fully loaded with troops." Nyser spoke. "I want as many Onab re-taken alive as possible but securing the compound is their mission. Take as many Mahanlo prisoners as they are able, but do not risk re-taking the compound."

"This is madness!" Yeren gasped. "We have no information on what is out there *fervon*. We don't even know what they had on those four ships! Or if all four of those ships attacked! Fomir could very well be dead!"

"Then we will find out!" Nyser growled before turning and heading out of the Center. "And whoever killed my son will answer to me!" His voice echoed in the corridor.