

Excerpt from  
*BLOOD OF THE PRIME: SPARK*  
T'nari Renegades—Pleiadian Cycle, Book I, Part II



Excerpt from Chapter 17  
“Ti’angriel”

The elder dreamwalker stood in the inky shadows of the Dreamcore just outside Karra’s fishing hole. Abruptly, Rhys’s form appeared within the blood-red ring, naked for an instant before shifting into clothing. He stood in the middle of the circle, blinking to adjust his senses, and in the next instant, Karra appeared in front of him in her simple nightgown.

“Rhys, look into my eyes. Are you with me, love?” She motioned toward her face so she could check his lucidity.

“Oh yes, I’m with you. Every shred of me is here.” There was a tension radiating from the tall man that was eager and determined.

Karra smiled up at him, her eyes shining with affection and pride, and an answering smile spread across Rhys’s face.

“By the love of the mother who made us,” Hano grumbled as he stepped into the circle beside them. “If you two are going to be like that, you can just forget about my company.”

“Ok,” Karra replied calmly without moving her eyes from her husband.

“I don’t know, maybe we should keep him around, sweetheart,” Rhys drawled in a lazy voice, shifting his gaze pointedly to Karra’s mouth and allowing a strong pulse of his sexual energy to emanate around him. “It added a little spice to the wine knowing Hano could pop into our bedroom at any second.”

Hano laughed low in his throat. “Touché, my boy. There aren’t many who can spar with me. We’re going to get along just fine.”

Rhys turned laughing eyes to the ancient dreamwalker. “That’s two.”

“Two?”

“I already got Magnus back for his part in your little escapade.” He grinned, but in the next heartbeat, his features lost all trace of humor and his eyes took on a feral cast, haunted and predatory.

The swift change sent a jolt through Hano’s stomach. He watched the younger man with wary concern as he picked up the disturbing signals Rhys’s body was sending out.

“I just lost some people who were very dear to me, Hano. I made a vow to myself that I would find a way to stop Biak. The pain will keep getting worse if I don’t.”

Hano twisted his mouth, wondering what exactly had transpired after the pilot had been called away from the caverns so suddenly the day before. In answer to his thoughts, the flash of a bloody scene in a far-away house appeared in Hano’s mind directly from Rhys, causing the dreamwalker to wince with pain. “Oh, Rhys, I’m sorry.”

The tall man blew out a rough sigh. “The bestial violence is bad enough to deal with. If the Drahks ever take over, their calculated terrorizing will be hundreds of times worse. It’s got to stop, Hano.”

A shiver of precognition went down the dreamwalker’s spine, but the tenor of the insight was hopeful rather than chilling. “It’s bigger than Biak.”

“I know.”

Rhys’s calm declaration surprised the elder yet again. There was a look in the man’s eyes, an unwavering surety and an echo of timeless depth that hadn’t been there before.

“I need answers now more than ever, Hano. Show me the way to the city.”

The dreamwalker nodded, certain that this man was the key to unlocking the secrets of the mysterious constructs. “As you wish.” He turned to Karra and saw a reflection of Rhys’s anguish in her somber gaze. It pinched his heart to see her in pain, but it also showed him that the connection between the pair was growing deeper by the day. “Shall

we attempt to shift ourselves directly into the city, my dear, or shall we wait for another invitation?”

“I think the invitation has already been extended. Let’s see what we can do without the dream seed.” Karra reached for Rhys’s hand and offered the other to Hano. “The large cone?”

Hano tipped his head in agreement, quickly planting his own marks around Karra’s circle as an anchor within the fluctuating Dreamcore. He closed his eyes to form the mental image of their chosen destination within the shining city and the instant Karra’s mental picture matched the vibration of his, the triad shifted together into the softness of a night breeze.

Instead of landing within the city, the group found themselves out on the white sandy plain under the luminous moon. The sharp angles of the giant geometric forms were clearly visible, but still a good distance away near the foothills at the base of the jagged mountain range. The brilliant cobalt of the sky above breathed with its own vitality and presence.

“Interesting,” Hano murmured, rubbing his chin thoughtfully as he gazed across the landscape toward the city. “Very interesting.”

He hadn’t missed the soft intake of breath from the man beside Karra and waited patiently for Rhys’s reaction to the unusual sight across the plain. After several moments of silence, he stole a sidelong glance to his right and found Rhys standing transfixed, his head tilted to one side, listening to something beyond their hearing.

At length, the pilot nodded and moved forward across the sand, pulling the two dreamwalkers along with him. His gate was easy at first, but he gradually increased his pace to the point where they could barely keep up. He moved with an edge of excitement, his eyes glued to the distant shapes, and, without warning, let go of Karra’s hand to take off running across the white plain.

“Rhys!”

Hano held Karra back, giving her fingers a firm squeeze. “Let him go, Karra. Walk with me.”

The dreamwalkers traversed the strange desert without speaking, the slight crunch of the white sand beneath their feet the only audible sound in the eerie silence of the

night. Nothing moved as they approached the outer edge of the city. Rhys's figure had long since disappeared among the massive shapes.

Hano paused and looked to his right down the seemingly endless array of sparkling white forms nestled below the mountains. "This place leaves me breathless."

Karra nodded and followed his eyes across the vista of elegant sculptures. "It's truly spectacular."

"Who made this? And why?" The elder's voice faded off as he gazed in awe at the majestic beauty of their surroundings. "Did you notice that there aren't any shadows?"

Karra glanced over at the nearest of the towering forms. "I did, but I guess it didn't fully register. With all this moonlight, you'd think there would be deep shadows, but it looks like it passes right through."

"Remarkable." Hano's eyes flowed over the huge constructs, etching each one of them into his mind, and after a few moments, he frowned, turning quickly back to Karra whose face mirrored his own startled expression.

"It's not the same as last time, is it?"

"I don't think so."

Hano grabbed Karra's hand. "Let's see if we can find that huge cone you liked so much. Come on!" He rushed headlong between the translucent forms, but they hadn't gone ten steps before he stopped again. "Wait!" He pointed up at the craggy peak rising directly above them over the city. "I can't be sure, but I believe the mountains are the same. That peak looks familiar. I'm almost positive we came in at this same angle last time. If that's true, what form was standing here before, Karra?" He pointed at the wide hexagonal prism looming in front of him.

"A huge pyramid, I'm certain. A cylinder topped with an icosahedron was right there," she replied, rushing over to a set of three stacked cubes tipped on edge. "And a long group of graduated spheres went off in that direction." She pointed out along the perimeter of the city where only three spheres and a series of eggs now stood.

"Yes, you're right! I think that huge donut down there is the same. No—no, it's not. Come take a look."

Hano dashed down the avenue in front of him to the base of a great upended ring, craning his head to look up at its dizzying height.

Karra came up beside him and did the same. "I think it's a bit higher, don't you?"

“Yeah, just a bit. This is extraordinary, Karra. If the city is shifting and changing for some reason, there’s no way we’ll ever map it. It would be rather pointless to try.”

“True. That big cone was just over there.” Karra looked over her shoulder and spotted a tall, slender cylinder where the cone had been standing and turned her head, searching the shapes in the immediate vicinity. “Oh, it’s down there now.”

They walked along an open path between the forms and made their way to the shimmering cone that she had put her hand into on their last journey. She blinked several times and tipped her head to measure it against her memory. “It looks like it’s wider across the base and not quite as tall. What do you think?”

“I think you’re right. It’s not— Karra! Are you alright?”

The young dreamwalker had reached for the cone’s wall, but instead of her hand gliding through, she slammed into something solid, crumpling her fingers into her palm.

“It’s ok, Hano, I didn’t hurt myself. I’m just surprised.” She pulled her hand back and tried again, this time sweeping her hand over the surface of the translucent white material. The surface gave slightly where she touched it and a look of utter delight spread across her face. “It’s soft and warm, almost like skin. Try it, Hano!”

He reached out and stroked the wall, looking up sharply with an odd expression. “It’s cool and wet to me, almost slippery.” He rubbed his hand back and forth a couple of times, creating a squeak under his palm with each pass. “Oh, this is too weird, but fun.” He squeaked several more times, grinning like a boy with a new toy before he stepped back. “You would get skin.” He wagged his brows suggestively, bringing a blush to Karra’s cheeks.

“Hano, you need a wife. Didn’t you ever have one of those?”

“Two, in fact. Wonderful women. I even had a—” The elder broke off and turned to walk briskly away. “A son,” he called back over his shoulder without turning around. “Lon didn’t make it off of Ushua.”

Hano retreated through the complex of soaring shapes, needing a few moments alone with the sudden memories of the smiling man he had lost so long ago. It was true that time washed away the worst of the sting of losing someone dear, but it didn’t ever take the pain completely away. He thought of Rhys and the crushing hurt he just been through, and knew without a doubt that the young man would carry that terrible wound through each and every day of his life.

The elder closed his eyes to allow his feelings to settle again. With a sigh, he pulled his thoughts back to the moonlit city, wondering idly why Karra had referred to this place as a city to begin with. The magnificent constructs were not habitable buildings, at least not within conventional understanding. If the shapes were in actuality alive in some way, then the term ‘colony’ would be more accurate, he supposed. There was a distinct feeling of sentience running through the place, tangible presences around every turn. He wondered if Rhys had been listening to the shapes themselves or was picking up traces of the mysterious League who had led Karra here in the first place.

“Where are you?” he called out on impulse, looking around at the shining white bodies, half hoping someone would appear or speak to him in a way he could understand. He wasn’t surprised that the only reply he received was from the gentle night wind. He stood and listened, watching for movement, his senses alert for the slightest change in the grandeur around him. Nothing. At least nothing he could name or speak to. Ah, well, surely it would come in time.

With a wistful smile, he meandered around the base of a monstrously large pyramid and headed down one of the avenues which veered off on the other side. As he walked past a set of small cubes, he froze at the odd sight which met his eyes around the corner of the last form. The elder stood very still for quite a while until he sensed Karra’s approach behind him. He lifted a hand to warn her to silence, beckoning her to come closer, but he heard her stifle a gasp when she saw what had captivated his attention.

A dozen yards away, Rhys stood rooted to the ground beneath a tall, open structure made of the same translucent white material as everything else in the city. From the lacy, dome-like top, five graceful arms tapered down to fine points on the ground, creating five open arches through which Rhys’s figure and the city beyond were visible. Bright moonlight filled the inner space of the shape as if there was nothing blocking its course.

Rhys stood stock still beneath the delicate canopy, his head thrown back and his legs braced shoulder-width apart. His arms were stretched out in front of him with palms turned upward while spirals of golden light shot out of the air at the top of the dome, flying straight down into his hands.

Baffled, Karra glanced at Hano who arched a brow and gave her a serious, significant look before turning back to Rhys. As they looked on, the light streamers increased in

number and flew into his forehead and chest as well as his outstretched hands while he stood spellbound, his eyes focused on something in the distance.

Several minutes passed before the golden spirals thinned and gradually faded from the air. As if moving under water, Rhys slowly lowered his head and arms, sending his glance around the canopy as if searching for something. The moment he caught sight of Hano and Karra, he walked out through one of the arches, heading quickly in their direction. The gaze that had been inwardly focused only seconds ago was now just as intently trained on them and Hano could see that the man was distressed, his features twisted with frustration.

“They’re here!” Rhys growled as soon as he was close. He stopped in front of the dreamwalkers, completely oblivious of their startled expressions, and raised his fists to the sides of his head, squeezing his eyes closed and snarling with vexation. “They’re here and I can’t understand them!”

“Who’s here, Rhys?” Hano asked cautiously, keeping a firm hand on Karra’s wrist, restraining her for the moment.

“The League! The bloody League!” Rhys wrenched his hands away from his head and stormed around in a wide circle in front of them like a prowling, hungry panther, gesticulating furiously with both hands. “I hear them, but it’s not words. I feel them, smell them, taste them, but they’re just out of reach. Oh, but they can see us alright! They—whoever the hell they are—watch us, tease us, play with us.” He paused long enough to glance up and point at Karra. “You remember what they said that night by the river? ‘We wait.’ Tarsus told me the same thing before I met you. What the hell are they waiting for? What do they want?”

Coming to an abrupt halt, Rhys shook his fist in the air and yelled into the night. “Show yourselves, damn you! If you can help us, get your sorry asses out here or I’ll come after you! Do you hear me? I’ll find you, whatever it takes!”

Rhys’s shouts echoed out into the silent white forms. Hano would have been tempted to laugh at the outburst if he hadn’t felt the teasing presences himself just beyond perception, not to mention wholeheartedly agree with every word the young man had flung at their invisible allies.

The pilot snorted and shook his black mane, muttering a few more choice deprecations under his breath as he put his hands on his hips and walked back to the

two dreamwalkers. “Ok, I’m done, for now.” He stopped in front of Karra and finally raised his eyes to her face, only to find her smiling affectionately.

Hano’s mouth twisted into a half-grin. “Did it hurt?”

“What, my tantrum?”

Hano laughed. “No, the sparks.”

“What sparks?” Clearly bewildered, Rhys waited for an explanation while the dreamwalkers glanced at each other.

Karra put a gentle hand on his arm. “The golden lights under that dome over there. You didn’t see them?”

Rhys whipped around to look behind him at the arched shape, his eyes darting into its heights, looking for signs of the lights. “No, I didn’t see any lights. They were in there?” Confused, he walked back over to stand outside the white canopy. Hano and Karra stepped up beside him, peering into the lofty space, checking for any more evidence of the odd phenomenon they had seen, half expecting more of the strands to come floating out of the air.

“There were streaks of light coming from up there.” Karra pointed to the space above their heads inside the structure. “They went into your hands, and then into your head and heart. It was amazing.”

Rhys sighed loudly and pulled Karra into his side, scanning the space for several minutes. “Man, I must have really been out of it.”

“You might say that.” Hano peered up at him with a narrowed look. “I’d say you were right in the middle of it. You got quite a shower, my boy.”

Rhys looked down at the palm of his free hand with a perplexed expression. “It’s so weird. I feel energized and exhausted, both at once. I could race around the the city a hundred times without stopping, but I could also drop right here and blink out for a hundred years.”

Hano glanced at Karra, sensing Rhys’s need to download whatever it was he received. “Why don’t you two move off into some relaxed dreaming for a while.”

Karra nodded as Rhys’s body crumpled onto hers, his form fading as he began the slide into another sphere of awareness. She smiled once at her mentor before they both dissolved completely from sight.



Hano stood alone in the silence of the blue night. He walked slowly into the middle of the round, sheltered space under the dome and looked up at the moon through the lacy webwork. For a brief instant, he thought he felt someone watching him and he smiled.

“I’d heed that man’s words if I were you,” he called out to the unseen observers. “He’s one determined young buck. Then again, maybe that’s what you’re looking for.”

After several moments of echoing stillness, he spoke again.

“You’ll get what you want—and a whole lot more.”

Leaving nothing but cackling laughter in his wake, the elder dreamwalker vanished.