

Chapter 745

"Annie, what subject do you wish to discuss?"

While pouring his partner a mocha, Caleb cast an inquisitive glance over his shoulder. It had been difficult for him to hold back his questions while the senior members of the Armand-Hanlon pack immediately looked for any indications of mental interference in Rafe's studies.

Thankfully, everyone they had checked had come back negative for any tampering so it had been a relatively speedy process, and they had been able to return home after only a couple of hours.

He had waited for Rhianna to say something further after her cryptic comment at Rafe's, but she had been especially silent on the journey home, and remained quiet while she sat at their dining table in the kitchen, watching him prepare their coffees. It was clear she wasn't going to voluntarily share the information without a nudge, so he decided to give her that little push needed. Now, he waited for her to speak, walking over to sit down across from her and placing the coffees on the table.

"Annie?"

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Rhianna sighed deeply and bought herself another moment by sipping at her coffee. She knew there was no avoiding the conversation they needed to have, but in truth, she was still reeling from the information she'd discovered in the second book Anakatrine had selected for them to read. Caleb had to know about it, and possibly some of the others too. She just wasn't sure how many people needed to know the highly confidential information relating not only to the vampire nation but also the shapeshifters too.

"You didn't read the other book, Masking Lavender," she finally said, lowering her mug and meeting his gaze. "I'd completely forgotten about it too what with everything that had happened with Reasa and the Praetorians, and then the attack on the pack. I couldn't sleep the other night. I was feeling a little unwell. So, I picked up the book and started to read it."

She paused and took another sip of coffee, aware that her mate was starting to show visible signs of concern. She had to pull herself together and just tell him. They would deal with whatever was to come together as they always did. Still, she was annoyed with Anakatrine for not being more direct with the information. The vampire Queen could have prepared them better for what was to come.

"Caleb, I couldn't believe what I'd read at first, though I'd had an inkling that something was wrong when we were apart after Anakatrine stripped Reasa of her immortality. I should have said something about that earlier, but I thought it was just a weird anomaly and didn't think it would come to anything."

"You were ill and you didn't tell me?"

Her mate's gaze was full of concern as well as disbelief, and it brought a half smile to her lips. It was typical that he would zero in on her health concerns, and be surprised that she could be ill, as vampires didn't suffer illness. "I was...unsettled...is a better word for it, love, though I was aware that even that was something unusual for our kind. I think to explain this; I need to go back to the book and the information contained within it. I need to give you an outline of the hidden history in Masking Lavender for you to understand the rest."*wWw.noxE/W©r©.com*

Caleb's eyebrow rose and he settled back with an expectant expression. It was clear that he was more relaxed and she'd managed to reassure him a bit that she wasn't sick. "What hidden history? You mean there is more contained within the book than what we already know of the Royal court and its demise?"

"Let me get the book so I can find the relevant section. I don't want to inadvertently miss anything out."*Ww.Nr(v)e(i)wO(r)m.Com*

"In that case, we're as well as going up to the bedroom. If this is going to take a while we may as well be comfortable." Caleb rose and helped her up from her seat, holding her hand as they walked upstairs.

As Caleb rearranged the pillows on the bed so they could rest comfortably against the headboard, Rhianna grabbed the large tome from the bedside table and snuggled up beside him when he was settled in position. "Here's the section that I have to confess astounded me when I read it. I'm going to translate directly so it may come out sounding a little stilted."

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We are the Genesis Society.

This is our story.

This is our demise.

During the evolution of the human species, there were a number of evolution divergents. Be they the various evolutions of homosapiens, to the monkey staying on the train of the monkey, to different species that have long since been forgotten - evolution thrived. When humankind began to take their first steps, a separate branch diverged entirely. Whether due to the natural radiation of the Earth, something in the water, or a miracle of genetics, the first Immortals were born.

We were far different from our mortal brothers; our minds were fully open, being able to use 100% of the human brain. We were in tune with each other, our environment, the creatures that inhabited the world, and also in the spirit realm. Humans stayed away from us, as we were different, and we stayed away from the humans for they were inferior.

Travelling far, we set up our own sanctuaries, areas where we could focus, explore and harness our abilities. This is where the first of the mind talents were identified, telepathy, followed by "dream walking" and "future sight", and a myriad of other talents developed. The first body talents, healing, and shape shifting also sprung into existence. And so thrived the Immortals and our emerging society.

As man began developing the culture of farming, we had already mastered it and were into the constructing of language and written histories. We were a largely peaceful group who valued knowledge and insight over power. We documented our evolution, the list of our abilities and potentials. We also documented from afar the evolution of our distant human cousins, and we recorded our futures as seen through the eyes of the Seers.

Like any great society, they rise and they fall. As we rose, we began to be known as the "Source", and later as "Genesis" beings by our de-evolved cousins. In the same breath, different evolutions within our society became pronounced. Two such evolutions began to override the others, and this was the beginning of our demise, though we knew it not at the time.

While always in touch with our bestial natures, some chose to embrace it. Shapeshifters, who had previously had the talent to shift into all animal forms, began to shift into individual animals. They chose specific creatures exclusively: the canines, the felines, and other creatures. This faction embraced the environment and nature, taking on the characteristics of their host animals in themselves and living with their dual nature. These beings stayed close to their brethren though and were respected in kind.

The second faction began to embrace the full side of their beast, surviving off the essence of the living, relishing in the blood of humanity. They became more feral, sacrificing their basic humanity. They became creatures of the dark, and dwelled on the fringes of our society, slowly distancing themselves from their brethren.

The Seers finally foresaw the collapse of the Genesis Society and prepared as such. As our numbers began to be eclipsed, our power, and influence began to diminish. The "Life drinkers" began to resent the Genesis beings, and slowly encroached onto our territories. The "Walkers" kept the others at bay as best they could, determined to protect their brethren.

The collapse was coming from within our ranks, and the Seers attempted to get ahead of it. Seeing that the "life drinkers" would likely seize control, they created a system that would protect our heritage and legacy. At the time, certain members of the soon to be lifeless class could still give birth, and were seen as the leaders of the society. These individuals were still sympathetic to the Genesis beings, so they allowed for a rite to be performed on their offspring.

With the birth of the first female offspring of each century they imprinted a key. They would have the ability to walk in both worlds, both walker and life drinker. They would possess the powers of their ancestors and be able to carry the gene until a union of the two species would come and our resurgence would arrive. They called these children the Várcolac.©*www.mσ(v)Élwor©.C6©*

When the time came for our betrayal, at the hands of an overzealous being who desired power and control, our legacy was safe. He poisoned the ranks until all but a few Genesis beings remained, who survived by hiding within the ranks of the children civilizations. The histories were largely destroyed, all but a few which were stored with the Leader of the life drinkers civilization. A traitor then used his influence to have the life drinkers build over the site of the once great civilization, razing the world of any signs of its existence, and enslaving the remaining walkers as heretics to do their bidding.

On the blood of the old, would grow the new. With the fall of the Genesis Society rose the kingdom of the Vampires, under the rule of the Vampire Queen and the puppet strings of a traitor. The Seers had done as they had set out to, in the hopes that one day we would thrive once more. Our demise may have been only a question of time, but our legacy, our hidden Várcolac secret, was saved.