

Clan Koleritan

Spoilers ahead, proceed with caution

“[Aranata Otiolo](#) made a disgusted face. “One cannot serve so many masters. It is *uidyryu*. Unclean.” It jerked its head in the negative.

“And what of your gift?” [Smythe](#) crossed her arms, unimpressed by the Prince’s looming bulk. “An end to the fighting between your clan and our Empire? And [Tanaran](#)?”

The herald hissed, “She would starve us, my prince!”

The Aeta swatted [Oalicomn](#) with casual disdain. The herald yelped and fell silent in its seat. “You cannot have Tanaran,” he said. “And if your gift will fight with us, we shall feast on the other itanimn. Long have I dreamed of drinking the blood of the **Koleritan**. Perhaps the dark one will deliver them to me as he delivered Tanaran.”

“You want me to fight for you?” I was shocked.

Howling Dark, Chapter 66: A Bloody Star

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