

This couldn't be real.

Sachiel stood with the pride as the announcement was made. War. War had reached their home, and Upweka would fight for the pact.

Sachiel's heart sank.

The lions of Oorun haunted his thoughts, they slunk like shadows deep within the mind. Every inch of the lion trembled ever so slightly and he clenched his teeth. They were all still healing, The pride had just gotten rid of the pressure from Oorun. With Msana so too died any hold that Oorun had on Upweka. Yet here they all stood, yet now here was this. Msana's reign had been tough on them all when those damn Oorun Ijoba lions tried to push in before.

"Sachiel." The voice brought him back to the moment. He looked next to his right at his student, Yekha. Yekha also seemed on edge at the announcement.

Msana's son, someone Sachiel never thought he would be near let alone now training to his line of work. Yeaka had come to him in desperation. What was Sachiel to do. It wasn't the boy's fault, King Msana had made his choices and paid the ultimate price at Ulfric's paws. Difficult choices had to be made to push out the Oorunn Ijoba felines. Msana had let them run a muck, and this was the result. Sachiel held a grudge on Msana, blaming him in part for the needless death of his mother from Oorun Lions. But Yekha? He was a victim of circumstance. What role could he possibly have other than the son of the previous king. No, it was never Yekha's fault. Honestly, Sachiel had grown attached to the boy as his student. His impressive determination to learn and thrive had caught the fisher's heart. He felt connected to Yekha.

Yekha held his breath, looking to Sachiel for guidance as his voice shook. "What does this mean?"

Sachiel couldn't lie to the boy, "I'm not sure.." he said softly keeping out of earshot of the others, "Just keep the pride fed. They now need the energy more than ever. They rely on us to bring them that in the form of fish."

Sachiel knew his role.

Feed the Pride so they too could thrive.

"We'll have to put in harder work." He said, slowly the group of felines separated. Sachiel watched them. His ears perked high on his head. "And this will mean training in more than just the way of a fisher. We need to be ready for anything. Even battle now, so be it."

Sachiel turned to follow a path all too familiar to him. One that led to his lonely little den he had inherited from his mother after she passed. "Go home Yekha, tomorrow we begin work." He said not looking at the boy, hiding the worry in his eyes. The path seemed lonelier than ever before as he made his way home to rest.