

CH 5

Ryder was awake and waiting for her escort from the pack. She had packed a small backpack only. She'd put a few photos in her bag, but her most precious was one of her and her dad on her 16th birthday. She'd been all dressed up formally for her rst shift, as was he, standing there smiling proudly at her.

Her birthday had fallen on the full moon that year, and he'd splurged and bought her a very pretty chiffon dress, in soft green, with a little bit of bling. It had fallen to her knees, and he'd told her that her wolf would arrive in style, in a corush of green chiffon, and everyone would be jealous. She recalled laughing at him and shaking her head, calling him crazy. Recalled him just hugging her, he'd kissed the top of her head and smiled, "I just want you to be super special."

It was a good picture of the two of them, and a good memory for her to retain as well, and though she didn't need to take anything with her, she wasn't going to leave without a few pictures of the one man that had loved and cherished her. Raised her and wanted her to have the world.

She'd left a note for her friends; knew they were all coming to get her for a big fancy breakfast at seven. They also wanted to take her out for a day of shopping for her birthday. She'd not been able to talk them out of it, and they were arriving at dawn. She'd relented in the end and told them 'okay, a big fancy breakfast and some shopping.' She had gured it was going to be her last moments with them.

But no, she wasn't even being allowed that one luxury, she was being sent away right as her time of birth closed over. So she'd sat that night and written them a letter, she had used that letter to tell them the truth, that she had been deemed Mate-less by the Matchmaker. That she was going to the Kingdom to serve in the royal military.

That she no longer felt she wanted to be inside the pack, that there was now nothing left here for her. That a life of a soldier at war was better than a life of loneliness inside the pack, where she would have to watch them; all of her closest and dearest friends mate off, one by one, and be happy and loved up, have children.

Something she wanted for all of them, something she wanted them to be able to truly enjoy, without having to, in any way, feel guilty for having around her, for being happy and loved up, when it wasn't something she would ever get to feel.

That this was her choice and she'd not told them because she didn't want them to spend their last few days together worrying about her. She had wished them all well in their lives to come, told them not to worry, that she was a good girl. They'd all seen her train and knew she could ght, so she would do well, and that military training would only increase her skills.

That where she was going, she would get the best warrior training within the kingdom. Her life would amount to something; that one day she might even become a renowned War General, leading her own troops to defend the kingdom, and that they'd hear about her and smile and be able to say "that is my childhood friend", even if they never saw her again.

They were her childhood friends, and she'd never forgotten them as long as she lived. She had a lot of good memories with them, to keep her company, on this, her journey into this next part of her life.

That it was unlikely that she would return. To just think of it as she'd gone off to live within another pack, like so many other she-wolves did, when riding their Mate's and never returned to their home pack. That this would be no different to that. She'd signed it simply, Ryder, and placed into the envelope a photo of all of them as a group. She had a copy of the picture in her bag to take with her as well. She had placed that envelope on the middle of her bed with the words 'My Friends' written on it, so they knew it was for them.

There were three short raps on the front door of her home at precisely 0320 and Ryder got up from the chair she was sitting on in the lounge room and pulled on the small backpack she would take with her.

There was a lamp on in the house and the front porch light lit the steps. Those out there would know she was here and waiting for them. Ryder looked around her home one last time and sighed to herself, before walking over and opening the front door to see who was there to escort her from the pack at this ungody hour.

Two large bulky warriors were standing there. They both looked down at her, much taller than she was. "Ryder, we're here to escort you to the royal military sign up. My name is Varn, and this is Tony," one of them stated.

She nodded and stepped outside. "Let's go," was all she said. There was no point in putting it off. Delaying it would get her nowhere, or worse, shown to the pack's brother if she suddenly changed her mind. This also wasn't to her, the pack she'd grown up in. She looked at it very differently now; it wasn't a place she wanted to be anymore, so leaving it was ne.

This was her lot in life, and she was now resigned to it. At least the King took in the Mate-less, and didn't deem them useless. He would feed them, clothe them, bring them up and pay them to be his soldiers. That was better than any life she could lead here inside the Silver Sable Pack.

It was a long walk and those warriors she knew were Elite Ranked. She could smell it. As they stepped out of the pack's territory, she was handed a small black-hooded cloak. "It's going to get cold, crossing through the mountain passage," Varn told her. "Put that on, it'll help to keep you warm."

She'd accepted it and off they had gone, into the woods, northwest of their pack; they made their way into the Adirondack Park, onto a trail in which she knew some parts of. It was used for training, to do endurance running. It was also used by humans, known to them as the Elk Lake - Marcy Trail. That was only a couple of kilometers from the pack's borders.

She walked between the two men, one in front of her and one behind her, and she kind of felt a bit like a prisoner, she realised as they escorted her along. A guard in front and a guard behind, so that she couldn't run off.

Ryder wondered what would happen if she just turned hersef rogue, shifted to Thorn and bolted off into the woods, to live a life out there as a lone rogue female. Though better off it two hours later when they were face to face with two male rogue wolves, all snarling and aggression.

"Stay here, don't move and let us handle them, Ryder." Varn had told her.

She'd never come across male rogues before, not in the pack or out of it, and she could see that they were both looking at her. Realised in that very moment why she was getting an escort.

She was female, and they could scent her out, and that was what had attracted them. Her female scent had drawn them right to her, because they wanted to mate with her themselves.

She had always lived within the safety of the pack, never been threatened by rogues, knew that the pack had their fair share of attacks, but she was always sent to the packhouse to be within the safety of the lockdown mode because she was female and underage.

Ryder stood there and watched on as those two elite warriors fought those rogues. She did not as she was told. She didn't think it was wise to run, it would likely only get off those rogues need to hunt her, which would only get her into more trouble, and she knew it.

She watched as those two beasts were dispatched by her guards, and Varn looked at her. "Are you alright?" he asked, looking over her.

"Yes," Ryder nodded, neither Varn nor Tony had let either of those rogues get close to her. "Is it going to be like this all the way to the portal?" she asked.

"Yes," Varn nodded. "This is why you get a full escort."

"Through it?" she inquired.

"Yes," he nodded to her, "we will take you all the way to the enlistment camp within the wofen kingdom."

"Thank you," she stated, and she was grateful for them being here. Those rogues had been vicious, and she doubted she would have been able to defend herself from both of them after watching the ghling that had gone on.

"It's our job to escort those willing to serve the king," Tony stated simply. "Let's keep moving."

"Wouldn't it be easier and quicker in wofen form?" she asked.

"This trail has its pros and cons, for both human and wolf alike. Human is the best we feel," Varn told her as they moved on once more.

Ryder just nodded as she walked between them once more. The sun wasn't even up yet, and she wondered if it would only get worse during the day. Surely there had to be a better way to travel to the kingdom portal.

Though Tony had said this was his job, that was curious to her, was this all they did walk back and forth from the pack to the portal. They certainly seemed comfortable walking and chatting between themselves. They knew where they were going as well, and he'd once checked a map to see if they were headed in the right direction.

"How often do you escort people to the kingdom?" she was now curious as to how many wolves their Alpha sent off to the kingdom and for what reasons.

"Half a dozen times a year," Tony shrugged.

CH 6

1543 Words

It was a long journey on that winding path into the mountains, and they did not rest until after dark that night, where there was snow falling quite heavily around them, and she had to admit she was a bit on the cold side. Varn had told her it would be cold, and he'd not been wrong. Ryder had pulled that cloak around her to help keep her warm.

Both Varn and Tony had stopped to pull out a coat each from their own packs, pulled on heavy-looking winter coats, just as the sun had started to go down, and the snow had urbed about them gently. They had looked up at the sky and murmured 'Best rug up now before that really starts.' And they had done so.

There were more rogues to deal with on their way to a small, cleared area that they used for a camp site, and every time they came across rogues, she was told the same thing: stay there and don't move. She did as she was told, sometimes it was more than two, and they always kept her between them.

Ryder could see as she looked around the campsite that this place was obviously their regular campground for this trip to the portal and back. There was a small rustic set up here, a re pit already built out of big rocks, and a stack of wood and kindling already chopped up and sitting inside a small wooden lean to shelter, which she supposed was built to help protect them from the winds and falling snow during the winter trips.

She helped to start the re and clear the snow from the ground inside the lean to, though they had showed her how to push it all to the side, pack it hard to form a windbreaker from the weather, leaving open only a small area where the re was situated so that some of the heat could be felt from it inside the small-area, she supposed.

She'd been told there would be no wandering off at all, it was too dangerous, and then Varn had shifted into his wolf and headed off into the forest, to scout the area she supposed. It was hard to fall asleep out there, and they were not, very continuous walking, near on freezing, even with the re going, because when that wind whipped through the valley, it had a chilling factor of below zero and took the heat of the re with it.

Winter was in full swing up here in the mountains. Even though it wasn't down in the pack, it had been cold down there during the days, and they'd gotten the light urnies of snow to indicate winter was almost upon them a week or so away, she'd thought. This what they were experiencing now, would see full winter snow falling up the pack. It would be completely white by morning.

That re they'd built provided only a little heat with the freezing temperatures and falling snow, but that windbreaker made from a snow drift did help once and a while was high enough. When she did nally manage to fall asleep, she was woken by the sounds of more ghting. It was pitch dark and the snowfall had stopped, but the cold was bracing, and she pulled that cloak around her. She hadn't realised, as a wolf, she could get this cold. It came from a life of living inside a proper home, she guessed.

She was listening to that ght out there, it appeared to be far away. She thought back under the trail that had led to this campsite. She noted that Varn was back and standing at the ready. It was Tony that was off in the battle, it seems. Varn was standing right at the beginning of the trail they'd used to get here, a trail that only came here to this campsite, and went nowhere else.

She hated this, Ryder realised, as she huddled there in her cloak, waiting for the outcome of that battle going on out there in the woods, unseen to her, but heard with her wofen hearing. Though to her, it seemed like there was more than one wolf out there ghling, is he alright on his own? Shouldn't you go and help him?" she asked Varn. Wondering why he was not going off to help, it kind of sounded like there was a pack of rogues down there.

"Do you want me to leave you alone and unprotected back here?" came the reply, though he did not look at her, keeping his eyes on the trail as he spoke.

Ryder didn't know the answer to that question. "I have been training as a warrior." She commented a little quietly.

"Good, you'll need it in the military. Shush now," he stated, and she fell quiet.

It was a long while before the ghling stopped, and she saw Tony return. He nodded. "All is well, young Lauchlan and his unit turned up. Heard the ghling on their way home to the pack, and stepped in to help out. Are now off hunting those that got away for us to stay here safely."

"Are we expecting him and his unit to come here to the camp?" Varn asked.

"No, they will move on. We are Elite. I thanked him for the assist and told them to head on back to the pack."

"Did you speak of?" Varn asked a little on the harshly side, she thought.

"No, I know the rules," Tony muttered. "I'm not stupid."

"Good," Varn replied.

They'd both looked at her after that, and she'd stared up at them. "What?"

"Nothing, go back to sleep, we've still got a long walk ahead of us in the morning," She was told.

Ryder just nodded as she watched Varn wave Tony towards the re and tell him to warm up. He stood out there and stared off into the woods. She pulled her coat around her tighter and wondered what that comment had been all about. Though the heir to the pack and his unit had steppeded in and helped Tony out.

They'd also not come here to sleep for the rest of the night, or see who they'd defended even, she wondered if Lauchlan would be a better Alpha than his own father was. She could only hope so, for those that still remained within the pack.

Though she knew he wasn't due to take over when he got back, he still had to attend university and get whatever degrees needed to run the human world business, likely get an introduction to the allied packs and learn the ropes. He'd been gone a while. Wasn't old enough. She didn't think to take over yet either. There was a minimum age for that in the packs laws.

But he and his unit were home safe from the kingdom. She could only use that thought to remind herself that the savagery of the wars raging weren't as bad as they were told. That she would be ne, get good training and be able to protect herself and the kingdom as was required of her.

She was woken at the c****k of dawn and yawned, still tired from the long, cold, half-sleepless night she'd gotten. Both Varn and Tony were quiet at breakfast, or with her, she'd seen them hold a mind-link conversation. She didn't ask what it was about likely planning the day ahead of them was all.

She was given a simple meal for breakfast from Varn's pack. It had been the same as dinner that night, a bowl of pre-coasted meat and vegetables, though it was cold, but ling at least.

The day snowed on and off, and she trudged on along between them as was expected of her, until they came to nothing. The trail ended, and she looked about the area curiously.

"We'll rest here. The portal is only a few minutes away in the woods. On the other side of the portal Ryder is a mountain trail that will be steep. Though it will also be safer on the other side of the portal. Where we come out is just north of Nightingale, we'll go round it to the enlistment camp on the western side."

"Alright," She nodded. "Why're rest now?" she asked.

"It's afternoon for us, but in the kingdom it's morning there, you'll need to rest. They'll not consider the time difference between realms. This is our way of letting you get a nap in, or you're going to be awake for well over 24 hours, I imagine," Varn told her "Cut up and get some sleep. We'll wake you in three hours."

Ryder did not argue, she was actually tired. They'd left at sun up and not stopped once, just like the day they'd collected her. There was no rest, just continuous walking. She pulled her cloak around her and sat down on the ground and tried to get some sleep.

CH 7

1602 Words

That drop-off point west of Nightingale that Varn and Tony had taken for to was nearly another full day's walk, and it was under the scorching heat of the Wofen Realms sun, where she had taken off her cloak and packed it away into her bag. She'd tried to give it back to Varn only to have him tell her it was hers now. "You might need it later on," he had told her simply. "Best that you keep it."

That enlistment camp had not been her nal destination, only the beginning of her very long journey. This place was just the military registration point. She'd handed over her scrot to the man sitting in the tent behind a desk, who'd opened it and read it.

Then she was given a new scroll. After that man had spent an hour writing up a new one, translating it into Wofen, she had been told, that that wolf had then rescaled it and given it back to her for her to give to someone else.

It had taken him an hour to translate it and that meant for her that she was to sit outside by the tent in the sun waiting for him to complete his task. There was no shade here, and she'd pulled that cloak out of her bag and pulled it on, pulled the hood over her head to protect herself from being sunburned.

She'd been on the verge of sleep when she had been called back into the tent, and two very large warriors named Chatham and Elcom had been called to the tent. She'd gotten to wait the ten minutes for them to arrive, inside the tent out of the sun.

Where they had been told to take her to a place called Western War Encampment, and to hand her directly over to one General Harkem Larimer and no one else. That she was to come to no nam, was now ranked as MFRM. She'd asked what it stood for and had been told "nothing to you. It is a specie division within the encampment she was to be allocated to was all."

Then she'd been hauled away with no further answers, but both those warriors had looked at her curiously, before telling her it was a long journey. They had not been wrong either, it had been a very long, painful three-month journey to that military camp, and they'd passed many others on the way.

She'd noticed the difference in each one of them, as they had walked on by or seen them from a distance. They were allowed to sleep inside those encampments if it was right there when they needed to stop for the night. Shown to a tent and given a meal as well. Then they were up at dawn and walking once more.

Ryder had huffed after a week and asked just how long till they got there to her destination.

"A couple of moons." She'd been told by Elcom.

"Isn't there a better way to travel?" she'd asked. They had been walking solidly for a week, and she was tired of it. Her feet hurt, and she was sunburned and dehydrated. A mild constant headache lingered all day every day, even Thorn wasn't feeling well.

"No, we walk everywhere, get used to it now. Only the highest of high ranks get horses, or those from wealthy longstanding human packs that send their heirs to do military service. Show loyalty to the king."

"I'm from one of those," She'd stated, "My future Alpha, Lauchlan, just returned home from service."

"You have no future Alpha anymore, and you are not an heir to a pack, so you don't get that privilege," She'd been told by Chatham curtly. "Suck it up princess," he stated and turned away from her.

"Be quiet and learn to hold your tongue," Elcom had muttered. "Speaking out of turn will get you punished inside the encampments."

"Right," she'd muttered.

"Learn to be quiet and to go unnoticed. That is the best thing you can do out on the western edge," Chatham had nodded. They'd walked on, where she was then shushed many times on that journey, until she had learned not to speak or ask questions. Learned to hold her tongue.

Two months of walking in the scorching heat of the wofen realm from sun up to sundown, with no rest days at all, she'd stopped talking, mostly because she no longer had the energy to talk to either of them.

Those two warriors never stopped. They walked at a set pace at all times. Military walk, she thought; how they were trained, she supposed. She had tried to follow along but fell behind at times. Those two could just walk nonstop and clearly were used to it, whereas she was not.

She had never walked this far in her lifetime. She drank water from the rivers and streams and they crossed, and she threw up many times from drinking it over those rst few weeks, as well as having severe stomach pains and then loose bowel motions.

Neither of those warriors said anything, just looked at her, stopped walking and waited for her to return from her dash to the nearest shrub or tree in her desperate need to relieve herself. They did not embarrass her or even seem to be annoyed by it. Though Chatham had stated, "Human realm wolves don't handle things so well at rst here," after that rst bout "That will happen a lot, you'll get used to the water in a few days or weeks."

She'd not been given rest to recover from it either, just handed a canteen of that river water that was making her and her wolf sick, to drink or rinse and spit. Something she knew was actually making her sick, but there was no other water here, so she had no choice but to drink it and become sick once more.

There was no bottled or clean water here from what she could tell, or at least not out here in the wilderness of the wofen realm. It took eight solid days for her to stop being sick, and she was just exhausted by that and the constant walking that they made her do, even though she needed to lay down.

She slept like the dead when they settled for the night, in an encampment or out in the woods, on a bare part of the road, which to her was just like a re trail that gave her trucks and emergency responders access to the forests back home.

Nothing here inside the wofen realm that she'd seen was at all like the human world. This place kind of reminded her of the Middle Ages. A horse and cart or on foot was all she saw. Everyone, even large groups, travelled on foot.

She'd seen a few wolves all chained together and by silver, being walked somewhere, and her eyes had lingered on them only to be told "They are slaves for the king's mines."

"Slaves," she blurted out, horrified at the thought of s***** still going on.

"Yes, criminals of the worst kind, not regular wolves sold to others. Criminals only, strict laws here and punishments are dished out harshly to those committing heinous crimes against our own kind."

This place she had a feeling was going to take some time to get used to. She'd seen more than one chain gang being hauled around by wolves on horseback. They were made like to keep up with those on horseback, walk, trot, canter or full gallop. She didn't much like it at all, but there was nothing she could do about it.

This was not her world. Well, she supposed it was now, but it hadn't been her life. It seemed the human realm was much more modern civilized than the wofen realm, but she put that down to humans evolving and the wofen realm being so close to the Middle Ages; likely didn't want to evolve, she thought. Because they could all go to the human realm and take back ideas, mechanisms and bring themselves into full civilization, they just opted not to from what she was seeing.

It took three months to get to their destination. They crested a long hill and both Chatham and Elcom stopped and looked down at the steep hill before them, at the view laid out down there.

A large encampment and a very large dirt and what looked to her to be muddy ground stretched out on the other side of it until it reached the tree line way off in the distance.

"Your new home, Ryder," Chatham told her.

It didn't look like a nice clean camp, or at least not like some of the ones she saw along the way. Though she had noticed that the further from Nightingale they walked, the less clean the military camps were. She'd not known what to expect coming here.

Though her Alpha had told her she'd be looked after by the man that had trained his own heir, she now doubted that very much. She didn't think that Lauchlan had been in this camp. She saw no horses here and hadn't seen any in over a month now, that weren't trailing chain gangs.

This place didn't look all that good, had from up here what she thought were clear lines of rank. She thought that because of the rows of tents, how the further from the largest building near the road, they were less clean and less structured looking.

It was laid out with all those tents in large triangular formations, with dented roads between ranks of barracks, ve clear divisions, she supposed. What looked like to be four training grounds, and there was a large wooden building on the edge of the road and ve smaller wooden structures in front of that; they were all ten times that of each of those other tents down there.

She wondered how many soldiers there were in a tent. She wanted to ask the question, but these two didn't like to talk and she'd hear still at times. Though at other times they did answer her questions or unspoken curiosity that they could see.

They rested at the top of that hill for only 15 minutes; stopped and sat, had a drink and something to eat, before getting up and making their way down to the encampment and her new life, the awaiting general she was to be handed off to.

Part 2: Hell in the realm

1766 Words

It was a long walk down that steep hill, and into the encampment. She was led right into that large wooden building by the road and in there she could see there were ve oces, and a large war table in the open space between the two sides of the building. A full model of the camp and the area where she could only think that the battles happened.

There were two chairs outside each door and several omegas standing around. They all looked at her as she was walked through the building to a closed ooc door at the other end. Where Chatham knocked on the door, two simple raps and then stepped back two full steps, as they all waited for the door to be opened. It took only about 15 seconds.

A tall, lean man opened the door and looked from Chatham to Elcom, and he smiled. "It's been a while, boys," he stated, and then turned his eyes on her. "A new recruit I see."

"Comes with a scroll from Hillard and the rank MFRM," Chatham told him, and she watched as that new man nodded. "A pity," He stated. "She's very pretty."

"Better for her," Elcom stated simply.

"Indeed," That man nodded. "Go and rest up. I'll take her from here," and she watched as her two escorts just turned and walked away. They didn't even care to say goodbye to her, even though she'd been with them for three months now.

"Name?" was directed at her from the man now standing in the doorway looking at her.

"Ryder Daily."

"I only need your rst name, come on inside," he stated, and stepped aside for her walk by him. As she did, she found two sets of hands on her, warriors on both sides of her, and they marched her over to another man sitting behind a large desk. She didn't see the need for that, had come here willingly; not been one ounce of trouble at all.

He took the scroll and opened it, looked at her and sighed himself. She saw his eyes glaze over, and then he snorted with amusement, and looked back at her. "Guess Ryder, today is your last day of freedom. Though MFRM ranked, that will save your ass down here, from my men wanting to f**k you all night long."

She frowned at him instantly. "Think yourself lucky Ryder, if you weren't ranked like that, I'd just put you to work servicing my un-mated soldiers."

Her eyes widened at that, and he nodded "Thank you Alpha, Franco, for asking for that rank. It's the only thing that will protect you in these parts. However, it's also not a rank that can be smelt out," He stood up and walked around his desk. "So, you will be marked accordingly, so my wolves know to keep their mitts off you, in case Franco changes his mind and sends for you to be returned to his pack." He snorted "Never seen that happen though."

"M... Marked?" she stuttered.

"hm, it won't be nice or fun for you... boys!" he stated, and she found herself forcibly shoved down onto the oor of his ooc, held down there by two wolves. Then she found the third sitting on her lower back as those other two stretched her arms out and really pinned her down.

She heard the material of her shirt getting ripped and felt her back being exposed. She screamed them to stop, to get off of her, thrashed about as best she could both her and Thorn trying to get away from these three men.

"Calm down, none of us will harm you like that. We're all Marked and Mated, just need to hold you down for the process of branding you as Mate-less for us to see is all," she was told by the one sitting on her.

"W... What?" she gasped at the word branding.

Then she watched as the man behind the desk walked over and picked up a long metal rod with a green blueish metal and collected a large mallet, her eyes widened at the realisation that he was actually going to brand her, in the true sense of the word.

He hunkered down in front of her. "This is Damascus Steel, and any wound incited by it will scar one for life. A good tool for branding without re and iron, like the old days, it will hurt a lot less, don't you think? Your wolf will heal it in a matter of an hour or so. Be calm," he stated.

Then turned the end of that metal rod to face her so she could see it, a large circle with an M inside it "M for mate-less, the circle symbolise never ending. I'm General Harkem Larimer, and I'm your new owner." He smiled right at her.

She watched him cut his thumb and slide the blood along the sharp ends of that horrible brand. "My blood will mesh with yours, and you'll become part of my military, it will hurt." He told her and stood up. "Bear it."

"Ryder her still now boys. We want a nice clean-looking mark today."

He held the cold steel of that brand touch her left shoulder blade. "Take a deep breath, Ryder the Mate-less," He stated.

A scream ripped out of her as his mallet hit the other end of the rod, and her brand was hammered into her, slicing through her skin. It burned hot and agony fled her entire body. Sobs left her as she lay there, the sharp edges she felt were still in her. She screamed once more and tears poured out of her as she felt a second hit and then a third. She heard and felt her own shoulder blade c****k and felt that brand mark her to the bone.

It wasn't even something she could ght against; her wolf Thorn was in as much agony as she herself was. She couldn't shut due to how much pain they were in. She just lay there and sobbed on the oor as General Larimer stepped back nally. "Ah, you're alright, the hard part is over now," he stated.

She watched him walk away through her tears and wash her own blood from that brand and calmly put it away, like this was an everyday thing that was completely normal. "Get her up boys, careful of that shoulder now," he stated as he walked over to open a cupboard, and got out a jar of something, an orange brown substance, and what looked like a stamp of some sort.

She was helped up and couldn't even ght them, not with a cracked shoulder blade. Tears were still dripping down her face. "What is that?" she felt sobbed, trying to pull herself free of the one man still holding onto her.

"Pigment, it'll be permanent. A mark for all to see your Rank, and trust me on this one. Ryder the Mate-less, this one you want on you. This is the one that will keep my horny wolves off your pretty body. It won't hurt either. Well, not like your Mate-less mark," He smiled at her.

"Sit her in the chair, boys," He indicated to the chair he'd set at her desk, and they held her there in place. One man tilted her head up and pulled her hair back from her face. "Where's it going?" she managed to ask.

"In the middle of your forehead for all