

Part 2: Hell in the realm

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 oce 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. “I guess Ryder, today is your last day of freedom. Though MFRM ranked, that will save your ass around 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 your 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 oce, held down there by his 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 at 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 all 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 inicted 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 to 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 a part of my military, it will hurt.” He told her and stood up. “Bear it.”

“Hold her still now boys. We want a nice clean-looking mark today.”

Ryder felt 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 that brand was hammered into her, slicing through her skin. It burned hot and agony lled her entire body. Sobs left her as she lay there, the sharp edges she could feel 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 shift 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 orangey 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 half 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 in front of his 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 to see,” he told her, and dipped that stamp into the jar. Lifted it up and tapped it twice to shake off the excess. “Now stay still, you want this clear and unmistakable to stay untouched. Understood.”

He turned it to face her, put a hand on her chin and she saw it, a wedge, then a clear line and a long-pointed triangle. She watched him line it up, and then it was pressed onto her forehead, the point of the triangle right between the center of her eyebrows. He held it there, and she felt her eyes start to water as the pungent scent of it hit her, and it burned hot to her skin.

They all held her still until he lifted it, a good three minutes, and she watched him look at it for a long moment, lean down and blow on it, then pressed a ngertip to it, looked at his nger and nodded. “It took well,” he stated and looked right at her.

“You’re all done,” he told her, and got up. “Welcome to my war camp. I’m certain, being Mate-less, that you will help me keep my wolves alive longer.”

She stared at him; already knowing he was worse than Franco. He didn’t even seem to care what he’d just done to her, branded her and marked her for life. Something she now realised he’d likely done many times before. This was nothing to him, and was why he could smile and laugh with his men over it.

He put that jar and stamp away and picked up a cuff that looked like silver. She shot to her feet and was latched onto by those soldiers of his. General Larimer chuckled. “Now, now, I have already told you the hard part is over, this here is a Mate-less cuff is all. It’s to go on your wrist, and it’s not silver, it is specially created Damascus steel, not the usual green-blue and it’s not going to scar you. Just let everyone know you’re Mate-less is all.”

Her left arm was held out, and she gasped in pain from her injured shoulder blade. He clamped that two-inch steel cuff with wide leather bands at each end around her wrist and she saw him touch it with a small crystal, and it sealed itself. There wasn’t even a seem. It was not coming off, she understood that much.

“Explain it to her boys, while you take her down to her new accommodation.” He smiled at her once more. “With all the other Mate-less we have here.”