

Ryder & The Kings Eyes (Book 3 Hell in the Realm Series)

c 1

Back to Nightingale

Ryder She and her troop had stayed to watch as the pack members of Jagged Moon were claimed by the other Alphas, who were there for that mating ball last night. Isla was more than happy with the outcome and to see Aiden, her Fated Mate had not only become wolf-less but was now without a Mate at all. That pup of his was no longer any of his concern, it belonged solely to its mother. He was still on that shaming post when there was no one left inside this pack, it was just him and the King's Eyes now. Not even his parents had hung about to wait for him. They'd been warned to leave or be hunted by the King's Eyes for the dragging back to the wolfen realm, to be put to work inside the king's mines. Be a slave for the rest of their natural lives. Not something either of them wanted, so they had abandoned everyone, including their own son. They were not worthy of their born bloodlines, what parent abandoned their child just to not be punished alongside them, when they were all neck deep in the same s**t. Ryder stood looking down at Aiden for a long time before she unchained him. He wasn't likely to go anywhere. He was broken, she thought with disgust. "You're not worth your bloodline, you are just a pathetic weak-willed wolf that has no backbone, I see. I think it is you that were not worthy of Isla. All you got was one hit and kick, to be rejected and then branded as the traitor you are. Not even given a lashing or dueled to the death as was decreed, and why? Because your wolf abandoned you so you could no longer stand and fight to the death, take the punishment Isla could dish out to you. "A pathetic excuse for a wolfen folk if ever there was one. Do you know what Isla put up with day and night inside that war camp? You have barely suffered, maybe half a day of what she has suffered for years; branded, starved, beaten and fed upon by vampires countless times, tossed onto a battlefield with nothing, while practically wolf-less and starved, and yet she still survived. "She is omega born but has more strength and will to live than you do, a so-called alpha-blooded wolf that was to reign over a pack, I think you would have folded at the first sign of trouble. You couldn't even stand up to one punishment, a branding. Which is nothing compared to all you made Isla suffer." She kicked him over and watched as he just took it and lay there on the ground. "Do you know we were all so weak that our wolves couldn't heal us? They were just a voice inside our minds and nothing more. We barely sustained keeping them alive. Isla did not whimper and cower like you are now, she stood tall and accepted it all. Never gave up and fought every day to survive. You can't even bring yourself to survive a rejection. A worthless, pitiful creature you are." She shook her head, disgusted in him. "Max haul him up, if he wants to die like this, or is laying there looking broken in the hope it will gain him some semblance of sympathy, he can be taken back to the Wolfen Realm and put to work inside one of the wolfen packs, where he will have omega status, and

treated by a ruthless Alpha as he has treated Isla.” Aiden didn’t even struggle, he’d lost everything now, his Luna and son, his Goddess-Gifted, his title and his pack had been disbanded to nothing. That traitor’s mark on him would see no pack allow him to rise through the ranks ever again. Be lucky if any pack would take him in willingly, but they would find a place there were plenty of archaic packs still clinging to the old ways in the wolfen realm. They would find it easy to find a pack that did not treat the wolf-less with respect, where as a traitor and wolf-less, he would find himself beaten regularly, sometimes for just simply looking at a ranked member or showing annoyance or trying to stand up for oneself. All things he would likely do because he was used to being at the top of the food chain, and being made to do work beneath his bloodline would be hard for him to deal with. It was only likely a matter of time before he arced up and got a lashing or more time on a shaming post, or was put in the cells. He would waste away because out there in the dark ages of the wolfen realm, traitors were below even omega-ranked wolves and food would be scraps. If he got that, he would soon learn to know what starvation felt like as well. Aiden was tethered to Isla’s horse and informed curtly by Isla herself, “You either get up and walk or be dragged the entire way there. The choice is yours.” He just lay there still and Isla shrugged and nudged her horse into moving on, and he was dragged along behind them. It only took half a minute before he cried out, “I’ll walk, let me get up.” Isla stopped her horse and let him get to his feet, but the minute he was upright she kicked her horse, and it was trotting away, and he had to jog along behind her. Despite the fact that he was now wolf-less, he still had alpha-blood and Isla made him jog along behind her for well over an hour as she led them from the now deserted pack and headed up into the mountains to the portal back to the wolfen realm. There would be no rest for him, it seemed. He was made to stumble along behind Isla’s horse, and she paid no attention to him at all, not even when he tripped or fell over, he had to just pick himself up and continue on. They stopped at a stream to water the horses and take a meal break for themselves, but he was not given food, and he did look at them as if to say ‘where is my meal?’ Ryder watched Patrice walk over to him and squat down before him, look at him through her hood and then just state, “You’ll starve now, just like you left Isla to in that place. One meal a day of watery slop and a tiny piece of stale mouldy bread is all you’ll get from us, because that is all we ever got. That is the plight you sent your Goddess-Gifted to suffer...” “Oh, and that meal is breakfast. You missed it, so you’ll get nothing. You’ll learn to keep your eyes down and speak only when spoken to, or you’ll get a beating. If you try to steal food, you’ll get a beating for that too. All the things you made her suffer are now yours to suffer.” She handed him a canteen of water filled from that creek. “Water was the only thing we ever had to make us not feel hollow from hunger. Didn’t really work, but that’s all we had.” Patrice stood up and walked away from him as he drank from the canteen. They passed through the portal into the wolfen kingdom and Isla pulled that kingdom map out, which showed all the portals and where they were, and she murmured, “I wonder which pack will see him treated as we were.” As she looked at it, and to her surprise as well as everyone else’s a deep red spot appeared on the map and the words ‘Crag Shadows Pack.’ Appeared underneath it, it was in the depths of a heavily mountainous region. “Well now, isn’t that handy for us?” Isla smiled. It even lit up a path for them to get there. It was a long way off, on the other side of the kingdom, but the path was seen to be passing through a portal from Nightingale and appearing on the edge of the mountain

range. They discussed it and agreed a stop in the city of Nightingale was wise, they could rest and supply themselves with the necessary food and water for the journey. They arrived in the city and went to their barracks, tied their prisoner to a post outside their home and Remi and Kimber looked at him and then just nodded. "We'll see he doesn't flee." Was all Remi stated. Ryder sat down with Isla and the two of them wrote out the official report on a wolfen scroll of all that had happened and punishments dished out, that Aiden was with them, and they were going to take him to the Crag Shadows pack where he would be treated like Isla had for the rest of his life, or however long he survived now that he was wolf-less. They'd not used the device Hera had given them due to coming back to Nightingale, after dealing with that pack. Which was now just a ghost town to the humans. She could only imagine that another Alpha would go in and claim it for themselves, or maybe rogues would come across it and make themselves at home. They spent two days in the city of Nightingale before heading for the circle of portals which the map lit up to show them which one to pass through. From here on out, Aiden was going to be in agony as he learned what it was like to have to drink the water from the streams and rivers here in the Wolfen Realm, just like they all had to, it was not clean and pristine like in the human realm. They didn't bother with their horses, it was only a three-day walk from the portal to the pack, and they set military pace, something they'd all had to learn to deal with. He, too, was affected by the water here in the realm and clutched his stomach and vomited and had the runs for those three days, still had them when they approached the pack. The Alpha stood waiting for them. Obviously had look-outs for the protection of his pack, "Evening King's Eyes," he bowed his head. "How may the Crag Shadow help you?" "A gift," Isla stated. "A traitor, he was once an alpha's heir, is now wolf-less and of no status. He's yours now." "Ah, I see," he nodded and took the chain and key that locked the shackle in place around one of Aiden's wrists. "Will you be wanting a night's rest? We do have suitable accommodations for that." "No, thank you," Ryder commented. "Just making a delivery is all. Thank you for accepting it." "I just do as I'm told by the king." He nodded. "Thank the king for the assistance he's providing my pack and do tell him I'm happy to accept any and all, it'll help us to grow." He looked at Aiden, "A traitor, but not de-ranked? I could use a breeder of that bloodline, will make for the creation of stronger warriors." Isla snorted, "He's yours to do with as you will, none will ever concern themselves with his plight, he's been officially branded." "Excellent. It's a nice night enjoy the mountain air." He bowed his head and walked away, pulling Aiden along behind him.