

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

CH 10

1978 Words

Ryder That Alpha was fuming at seeing his Luna chained up, yet he had the hide to yell at her the King's Eyes. He clearly did think he was the law out here on the outskirts of the realm. Christian was right, he needed her and the troop to show his power and be his sword out here. To try and bring about some sort of civilization to the outer fringes. She stood there just staring at him from behind her cloak, uncaring of all his aggression or the words that he spoke, because the more he tried to assert his control and power over her, the more he would suffer. A part of her really wanted to see just how entitled this Alpha really was. Did he actually think that he was above his own king's laws? She also knew that everything that came from this Alpha's mouth was a complete lie. Her last comment, about his own son having forged his signature, had snapped the man's mouth shut, because if he stated yes, she'd just go and rip the boy's head off, but if he said no she would rip his head off. He was now in a bind, his life or his son's life hung on his own words. She was silent for a long moment as she considered just stabbing the Alpha before her, but then she realized someone else had yet to be presented to her. "Which one of those here has the gift of foresight?" she asked. She'd told him to bring that person to her, and yet he'd not done so. "How would I know?" he retorted. "Hmm... I guess." She turned and looked at those already chained up. "I'll go and pull it from..." She walked away from him and along the line of his kin, she had his entire unit out here, and their direct heirs. None of this Alpha's men had escaped her troop. She stopped before his own Mate and smiled. "This one," she stated, and hunkered down and pulled out a blade. "She belongs to the King's Eyes now, anyway. So if you interfere Galard I'll just kill her. It's just one less deceitful, untrustworthy wolf in the realm, which is better for everyone, isn't it." "Don't you touch her," Galard snapped at her. Ryder smiled and turned to look at him. "Come closer, Alpha, step into the King's Eyes lands." She snorted with full amusement. There was a neat little set of pegs dropped into the ground around their tent, which made the border of the King's Eyes domain while they were in any pack, and without permission, if he set a single foot inside of it, she could kill him without issue. She may have just asked him to step in, but it wasn't an invitation, more of a threat that if he did, she'd kill him and his Luna. She turned and watched him as his eyes moved to the border of their own making. He knew he either couldn't or shouldn't. She turned back to the Luna, dismissing him, he wasn't going to, and she knew it. She took a moment to explain to the Luna a she-wolf apparently uneducated about the King's Eyes, "Where our tent stands is considered the king's own land within a pack. If he breaches the border laid out, just for you. I'll gut him like the pig that he is, right before your own eyes... Do you think he should save you, or just answer my question and tell me who the one with foresight is? You could tell me

and save him for now," she offered. "They're in the dungeon, a she-wolf, bound to him by an Alpha's Oath mark," The Luna stated. "Very wise," Ryder stated, and stood up and turned to Galard. "Bring her to me, I won't ask a third time, instead I'll have the Flame over there just burn your pack to the ground. I'm certain he's willing to work with me," she stated. Galard still stood there staring at her, unwavering. He didn't think he had to obey, it seemed, he didn't move or connect a mind-link to anyone. She smiled and then just snapped her dagger down and into the Luna's leg. The she-wolf screamed in pain and reached for the blade. "I wouldn't do that," she told her. "You'll bleed out in minutes without your beast to heal the artery. She pulled another blade and angled it at the Luna as she stared at Galard, his eyes were now on her. She raised her hand as if to snap it into the Luna and a frustrated roar came from him, and he turned and stalked off. "Five minutes is all you get," Ryder called out after him. "For every minute more I have to wait, one blade goes into your Luna." Galard stopped walking and turned to glare at her looked to be about to yell something at her, and she stated before he could, "Four minutes, 59 seconds, four minutes 58 seconds." To prove she would do it, he was gone, hurrying off across the grass towards the packhouse. She shook her head a little. The wolves out here in the wolfen realm were a whole other breed altogether. They were harder to deal with, they were less civilized and thought they held all the power, just because they had Alpha-blood. Even when faced with one such as her. He knew what she was, who she represented and the power she held, yet still had the audacity to lie to her face, drag things out and try and hide things from her and her troop. She didn't know where the dungeon was, was it directly under the packhouse or out in the woods somewhere like it was in the human world. Which would be a 30 or 40-minute walk away. If that was the case, this Alpha's Luna would be dead before he came back at the pace he was walking away. Food was brought to them, and she sat down to eat with her troop and Max connected himself to all of them, 'Do you think he'll run and just let her and his kin die?' 'Maybe, if so that Flame can go collect him,' she shrugged. She knew Waylon had a blood debt with that man. She didn't think he would let that Alpha go either. She was keeping an eye on the time as she ate and stood up with 30 seconds left and looked at the Luna "29, 28, 27." She started counting it down for her. "He'll come." She blurted out in panic when she hit the 15-second mark, as she realized Ryder was actually going to snap another blade into her. "He'll never make it back," Isla stated. "It took him a minute to get to the packhouse front door." Ryder had her eyes on the packhouse, and Galard appeared in the doorway with a she-wolf in toe, as she hit five seconds. "See here he comes." The Luna rushed out. Ryder continued to count and then snapped that blade she was holding down into her at zero, "60, 59, 58." She started counting once more even as the Luna cried out in pain as that blade went right through her hand and impaling her to the ground. Galard stilled and watched her draw another blade. "I'm bringing her." he yelled. Ryder didn't care she'd given him five minutes to have the she-wolf in front of her, not way over there at the packhouse, and continued to count it down for him. She watched him pick up his pace and drag that she-wolf along behind him, she looked unkempt and thin, but still young and unlike a real prisoner at all. If she lived in a dungeon she'd reek of filth. Those places didn't get cleaned and the clothes she wore didn't add up in Ryder's eyes. Cell clothing here in the realm was just a heshen sack with sleeves and a neck hole cut into them. This she-wolf wore pants and a short-sleeve top, and although it was threadbare, she could discern

the difference and understood why it had taken this Alpha longer than it should have. He'd had to hunt down and put an oath on some random omega that he owned. He flung the girl into the King's Eyes encampment as she got to 10, and the girl held up a shaky wrist to her to show an oath band there, she was just omega ranked and there was nothing filthy smelling about her. Ryder hit zero and snapped her blade into the Luna once more, pulled another from her top and restarted her count down. "I got two dozen of these. I wonder how many the Luna can take," She murmured. "I brought the one with foresight," Galard yelled right at her, pointing to the omega now at her feet. Ryder looked at the girl, who was sitting there trembling before her and continued the count-down, "54, 53, 52." Max stepped up next to her and stated, "Just kill the Luna and move on to the next one of his kin at zero. Sooner or later we'll get to one he actually cares about." "Agreed." Her entire troop stated in unison. Allowing Galard to understand that not one of them believed this young omega with no signs of aging or deterioration from over use of her foresight was the one they wanted presented to them. Ryder nodded but looked at the omega before her and hunkered down. "Tell me who it is, and I'll not only spare you, but see your family moved to a better pack." The moment she spoke, Max continued the countdown. "Lyra, her name's Lyra." The omega whispered. "Your name in full," Ryder asked right back. "Calla Harlaw." Came the response. Ryder stood and so did everyone in the King's Eyes, and she turned to the Luna, "Your life is worth nothing to your Alpha Mate, who tosses me lie after lie, unconcerned about your own safety or well-being. You might as well not exist," She stated and aimed that blade at her. "I'll relieve you of your worthless life myself." "I'll take you to her myself," the Luna rushed out. Ryder's hand stilled, and she nodded, put that blade away. "Chain the Alpha troop. There will be no more mercy granted, I'm over it," Ryder stated and released the Luna from the silver cuff, so her wolf could come back to her, and heal her wounds as she removed the blades one at a time. She could hear that Alpha was over there fighting now not to be taken down, only he didn't know he'd never win, not even against Isla. She was a tiny five-foot-two weapon of unyielding brute force. It only took two minutes before Galard was chained up in the Luna's place. He yelled right at his own Luna about her betraying him. She turned and looked right at him, and snarled, "You betrayed us first." Then turned to Ryder, "This way." and walked off. Ryder found Waylon right next to her as she walked following the Luna, and she looked at him. "Where my scale goes, I go." He stated simply, but she had a feeling there was more to it than that, right this very minute.

The truth behind Livia's Fate

2255 Words