

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

CH 2

1866 Words

Ryder They returned to the city of Nightingale and were resting. Patrice's Alpha Mate was next on their list of packs to be dealt with, but they still had time before the new moon was to set in the human realm, so they were just relaxing here in the barracks and training out there on the training grounds. Though she and Max sat and watched as Patrice and Isla often sat under the shade of a tree and talked and laughed between themselves. "There hatching a devious plan." Max had chuckled softly. "That they are. I have a feeling Isla is going to be hatching with all of us as is needed." She nodded, but she wouldn't interfere. What happened to each Mate they all had, was up to each of them anyway. "Max?" she asked, wondering if he had any thoughts of his own yet. "I don't know." He shrugged. "I'm not thinking about it until I have to. You?" "I'm mate-less as far as I'm concerned, so he can be too now. Let's see how he likes it, having to feel unwanted," she muttered. "Though if my former Alpha is still alive when I eventually get round to going there... He'll suffer greatly." She smiled. A messenger interrupted their conversation by jogging into their barracks, where he came over and bowed to her. He knew who she was, "Ryder, of the King's Eyes, I have a message from the King," he stated and held out a scroll to her. She took it and stamped his card, and he was gone. She did note it was the same messenger who had previously been here, dedicated he was to those long runs. She opened it and read it. It was short and straight to the point. "Ryder, I would like to see you and your troop, come to my office tomorrow. I'll be expecting you as the first appointment of the day. Christian." She relayed it to her troop, and they just nodded at her. It was curious as to why he would want to see them, considering they had their own missions to attend to, and he'd told them that they could. He had even given them all the tools to do so. Though he had told them that if he needed them to go on mission at times he would call for them, she could only guess that was what this was. Everyone agreed with her assessment. They were up early in the morning and dressed as the King's Eyes, not something they had to do if they weren't on a mission, but it was best to attend all meetings as such. They strolled into the castle and down the corridor that would lead them to Christian's office; they had beaten Christian and his unit to the office. They stood and waited like everyone else did, and he smiled at them and greeted them all as he, Rich, Matt and Abel all came down a set of stairs next to his office. "Morning my King's Eyes. Come on in." He addressed them, and they all followed him and his unit into the office, and removed their hoods so he could see them, after Abel closed the door. "I won't beat around the bush too much. I'm still investigating many of the Mate-less, especially all those that ended up in the Western War Camp under the cruelty of General Harkem. Livia Wareilton was one of the longest survivors of that camp. Some of you know her?" He looked at them. "Most of us

did," Ryder answered. "She was the strength of us, the Mate-less, until she succumbed on the battlefield. Protected us as best she could. Trained us as well. Max was her next in command." "I was," Max stated. "But wasn't about to take up her mantle when Ryder was more..." she saw Max look at her, "eager to settle the score, and fully willing to put her life on the line to defend us. She stepped up and into Livia's shoes." "Over one called Olive, I believe is in that seers scroll," Christian nodded. "We'll get to young Olive. But first Livia. I have here," he picked up a scroll, "the details of how she came to be there, much like yourselves. Unfortunately, everyone in that camp is going to have tails like your own, and you 15 are the only remnants of the lives everyone like yourselves lived while there." Christian walked over and held that scroll out to her, "We're struggling with some of the details, seeing as they have already been given back to Selena, and there is no blood for our sees to check, but their home packs are all noted here in Nightingale, on the admission scroll into the military." Ryder took the scroll as her eyes moved towards it. "The mission?" Her eyes moved back to Christian, hoping it was going to be payback for Livia's life, just like they were all getting to do for themselves. "Same as the one you're currently on. Only this pack... comes from here in the wolfen realm. So, my King's Eyes, as things come to light, I will entrust you to the punishing of those within my Kingdom here in this realm. And please do help me, to strike fear into those around this realm, and see this type of behavior stop. "Just like you're doing in the human realm. I believe word is already starting to spread from Isla's home pack, that the King's Eyes are now in the Human Realm sent there by myself, to start maintaining wolves there." He smiled at them. "The rules, are they the same as we have?" Isla asked and Ryder could hear the smile in her voice. "Hmm, I suppose they are, with one minor difference. You don't have to wait for a full moon, because" he sighed. "Those that the crime was committed against, are gone from this world." "But everything else... Is at our discretion?" Ryder asked now just for clarification. "Yes, be warned, that particular pack is on the outskirts of the wolfen realm, in a much rougher part of the realm, and you could come across other shifters that are not wolfen." He stated simply, "It's close to borders of two other realms, and they are so far out that they believe they can make their own laws." He walked over and sat down at his desk "I'd like for you to remind them; they are my subjects and make... an example out of them for the other packs on the outskirts to hear about." She nodded, "Was Livia's Mate discerned? And is he or she mentioned specifically in this scroll?" "No, it is not disclosed, but I'm certain any one of you have the skills to pull that information out of the Alpha and Luna that sent her to Harkem's war camp. Which is on the completely opposite side of the realm, over a year's walk," he shook his head "in order to keep her away from whoever it was they deemed they didn't want her attached to." "That we do," Isla chuckled. "I'll gladly offer my services for the questioning your highness." Christian nodded. "Go now and read; decide where you will be going on your next mission. Though I personally would like you to attend this particular mission next, to help me push my power through the kingdom's outskirts. Show them this behavior is punishable, and I'll be dealing with it if it continues." Ryder looked at her troop. "What say you? Livia's pack or Patrice's deceitful Mate?" "I think Livia," Patrice stated. "I don't mind waiting, that bastard of mine isn't going anywhere. Things are much rougher here in this realm, and anything could happen to those that sent Livia to the Hell in the Realm." "Agreed." The rest of them stated in unison. She turned to Christian. "We'll accept this mission and make it our

priority your highness.” She told him simply, if Patrice was happy to wait, they would all wait. “Excellent; happy hunting,” he stated with a smile, and they all pulled their hoods on and filed out of his office. “I think I’ll enjoy going to that pack, regardless of how long it will take,” Patrice murmured. “Livia looked after me, just like you did, Ryder. She deserves justice like the rest of us.” “It’s also not going to take us half a year to get there. We’ll go on horseback and use portals. Hopefully, we’ll get to your Mate on the full moon after next, if, of course, we don’t make it back before the next new moon.” “No rush, Isla and I have been plotting well, that bastard is in for a real treat.” She snorted and Ryder looked at her curiously. Isla burst out laughing herself, “Oh, it’s delightful indeed.” They arrived back at their barracks and read that scroll. There wasn’t much to go on, just the pack and the Alpha’s signature to say who was sending her there. Livia had never spoken to any of them about why she thought she was there. It was entirely possible that she didn’t even know she had Mate inside that pack. But they would find out the truth of the matter. She was standing with that map in her hand and murmured the name of the pack, Bloodied Claws Pack. It lit up on the far eastern side of the map, as did several portals for them to get there, and a track to follow. They couldn’t use any portal from the city of Nightingale, were going to have to use one that would take a day trip to the forest south of them. They spent the next two days preparing for their next mission, making sure their horses were well rested before the journey. None of them knew exactly how long it would take, but they figured a week there and a week back, they would discuss their plan for those traitorous wolves along the way. They passed through the first portal the following day and looked at the map, a pack appeared along the route, and they figured it was the way point, and they would ride to it and spend the night. No pack could deny them entry, even unannounced as they were, and it would give them time to rest their horses properly along the way as well as show Christian’s power extended out here, just seeing them was enough to know that, because they were his Kings Eyes. The maps given to them by Hera were very useful indeed.