

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

CH 5

2240 Words

Waylon He'd seen those King's Eyes all heading for the pack that he himself had to go to, a pack that owed him a blood debt which they stubbornly refused to send to him, he'd given them leeway on it for years. Sat patiently and watched them until this very moment in time, that Alpha and Luna now had five children, and their deal had been to be paid in their own blood. Which to him and his beast meant their own kin, and seeing as they had refused to send those whelps to his to pay that debt, he was here to collect it. It wasn't like they wouldn't come back to the pack after the debt was paid. He would honor his end of the deal, but from his understanding, they were trying to hide their own kin. Nothing could hide that from him, and nothing was going to stop him from taking his blood debt either, not even that very large group of the King's Eyes that were now descending upon the very pack he was going to. 'In front of them, Daxton, we'll take what is ours before they can touch them.' He told his beast. Daxton guffawed inside his mind, 'Right in front of them.' And he swooped around in a circle and just let that bar he was hanging on to, attached to those five cages, go. It smashed down on to the ground and scared the chitterlings out of that group of the king's eyes and their horses. It amused both Waylon and Daxton. They did love doing that, though it was more fun for them if it was one of their half siblings. He'd missed his grimalkin of a half-sister by a mere foot last time. She'd shrieked, and her dragon had ripped out of her, ruining her new favorite gown. That had Daxton roaring in the sky with amusement as he'd flown away. He stood before that group now that his hood was down, and they couldn't see him anymore than he could them. Though they had a clear leader, she rode at the front, even though her horse was only half a horse in front of the rest, it was a mark of respect the way the others rode, and he knew it. Her kicking that horse to get in front of him and reach that pack first was not going to happen, he moved himself to the spot before her horse and snapped his hand up, pulling his power forward and making the horse go up and over. Then he used Daxton's speed to snag the leader and save her life, so she owed him a debt. Though he doubted she would know that; wolves and dragons lived by very different rules. She was tiny against him, but he knew better than to think she was useless or unarmed even. He could smell the belladonna lilly toxin she was carrying, they were all carrying it from what he could smell. He could also feel many blades on this wolf; that intrigued him. The argument over who got to go first was useless. In his world, the one closest to the destination, in this case that pack over there, was the one that got to go first, and that was him. He'd made sure of that; she also seemed to understand his thoughts on that. It was why she'd tried to pass him in the first place, not so dumb, he thought. Although he did know it wasn't only dragons that had that law, demons did too, and dark witches. So, she had studied some

otherworldly creatures' laws, it seemed. But she wasn't willing to let him have his way. That just amused him. She was not going to out muscle him, and he could in fact produce fire from his hands in human form. It was a rare thing in their world; most dragons could only breathe fire in dragon form. He, however, was a hybrid and had more than just Dragon blood. Something his half-siblings had learned the hard way when he'd come into his Dryad Druidic powers. She was not willing to speak, and he knew why. Their mission was not to be heard about by those in that pack, and although taking her to the Dragon Realm would waste time. Allowing that Alpha and Luna down there to think that they could hide their adult children from him, they were very wrong. Nothing got past his powers of blood sensing. He also had a feeling they were going to bleed five innocent wolves to them and offer them to him. That's what most did when they didn't want to hand over their blood debts. He would let them play the game; he could actually discern the difference between the real kin and a blood-bonded kin. It was fun for him, especially those that claimed their heirs were dead, because that allowed him to make a new deal, one that allowed him to just take random wolves from the pack instead, something all the Alphas agreed to. But which allowed him to take those that were the ones who needed to pay the blood debt out to his cages, one at a time. To see the horror on the faces of those Alphas that thought they had tricked him, as they came to the realization that they had not and couldn't voice an objection without verbalizing their own deceit, which would incur his wrath, he always got what was owed to him, all blood debts would be paid and by the right bloodline. He watched her struggle to keep her stomach contents inside of her and stopped her from falling off the cliff he'd brought them too. Here they could speak freely, this was his land, and none here would interrupt them. Out here there were no villages or hamlets, just a temple of worship off down the cliff a piece. Which was only visited on full moons. He watched her look about once she got her equilibrium back and saw her take in how green and lush his dragon valley was, the mountain range behind him, the massive waterfalls and, if she looked close enough, his own Citadel could be seen atop one of those mountains behind him. He removed his hood and motioned for her to do the same. "We dragons, don't do deals with those that we don't know what the other looks like." he told her "Nor do we make dealings without knowing one's name. I am Waylon of Thorncrest, this is my land." He waved his hand in the direction of everything behind him. "You are?" he asked when her head turned back to him, and she looked at him through that cloak of hers. He saw the set of her mouth, a deep frown as she thought about whether she wanted to reveal herself to him or not. But she had to know that the only way to return to her own realm now, was if he returned her to it. He motioned again for her to remove her hood. She finally did, and his eyes moved over her face. Pretty for a wolf, he thought to himself, though his eyes landed on that mark in the center of her forehead and even his own beast snarled inside his mind, they knew what it meant. They had half a dozen just like that here in his land now, those that had fled clear across their own realms, hunted by their own kind, and he'd snatched them himself from the wolfen realm. Daxton just dropped out of the sky and wrapped his clawed foot around them and shot them up into the air, and back to his home, they'd screamed and cried to be put down or just hung there quietly waiting for their fate. They all lived in one village or hamlet here or there, their lives now their own, but he'd heard the horrific tales they'd told him. This she-wolf was just like one of them, deemed mate-less by their own kind,

branded and marked for a long, painful, agonizingly slow death by starvation or vampire. She narrowed her eyes on him as he stared at the mark on her forehead, "Ryder, of the King's Eyes." She introduced herself to him finally. "Where do you hale from originally?" he would know who he was making a deal with. "The human realm." "Which continent?" he asked. She stared at him, and he smiled. "I'm old Ryder, 300, and I've been everywhere." He shrugged. "America," she stated. "Why does that matter to you?" "So, I know where to hunt you if you go back on your word," he smiled. "We'll be making a deal here today. I honor all my debts, and I expect you'll honor the one you make with me." "I'm not about to be in debt to you. State your business with that pack." She folded her arms across her chest. "I already have. They owe me a blood debt. I was there to collect it... what is your business?" he asked. "To punish the Alpha and Luna of that pack for sending one named Livia to a place she should never have gone to," Ryder stated. His eyes moved back to the mark on her forehead. "That place," he pointed to it. "Well, I'm there to collect a blood debt from the Alpha and his Luna, so we have a complication. I cannot allow you to kill them or their offspring until my blood debt is paid in full," He informed her simply. "I can't have you kill them until I have extracted punishment for their crimes against Livia," Ryder stated right back. "So, yes, Waylon, we have a problem." She nodded. "Hmm, a debt could be formed between you and I. You'll owe me, or I'll owe you depending on the deal to be struck." He stated simply, that was how it worked in his world. "Though you," he smelled her, she wasn't of alpha blood, just warrior ranked was all. "Will have to do a Dragon Oath with me, or you'll not get what you want inside that pack regardless of who you are." "I don't like the sound of that," she murmured. "Not many do, but that is how things are done here in my realm. Let's discuss the deal properly to see what the debt will be and who for." He looked at her and motioned for her to go and sit under the trees. It was hot here in the dragon realm, "are you looking to kill that Alpha and Luna, or their direct kin? If not, the deal will be easily made." She walked out of the direct sunlight and sat down on a raised tree root, she shifted a few times and made herself comfortable. To which Waylon frowned as his left arm burned hot a moment later, and several scales appeared on his skin. Never once in 300 years had that happened to him before. He knew it was the Dryad in him, reacting to her, she was sitting on one of his trees and he was connected through his bloodline to all of them in his valley. There was something about this wolf that brought his powers to the surface. He could look into it later. There was no rush. They had very long lives, as did she. "I'm going to punish them. They sent my friend Livia to hell in the realm. All because, I believe she was likely to be mated to their eldest son, and they didn't want her to be, had her deemed mate-less and turned her away to the cruelty of the wars raging. "That wolf, a pitiful excuse for an Alpha and even perhaps Livia's Mate himself; something I'll get to the bottom of, which it was. One of them or both of them, knew what she would be and didn't want her to be. My mission is to source out the truth and punish those responsible for Livia's death. "It's likely in this realm that, because she wasn't an alpha female, they didn't care to have her mated to their son, or their son didn't care to be mated to her, and allowed his parents to do that to her. She suffered greatly in that hell in the realm, and now they must all suffer the same fate. They have been deemed worthy of punishment by the new wolfen king, Christian." He knew there was a new king, also knew his own father, King Alderon, had made a deal with King Christian that there were no more wars to be had; between the

Dragon Realm and the Wolfen Realm. No more would dragons just swoop in and snatch wolves for whatever reason they so chose to. Usually, it was for staffing the palaces or castles that one of his half siblings owned. They didn't want servants that could overpower them in any way, so they kept those around them that they could control and out muscle.