

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

CH 6

A deal with a Dragon

2231 Words

Ryder She debated with herself about revealing her face to this dragon, but he'd removed his cloak first, revealing a square jawline, and deep-set blue eyes that looked much the same as his own dragon's. That scar over his right eye must have been close to nearly taking out his vision. And he had scars on his left cheek and claw marks that ran up from his chest to his neck. He told her who he was and where they were. She understood the words; his lands, that meant exactly that. This part of the Dragon Realm actually belonged to him. She also knew that she had no way of getting back to the Wolfen Realm without likely making some sort of deal with him. Despite that she didn't know him, or if he was truthful in his words, he was a Dragon Flame, and his word should be as good as her own. He had also brought her here away from prying ears to discuss it. He had heard what she'd said and accounted for it, she believed. So, she gave him what he wanted; answered all his questions, regardless of how irrelevant they were to him. She no longer resided in the human realm and had no kin there for him to use as leverage, if she walked away without paying that debt. Though looking at him, he didn't look like the 300 years he'd stated he was, he barely looked to be 35, she thought absently. She wondered how he'd become a Dragon Flame, was it a birthright, or forcibly dragged into it because of what she knew Dragon Flames could do. She sat in the shade of the tree he directed her to and was glad of it, wolves ran hot, and it was hot out there under the sun, more so than it was in the Wolfen Realm. She had a feeling it was likely to do with this realm being closer to the sun than the wolfen realm was. She told him simply what it was she and her troop were there for, to punish those in that pack for Livia's life of torture, and was interrupted by his attention turning from her to his own forearm. She watched scales appear on his arm and he frowned at them for a moment, then just seemed to dismiss it and return his attention to her. "So, you're there to kill them, the Alpha and Luna, the eldest son," he stated, and she saw him think about it. He was not wrong. Her entire troop was of the opinion they should all die. Seeing as Livia herself wasn't with them to extract whatever revenge she thought they deserved, she waited for him to think through his thoughts. "I need them alive, Ryder. So... what if I let you do everything you want to them bar kill them, and then I take my blood debt from them afterwards." He stepped into the shade of the tree she was sitting under, and looked right at her. "I'm curious, did she have a mark like you did?" he reached out and touched her forehead. "Yes," she frowned at him, "Touchy feely aren't we." She murmured, not many would be game to touch a member of the King's Eyes as he did. He chuckled softly, "Mm, just put it down to my nature and nothing more." He

waved it off. "I don't mean to offend. My apologies," he stated and stood up to his full height once more. "So, if you swear an oath to me that you'll not kill them, I'll let you and yours attend to your mission first." She thought about that for a long moment, "There will be need of torturing them for information, and formal punishment... That isn't death then, I suppose. If you're okay with that, then it is fine with me... you can even stay and watch if you like, one king's ambassador to another so to speak." She nodded. That made him smile, and she blinked. He was a handsome devil of a dragon when he smiled like that. It took a good five years off his life, she thought absently. Those scars on his face didn't even bother her, she was as scarred as he was, just not her face was all. "I'll take that deal, I'd like to see you all in action... Now to the debt part, if you kill those that owe me, I will take my blood debt from you and... your kin." She nodded. "I don't have any, it's just me, so that is fine." He looked right at her for a long moment and then smirked. "Hmm, kin doesn't always mean blood, it means those that you consider to be your family and that I can find out. My mother is a Dryad Druid with many wonderful powers to be used including the hunting of those you feel are your kin, whoever they maybe." "Right." She nodded. That was not something she wanted. Her family were all there in her troop and she would not see harm come to them. "How do we make this Dragon Oath or the debt you speak of?" Waylon smiled at her. "You, Ryder of the King's Eyes, will accept one of my scales, it will attach itself to you for the duration of our debt." He told her and looked at his arm. She watched as he slid his fingers along the scales that had appeared on his forearm and then pulled at one until it tore from his skin. She saw him grit his teeth and a snarl came from him or his beast as it finally came away. Then all the other scales were just gone, vanished away and the skin below where that scale had been was left reddened and, in the size and shape of the scale he'd removed. "That is going to go where exactly on me?" she asked as she saw what looked like tendrils dangling from it that looked to be almost alive. "Where ever it wants to go, has a mind of its own now." He smirked a little and then just tossed it up in the air as if he was throwing it away, and she found herself spun around and faced away from him, her neck stretched, and he murmured. "Interesting." And she felt his hand move her hair to bare the back of her neck. Then she felt it, the touch of his scale to her flesh at the nape of her neck, and it burned like fire as it attached itself to her. She couldn't help but cry out in pain and all her claws came out as she and Thorn roared as what felt like liquid fire burn her neck and down and around to touch her collar bones. The moment it stopped, she was released from whatever hold that oath making had on her, and she turned on that dragon, angry that he didn't explain it to her properly, slashed her claws out at him and couldn't connect. She was halted a mere inch away by some kind of magical force, it seemed. He laughed softly, "While my scale is on you, you can't harm me no matter how much you want to, and I can't hurt you either. It keeps both of us from trying to get out of the debt," "You bastard, you could have told me it was going to burn like fire." She snarled at him. "Hmm, it affects each individual differently. I didn't know it was going to feel like you were being burned, but..." his head tilted, and she saw his eyes move to her neck. "It didn't set you on fire, that's a good thing." He snorted at her, "You ready to go back." He asked, and before she could even answer him, he had a hold of her, and they were off over the edge of the cliff and were spinning around with his wings wrapped around them. The world felt as though it tilted on its axis, and then she was on the ground stumbling around trying once again

not to throw up. She heard him chuckle softly. He found it amusing what his powers did to others, she realized. Her entire troop were all still sitting on their horses, waiting for her to return. They were all looking at her now, 'Ryder?' Max asked her via the mind-link, and she could feel everyone was included in it. 'I'm fine, I had to make a deal with him. He's here for the same wolves. We can't kill them, but we can do everything else.' She informed them all before pulling her hood over her face once more and then turning to look at Waylon. His wings were gone, and his hood was also down. "This is Waylon, one of the dragon realms, Dragon Flames. Waylon, my troop." She introduced them all. Isla had hold of her horse and Ryder mounted it. "Let's go." She stated, and before she knew what was happening, Waylon was up on the back of her horse with her, his large hands resting on her the sides of her waist. "Yes, let's go," he stated, sounding awfully cheery to her. "What the hell are you doing?" she grated out. "I go where my scale goes." He smiled. "You should ask more questions; about things you know nothing off." He commented, and she felt him kick her horse, and they were moving at trot towards that pack. "At least you know I'm not out to harm you. Just best to go along with the flow of the scale, it kind of has a mind of its own." Again there was amusement in his tone. She didn't like it at all, but what could she do about it? She was now bound to him by a Dragon Oath, and her troop would have to pay the blood debt if she didn't abide by the oath. She would have to explain it in full to her troop once they were set up. She'd never had to deal with a dragon before, and they were said to be mysterious, tricky creatures to deal with. Though this one was not only sitting behind her as they rode to that pack, but he was right up against her, his long legs were neatly tucked in behind hers and his chest moved against her back as they trotted along. She was going to have to have words with him about personal boundaries. He didn't seem to know what they were. They arrived at the pack and two wolves stood there staring up at them. "Kings Eyes have business with this pack, inform your Alpha we are here and..." she turned and looked at Waylon. His mouth was curled into a smile, and she added, "A Dragon Flame appears to have business here as well." She nudged her horse, and they all walked on through "Well put, wolf. Now the packhouse is not on this road, I'll take us there," he stated, and then his hands were on the reins, and he had control of her horse. Annoyance rolled off her, and he chuckled softly. "Now, now, settle little wolf, I'm just helping both of us get there in a timely manner." He kicked her horse once more, and they were off at a canter, and she heard all her troops' horses kick up a notch as well. "I've not ridden in decades; I haven't lost my touch, I see." Waylon stated as he reined them to a stop before a large stone building that was more of a small castle. It was all grey stone and had what looked like only two floors for the most part, but a tower with four floors and three lookouts, one on either end of the building and one at the top of the tower. She felt Waylon slip off her horse, and he held his hand out to her, offering her assistance in getting down. She shook her head and dismounted on her own, as several omegas came this way and bowed to them. "We're to take your horses to the stables." She was informed. "Our horses will stay within our own encampment. When we set up, you may attend them there." She turned and looked about. There was a large open grassed area to her left. She pointed to it. "We'll set up over there." She told them. "Where is your Alpha? Why isn't he here to greet us?" She saw their eyes all move towards Waylon, and he murmured. "They know who I am and why I'm here, are..." he

shrugged. “Trying to deceive me, I believe, in order to get out of their blood debt. You’ll need me for your own mission now,” he told her.