

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

CH 7

2069 Words

Waylon He watched Ryder turn to her group of the King's Eyes and instruct them to set up on the grassed area. He cleared his throat and cracked his neck, then murmured, "You all might want to cover your ears," She looked at him, as did several of her group. "You might want to dismount as well; my beast is about to announce my presence formally," he told them and waited until he saw them all dismount but hold onto the reins. He took a step away to be in front of where Ryder was standing and allowed Daxton to push forward and roar all dragon, "Alpha, present yourself or the pack burns." He felt the heat of the words in his throat, but there was no fire. Then he stepped back to stand next to Ryder. She was staring at him, and he half smiled. "It will burn if he's not here in one minute, then I'll owe you a blood debt. Sorry, it's just the dragon way." "And the innocents?" Ryder asked him. "Will flee, I will start with the packhouse, giving the innocents time to run away. I never said his pack members would burn," Waylon told her. Only those here that refused to leave and wanted to try and deal with him and his beast would remain, and those that did would be the Alpha, his unit and their direct kin that were to take over. Because if they didn't stay and try to stop him from burning it to the ground, they would have no pack to reign over when he was done. No Alpha Wolf liked being nothing out in their world. That was how this very pack got that blood debt that they owed him. The current reigning Alpha and his unit had pleaded with him not to burn the pack to the ground after they attacked him. They hadn't realized who he was. He'd killed their parents and the blood oath to him was; their two firstborn children, regardless of being male or female, and was due when they came of age, for a term of 20 years. This pack had played at having no children for all this time. He had waited to see just how many years and pups they thought they could get away with. Five alpha pups had been produced from the current Alpha and Luna, and those children also now had children of their own as well. He'd let it go for a time, just to see how far they would actually push it, and now the youngest of their pups was 18, the oldest nearly 36 and ready to take over. So here he was to claim that blood debt they probably thought he'd forgotten about. He'd never told them when he would come and collect it, he just stated, 'You'll send them both at the same time after they come of age, or I'll collect the debt, at a time of my choosing. Don't make me wait.' But they had made him wait, 18 years past the blood debts due date. He saw several men come from the packhouse and make their way down the stairs to the grassed area, and he recognized in the man before him, as the boy that had once made the blood debt with him after he'd witnessed his father's death at the hand of a dragon. "Who are you?" the Alpha asked, looking right at him. He was going to play at not knowing, it seemed. "I'm certain your omegas and warriors informed you a dragon landed in your wheat field." He stated, "I am here to retrieve the

blood debt you owe me, Garald.” He pushed his hood back so the wolf before him could see his face. He saw Garald turn to look at the King’s Eyes. “May I inquire what business you are here for?” he asked her. “I’m here for you and your Mate, likely your eldest son, and you have someone in this pack with foresight. I want them as well. All presented to me within the hour. You all owe a debt to the King.” “I owe no debt to the king. I send warriors to the military all the time,” Garald stated. “You owe a large debt according to what we.” She waved at the group behind her “have read from a royal seer. So, you will present yourselves to us or...” he watched Ryder’s head turn and look right at him. “I will allow this dragon to burn the pack and the Alpha and Luna’s bloodline to the ground. We struck a deal, Eyes to Flame.” “That we did,” Waylon smiled. “I agreed to let the Eyes here attend to wolfen business before I attend to mine. The only stipulation is you’re all still alive when the Eyes are finished with you. So, you have nothing to fear from her presence,” he stated, but seriously doubted that considering he understood why she was here. “We will set up,” Ryder stated, “You will provide six omegas to serve our needs, and we want food for not only our horses but ourselves as well.” She told him and turned and walked away but then stopped. “Oh, I also have the authority to torture the truth out of you so best you don’t try and present me with someone that is not your heir, or the one with foresight. I’ll just kill all that are impostors, regardless of rank,” she stated and walked away. Waylon smiled as he watched her walk off, so strong and uncaring, could have been born a dragon and fitted in well to their realm, though he doubted she had been like it as a youngling, probably been sweet by nature once upon a time, happy and carefree too. But being sent to the war and branded as he knew she had been, he knew there were more scars under those clothes, even knew she was going to have a massive mate-less brand on her back. She no longer knew how to be the carefree wolfen child she had once been in the human world where it was completely civilized compared to this realm in which she now resided. Some asshole of an Alpha had turned against her for the very reason she was here to deal with Garald and his Mate, their eldest boy. The one with foresight. Well, he could take that one for himself, to make sure they were never used again in the wrong manner. Put a Dryad truth seeing band on them and only would she or he be allowed to utter the truth of their visions if they ever opted to use their foresight again, that was. He turned his eyes to Garald, who was now looking at him and, with curiosity, the boy, now a man was observant. He’d seen the way Waylon was looking at that king’s eyes and was likely thinking he could use her as leverage to get out of his blood debt. Little did he know that scale now attached to Ryder would see him know where she was at all times, and he would come to protect her. Her life was bound to his until that scale was recalled to his body. “I wouldn’t harm her or try to; she is the leader of that group, from my understanding, and you’d be making an enemy of your own king. Somehow, Garald, I think you’d die if she did and the king wouldn’t know about it until it was well and truly over... but, from my knowledge, they’d brand all of your bloodline; near and far, as traitorous and hunt them until extinction. I’m the least of your worries.” “What do you want dragon?” Garald rapped out. “The blood debt you own me; I’ve let it go for many years just to see if you were ever going to willingly send it. I see not, and I’m done waiting. I’m currently not required to be anywhere else, so... here I am. “I believe you own me your two eldest children. I was kind enough to allow you to keep your own children until they were fully grown and even told you I’d return them after 20 years,

unharmful for you. As part of our deal, all they had to do was serve me loyally for 20 years, a term of which is nothing of consequence really, due to how long we all live, 2% of their life span." "Why then, did you bring five cages dragon?" Garald asked right back. "Because you refused to send your blood debt on time, so I'll be collecting what you might call... interest, for all the years you ignored your end of the debt. I have considered it over the years, what that would be, and your three other children or your grand pups, is what I will take as payment for that." He smiled at Garald. "How many grand pups do you have now, I wonder?" Waylon mused aloud after a moment and turned to walk off. "I'll wait with the king's eyes to see what they want from you, and then, Garald, I'll have that debt paid in full." He stopped walking. "Oh, and if, by some stupidity, you decide to try and sneak them out of the pack, don't think I haven't set up dragon traps to ensnare anyone leaving." He laughed softly, a little on the menacing side. "I also think it will tick the Eyes off too." he finally walked away. Today he thought, was going to be a good day for him and Daxton, 'Let's take a look, shall we?' He told his beast, and his wings were out of him, and he shot up into the air 300 feet and allowed himself to just sway on the breeze. The slight tilt of one wing saw him turn in a slow circle. He was looking for those that were trying to flee out in the fields. He saw nothing moving out there but could see the entire pack from up here and many were moving about down in the pack itself, some heading to their homes and others hurrying about. A whole group of wolves, in fact, he used Daxton's eyesight to really look at them. They were all wearing hooded cloaks. He smiled to himself and turned to look at Garald and shook his head. He produced a ball of flame in his right hand and used his druidic powers to send it across the sky and smash into the ground just 20 feet from the fleeing wolves. He heard them all scream, and one turned to look at where it came from and saw him watching them. "Garald, I believe your Luna is fleeing with your children and grandchildren. Along with several others." His voice boomed through the pack for all to hear. "I will burn them alive if they do not return... NOW." Daxton roared out of him. Then he dropped on to the ground and looked at Garald, "I will not stand for my blood debt being kept from me. If you like, I can have the King of Dragons, come himself. The debt will be repaid regardless wolf. There is nothing you can do, you made the debt you must honor it," he announced, and his wings retracted, and he turned away to find the Eyes all watching him. "The Luna is trying to flee with her children and grandchildren, I believe. South end of the pack," he informed them. He saw Ryder and four others mount their horses and were gone off south. They were here for the Luna herself, so that was unacceptable for them. He would not interfere in their business. Waylon sat down and leaned back on his hands to turn his face to the sun, the weather in the wolfen realm was always what he considered cool and the breeze that was blowing was comfortable for him.