

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

CH 8

1899 Words

Ryder She and four of her troop were off through that pack, heading in the direction Waylon had told them to go. She knew he wasn't lying; he wanted them for his blood debt as much as she and her troop did as well. It wasn't all that hard to find the place south he'd mentioned either. There was now a dark plume of smoke rising into the air. "Split up," she stated, and the five of them were all peeling off down different roads throughout the pack, to hunt and retrieve those trying to escape their fate. There would be no leaving this pack, no escaping her or her troop and the things they were to be punished for. She chuckled just a little as she realized, she too, could call it owing her troop a blood debt, just like Waylon did. Because they were going to have those that sent Livia to that hell in the realm, pay in blood. Lots of it. She found it just a little amusing, just the right amount of similarity to tickle her funny bone, not something that often happened, but could at times crop up. She saw several hooded figures scattering as she rounded the bend in the road, and one stopped and stared at her, and then just bolted off in another direction away from the two they'd been with. Trying to avoid capture even now knowing it was the King's Eyes that were hunting them, that was itself punishable by her and her troop. 'Thorn?' she asked, and her wolf breathed in, to pick up the bloodline of those on the move. 'Alpha blood to the left. Beta blood straight ahead, Luna headed back the way she came, behind us now.' Ryder reigned her horse and turned around, 'keep the Luna's scent. That's our target.' She told her wolf, and then mind-linked to Max, Isla, Clara and Owen, 'I've got the Luna's trail round the others up.' She kicked her horse and was gone off down another road, that Luna was fast, she wasn't going to catch her on horseback. She slipped off her horse, smacked her on her rump and stated, "Tent." And it trotted away. She would be fasted on her own two feet. She and Thorn were now hunting through the streets tracking that scent of the Luna. Who knew her own pack and was racing through the streets, turning left or right, trying to stay out of sight and not leave a clear path as to where she was going. They finally caught a glimpse of her and smiled and loosed a blade from its housing 'Don't lose her now Thorn.' She stated. They rounded a corner to a long narrow alley and Ryder slid to a stop as the Luna shoved into a home. They could hear her making her way back to the other street. Thorn snorted 'Let me.' and took control and launched them up onto the roof of the house and raced them across it to save time. They saw that Luna burst out of the house and run down the street, thinking she was getting away and had put more distance between them, only to have them drop onto the road seconds after she burst out of the house. Ryder stilled and flung that blade with deadly accuracy, already reaching for another the minute it was gone from her hand. She heard the Luna cry out in pain as that blade landed in her shoulder, and they watched her stagger and fall

down as the second blade, one laced with silver, was let loose. It struck her in the lower back as she got herself up and tried to run on. All her wolfen enhanced speed was gone as she was cut off from her beast. Ryder walked over to her even as she saw the Luna pulling the blade from herself. Ryder loosed another and snapped it with all she and Thorn had into the woman. It was buried to the hilt and again a cry of pain came from her as her eyes turned to Ryder. She tried to throw the blade she'd pulled from her lower back at Ryder. Ryder snatched it out of the air and smiled behind her hood. "You dare to attack the King's Eyes, try to kill one of us, your own King's right hand... Monumentally stupid," she stated and walked over to her, shoved her down with a foot and then pressed that blade to her throat as she pulled silver laced rope from her pocket it was thin but long and as good as a silver cuff. She bound that Luna's wrists before pulling out the two other blades in her. "You're going to have some scars, Luna, but these ones will be the least of your concerns." She yanked her up onto her feet and curled a tight hand around her arm 'I got the Luna and am heading back.' She let the others know. One by one, the other four of her troop started linking to her as they hunted and captured their own targets. She strolled into the area where the other 10 of her troop had set up their tent, and she saw Waylon was just casually leaning back on his hands, he appeared to be sunning himself. She saw his mouth quirk. "Got the Luna I see, excellent," he stated. "None will escape." She told him simply. "Thought I was going to have to come find you for a minute there, your horse returned without you," he commented. "She's well trained knew to come to the tent," Ryder stated and then frowned as she wondered why she was so willing to answer his questions, that wasn't like her, she also didn't have to explain herself to anyone. She nearly huffed as she realized it was likely going to be something to do with that scale of his, that was now bound to her until their blood debt was resolved. She watched as Luca came from the tent, and she was carrying a chain that had a large iron peg attached to it. She slammed it into the ground and hit it with a mallet a few times, driving it deeper into the ground. Ryder handed the Luna over to be chained up as all here would be. The rope was removed once the silver shackles were in place, and she was locked to the chain as weak as a human and unable to get herself free. She stood and looked to where the Alpha had been before. He was no longer there, and she turned to look at Waylon's casual, relaxed position. He seemed unconcerned the Alpha of the pack was missing. "Flame?" she questioned him directly. "He's gone off to get my blood debt, he'll come back, you've got his Mate right there. There ain't nothing like a Luna chained and in pain to bring her Alpha Wolf to her. They always come, she's been cut off from him with that silver. So he knows she's been captured." Waylon shrugged. The man didn't even move at all. "You comfortable over there?" she asked a little on the annoyed side, seeing as she and her troop were doing all the work. "It is a lovely day." He smiled. "Only one thing that could possibly make it better than right now." He chuckled softly, it was deep and rich to her ear, but he said no more. Who knew what he was thinking? Dragons were not like wolves, and she didn't know anything about Dryad Druids, something he'd said his mother was. A Hybrid she knew, because he was a dragon but could use magic, which was likely from the Druid side of his bloodline. She let it go. She didn't know him, or his temperament or anything at all about his personality. For all she knew that happy tormenting nature could simply be an act to ease tension around him or between him and her. Ryder watched as, one by one, her troop brought back their

captives, all bound by silver rope. One she could see was pregnant, and she heard Waylon laugh heartily. "Extra interest in your belly," he stated as she was walked past him, though he didn't so much as move a muscle as he spoke. That she-wolf gasped in horror, and her hands instinctively covered her belly, even though it was Max that spoke, ignoring Waylon. Other than looking at him, he asked Ryder a direct question, "What do you want to do with her?" "Silver won't affect the pup, cuff her like the rest until we know who is who, and which we want, or the Flame wants." She turned to Waylon. "Do you want to go and get your cages?" "No," he shook his head. "You and yours are doing a fine job, that pregnant one, however, is one of my blood debts," he told her. "She's not your concern. I assure you I know who I owes me, but keep her with the family until I have to separate them." Alpha Galard came back and snarled at the sight of his Luna cuffed with silver. "Get those off her, there's no blood debt on my Luna." Ryder looked right at him, "There is now, she attacked me, threw a blade right at the King's Eyes. I may now punish at will, however I like. Attacking the Kings' Eyes is as good as attacking the King himself. A death sentence it is," she told him. "She didn't know who or what you are, never before has the King's Eyes come to my pack, in my lifetime, or hers." "Regardless, I did announce our presence, you would have relayed it to your Luna. If not, that is your own stupidity. My clothes also speak for themselves," she touched the symbol on the front of her hood. "Self-explanatory." "She didn't see it." Galard snapped. "She looked right at me, to throw that blade, so yes she did," Ryder commented simply. "If you wish to take her place, I'll consider it, after we get the information we came for." "Which is?" he rapped out. This man was very disrespectful of her, seems he didn't think he had to show respect at all. "We're here to collect a blood debt on behalf of Livia Wearlton, an Elite Warrior bloodlined she-wolf, that was sent to the military unjustly." She watched as his facial expression closed over and knew he was pulling on his Alpha bloodline to mask his own emotions. "I know none with that name," he stated. "Really? I've got her enlistment scroll, it's got your name on it as the Alpha that sent her. So, either you're lying to the King's Eyes, which is punishable, or someone framed you, forged your name... I wonder who inside this pack can sign as the Alpha other than yourself... Your son perhaps?" she asked.