

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

CH 9

1850 Words

Waylon He'd seen Ryder's horse come back and thought he'd have to get up and go and find her, but then reminded himself of what she was; a King's Eyes, reminded himself of where she had once come from; that horrid place. She and her troop had survived much worse. He relaxed back down and settled himself once more, though he also felt the ominous attack on her, and he'd closed his eyes and focused upon it and caught a glimpse of the pack's Luna throwing a knife at her, even saw Ryder snatch it out of the air. That made him smile to himself, that scale of his on her came in handy at times. It would always alert him to feel her emotions over being attacked so he could get there in time to stop it if need be. But she was just fine. He liked watching her in action, the way she spoke to that Alpha Wolf with disregard for his own bloodline. He was now curious as to how long this group had been riding around, and just how old this she-wolf was. She was intriguing him quite a bit. Those omegas finally arrived with food and water for everyone, including the horses. He couldn't understand how they were dressed; in thread bare clothing. One should make sure those in their domain were healthy, looked after and provided for. Even those in his valley and citadel wore proper clothing, and they led their own lives once outside their working hours, because it was not of his concern, unless there was harm coming to one of them. He didn't like those around him abusing their power. He'd seen a lot of that in his lifetime. Hated all of his half siblings for that as well. Most around him thought all his wounds came from wars between dragon families, battling for the land to expand and claim other territories. When, in fact, all his scars came from his own kin, before he'd come into his dryad druid powers. He understood he was the product of a union outside his father's mate bond, and the queen had suffered through the pains of his father mating his mother. That Dragon Laws were very different to all the other realms, that once you were bonded, no tie could ever be severed without ramifications. Rejecting a bond came with the loss of the Dragon itself. Breaking a mate bond was certain to see both in the bond become dragon-less. That regardless of who you were, or what status and wealth you held, what your rank or bloodline and even clan one was. The moment you opted to sever that bond, you were relegated to naught within the Dragon Realm. In the blink of an eye, a king and his queen could become human slaves overnight. If one broke their bond, their own children, their brothers and sisters, parents even, would treat you as worthless, and kick you about for the fun of it. Once you lost your dragon, it could not be regained, not without their own God coming back to them. Many had tried to recreate him from the prophecy, which foretold of how he could be reborn. Only from the child of a moon flower born daughter of the fairy realm. A child created from the union between the Dragon and Fairy bloodline was it said that the Sun God's soul could be brought back

into their world. Dealings were made to the Fairy Realm for sun fairy daughters to become dragon concubines to conceive a cross-breed or hybrid child, that would be able to bare the sun god's strength and heat. It had never once worked, he'd not really understood all the constant trying, because moon flower born wasn't the only condition. The most important factor was always missing and couldn't seem to be created, because to even get a moon flower born child, there must first be a fairy created from a true mate bond between the two fairy realms. That child that they produced would be the one to have the moon flower born child. Which could then produce the child with a dragon that would birth the Sun God's soul. It was too difficult to achieve, unlikely to be achievable at all in his eyes, because Freya had ripped the fairy realm in two at the loss of her Dragon Mate. Now no night fairy and sun fairy could be mated to each other. There were no true Mate Bonds between any fairies anymore. She'd been so devastated by the Fairy Realms' betrayal, so much so that she refused to allow them a Goddess-Gifted Mate. So, it was to him an impossible prophecy to try and bring about. Two of his own brothers used that prophecy to get themselves sun fairy concubines. They were literally just something for his brothers to f\*\*k when they wanted to and nothing more. The ones that did conceive had mostly perished from trying to birth a dragon. Not many out there could carry a dragon without some sort of dragon lineage behind them. Conceive yes, bring to full term and survive it; No. Waylon, at three hundred, had no off spring at all. He would wait for the one that was meant for him. He'd never tried to create a draglet, which like so many of his brothers' dragon concubines had done, those that had managed it, the child was not recognized as their true lineage anyway, and held no status at all within their world. Because their own mothers weren't in a Mate Bond with any of his brothers. Those dragon concubines were foolish, and deluded themselves into thinking his brothers would take them as their Mate if they could give him a son or daughter. His brothers, however, were cold and uncaring, they could be charming and full of love and devotion if they so chose to be. But they were only like that in order to get a new concubine. It was all a game of deception. For his brothers, they would only take a Goddess-Gifted and no other. He thought that even doing that would see that poor creature suffer at his brothers hands. They would not be faithful. He had been raised by his father, after his mother had handed him over, because when he had been born, she'd sensed no dryad within him, and he couldn't live the way she did. So giving him up to his Dragon father was the only option. His father had actually acknowledged him as his kin, because his mother held great druid powers, it was possible that one day he too would come into that. But his father was not a compassionate man either, cold and heartless for the most part, for although he had acknowledged him, he had then left him with the queen, to raise him, and she had hated him from the moment she knew about him. He'd never seen his father throughout his growing years, wasn't worthy of being in his presence, was to his father nothing more than a concubine's child. Only had his father truly acknowledged him and accepted him in his presence, when Waylon had produced fire in his human form. None of his father's other children, Waylon's half siblings, could do that. And that to his father saw that his illegitimate son was actually stronger than his own true heir to the throne. Waylon, at 18, had returned to his mother after that, a woman he'd never been allowed to see. The queen had forbade it, but she'd had no choice once he came into his true powers. No one could stop him, and so he'd left to learn the Dryad Druid ways, had spent the next

50 years with his mother. Only to return when it was demanded of him. His own father had threatened him with burning down his mother's forest, effectively killing her. She'd smiled a little sadly at him and told him to go. Upon his return, his father had given him the title of Dragon Flame and his half-siblings were no longer allowed to touch him, torture him or harm him in any way, as they had done all through his growing years. It was now written by his own father's hand that if Waylon found his Goddess-Gifted before his oldest sibling and produced an heir, he would be seated as the new King of the Dragon Realm. Waylon, on the other hand, didn't want it and, to his father's disappointment and his brother's joy, he'd declared he had no intention of reigning and had handed that title right back to his brother. His brother thought it was because he'd been afraid of him, but it was simply because the Dryad in him longed for a peaceful life in the forest of his own valley and nothing more. Daxton had no interest in the cruel world of Dragon backstabbing and killing to get to the throne either. His beast was large and impressive, but had a gentle nature like the Dryads. Neither he nor his beast wanted anything to do with dragon politics, or the royal family bickering and traitorous ways of how they got power for themselves. Those in the royal families of dragons were all power-hungry, greedy, and overly ambitious creatures who had deceit running in their veins. All his siblings hungered for the throne, tried to lord their power over each other, in an effort to get their fathers' approval for the throne, but none could obtain it, because none had bonded to another. Dragons were stubborn, willful creatures and wouldn't allow their human to mark one that was not their Goddess-Gifted Mate. The Sun God had been a dragon, who'd loved the Moon Goddess with his entire soul, and he never strayed from her. His own dragons were no different, they loved their God's Mate even though he was no longer with her or them. Every kingdom within the Dragon Realm had temples of worship for Selena, the Moon Goddess, and they prayed one day her one true Mate would be blessed back into the realms. That they could be reunited and happy. Waylon pulled himself from his thoughts and turned his eyes to the King's Eyes, as they sat quietly and ate, he knew they were communicating between themselves, and he left them to it. They were likely discussing their plan from here on out. His only plan was to wait for what they did, then collect what he was owed. No one could stop him. He out-muscled everyone here, including the King's Eyes. But he'd made an oath, and his word was always true, he never lied to someone, saw no point in it. If he didn't want to do something, he just stated no and walked away. No one could make him do anything he didn't want anymore and none could stop him, not even his own father. That irritated the Dragon King a lot, which just amused Waylon. He liked to antagonize the King of Dragons nowadays.

1978 Words

Ryder That Alpha was fuming at seeing his Luna chained up, yet he had the hide to yell at her the King's Eyes. He clearly did think he was the law out here on the outskirts of the realm. Christian was right, he needed her and the troop to show his power and be his sword out here. To try and bring about some sort of civilization to the outer fringes. She stood there just staring at him from behind her cloak, uncaring of all his aggression or the words that he spoke, because the more he tried to assert his control and power over her, the more he would suffer. A part of her really wanted to see just how entitled

this Alpha really was. Did he actually think that he was above his own king's laws? She also knew that everything that came from this Alpha's mouth was a complete lie. Her last comment, about his own son having forged his signature, had snapped the man's mouth shut, because if he stated yes, she'd just go and rip the boy's head off, but if he said no she would rip his head off. He was now in a bind, his life or his son's life hung on his own words. She was silent for a long moment as she considered just stabbing the Alpha before her, but then she realized someone else had yet to be presented to her. "Which one of those here has the gift of foresight?" she asked. She'd told him to bring that person to her, and yet he'd not done so. "How would I know?" he retorted. "Hmm... I guess." She turned and looked at those already chained up. "I'll go and pull it from..." She walked away from him and along the line of his kin, she had his entire unit out here, and their direct heirs. None of this Alpha's men had escaped her troop. She stopped before his own Mate and smiled. "This one," she stated, and hunkered down and pulled out a blade. "She belongs to the King's Eyes now, anyway. So if you interfere Galard I'll just kill her. It's just one less deceitful, untrustworthy wolf in the realm, which is better for everyone, isn't it." "Don't you touch her," Galard snapped at her. Ryder smiled and turned to look at him. "Come closer, Alpha, step into the King's Eyes lands." She snorted with full amusement. There was a neat little set of pegs dropped into the ground around their tent, which made the border of the King's Eyes domain while they were in any pack, and without permission, if he set a single foot inside of it, she could kill him without issue. She may have just asked him to step in, but it wasn't an invitation, more of a threat that if he did, she'd kill him and his Luna. She turned and watched him as his eyes moved to the border of their own making. He knew he either couldn't or shouldn't. She turned back to the Luna, dismissing him, he wasn't going to, and she knew it. She took a moment to explain to the Luna a she-wolf apparently uneducated about the King's Eyes, "Where our tent stands is considered the king's own land within a pack. If he breaches the border laid out, just for you. I'll gut him like the pig that he is, right before your own eyes... Do you think he should save you, or just answer my question and tell me who the one with foresight is? You could tell me and save him for now," she offered. "They're in the dungeon, a she-wolf, bound to him by an Alpha's Oath mark," The Luna stated. "Very wise," Ryder stated, and stood up and turned to Galard. "Bring her to me, I won't ask a third time, instead I'll have the Flame over there just burn your pack to the ground. I'm certain he's willing to work with me." she stated. Galard still stood there staring at her, unwavering. He didn't think he had to obey, it seemed, he didn't move or connect a mind-link to anyone. She smiled and then just snapped her dagger down and into the Luna's leg. The she-wolf screamed in pain and reached for the blade. "I wouldn't do that," she told her. "You'll bleed out in minutes without your beast to heal the artery. She pulled another blade and angled it at the Luna as she stared at Galard, his eyes were now on her. She raised her hand as if to snap it into the Luna and a frustrated roar came from him, and he turned and stalked off. "Five minutes is all you get," Ryder called out after him. "For every minute more I have to wait, one blade goes into your Luna." Galard stopped walking and turned to glare at her looked to be about to yell something at her, and she stated before he could, "Four minutes, 59 seconds, four minutes 58 seconds." To prove she would do it, he was gone, hurrying off across the grass towards the packhouse. She shook her head a little. The wolves out here in the wolfen realm were a whole other breed altogether. They

were harder to deal with, they were less civilized and thought they held all the power, just because they had Alpha-blood. Even when faced with one such as her. He knew what she was, who she represented and the power she held, yet still had the audacity to lie to her face, drag things out and try and hide things from her and her troop. She didn't know where the dungeon was, was it directly under the packhouse or out in the woods somewhere like it was in the human world. Which would be a 30 or 40-minute walk away. If that was the case, this Alpha's Luna would be dead before he came back at the pace he was walking away. Food was brought to them, and she sat down to eat with her troop and Max connected himself to all of them, 'Do you think he'll run and just let her and his kin die?' 'Maybe, if so that Flame can go collect him,' she shrugged. She knew Waylon had a blood debt with that man. She didn't think he would let that Alpha go either. She was keeping an eye on the time as she ate and stood up with 30 seconds left and looked at the Luna "29, 28, 27." She started counting it down for her. "He'll come." She blurted out in panic when she hit the 15-second mark, as she realized Ryder was actually going to snap another blade into her. "He'll never make it back," Isla stated. "It took him a minute to get to the packhouse front door." Ryder had her eyes on the packhouse, and Galard appeared in the doorway with a she-wolf in tow, as she hit five seconds. "See here he comes." The Luna rushed out. Ryder continued to count and then snapped that blade she was holding down into her at zero, "60, 59, 58." She started counting once more even as the Luna cried out in pain as that blade went right through her hand and impaling her to the ground. Galard stilled and watched her draw another blade. "I'm bringing her." he yelled. Ryder didn't care she'd given him five minutes to have the she-wolf in front of her, not way over there at the packhouse, and continued to count it down for him. She watched him pick up his pace and drag that she-wolf along behind him, she looked unkempt and thin, but still young and unlike a real prisoner at all. If she lived in a dungeon she'd reek of filth. Those places didn't get cleaned and the clothes she wore didn't add up in Ryder's eyes. Cell clothing here in the realm was just a heshen sack with sleeves and a neck hole cut into them. This she-wolf wore pants and a short-sleeve top, and although it was threadbare, she could discern the difference and understood why it had taken this Alpha longer than it should have. He'd had to hunt down and put an oath on some random omega that he owned. He flung the girl into the King's Eyes encampment as she got to 10, and the girl held up a shaky wrist to her to show an oath band there, she was just omega ranked and there was nothing filthy smelling about her. Ryder hit zero and snapped her blade into the Luna once more, pulled another from her top and restarted her count down. "I got two dozen of these. I wonder how many the Luna can take," She murmured. "I brought the one with foresight," Galard yelled right at her, pointing to the omega now at her feet. Ryder looked at the girl, who was sitting there trembling before her and continued the count-down, "54, 53, 52." Max stepped up next to her and stated, "Just kill the Luna and move on to the next one of his kin at zero. Sooner or later we'll get to one he actually cares about." "Agreed." Her entire troop stated in unison. Allowing Galard to understand that not one of them believed this young omega with no signs of aging or deterioration from over use of her foresight was the one they wanted presented to them. Ryder nodded but looked at the omega before her and hunkered down. "Tell me who it is, and I'll not only spare you, but see your family moved to a better pack." The moment she spoke, Max continued the countdown. "Lyra, her name's Lyra." The omega whispered.



"Your name in full," Ryder asked right back. "Calla Harlaw." Came the response. Ryder stood and so did everyone in the King's Eyes, and she turned to the Luna, "Your life is worth nothing to your Alpha Mate, who tosses me lie after lie, unconcerned about your own safety or well-being. You might as well not exist," She stated and aimed that blade at her. "I'll relieve you of your worthless life myself." "I'll take you to her myself," the Luna rushed out. Ryder's hand stilled, and she nodded, put that blade away. "Chain the Alpha troop. There will be no more mercy granted, I'm over it," Ryder stated and released the Luna from the silver cuff, so her wolf could come back to her, and heal her wounds as she removed the blades one at a time. She could hear that Alpha was over there fighting now not to be taken down, only he didn't know he'd never win, not even against Isla. She was a tiny five-foot-two weapon of unyielding brute force. It only took two minutes before Galard was chained up in the Luna's place. He yelled right at his own Luna about her betraying him. She turned and looked right at him, and snarled, "You betrayed us first." Then turned to Ryder, "This way." and walked off. Ryder found Waylon right next to her as she walked following the Luna, and she looked at him. "Where my scale goes, I go." He stated simply, but she had a feeling there was more to it than that, right this very minute.