## **Chapter 13 Thirteen**

Cyrus's POV.

The meetings with the elders didn't go quite well, as they weren't ready to listen to me, and if they wouldn't obey me, I owe them no help.

With the information I was able to gather, I found out that some young girls mysteriously die every third week of the month, but no one had a clue how it happened since there was no demon in the kingdom.

The elders had tried to force a deadline on me by ordering me to come to the bottom of the matter before the third week of the next month, but I was quick to shun them and remind them of who I was, even though I had to switch to my wolf form to declare my dominance.

They called me all sorts of names before leaving my presence in fear. I honestly don't have any clue as to why they hate me so much.

After the meeting with them, I returned to the palace and found Emelia in the hallway. She was seated on the floor, and her knees were brought to her chest as she cried.

"Emelia, dear, what happened?" I asked as I lifted her face and cupped her cheeks. Her eyes were red and swollen from crying as her make-up smeared on her snow-white skin.

"My heart has been broken," she replied, and I immediately understood that it was a boy issue.

I said to her, "I'm sorry dear, let's talk in my room," I said to her and helped her on her feet as I led her into my room.

Once we got in, she sat next to me and wiped the tears off her face.

"Now who dares to hurt my little princess?" I cooed, after noticing she was ready to talk.

"Brother, don't get mad at me, but I have fallen in love with your Beta, yet he doesn't feel the same way towards me. She cried, and my heart sank.

There was really nothing much I could do since it involved Marcus. He was my friend, after all, and I couldn't force my sister on him if he didn't feel the same way towards her.

Or perhaps, could it be that he was denying the fact because of his respect for me?

"Don't cry anymore, Emelia, I'll talk to him about it," I assured her and watched as her face bloomed with joy.

"Thank you so much." She threw her tiny arms across me as she gave me a hug that made me smile. But I was quick to remember what had been bothering my mind about her, so I took this as a cue since I wouldn't get the chance to do it later.

"Emelia, why are you alive?" I finally asked as she drew away from the hug.

"I must have forgotten to tell you," she slapped her brow before sitting up in bed.

I managed to master my powers and, with one of our mother's old books, I was able to make myself immortal, but only for a hundred years at a time. Then I'd sleep for another hundred years. " She said as my eyes opened in astonishment. I never knew something like that could happen.

"That's very smart. Well done. " I patted her hair and it made her smile.

"Brother, please do speak to Martinus now," she pleaded, and I instructed her to call for Martinus's attention and that I would meet them at the throne room.

She was quick to dash out of my room, and I sighed. I honestly wish there was more I could do to help her with this issue, but if Martinus doesn't want her, then she would have to outgrow her obsession with him and focus on someone else.

Shortly after, she came to inform me that Martinus was already waiting in the throne room, so I quickly prepared myself for the meeting with him.

On getting there, I could see he was confused as to why I would have called him to the throne room like this, but he had nothing to worry about.

"Your highness." He acknowledged my presence with a bow, and I was quick to tell him to lift his head.

"Do you know why you're here?" I asked.

"Not at all," he responded, his brows furrowed in confusion.

"It's about my sister Emelia." I answered, and he muttered, "Oh."

"Do you feel any way towards her?" I asked, and his face seemed to have calmed as he turned to look at Emelia and back at me.

"My highness, I only see her like a sister I need to protect," he responded, and I watched as Emelia's face fell pale.

"Be honest with me. Don't consider the fact that I'm your king, but be sincere with this. " I asked again, hoping he might change his answer.

Martinus was a great man, so I had no issue with him ending up with my sister. Perhaps if it were to be some other man, I would be throwing fists.

"Your highness, I only see her like a sister I need to protect." He repeated his answers, and I sighed before turning to look at Emelia, who seemed like she was about to cry.

"Emelia, perhaps you aren't meant to be with him and you'll find your right partner soon." I tried to sympathise with her, but she threw me a dirty look with tears in her eyes before running away from the throne room.

"I'm sorry for the discomfort, Martinus. You may be excused. " I sighed and watched as he turned his back to leave before I suddenly remembered that I hadn't dealt with the demon in some time and she might probably be enjoying being idle in the cell.

"Martinus?" I called for his attention.

"Your highness," he responded, as he turned to look at me.

"Bring the demon to me," I ordered, and he gave a small bow before walking away.

Martinus's POV

I was bothered to hear that the king seemed to be calling for my attention. It was so soon, and perhaps Emelia really did tell the king about me. What a spoiled little girl.

I managed to take deep breaths to relieve myself of the tension before going to the throne room. I met with Emelia, who was staring at me with a satisfied face but didn't say a word before walking away from the room, and I guessed she must have gone to call for the King.

It didn't take a while before I noticed the king's presence and gave him a bow. My heart was beating fast as I didn't know what the king's judgement might be because I had disobeyed his rules for the first time ever, but I just had to do it.

I wasn't okay with the way he was treating her without much evidence that proved she was a demon, and I felt like she needed me to help her out of this situation. I just couldn't help myself from helping her.

But for some reason, I felt like Emelia couldn't have told the king because I doubt she would be able to watch me in pain, so I was confused as to why I was called in this manner.

"Do you know why you're here?" King Cyrus asked, How in hell should I know why I was here when I was basically clueless?

"Not at all," I responded, after clearing my throat. With the look on his face, it seemed like he wasn't comfortable with this, so what could it be?

"It's about my sister, Emelia," he said, and I suddenly understood what the meeting was about as I sighed in my mind. The little girl will definitely go to great lengths to have me.

"Do you feel any way towards her?" He asked, and I turned to look at her before shifting my gaze back to the king. She seemed excited about this, but I would hate to see her shattered after I rejected her a hundred times. To be honest, it was no longer new to me and I was getting bored of her phase.

I only see her as a sister, and I would hate to involve myself with her romantically. I still curse the day she got me really drunk and touched me in my private places.

I was glad that even in my drunk state, I couldn't let her go any further, so I was quick to push her away.

"My highness, I only see her like a sister I need to protect," I responded. In the most polite way I could, but I could already tell that she was almost in tears. Hasn't her eyes dried off yet from all the tears she has been shedding? She really needs to grow up.

Be honest with me. Don't consider the fact that I'm your king, but be sincere with this. The king insisted, but it was obvious he wasn't comfortable with this either, so I responded with the same answer I gave him earlier.

I watched how he tried to console her, but being a child, she cried and ran away to her room as I sighed. Even if I was eventually going to give my heart to a girl, I would prefer a girl that matches my energy, a girl that understands the ways of life, not a girl that cries over a simple "No."

After we both watched her run away, the King apologised for my time, and I turned to leave, but he called back for my attention.

"Bring the demon to me," he ordered, and I could swear I felt my heart skip a beat, but I quickly pushed it away and gave him a bow before walking towards the dungeon.

I had thought I wouldn't be able to see her anymore, yet the king had just given me this opportunity. At first, I was happy, but at the same time, I couldn't comprehend all of the horrible things he could do to her once she got to him. Sadly, I can't do much to help her.

Before going to the dungeon, I managed to get some bread from the pantry, but it was a really small loaf that wouldn't do much, but at least she would get to eat something.

The guards saw me approaching and blocked my way, but I reassured them that it was the king who had sent me to bring her to him.

On getting to her cell, I saw her seated on the floor as usual, but this time something was different and weird about it. Her skin was looking pale, and it was obvious she had fallen sick. I honestly didn't think she was a demon. Demons don't get sick, or is this a facade? I still needed to be extra careful around her.

I called her name, "Freya," and she slowly lifted her face to look at me with a small smile. Her lips were pale and cracked, and her eyes were dull.

"Are you okay?" I asked, and she nodded her head.

"Take this and eat it fast." I stretched my hands to give her the bread, but she only stared at it with no emotion before shaking her head and rejecting the food.

"Thank you, but I can't accept this," she responded.

"Maybe I'm just stupid and cursed. I used to live a comfortable life in the pack house, but I wanted to explore what it felt like to be alone and fought to live alone. My loving father gave me freedom, yet I didn't think of him while following a complete stranger to a new land because of the bond I felt with him, "she coughed.

"Without committing any crime, I am being punished by my mate, and it hurts me so much. It wouldn't have hurt this much if it was someone else, but I guess this is my life now."

"Thank you for your kindness, but I'd rather not eat and die than eat and watch my mate break my heart." She chuckled, but I could feel the pain behind those faces. Hell, I could see the evident pain on her face, but I chose to not totally let my guard down around her since I wasn't sure if she was a demon or not.