

Chapter 21 Twenty-one

His cold hands suddenly touched my cheeks as his thumb brushed against the upper part of my lips. My heart started to beat really fast as I was scared of what he would do, but I didn't want to come off as rude by removing my hands from my face. After all, he has always been the one helping me.

"You had something on your lips," he said, and I responded with an "oh, but his eyes weren't departing from my lips as his thumb still stayed on my cheeks and I was feeling uncomfortable until I heard a voice cursing behind me.

What the bloody hell is going on here? The King's sister, Emelia, roared in anger as she approached us and yanked Martinus's hands from my face while sending me a death glare.

She has never liked me since I stepped foot into the palace, and she was the one who also accused me of being a demon, made the king hate me, and punished me till I passed out and got sick for days.

"You cheap whore! " She yelled, and the next thing I felt was my cheeks stinging from the painful impact of her slap.

I tried so much to hold back the tears in my eyes, but I couldn't hold them in no matter how much I tried.

I could hear Martinus scolding her and the both of them arguing, but I couldn't stay and wait any longer as I stood up and ran away from their presence and into the palace.

I hated it here. I felt so vulnerable and weak, unlike how I used to be in my pack. I was the strongest and most feared princess in the pack, but then my quest for love turned me into a slave in a foreign land.

I could hear Martinus calling after me, but I couldn't possibly wait, so I kept on running till I entered the king's room and crashed on his bed, crying.

"Why are you crying?" the king asked, and I hadn't even realised that he was back in the palace.

Without lifting my head to look at his face, I tried to clean the tears away from my eyes. I couldn't possibly let him know that his sister hit me since he would still support her and maybe punish me for being with Martinus, so it would be best to keep quiet.

"You're here," I said, hoping to divert the topic.

"It's my room, why are you crying?" he asked again.

I said, "Nothing much, I had fallen on the floor while taking a stroll." I lied, but he didn't seem to buy it. I could feel his anger as he stared at my face without moving his eyes from me.

"Who hit you?" He roared, with his eyes still on my face. He probably knew that I was lying, and that was another thing on its own as he might decide to punish me for lying to him, but nothing would get better. I knew if I told him the truth, he'd be angry, so I kept quiet.

"For the last time, Freya, who dared to hit your face!" He roared again, but this time it was louder and filled with anger that my body started to shake. I couldn't keep quiet anymore as his eyes burned into my skin and his growls became louder as every second passed.

"Emelia," I answered under my breath, as I shut my eyes. I had just put myself in more trouble, but as I opened my eyes, I couldn't find him in the room anymore. Where did he go?

"Emelia!" I heard his voice roaring from outside the palace and realised he had gone to see his sister. I was suddenly scared for her. I never thought he would be mad at her and I hoped he wouldn't hurt her, so I immediately left the room to follow after him.

On getting there, I could see him standing in front of Emelia as he looked at her with fierce eyes and his jaw clenching. It was obvious that he was trying to hold his anger back.

"How dare you hit my mate Emelia?" he growled at her while she had a perplexed look on her face.

Emelia responded with the same vigour, but the King quickly silenced her by yelling her name.

"She's my mate and she deserves the same respect I get in the palace, so I won't condone anyone touching her." With the way he defended me, I felt butterflies in my stomach for some inexplicable reason.

Well, guess what, your mate was just on a date with Martinus.

"Enough!" The king shunned her yet again as I spotted her eyes tearing up.

"You're seriously scolding me because of this demon of a whore here?" She cried as her eyes betrayed her and the tears flowed down her cheek.

The king threatened, "One more word about her being a demon and I promise to punish you regardless of your status as my little sister," while Emelia scoffed and let out a mocking laugh.

"Well, I'll keep insulting and hitting her because she's nothing but a useless home wrecker that sells her slutty demonic body to men! "She spat, but my eyes widened in shock the moment the king raised his hands to hit her.

"Your highness, please!" I immediately pleaded in an audible tone before his hand would land on her cheeks. Him hitting her would only cause more problems for me.

I was glad he listened to me and didn't hurt her, but she had a look of shock and disbelief on her face.

"Freya!!" The king called my name as he stretched his arms out for me.

"Perhaps the reason for the disrespect is because she's yet to be married to me," he said, as both Emelia and I stared at him with a perplexed look on our faces.

"Brother, you can't..."

"At this moment, I claim Freya as my bride and mate, and also the future queen," he stated as silence filled the hall.

