

Chapter 22 Twenty-two

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

Both Martinus and Emelia were as shocked as I was, as they all stared at the King and me in disbelief.

I was supposed to be happy about this, but he had claimed me as his bride out of anger, and I didn't know what to feel at the moment.

After the king made his announcement, he dragged my hand and we both left for the room. I could also see Martinus staring at me with mixed feelings, but when he realised I was staring back, he quickly gave me a small smile that I very well knew wasn't genuine.

We got into his room, and he let go of my arm after inhaling deep breaths in an attempt to calm himself.

"You're my bride now," he said, but his face wasn't turned to me, so I couldn't tell how he was feeling about this.

"My King, if you're not happy with this, it's fine and I'll be here till you're ready, but I don't want to rush you. "

"You're not rushing me and you can't rush me," he immediately responded, and I kept quiet as he turned his face to look at mine.

"After all, you're my mate, and you should be my bride," he said, cupping my cheeks.

He was way taller than me, so he bent his face to be on the same level as mine, and I could perceive his smell, which smelled like a mixture of vanilla and mint. It was intoxicating, but my eyes suddenly sprang open when I realised he could also perceive my aroma, and he hated it.

But as I was staring at his face, he looked like he was fighting to break through the smell as his brows cringed, yet he didn't move back from me.

I was scared he might leave and vomit anytime soon, so I seized my breath even though I very well knew that alone wouldn't hide the smell.

"Breathe" he commanded, and I embarrassedly let go of it as I slowly breathed.

I was getting bothered about how he was staying so close to my face, but it was also relaxing and I could feel my tense muscles loosening until I finally gave in and decided that I'd let my body take over.

After some time, I suddenly felt his soft yet rough lips on my lip as he kissed and sucked on both my lips. It felt like heaven and even better than the previous kiss we had had and I was down to earth for it. It sent sparks of butterflies to my stomach as I could not control the urge to kiss him back, but then he suddenly pulled away just when I was about to kiss him.

I had wanted it to be a long kiss but was more scared than disappointed when he pulled away, but with his hands still on my cheeks and the smile on his face, I was assured that he didn't find me irritating anymore.

"I'm sorry about Emelia, and I'm getting married to you because I really do like you, Freya, even though I didn't want to. "He said, and I felt like I was in a dream. "You might have the stench of a demon, but your soul is like that of an angel, so I promise to look past the stench in order to like you more."

This couldn't possibly be real and how did all of this happen? I was head over hills with the words he professed to me that I didn't know when I had thrown my arms around his body. It seemed to have caught him off guard, but he was quick to adjust himself and hugged me even tighter while inhaling my scent.

"You're making it smell like heaven," he chuckled, before pulling away with a smile on his face.

"I'll leave now, but I'll be back soon. I have work to do, "he said before placing a kiss on my forehead and walking out of the room.

This is it. Finally, he sees me as the real me and is now willing to accept me. I'm glad I didn't give up on him but strived to make him know that I was innocent and my hard work finally paid off.

I had expected it to take a really long time before he would crack, but thanks to the moon goddess, he is now mine.

Cyrus's POV

The moment I saw the marks on her cheeks, I could feel my blood pumping and the adrenaline rushing through every vein in me. Someone had the audacity to hit her.

I should be the only one to touch her, and I haven't even hit her, yet some moron thinks it's the right thing to do.

"For the last time, Freya, who dared to hit your face!" I roared and could notice it had a lot of effect on her. She was being too stubborn and this was the only way to make her talk.

"Emelia," she answered. I knew it could be just her, but she has taken it too far. There should be a line between what she can do and what she should not do, but this was way beyond the line.

With anger in me, I stormed out of the room and roared her name so she would come out. Before she arrived, I tried to calm myself a little because I might end up injuring her if I spoke to her in my current state of anger, but it wasn't working and I was still upset.

She showed up in my presence and I had expected her to apologise to Freya, yet she was proving to be the victim and placing thoughts in my head. calling Freya all sorts of names and claiming Freya and Martinus were seeing behind my back.

