## **Chapter 8 Eigh**

He was fighting against the demon king, whom I had killed earlier on. The demon had a grin on his face, and the next thing I saw was his sword cutting through my father's neck.

"Father!" I yelled at the top of my lungs. Everything around me suddenly became black and white as I watched the demon hold my father's head with a grin on his face before tossing it away. I couldn't bring myself to trace his head as I only stared at the demon king, who had now locked eyes with me.

"I killed you," I managed to mutter after staring at him with a frozen body for a while.

You're a mouse to me. I'm the lion. There's no way you think you're a match for me. I knew your plan and was ahead of you, "he laughed evilly as he ordered his warriors to hold me captive.

I couldn't fight. I didn't fight because it was hopeless and there was no way I would match up against them all.

I looked around me and found dead bodies all over the floor, including my father's. There were none of the demons but only my men.

A drop of water slipped through my eyes as my hands were chained by the demons. Hearing them laugh at me was infuriating, but there was nothing I could do because I was their hostage.

## (1730)

A while ago, a century had passed, yet I was still alive and captured by the demon king. For a hundred years, I wasn't fed or released from this chain that was now rusty from the amount of dried blood on it.

I cursed the day Emelia cast a spell to save me from any form of death. If she had just been obedient, then she wouldn't have run back to me to cast the spell on me.

I wish I could just die and escape the pain. I was cast in the worst part of hell. The part where there was a fire burning every hour of the day and I soon became used to it, knowing this was how I would continue to live for eternity.

The worst part of it all was that my body burned and healed at the same time, bringing up new flesh to be burned. It hurts and I used to scream in pain, but that only fueled the demon's happiness, so I became mute.

They would cut me with a sword while I was in the flames to make me scream out in pain, but I withheld my pain. It only made them angry, and every single day they came up with new weapons to torment me with as they would spit on me while torturing me.

I wouldn't deny the fact that even in this condition, I still had my family on my mind. They were the only ones who brought a smile to my face.

I was in the middle of praying for death or praying to escape. If I died, I would meet my parents and Emelia in the afterlife, but if

I survive, I'll meet with my best friend.

But for some reason, I felt like Emelia was still very alive as the spell she cast on me didn't break yet. I don't know how she did it, but I would be glad if I could see her face someday.

I snapped out of my usual thoughts when I heard the steps of the demons approaching. I knew they were here to torment me again. I tried to inhale a deep breath but flames had slipped into my nose, causing them to burn and hurt so badly.

But something was different and off today. Not only was the demon coming to torment me, but the demon king also followed them.

My anger fueled at the sight of him as my jaws clenched, but there was absolutely nothing I could do about it.

"Look at me," the demon king commanded, but I still kept my head facing the floor of flames.

"Don't make me repeat myself, little mouse," he growled, and I could sense that he was quick to lose his temper. I really wanted to see him frustrated, but I suddenly yelled at the top of my lungs when I was struck with one of the weapons I hated badly.

Whenever they used it on me, I felt thousands of pounds of pain from a single hit, but I had tried to hide my pain from then on so they wouldn't use it on me anymore. Today, I wasn't expecting it.

When the weapon touched my body, I felt as if I were being shocked and drowning, as if my organs were exploding and my head was being severed from my body. I felt a lot of things.

I didn't want them to use it on me anymore, so I lifted my head to look at the demon king, who had a grin on his face. The grin I vow to take away from his face one day.

"Very well," he said, as soon as he was satisfied with the way I looked.

"You've suffered enough for over a century, and I'm going to spare you today." He smiled while my brows furrowed in confusion. He was all about killing me, so why the sudden change of mind?

Release his chains and set him free. The mouse needs to be pitied sometimes, "he smiled and turned his back to walk away from me while I stared in confusion.

The chains were suddenly broken and I was free. I tried to lift my legs but it felt like there wasn't a single bone there as it had been a long time since I moved a leg.

I was quick to find my steps as the demons led me outside with scorn on their ugly faces. They were probably really sad to see me leave their home. They won't be able to torture me anymore.

In the blink of an eye, I wasn't in hell anymore, but I rather found myself in the middle of a very strange land that was filled with lots of people.

"A mad man! He's naked! " A child yelled, and everyone's attention quickly turned to me. I looked at my body and realised I was truly naked and my skin was ugly from the amount of dried blood on it.

"Get away!" They all started to scream as the women covered their children's faces, and I felt so embarrassed until I felt a sharp pain in my head and realised they were all throwing stones at me.

"You're scaring the little ones. Go away!" They yelled as the stones continued to connect with my body.

"Stop!" A feminine voice yelled as she shoved through the crowd that surrounded me with a big scarf in her hands. A young lady ran towards me and wrapped the scarf around me, but an unfamiliar but beautiful smell suddenly hit my nose and my body tingled. The smell was coming from her and I could feel my wolf in me jubilating.

"My mate?" I whispered, but she didn't seem to have heard me.

"Let's go," she calmly said, with her soothing voice, as she led me away from the crowd after throwing them a disgusting look.

Not only was she my mate, but she was the only one who cared about me enough to help me out while the rest threw stones at me. I couldn't help myself from staring at her beautiful face and gorgeous strawberry lips. Her skin was the smoothest I have ever seen, and her lashes fell on her cheeks as she joyously blinked her eyes.

Her hair was the darkest shade I have ever seen, but it looked absolutely perfect on her. "How can a woman be so beautiful?" I asked myself before feeling something pulsating beneath me, and it was my pennis. For the first time ever, I was aroused by a woman.

She took me to her house and offered me a bath she had made for me. After clearing my body off all the stains and dirt of hell, I finally came out of the bathroom to find some clothes for me on her bed. My nose caught up with the delicious aroma coming from her kitchen. She's too nice to be true.

She joined me in her room afterwards with a tray of food in her hands. I hadn't eaten in over a hundred years, and seeing the food on the tray made me salivate. Without thinking twice, I started eating, and in no time, I had finished the food.

After I finished eating, I thanked her, but she seemed to be confused and lost in her thoughts before I eventually got her attention.

She had worries in her face, but I had no idea what was going on in her mind.

"You feel it too, don't you?" She asked as she stared at me with pale eyes, and I nodded my head. I was glad she also knew she was my mate, but what I didn't understand was the bitter expression on her face. She was worried about something.

"Is something wrong?" I asked as I finally mustered up the courage to touch her soft face as I cupped her cheeks in my hands.

"I'm the Alpha's daughter, and he'll freak out if he realizes I'm mated to a rogue. I don't know what to do," she sighed and rubbed her palms on her face.

"I'm not just a rogue, I'm King Cyrus," I said, and watched how she laughed at me, thinking I was insane. I've been laughed at for the past hundred years and would have been really angry if anyone else laughed at me, but her laughter only made me smile as I found it amusing.

"Now you're bluffing; the King died a lot of years back and the kingdom is being ruled by his sister," she said, and joy creeped into my heart when I realised Emelia was still alive.

"I'll never lie to you, my lady." I smiled at her and could sense she was being convinced.

"He'll never believe you," she said in a low tone.

"Then I'll take you away with me. You'll be my queen," I said as I caressed her cheeks. I could feel my penis being aroused once more.

"Can I kiss you, my lady?" I asked for her permission because I didn't think I could hold it in any longer. I wanted to touch every part of her, but I'll take it slow with her.

She nodded her head in agreement as I leaned against her and kissed her lips. They tasted and felt so much better than you would have ever imagined.

It also felt like she was kissing for the first time, but so was I. The thought of her not knowing any other man made me happy, and I felt my penis pulsating even more. It started to hurt, but I was shocked when I felt her soft long fingers on my penis.

I knew she was trying to calm it down, but it only made things worse than before.

"That's not helping, my lady." I groaned in pain as I broke the perfect kiss.

Her eyes were glowing, and her cheeks slightly flushed in embarrassment. I immediately felt bad for making her uncomfortable.

"It feels great, but it would only make me crave you more," I said, trying to lighten her mood.

"I'm not stopping you. I can feel it too," her sweet voice responded, and that was the only word I needed to hear before I kissed every inch of her body.

Without further ado, I brought my lips to hers, but this kiss felt better than the first because we had both figured out how to kiss.

With one hand supporting her head, my second hand connected with her zip and her dress fell. I grabbed her soft boobs and squeezed them in my hands. Her nipples were hard and waiting for my lips.

I didn't want them to wait any longer, so I brought my mouth to her boobs, sucking and nibbling on her nipples as her moans filled the room.

"What do I call you?"

"Freya."