

Chapter 9 Nine

The next day came, and we had both agreed to escape to my kingdom. She was afraid of what her father would do to me if he found out, but I assured her that we would pay him a visit once we were marked in my kingdom, and that we would invite him to the ceremony.

She was reassured by my words and trusted me a lot. I wondered if she was always this sweet and trusting or if she was only this way towards me.

She had brought her horse along, and we both rode on it throughout the journey and rested at some spots at night.

It took us exactly seven days to get to the palace. I was happy I was finally home and couldn't wait to meet my little sister. I hope she remembers me.

"Are you nervous?" She asked me as she wrapped her arms around my waist on the horse.

"Not at all. I can't wait for you to meet my beautiful sister. She'll definitely love you," I replied, and even though I wasn't looking at her face, I could feel her smiling.

"You still haven't told me what happened to you while you were in hell." She said

"It's all in the past and nothing for you to worry about because I don't wish to think about what I went through," I responded.

"I don't mean to make you remember, but for about a week since I met you, I have been having really bad dreams about you. I saw you struggling in the burning flames and the flames never stopped but only grew. "

"I tried to help you get out of the fire, but I was helpless and couldn't do anything. Rather, the fire burnt me whenever I tried to help.

"I tried waking up from the dream and perhaps I wouldn't dream about it anymore, but it kept on coming all through the night and for the past week," she said with worry in her voice.

I replied, "I'm sorry you had to see all of that in your dreams every night because of me, but what you saw was what happened to me in hell for over a hundred years."

"That must have been tough. I'm sorry you went through all of that. I promise to make you forget about all of those by being the perfect mate for you. She said this, and a smile crept onto my face. Then I realised I was blushing because of a woman.

She's everything I have ever prayed for and she showed up just when I was giving up on the moon goddess and our prayers being answered, but I guess the goddess exists afterall.

We arrived at the Kingdom of Denmore, and as I stared at it in astonishment, it looked exactly like how it was. The burnt villages have been rebuilt, and I could see the castle from where I was.

We passed by the exact field where I had fought against the demons and where my father had died. The memories of his head being slain flashed through my head, and I felt bitter seeing the field.

I remembered how I froze on the spot when he was killed and different demons tried to cut me with their swords, but I wasn't dying. I remembered how they chained my hands while I took one last look at the kingdom that was burned to the ground and covered with dead bodies that were soon to be the vultures' meal. The thought started to trouble me, but I was quick to shove the horrifying thought away. That day, I prayed for the safety of my sister and friend, and I really couldn't wait to see them.

We arrived at the huge doors of the castle, and the guards stood beside the door without opening it. They gave me a scornful look with the type of threatening eyes that said "go before you regret your decision".

"Step aside!" I commanded them as I held Freya's little hands tight in mine.

"Where are you from?" a guard asked, and I sighed. They definitely don't recognise me.

"I'm King Cyrus," I answered and could hear them cackling, but they weren't Freya and the sound of them laughing at me so annoyed me that I didn't realise when my fist connected to one of their faces, throwing him against the wall.

The rest tried to attack me, but I had dealt with them the same way I dealt with the first one. But I tried my best to make sure that they weren't badly injured since they were still my subjects. I only needed to assert my dominance.

"What in the seven hells is going on here?" I heard a familiar voice growling from inside the castle before the doors flung open, revealing my long-time best friend and Beta, who had a scornful expression on his face before turning to astonishment.

He still appeared to be very young and had not aged at all. Weird things have definitely happened since I left. I was the son of a witch and a werewolf, so I understand the delay in my aging, but he was an ordinary wolf, so it was quite confusing.

Emelia, on the other hand, had chosen her witch side over the werewolf side of her, so she wasn't supposed to be immortal, yet Freya said she was alive and well.

"King Cyrus?" Martinus whispered in disbelief as his pupils widened.

"Yes, it's me," I responded, and could see the obvious joy on his face as he ran to where I was and hugged me tight. I also hugged him back and realised this was our first hug, but he was quick to pull away.

"My King, I'm sorry for letting my emotions get the better of me. Please forgive me," he said with a bow, but I could still see the smile on his face, and it made me happy that he still liked me and had me in his thoughts.

"You don't have the right to be informal with me. You're my friend, not a mere person. I responded, but he still gave me a last bow before his eyes shifted to Freya, who had been smiling all along beside me.

I was glad she finally knew that I wasn't lying when I said I was the king, but deep down I knew she didn't doubt me a bit. She was definitely God-sent.

"Welcome my lady, you have very beautiful hair and a smile," he said, acknowledging Freya with a small bow. I could tell he knew that she was my mate.

We entered the castle, but on entering the castle, I met Emelia standing on the stairs with the crown on her head.

I could tell she was excited to see me as her face bloomed and tears slipped down her cheeks before she ran towards where I was and wrapped her hands around my neck.

"I missed you so much that I thought I was never going to see you again. I'm so glad you're alive and well," she exclaimed with joy, while I slowly patted her head in response.

"Emelia, meet my mate, Freya," I announced as Freya waved at Emelia in joy, but the look on Emelia's face wasn't the same expression as Freya's.

She stared at Freya with hatred as she suddenly growled at her. We could all hear her growling, but I was mostly confused at her sudden change of character.

"Behave Emelia," I scolded her, but her eyes didn't move an inch from Freya as she kept on growling. She was getting angry and it was obvious as the room suddenly went dark and dark clouds covered the sky with the sound of thunder rumbling in the room. The only light came from the lightning that struck the clouds. Her powers have definitely grown, but her character was unacceptable.

"Emelia!" I yelled her name with my authoritative tone and she calmed down, but her eyes still didn't leave Freya's body as she stared at her with hatred.

I could tell that Freya was becoming scared by the way her hands held my arms tightly and her fingers clenched into my arm.

"What has gotten into you?" I scolded Emelia.

"She's not your mate, she's a demon!" My eyes widened in awe as the sound of her being called Freya the Demon rang in my ear.

"What? I'm not a demon, I'm the daughter of Alpha Frederick," she exclaimed, but Emelia wasn't having any of her talks as she used her powers on her, causing her to shriek in pain as blood rushed down her eyes and nose.

"Emelia stop!" I ordered and turned to look at Freya, who was now scared with tears flowing down her eyes. Seeing her this way broke me, but Emelia couldn't be lying, could she?

I would know if she was a demon herself if I smelt her. She should have smelled like the burning flames of hell, but then I kissed her and didn't catch any smell, but Emelia insisted on her being a demon.

I bent my head to her height and sank my head into her shoulders, but retracted almost immediately as the strong smell of hell hit my nose. But how is this possible?

I was dumbfounded and my eyes widened in awe as I continued to take some steps away from her while she stood there looking confused. Was everything just an act to torment me even more while I wasn't in hell? She must have been a really good actress, convincing me to think that she was nice and sweet all this time.

It's such a shame to me that her plan almost worked on me, but why wasn't I able to smell her the instant she came close to me with the scarf? Did she hide the smell from me? I can't believe I almost made out with a demon.

Cyrus? " She cried as she tried to reach for me.

"Take my name out of your mouth, you filthy demon. Everything was your plan, and you had me wrapped in your hands. You disguised yourself as my mate to get to me. Why did you do that? " I growled as she froze on the spot.

I swear, I'm just a mere wolf and I'm your mate. She protested as tears flowed down her eyes, but I knew better than to be gullible. They were all fake tears, or perhaps she was scared that her plan didn't work out and she would be punished in hell for failing her task.

"Brother, I'll kill her for you," Emelia said and stretched her hands to cast some spells on Freya, but I was quick to stop her.

I replied, "I don't want her dead, not yet. I'll make sure to make her suffer the same way I suffered for over a hundred years in hell."

"But brother, she could escape," Emelia protested.

"Leave her to me," I replied, dragging her hands away from the hall. I promise to make her suffer as much as they made me suffer in hell.

The audacity for her to show her face to me in pretense, the audacity for her to lay her hands on me and pretend to be nice, the audacity for her to pretend like she didn't know how I suffered in hell, and the audacity for her to make me like her.

I should have known better when she was the only one willing to help me out of the crowd and if she was truly the Alpha's daughter, why wasn't she living in their pack house?

My thoughts started adding up to each other, and I realized I had almost let my guard down with her. I would have made her win against me if not for Emelia, who had helped me out.

I promise to make her wish she could just die, but death would be out of her reach.

