

The Omega For Sale

15. Troubles

Greyson's POV

My mind slowly came onto and the last feeling of sleep ebbed, but there was something strange here. Or rather something was missing. My eyes flipped open and I realized what was missing. Freya was yet to come into my room. I had given an order for her to be here every morning before I woke up to pull the curtains apart and begin cleaning the room. In truth, it had happened once when she cleaned the room while I was still sleeping and it had been the most pleasant for me, waking up to her intoxicating scent tickling my nose had been blissful so I had made it into an order.

Now that she wasn't here, I truly felt like something was missing.

Sighing heavily, I moved to sit up on the bed, swinging my legs off it and slipping my feet into the bedroom slippers at the bottom of the bed. Seems like I might have to punish someone again.

The events of the previous day flooded into my mind and I ran a hand through my hair to get it to stop throbbing. I had seen Freya's movement become sloppy from the moment she had entered the room and had taken in the sight of the large men sitting around the table, my first thought had been that she had been scared and intimidated.

But it began to get worse and worse, with her tray trembling badly as a result of her shaky fingers. The last thing that I expected though was that she would let go the tray at the exact moment that she had gotten to me and would have let it's contents pour onto my body.

It was a mistake of course, but I didn't forgive flimsy mistakes.

Tremors of irritation had wracked through my frame and the wetness of my pants had been difficult to bear plus the sight of my officials watching the scene closely and silently judging the incompetence of my handmaiden pumped more anger into my veins. Freya's pleading had gotten to me surprisingly, especially since it was her first mistake since she had gotten here. Whenever I gave an instruction she followed every detail of it till it reached perfection. She was fast and meticulous when it came to her chores and I had never had to complain about any of it.

My biggest fear at the auction that had prevented me from initially purchasing her and proved to be nothing at the end of the day because Freya never let her daughter get in the way of her work

The younger girl must have been used to her mother working because she was usually well behaved and patiently waiting for her mother to finish whatever chore she had, at hand, whenever I saw her.

Freya too had put in the efforts to make sure her daughter always looked neat and presentable and she was quiet at all times. I had been impressed with the discovery.

So when the green eyed maid had begun to plead, claiming her actions to be a mistake I was moved to let her off the hook, but the look that had painted the faces of the officials around the room and the wetness of the liquid on my pants as it settled drove me to the wall. And once I had started, I knew I had to complete it. I had not seen her for the rest of the day after the punishment even when it was time for dinner which she was supposed to serve but I decided to cut her some slack.

The least I had expected this morning was a remorseful maid doing her best to get back into my good books again by presenting herself early enough to begin her chores. Starting with pulling open my curtains. I sighed heavily, moving to stretch out my strained muscles, it had been really busy with activities lately and I knew that I needed more rest.

Moving to the window I pulled apart the big drapes and the beautiful sight of my garden below made a ghost of a smile paint my lips. It was a place that I usually escaped to when I felt too overwhelmed and it was always refreshing and the woods behind it was a perfect place for my wolf to take a run whenever he felt like it.

Speaking of which, the small gate that was placed between the garden and the path that led to the woods looked disturbed. I couldn't tell for sure since it was a distance from my window, but it didn't look like it had been properly shut.

I wasn't worried that any of my maids would try to escape my home, they knew the consequences for that and even if they did, all it would take will be to put out a team looking for them and they would be found in only a matter of time.

They had no where to go because I had access to a lot of things.

Having wasted enough time staring out the window and into the garden I moved in the direction of my bathroom, ready to start my day. As the water cascaded down my body, I couldn't help but hope that the moment I was out of the bathroom I would meet Freya's remorseful self already cleaning the room and with a good enough excuse as to why she was late in the first place.

If that happened I was willing to forgive her and move past this, instead of punishing her again like I was itching to do. Stepping out of the shower, I pulled a towel out from the rack, ran it through my body before wrapping it around my waist and stepping out of the bathroom. The sight of an empty room and a still messed up bed, sealed her fate. I would have to punish her again. Dressing quickly, I moved out of the door and towards

the grand stairs. The moment I came down the stairs, subtle whispers flew from around me. I couldn't catch a word of what they were trying to say but the maids seemed to be buzzing and the entire house seemed alive with quiet conversation. Moving into the dining room I met Emilia serving my meal and that was the last straw, I let out a low growl and the maiden flinched in reaction, jumping a little on her spot.

"Good Morning Master." I ignored her greeting. "Where is Freya?" I asked coldly, brows furrowed in anger.

She took a step back as I approached and gulped in fear, but I ignored her retreating frame and settled into my seat at the end of the table, watching the food that had been set up for me.

"I don't know Master. Zoe asked me to serve you breakfast." That confused me. Why didn't Zoe just call Freya to serve my food instead, didn't that make more sense?

"Send Zoe here immediately." The maid scurried away and I pulled out a plate from the stack in the corner; which I honestly thought was unnecessary, the maids knew that I ate alone so I wasn't sure why they had a habit of staking plates in the corner like I was going to use them all.

Then I began filling the plate with various things. Pancakes, eggs, bacon.

"Yes Master? You sent for me?"

"Where's Freya?" "I haven't seen her Master." "And you've checked her room?"

"No, not yet Master. I thought she might be allowed to be off duty till she recuperated from her punishment last night." "And since when has that been a thing?" Zoe stayed quiet, twisting her fingers and avoiding eye contact. Zoe was one of my oldest handmaidens I had and she was the one that I trusted the most as a result but lately I could see that a shift had happened.

I couldn't explain what it was or when it had happened but over time the head maid had become withdrawn and different.

She continued to fidget in her spot and I furrowed my brows in confusion. It was normal for the maids to avoid eye contact they knew how much I hated it after all, but there was something else with Zoe.

It looked like...

"Emilia, go fetch Freya for me." I instructed and continued to observe Zoe carefully. After a few minutes Emilia came back with fear written on her face.

"Freya is not in her room Master." "And her daughter?"

“She’s gone too.”

I clicked my tongue in confirmation. The look on Zoe’s face could only be described as one thing.

Guilt.