

Chapter 14 Fourteen

"Freya?" I called her name after some time. I waited for some minutes before I broke the news to her that it was the king that had sent me to call her.

"Sir, I think you should leave before the king comes. I witnessed what happened to the guard and it was brutal. I wouldn't want the same to happen to you. " She rushed her words with her pale face filled with worries.

"The king sent me to get you," I stated, and her lips curled up in an "oh" as disappointment flashed through her pale face. I could hear her heart beating faster than it was, but she was quick to shove the worries away as she stood up, but fumbled and almost fell back to the floor.

I quickly opened the cell gates and grabbed her arm, but cursed almost immediately as her temperature was extremely high and her body could literally cook some steak.

"You're really not well," I said, but she tried to prove me wrong as she managed to stand straight and slowly walked ahead of me. Even though she was trying to hide her staggering steps, they were still very noticeable.

I had given a guard the loaf of bread before leaving the dungeon and walking towards where the king was.

Luckily, he was still in the throne room, so she wouldn't have to walk some extra length to get to his room.

"Why did it take so long?" He roared.

"Was she being stubborn and was that why she delayed my time?" The king roared in anger, but I shook my head in denial. I honestly don't know the man in front of me anymore, getting upset at the littlest things, whereas he used to be that wise young man that I envied and looked up to. Every young person in the palace used to look up to him, including his father, but he isn't who he used to be anymore.

"Now what punishment should I give you today?" He rhetorically asked as he bit his knuckles while staring straight at her without breaking his eye connection.

"The fact that you still look like all of my punishment doesn't have an effect on you triggers me," he spat in anger as my brows cringed.

How much more does he want her to look like? Because the lady in front of me definitely looked like she had been through hell during the past few days, yet he isn't seeing all of these or has he just chosen to be blinded by rage?

"Leave her to me, brother. "I'll give her an excruciating punishment that'll make her plead for death," Emelia said, with a smirk on her face, as she came out of absolutely nowhere while Freya only watched with a lack of emotion before shifting her gaze to her barefoot.

I hadn't smelled Emelia anywhere close to us before now, but it seemed like she had been eavesdropping.

I watched in tension as the King was thinking of handing her over to Emelia, but deep down I knew that would be worse since Emelia doesn't also like her and she could take it to worse levels with Freya.

"Okay, she's yours for today. Make sure to ruin her perfect skin, bring tears to her face, and make me happy, "the king instructed as I sighed in frustration. When did this family turn to this?

"You don't need to tell me that; I know what exactly to do," Emelia responded, and walked over to Freya as she dragged her outside of the castle.

By the mere skin touch, Emelia should have known that Freya was extremely ill, but I doubt she would have wanted to help the poor girl.

I excused myself from the King and followed after Emelia to make sure things didn't get nasty.

I watched as Emelia dragged Freya to a part of the castle that was under construction and ordered Freya to carry the heavy bricks on her head from a far distance to the construction site.

"Emelia, don't you think that's too much?" I asked as I moved towards where she stood with her hands folded under her breasts.

"No, it's just the beginning. If you know what's best for you, you shouldn't feel any pity towards a demon. " She lashed back and walked away from me to add another layer of brick on Freya's head, and I watched how her legs trembled.

I was waiting patiently for Emelia to get tired and leave so I could help Freya, but she never left. Hours passed, yet she was still watching Freya like a hulk. What was her deal anyway, and why did she hate the girl so badly?

After Freya had finished transporting all of the bricks by herself, she fell on the spot, heaving heavy breaths as her face looked even worse than before, with sweat dripping down her head.

"Great, let's move to the next one." Emelia clapped her hands and dragged Freya by the arm as she led her to the lake, while I followed behind and watched carefully.

She proceeded by instructing a maid by the lake to bring all of the dirty maids' clothes and bedsheets to the palace for Freya to hand wash by the lake.

"Emelia, that's too much," I scolded, considering the number of maids and beds the castle had, but she ignored me as she continued to talk to the maid, who immediately hurried to bring the clothes.

After the maid returned with dirty clothes in a cart, I watched how Emelia's face lit up while Freya looked like the life in her had been drained. By the look of it, she looks like she could pass out any time soon.

The clouds were gone, and the sky was already dark. Freya wasn't provided with a torch as she washed the clothes by the stream in total darkness. It wasn't a good decision to be by the lake at this time of day because different creatures could be lurking, or worse, you could fall into the lake and drown.

I heard Emelia let out a loud yawn before standing up from her seat.

"You better finish washing every single fabric on the ground before you dare stand up," threatened Freya before walking away from the lake after giving me one last pathetic look.

I took this as my cue to help Freya out with the chores to make everything go faster, even if that meant burning the clothes. Or maybe I could just tell the maid here to continue from where Freya left it since she had washed over half of the clothes.

"That should be enough, the maid will take over," I told Freya, attempting to help her up, but her body temperature was unusually high.

"No, I'll finish with the chores. After all, I'm also a maid, if not of a lesser rank. "she replied with a painful smile before continuing the work. One thing I noticed about her was that she had taken it upon herself that this was her new life and she didn't need to cry or deny it, even though she might actually be wrong.

"I'm commanding you as the Beta to leave the clothes and follow me, "I ordered, but as she was about to decline and argue again, her body suddenly froze and her eyes slowly closed before she fell unconsciously to the floor, but I was quick to catch her before she landed on the floor.

"Freya! " I called for her name as I tapped her cheeks in an attempt to wake her up, but her eyes weren't opening. Darn it!

I knew she was going to pass out from all of the stress, and with the way her body temperature was high, I needed to rush her to the palace for treatment before something worse happened to her.

I carried her in my arms and immediately rushed to the palace, but on getting there, the king was on his throne with Emelia beside him, and they seemed to be having a chat.

The instant I barged into the palace doors, their faces fell on me as the King watched me with a frown on his face.

"What's going on?" The king asked with a frown.

"She collapsed, and her body temperature was really high. She was probably overworked. " For a while, I saw a hint of worry on the king's face as he commanded a guard to call for the royal doctor.

"Why are we calling a doctor? Isn't that what we wanted to do? We wanted to get rid of her, didn't we? " Emelia protested at the top of her lungs, with anger in her tone.

"I don't want her to die like this," the king simply replied before walking towards me and snatching her from my arms.

I watched as he carried her in his arms to his room, but that was where it all ended. I couldn't follow him to his room to check on her, so I had nothing to do but wait for the doctors' feedback.

"Why didn't you drown her in the lake rather than bring her back here?" Emelia roared at me and hissed before walking away from my presence while I scoffed at how heartless she was.

"When did you switch from being the lovable, shy little girl to being this heartless lady here?" I asked but doubted if she had heard me.

Something was definitely not clear about Emelia and Freya. It seemed like there was more to it because I had never seen her be so heartless towards any person. She used to be a sweet girl, but I guess she's grown up now and I shouldn't expect her to be the same person. Or perhaps it could be because of the claim on Freya being a demon.

Cyrus's POV

The massive doors of the castle slammed open as Martinus rushed in with the demon laying in his arms, but the sight of him touching her instilled jealousy in me, and I was enraged by the sight before me.

"What's going on?" I asked, waiting for an explanation. It's not like I didn't trust Martinus, but a part of me didn't like his hands on her, especially on the exposed skin on her laps.

"She collapsed by the lake, and her body temperature was really high. She was probably overworked. " He responded, and my whole body became alert. My eyes widened in awe as I came down from my throne to collect her from him.

I immediately ordered a doctor to come to check up on her while I collected her from his arms, and my body immediately felt the heat from her body. Her temperature was definitely high and she was seriously ill, yet I don't understand why she still looked flawless and pretty to me.

After carefully gathering her into my arms, I made my way to my room because no one was allowed in there and I'd be alone with her once the doctor arrived. What was taking the doctor so long?

"Why are we calling a doctor? Isn't that what we wanted to do? We wanted to get rid of her, didn't we? " Emelia protested, and I started to question myself.

I had wanted to cause her pain, and I should be happy at the sight of this, yet I was concerned.

Perhaps I shouldn't have let Emelia give her a punishment today because it seems like it was way beyond her capacity and had crashed her body, but why do I care about what was in her capacity, after all, I instructed Emelia to cause her excruciating pain? "

"I don't want her to die like this," I replied, and tried to tell myself that I was only helping her because I wanted her to heal and give her more punishments, even though, deep down, I didn't wish to punish her at this moment as I was truly concerned about her.

