

Chapter 15 Fifteen

Cyrus's POV

The doctor shortly came into my room, and I had made sure to tell her to enter my room alone because I wouldn't want anyone to be in the room with me. I wanted peace and privacy.

"Your highness, you called for me." She bowed as she entered the room, but I wasn't having any of her talk as I was quite upset that she had to take her time.

Even though they explained that she was out of town and immediately seized her work to attend to me, I still felt like she could have made it here earlier, or perhaps I was just scared that something worse could have happened to Freya if the doctor hadn't attended to her on time.

"Just check up on her," I replied, and she nodded her head before proceeding to walk towards the bed that I had placed Freya on. A frown appeared on her face at the sight of Freya's tattered clothes, but she pushed the feeling away and checked her vitals before turning to meet me.

It's a severe fever, but she'll be fine once she takes her medication and rests for about a week, she replied, and I almost burst out in laughter. A week was definitely too long for me to give the little demon as free time.

"Okay, where are the medicines? " I asked.

"I'll need to go and get them, but I'll be quick with it," she responded, and gave a slight bow before leaving the room, and I was alone with the unconscious Freya, who was lying flat on the bed.

By looking at her, I felt something in me that I didn't want to feel. She looked innocent and my beast was having pity on her, but I was quick to regain my senses. I can't be like this around her knowing that she's a demon and was sent to torture me.

With a frown on my face, I shifted my gaze away from her body and toward the magazine that was on the table furthest from the room. That should keep me busy until the doctor returns, but she better come on time because I want Freya to heal on time, so I will punish her even more.

The doctor didn't take much time before returning with the medicine in her hand, and I watched as she poured some tonic into Freya's mouth.

"How fast will this treatment be?" I asked,

"About a week, your highness." She responded, "Yeah, that wasn't what I wanted."

"No, hasten the time," I replied immediately, and I could see the concern on her face as she stared at Freya in pity.

"It could have some serious effect on her and her wolf," she replied, as her words broke and she tried not to lock her eyes with mine.

"I don't care" I lashed back, and she nodded before bringing out another tonic from her bag and doubling the dose while I watched in satisfaction. She'd better get well soon.

Shortly after the nurse left, Freya was still asleep. I was getting bored by waiting in the room, so I decided to leave and watch how things were going around the castle.

"Your highness," Martinus's voice called, as I turned to look at him while he approached me. He appeared to be bothered.

"Anything wrong?" I asked as I stared at him.

"Nothing much, but I think you should be lenient on Freya. She might not truly be a demon and she's burning out," he said, but I stared at him with a perplexed look.

Why is he concerned about Freya and what I've done with her body? She was mine anyway, not his.

"You don't have to worry about her. " I responded,

"But your highness, I'm also your Beta and the second in command, your advisor, and I'm telling you that she's being overworked and she's not who you think she is. I might not know much about her, but I can feel it," he said, and I was getting annoyed by the way he was speaking. Freya was mine, and I got to do whatever I wanted with her.

"Know your place, Martinus," I growled at him and made to walk away, but I suddenly heard a low cry and shriek coming from my room, and fear filled my senses as I ran towards the sound.

I was scared the medicine might have done something really bad to her and it would all be my fault.

On getting to my room, I found her struggling to crawl to the bathroom as I stared at her with my eyes wide open in astonishment.

"Freya! " Martinus barged into the room as he went to hold her and proceeded to ask about how she was feeling, even though she was only walking in response while clenching her stomach tight.

The sight of his hands on her body seemed to have flicked a switch that I didn't know existed in me as my jealousy and anger mixed.

Even though I wasn't supposed to feel this way towards my beta, I had no choice but to as I walked towards where he was and growled at him with clenched teeth before collecting Freya in my arms. But the instant she was on me, she did the worst thing possible as she vomited on me while wailing and clenching her stomach.

I felt so embarrassed in front of Martinus and was so angry at the same time that I had to command him to leave the room in annoyance. He reluctantly left, but thankfully he left before I would switch into full beast mode.

I stared at the vomit on me in disgust, but I couldn't blame her for this. I am responsible for her present predicament by telling the doctor to use strong medications on her.

I carried her to the bathroom and ran a quick warm bath before placing her in the bathtub and rinsing off the dirt on her.

For some seconds, I felt like this wasn't me. I wouldn't cause harm to anyone, much less a female who was my mate, but then I wasn't just doing this for no reason.

She was a demon that deceived me and was here to torture me, but I wouldn't let her have a chance of succeeding against me.

I could still smell the foul stench of burning flames on her and it ached my stomach, but I'd rather clean her up myself than watch Martinus do it.

After the bath, I ordered some maids to bring in new sets of clothes for her and I put them on her even though she was still wailing in pain. What in the bloody hell was she given to consume?

After some time, her voice calmed and she wasn't wailing anymore; she just laid flat on the bed as she stared at the ceiling.

Freya's POV

I suddenly woke up from the sharp pain in my stomach as I yelled for help. It felt like my stomach was about to explode, and the most I could do was to hold it tight, but it wasn't helping.

I kept screaming for help but suddenly felt like something was going to ooze from my mouth. I recognized the familiar walls of the room, and I was in the King's room.

He would not hesitate to kill me if I were to vomit on his bed or on the expensive floors of his room, I tried to drag my body to the bathroom in excruciating pain.

I honestly can't remember what had brought me here or the reason why my stomach was hurting, but I just wanted to make it to the bathroom before the vomit would come out.

The door suddenly barged open and I felt the presence of the King. Oh God, he was here!

I can't let him see me vomit on the floor. It'll only make things worse for me, and I honestly don't think I want to witness the cruel, deathless punishment that would come with it.

"Freya! " The Beta's voice rang in my ear, but why was it so loud? Everything around me was extremely loud, and it felt like I wasn't in reality, as my visions were undulating.

I could feel the Beta rushing towards me and he carried me on his body. I was going to scream for him to put me down, but it only came out as a painful shriek.

I wouldn't want to bathe him with the vomit that has been building up in my throat, but everything became worse when I heard the King growling, and in no time, he had snatched me away from the Beta's hand. The fast movement of my body made it impossible for me to hold the vomit back in as I suddenly poured everything on his body. I was doomed.

Even though I knew I was doomed, I couldn't help but cry as my stomach continued to hurt without stopping. I had thought the King would throw me on the floor but was rather surprised when I felt my body in a warm tub of water and his hands washing the dirt away from my body. Why was he being nice to me?

The warm bath seemed to have assisted in soothing the pain in my stomach as I soon stopped crying, but I was still unable to move well. The king had dressed me up and placed me back on the bed.

I loved the treatment I was getting and wished it could continue. My mate was being nice to me and was treating me with care, but I know that's impossible with his hatred towards me.

I was now feeling good but was scared to stand up from the bed as I feared my life of horror would resume and I wasn't done enjoying the life of my dreams.

The door of the room opened, and the strong aroma of roast turkey hit my nose, and my stomach betrayed me by making a grumbling sound.

"Are you hungry?" He asked, and I was shocked. I've been here for almost a week and he hasn't offered me any food. Of course, I was hungry.

"No," I responded, but almost slapped myself because I had no idea why I had refused the food if I was hungry so badly.

"Okay, eat this food," he said, as my brows furrowed in confusion.

I had just stated that I wasn't hungry and he was offering me food. Or perhaps he didn't hear me correctly? I wasn't going to argue with him because I also needed that food in my system, so I stood up from the bed and walked towards the table on which the food was laid.

There were only two chairs surrounding the table, so I was seated opposite him as I stared at the different foods with my mouth salivating.

"Go on," he ordered, and I took the first bite out of the turkey, but the instant the flavours melted on my tongue, I couldn't help but rush the food while the king stared at me till I was through.

After my eyes locked with his, I realised I hadn't behaved with manners by eating in such a way in the presence of the king, but I was shocked when he leaned closer to me.

Our faces were only inches apart, and his gaze was focused on my lips. I didn't know how to feel as my wolf and I were both happy that our mate wasn't treating us like thrash anymore, but my hope was shattered when he retreated and rushed into the bathroom.

I was confused as to what was happening until I heard him vomiting into the toilet, and I suddenly felt a thousand stabs in the chest. Did he really detest me so much that inhaling my scent irritated him to the point where he had to vomit? Would he kick me out and maltreat me once again when he comes out of that bathroom?