

## Chapter 16 Sixteen

Cyrus's POV

I had instructed some maids to bring some varieties of food for Freya since I didn't know which one she would prefer. I was only doing this because I had overdosed her with the drugs and perhaps having food in her stomach would help reduce the pain.

The maids soon returned with a large tray of food in their hands, and I watched as they placed it on the table and walked out after giving me a confused look.

The maids were probably surprised because I barely ate enough and would mostly just ask and eat fruits with some spoons of food. Other than that, I really didn't eat much because of the eating disorder I recently diagnosed myself with, yet I had requested this large potion.

I turned to look at her as she was laying flat on the bed, but it seemed like she had been staring at me because she rapidly blinked as her gaze immediately shifted to the ceiling when I turned to look at her, then her stomach suddenly grumbled.

"Are you hungry?" I asked even though I knew she would be super hungry since she hadn't eaten for almost a week and we didn't eat much during the trip either.

"No," she replied, but I could tell she was being stubborn.

I was going to give in and call the maids to return the food back to the kitchen, but then I suddenly remembered why I needed to feed her. I needed to feed her so she would heal on time, and then I would punish her even more.

Okay, eat this food, "I commanded her as I sat straight on the chair with my gaze fixed on her and my hands folded on my chest. Surprisingly, she was obedient, and she immediately came to the table.

I motioned with my eyes for her to take a seat, and when I noticed she wouldn't eat until I gave her permission, I also gave her permission to eat and observed how she dug the fork into the food and hungrily chewed on it without thinking about me watching her eat.

She looked natural and cute at the same time, so I couldn't help but stare at her while admiring her beauty.

After taking a closer look at her, I realized she didn't look like she did back at her place. Her weight had been reduced and her skin wasn't as milky as it was.

For some reason, I felt sad seeing her like this. I wanted to feed her well and make her happy. I'd do anything to watch her eat like this daily as it boosted some sort of happiness in me.

Perhaps Martinus had some points, and maybe she wasn't a demon after all, and the smell was just from my traumatized head.

She paused after almost finishing the tray of food, noticing that I was staring at her, and worry flashed across her face. She was probably concerned about me staring at her like this.

I couldn't contain her cuteness in me anymore as I decided to smell her once again in hopes of her smell changing from that disgusting one.

I bent forward and closer to her as I brought my face to hers to smell her. A few seconds passed, and I perceived nothing. I was getting happy, but the second I was about to jubilate. The smell hit my senses so badly that it made my tummy ache, and I rushed to vomit in the bathroom while groaning in frustration.

Why does she look so innocent, yet she was just a cunning demon?

I couldn't bear to return to the room and meet her. I don't know how I might react. She was still sick, and I needed to treat her properly till she got well, but I couldn't stand her presence. I also can't afford to put Martinus in charge of her; my beast wouldn't be happy with that.

After some time in the bathroom, I went out into the bed room, but I couldn't find any sign of her anywhere. I turned to see that the door had been unlocked and she had run out.

"Damn it! " I cursed as I ran outside my room in search of her, but she wasn't anywhere near. Her smell was also faint.

"Where the hell is Freya?" I roared at the top of my lungs, and it seemed to have called for the attention of my sister and Martinus as I stood in the middle of the throne room in anger.

"I told you that we should have finished her when we got the chance to, yet we had to keep her around and even treat her well. This here is the consequence of your actions, brother. " Emelia said, but I was quick to silence her as I locked my eyes on her.

"I'm sorry," she apologised, but it wasn't helping as I was already upset about Freya's disappearance, yet she had to blabber.

"Where is she?" I asked again with a low, thunderous voice that vibrated through the halls.

"Your highness," one of the guards in the throne room called out to me as he bowed in front of me.

"Do you know where she went?" I asked him as I tried to contain my anger. I shouldn't be this worried about her because the castle is big and she could be anywhere in this place, but I was just extremely bothered because I couldn't catch her smell. Even though I hate to perceive the smell.

"I saw her running towards the passageway over there," he said, pointing to the dungeon passageway, and my brow furrowed in confusion.

Why would she go back to the dungeon?

With Martinus behind me, I stormed into the dungeon as I focused on getting to her cell, and funny enough, she was seated on the floor of the cell with the new clothes I got for her.

"Why are you here?" I asked her as soon as I got to her cell, and she seemed to have freaked out by my presence.

"You hated my presence in your room, and I had to leave there. I'm sorry, "she apologised as I stared in disbelief. Is this truly her character or is it all pretense once more?

