

Chapter 12 Twelve

Cyrus's POV

After finishing with her, I sent her back to where she belonged—the rusty cells of the dungeon.

When it's dawn, I'll think of another way to deal with her and make her plead for death. Tonight was the first time I had ever been this close to a woman in my entire life.

I have always wanted it to be a special moment whenever it happens, but she released a beast I never knew existed in me, and now I can't get the feeling away from my head. I want more! More of her pains and screams as I pound her fiercely to satisfy myself.

I couldn't go back to sleep because I had already rested for a long time, so I found myself staring at the ceiling and memories from the elderly visit flashed through my mind.

They had wanted me to find a bride by next Saturday, whereas I have no one in mind and don't know anyone. Perhaps, I'll ask Emelia to bring me the finest of the ladies in the kingdom, and I'll keep her only as my wife.

"Where is the king?" I heard some voices roaring from outside the castle as my eyes sprung open and I checked the time.

It was only past five in the morning, yet there was already chaos in the palace. I haven't even stayed up till a week before facing different troubles here.

I wiped my eyes with the back of my palm and put on my robe before stepping out of the room. I could already see both Emelia and Marcus in the throne room waiting for my presence.

"What happened?" I asked as I stared at their clueless faces.

"The elders have returned," Martinus said, and I found myself groaning. Why do the elders really want to make things hard for me?

They visited today and I didn't complain about their offer, yet they're here as early as this for another complaint.

"What do they want?" I inquired as to why they were here as I was massaging my temples.

"We have no idea. The guards haven't let them in, and they're threatening to lay a curse if we don't let them in sooner." Emelia responded, and I sighed before gesturing at the guards to let them in.

Once they got in, their faces held scornful looks, like they were about to set the whole palace ablaze.

"Why have you kept us waiting for so long?" One of them asked in a harsh tone, and I was slowly losing my temper. Just because I was younger doesn't give them any right to speak to me that way. After all, I was still their king and demanded their respect.

"Learn to keep your voice low as I am still your king." I replied, with a stern look.

"You're only our king if we say so and if you prove you're worthy enough to be called a king," they lashed back.

"How can you call yourself a king when ten young girls of age 16 die every month and you're asleep?" Another said, as I stared at them in disbelief.

"Are you also aware that I just returned from hell in only 2 days?"

"Enough with the talk about hell, some girls were killed this night while you were busy sleeping." They cut me off from my sentence, and I was already filled with anger.

"Get out!" I commanded, and they all seemed surprised.

"Get out now!" I roared again in my authoritative tone, and it seemed to have had an effect on them as they turned their backs to leave.

"Just do something about this or else we'll do something about you," they threatened before walking out, leaving me frustrated.

I honestly don't understand why they hate me so much. They were not as annoying as this when my father was ruling, and I was pretty sure they took it easy on Emelia too.

Once the door was shut, I called for Martinus's attention, and he immediately responded by bowing.

"Why are the girls being killed and who is killing them?" I asked.

"I have no idea, my lord, but for some years now, demons haven't been seen around our kingdom, so we were clueless as to who it could be." He responded.

Even though he had been here for a long time, he was also clueless, yet the elders expected me to know everything.

"Perhaps you should meet with the elders. They could have more tangible information." he added. The sound of the meeting with the elders disgusted and annoyed me, but if it was coming from Martinus, then it had to be a good idea.

"OK," I said as I walked out of there, unsatisfied and angry about the entire situation, and I needed to vent my rage on someone or something that would provide me with temporary happiness. Freya.

"Bring Freya to my room," I ordered a guard before dashing into my room and waiting for her presence.

It didn't take a long while before I heard a knock on the door. I had commanded her to enter the room, and I watched as she took tiny steps into the room with her hands folded on each other and her body shaking.

Her skin and face were still looking good and I wasn't satisfied yet. There were not as many signs of suffering on her skin as I wanted there to be.

"Do you know why I called you?" I asked when she was finally in front of me with her head bowed.

"No," she whimpered.

I took another look at her body before standing up from the chair I was seated on and walking closer to her.

The hair on her skin stood up as I got closer to her, and I liked that because it showed that she was scared of me. Just like how she should, because coming for me and deceiving me was the least she should have done.

"I'm so angry at everything around me, and even your presence angers me more. Seeing you looking good triggers me so much." I said in a low tone into her ear as I grabbed her dark hair in my hands and pulled her head backwards with it. She whimpered.

"But then I want to channel my anger towards something else, something to relieve me of my stress for the time being, and that is having bloody sex with you," I softly said into her ear and her body shook. I burst out laughing almost immediately.

She was a really good actress, and even in situations like this, she was still acting like a helpless little demon. Or perhaps she was helpless; after all, there's nothing she could do to get out of my sight.

"Will you bloody pull your clothes off or should I rip them for you?" I asked, my face stern as I looked her in the eyes while yanking her hair.

She immediately obeyed and pulled off her clothes, but without having to say a word to her, she knew what she was to do as she walked towards the bed and laid flat on it.

With a smirk on my face, I took off my robe and brought out my penis as I laid on top of her on the bed.

I saw some tears streaming from her eyes, but it rather made me angry because I hadn't started thrusting into her yet. I grabbed her by the neck to give her a strong warning that I'd make it hard for her if she doesn't stop her pretense.

She quickly wiped the tears off her eyes, and just when I was about to put my penis in her, I heard her saying some words.

"One day you'll regret all of this and beg me, but it'll be too late," she whispered, but unfortunately, I heard her and it only made me want to punish her more as I forcefully slammed myself into her surprisingly wet vagina. It surprised me that she was always wet for me, maybe it was the bond causing it or perhaps she was just a whore.

Martinus's POV

I was lucky enough to have hidden myself in between two small walls of the cell and, thankfully, I always carried a bottle of spray that always hid the smell of werewolves, yet I was still scared that it wasn't enough and the king would find me. He has always been really smart and observant, but I was shocked when he dragged her out of the cell without noticing me.

Ever since his return, I knew something was not right about him and he had changed from the man he used to be to a man blinded by revenge and rage, but I don't blame him because I also don't know what might have become of me if I had stayed in hell for over a century.

I had waited for him to leave, but he seemed to have noticed that I fed her, and his voice was raised, and his anger could be smelled from a distance. In no time, I heard the shrieks of one of the guards and assumed that he might have badly injured the man because of me.

After a while, I couldn't smell him anymore, so I took this as my cue to leave, but on the way out, I met with the man whose cries I heard. Apparently, he took the blame, and the King ripped his arms out of their sockets. Poor man.

I promised to compensate him by retiring him and paying him and his family double the amount of money they were receiving. Even though that couldn't pay for the price of his arms, it was the least I could do.

The next day came, and the elders had woken the whole palace up with their screams and queries for the king. For some unknown reason, they never liked him.

After he handled them, I heard him commanding a guard to bring Freya into his room, but I had no clue what he was going to do to her until I spotted her coming out of his room with her hair roughened and her body trembling in fear. Her eyes were bloodshot and it seemed like she had just gone through trauma.

I tried to reach for her and talk to her, but I halted on my steps when I saw the King walking behind her. For some reason unknown to me, I needed to speak to her and comfort her, but I couldn't do anything at the moment.

"I'll be going to meet the elders now," the king said, and I replied with a "hm" while nodding my head.

I watched him leave the palace with some guards by his side and took this as a cue to meet her in the dungeon, but on getting there, the guards stopped me from passing through them.

On sighting me, they fell on their knees and pleaded that they wouldn't be able to allow me to pass through them because of the king's orders.

I understood them and decided to not push them any harder. They've already done a lot for me.

As I turned my back to leave, I came into contact with Emelia, who had a frown on her face.

"Why are you here?" She questioned, but I found it odd and I wasn't going to give her an answer because she didn't need to know my reasons for going anywhere.

"If you don't respond, then I'll report you to the king for trespassing," she threatened.

I replied, "I'm the Beta and I'm allowed to go anywhere."

"Don't say that to me. I saw you staring at her and I'm sure you're here to meet her, but why do you even give a fart about her?" She asked as she rushed her words, and her face was quick to turn red from anger.

"It is my duty to know about what is going on in the palace..."

"But I saw the way you were looking at her with care and pity. Why do you even feel that way about a useless demon? " She cut me off, but I didn't want to have any of her childish tantrums, so I swiftly gave her a bow and excused myself from her presence. She wouldn't dare tell the king about this, would she?

