

Chapter 7 Seven

Cyrus's POV (1618):

"All hail the prince who has single-handedly slain the demon king!" An elderly man who sat on the high table announced it as they all spotted me coming down the stairs and walking into the ballroom.

Our kingdom has been having countless attacks from demons, and my father wasn't strong enough to handle the demons anymore, especially after he had been poisoned. He was slowly dying, but we managed to find a way to keep him alive in the meantime through the help of the witches.

My mother, the Luna Queen, was also killed by one of the demons when I was only 10, and I vowed to take my revenge on them. I wouldn't rest until I killed their leader and left them helpless, just like how they left me helpless without a mother.

After plotting my plan from a very young age, I finally went out to attack the demons along with a large number of our warriors.

Everything went just as planned, and I succeeded in killing the demon king, but it was much easier than I had expected.

I watched how my father's face bloomed at the sight of me waking up to the center of the room, but regardless, I kept my head up high until I arrived at the center of the hall.

Today was the day when I would be crowned king of all werewolves, witches, elders, and basically every creature in the world, as our pack was the strongest in the entire world.

Different wolves from different places all around the world were also present to watch me being crowned.

Not a single bitter face was on any of them, as they all knew the suicidal mission I embarked on to bring the demon's head to their midst.

They all respected me because I had taken away their only problem, and they would never have to experience the torment of the demons.

For hundreds of years, the demons had roamed about freely, kidnapping young girls and burning down villages depending on their moods.

"In the midst of all the elders, Alphas, and kings around the world, I announce the new king of all creatures as I lay this crown on his blessed head." My father announced as he removed his crown and placed the crown on my head, causing the crowds to cheer.

"But isn't the king supposed to have a bride before getting crowned?" An old woman from the elderly seat stood up to object as she tried her best to not lock her eyes with mine.

"Yes, a king is to have a bride beside him, but he isn't any ordinary king, hence the rules don't apply to him."

"None of our previous Kings, including myself, were able to infiltrate hell and capture their King's head, but my son, Cyrus, was able to." My father sharply responded to the elderly man with a strict tone, which made my lips curl up into a smile.

"If any of our past kings intruded into hell, then they would have come out victorious. It only took him 3 months to conquer hell as a young lad. Any ruler would have succeeded." The old woman spat as she stood by her words. In an attempt to prove her point and convince the rest of the elderly,

"yet none of them were brave enough to go to hell," my father replied, and at this point, I was getting tired of the old woman.

"But your highness..."

"Hilda!" My father growled her name in his authoritative tone as she immediately squirmed and sat in silence and embarrassment.

The coronation went on smoothly as the villagers all danced and cheered while I sat on the throne watching the ceremony.

My immediate little sister sat on the left side of the throne while my father sat on the right side.

I could sense something was wrong with her by the way she looked and she didn't seem to be enjoying the party, which was unusual as she was known as a party type.

"Is something wrong with Emelia?" I questioned her as she raised her head to look at me.

"It's nothing serious, your highness," she answered, but her green eyes weren't blooming as they always used to. Rather, her eyes were dull and her lips were pale.

I persuaded her by cupping her soft cheeks with my hands and staring at her with the kindest eyes I could muster.

It's nothing...."

"Emelia! Not only am I your brother, but your king, and I command you to talk!" I cut her off from her sentence but regretted why I said that as I could feel the fear in her.

The only reason I had done that was because I knew she wouldn't tell me about what was bothering her, and I had no choice but to command her. I needed to know what was on her mind in order to help her out.

"Your highness." Her voice cracked and her eyes were slowly filling with tears.

"Your highness, I can sense something bad is about to happen. Something awful. Blood and death, and I can feel it in me," she cried as she clenched her fist on her corset.

Emilia was only 15 years old, yet she had my mother's gift. Not only was she a witch, but she was able to sense any future danger and warn us ahead.

We realized she had the gift when she was 7 years old, but unfortunately, it was too late for us as the demons were already close to the palace. The Luna ended up dying that year.

After that incident, Emelia was scared and petrified. She never used her powers anymore because she thought they were bad and perhaps if she didn't say what she saw, then nothing would happen.

My father and I tried to talk her out of it, but our attempts failed, so we realized that with time she would understand the true meaning of her powers and stop blaming herself over the past incident.

"It's okay, Emelia, you'll be fine." I tried to say it, but before I could finish the sentence, two injured guards barged into the door with their swords painted with black blood, and my eyes widened at the sight of the blood.

Black blood belongs to only demons, but how are they here? I killed their leader and sent them off, so why would they come back here?

Perhaps they had come to avenge the death of their leader, but they're easy things and something I can take care of with ease.

"Your highness! They are demons in the kingdom" one of the guards said as he was panting heavily while his head was bowed.

"Very well," I responded, with furrowed brows as I tried to understand their purpose and mission, but I released the stress on my face as I assured myself that they were just demons.

They're ordinary, hence they pose no threat to me or my kingdom, but I wasn't ready to take any risks.

"Martinus!" I called for my beta, who was now in front of me. He was also the same age as me and had become the Beta after his father also passed away some years back.

But despite his young age, he was strong and capable of most things, and I would hate to say this, but he seemed stronger than me. The only difference was the fact that I had royal blood in me, and that made me stronger.

We had also bonded well ever since I was little, and I can boastfully call him my best man as he was loyal and faithful to our kingdom. He was also the only friend I had.

"Your highness," he responded with a bow, as he stood still, waiting for my order.

The whole crowd present in the hall were all tense and the smell of fear filled the room, which started to irritate me.

I turned my eyes to my beautiful little sister, who had the feeling of guilt in her eyes. She probably thinks this happened because of what she said, but I'll make sure to be gentle with her when explaining things after I'm through with these demons.

"Martinus, I'm trusting you with my sister. Please take good care of her and go as far as you can from this place until everywhere is safe." I instructed, but he was reluctant to agree.

Don't worry, you don't need to watch over me. I'll be fine and I'll join you soon," I assured him and could sense a relief in him, but my sister, on the other hand, was still feeling guilty.

"Go with him, Emelia; he'll protect you," I said to her as she nodded her head.

I called for some back-up and my father insisted on joining me in the fight. He was frail and wouldn't be able to do much, but since we were fighting demons, I'll make every effort to protect him.

I could hear the sounds of swords coming closer and growing nearer. One could tell that it wasn't a small fight by the sound of it.

I inhaled deep breaths and said my prayers to the moon goddess to go before me and protect my family before standing up to leave.

As I stood up to leave, my sister ran up to stop me by holding my hands as my eyes widened in awe. I had thought she would be far away from here. Why was she still here?

I sighted Martinus running towards us from a distance. He quickly apologised, but I wasn't upset at him. I was rather upset at my sister for her reckless act.

"Emelia!" I growled, but she didn't respond to my growl. Rather, she held both my hands and stretched out my palms as she connected them with hers.

I watched how she closed her eyes for some seconds before placing her thumb on my forehead.

"There, I have sealed you with a protective spell. You can't be hurt now!" She smiled at me.

"Get away!" I growled back in response, my jaws clenched. Her smile was quick to fade away and her sparking eyes were quick to be replaced with tears before she scurried away, with Martinus giving me a last bow before following her.

I know I wasn't supposed to be mean to her since she had just helped me, but I had no other choice. She was stubborn and needed a tougher way to be spoken to. After all, it was all for her safety.

Let's go, father! I said to him and walked out of the gates of the castle with my sword by my side.

I could spot some dust from a far distance, but I wasn't going to wait till they reached the Palace. I wanted Emelia to be far away from the palace before the fight started, so I ordered for the horses to be brought out.

We all mounted the horses and rode all the way to the scene, but the scene wasn't nice as I spotted more of my men on the floor than the demons.

"What is going on here?" I asked myself as I stared at the scene, but I was quick to draw out my sword to join the fight.

It was more intense than the fight in hell, as the demons multiplied and were all around me. I was lucky enough to slay them continuously, and the battle went on for about an hour before my senses remembered that my father had come with me.

I had no time to check up on him earlier on, but on remembering him, I tried my best to locate him, but my jaws dropped to the floor at the sight before me.

My father was fighting against a familiar figure I very well remember. Was that the demon king? How in the seven hell is this possible?

