

Chapter 17 Seventeen

"Why are you sitting on the floor with the expensive dress I bought for you? You should have pulled it off if you wanted to return to your habitat," I yelled at her, but deep down, I didn't mean this.

I just didn't want to be soft around her, knowing full well that she was still a demon.

"I'm sorry, forgive me," she pleaded as she stood up from the floor and dusted her dress.

"Get out of there," I commanded, and once the cell door was opened, I dragged her out by the arm and could feel Martinus's eyes on my body as he gave me a disapproving look.

"Since you're well now, you might as well continue your job," I said to her as soon as we left the dungeon and requested a maid to bring some napkins for Freya.

I ordered, "Not a single spec of dust on the walls," and left her alone to do her job.

I immediately felt a stinging pain in my chest, but it wasn't mine. It was her pain, and I was feeling it. Why the hell am I feeling her pain after trying so hard to rebuke the mating bond?

As I was about to climb the staircase and leave her to it, I heard her screaming in pain once again as she clenched her stomach and fell on the floor.

Were the drugs affecting her again?

On seeing her wailing in pain, I rushed to help her on the floor as I stared at her wailing profusely with her head on my hands.

"Oh! Just stop the pretense," Emelia roared from behind me as she walked up to Freya and pulled her by the hair, causing her to screech even louder.

"I refuse to see through your evilness," she yelled again as she pulled Freya's hair even more while she rested on my hands.

I would have listened to Emelia, but deep down I knew Freya wasn't pretending and she was truly in pain, but I couldn't do anything as Emelia dragged her by the hair and completely away from my side.

"Emelia, enough of that." Martinus scolded Emelia, yet I was quiet and unable to do anything.

"Don't tell me you're pitying her, don't even tell me you've fallen for her because I see the way you look at her every time and most of all, don't tell me you're rejecting me because of this demon here! " "

"I'll end her today!" Emelia roared even louder as she reached for the artifacts beside the walls and picked up a dagger.

Why wasn't I saying anything, and would I just let Emelia kill her? I knew I wouldn't let that happen, but why wasn't I saying anything?

Rather, the fact that she mentioned Martinus liking Emelia seemed to trouble me more than it should, because I trusted Martinus and he wouldn't do anything of the sort.

When I noticed Emelia was taking it too far, I decided to snap out of my thoughts and intervene. With a swift motion, I grabbed the wailing little demon on my arms in a bridal style as I climbed up the stairs to my room without saying anything to Emelia, who kept on yelling and cursing.

I was confused and had mixed feelings about her. The traumatized side of me wanted her to go through the same hell I went through, but the other side of me knew she hadn't caused me any harm, and I couldn't possibly think she could cause me any harm.

She was genuinely the sweetest and cutest woman I have ever met, nice and naive at the same time, but she had to be a demon.

I wonder why I couldn't smell her as a demon back then in her kingdom. Perhaps Martinus was right and there's something more to this.

On getting to my room, I placed her on the bed while watching her tossing and wailing in pain. I needed to call the doctor to do something about this on time because it can't keep happening. Whenever it happens, my wolf feels sad.

Without thinking twice or wasting any more time, I requested the nurse's attention, and luckily, she arrived earlier than the previous time because she happened to be nearby.

"I shouldn't have given her the strong medicine," the doctor sighed, with a concerned look on her face.

"Will she be okay?" I asked.

She answered, "She should be okay after taking this medicine. It'll reduce the effects, but then it has its own side effects. "

"I don't care," I said almost immediately, noticing the doctor flinch.

"Your highness, her emotions and feelings will rapidly increase after this, and she might be quite demanding for some days." The doctor rushed through her statement without looking at me, but when she didn't hear anything from me, she proceeded to pour the potion into Freya's mouth before leaving.

After some minutes, she slowly stopped crying, and later on, she stopped rolling on the bed, so I knew the drugs had worked fine on her, but I wasn't going to stress her for now.

I'll let the drugs have their full effects on her before doing anything else with her.

"You should try to sleep now," I said to her as she said nothing in return until her eyes slowly fluttered and closed shut.

I watched as she slept gracefully, with her pink lips slightly parted and her dark lashes falling on her cheeks. She looked like an angel, but she had to be a demon.

For some moments, I tried to gather myself back. I should be tough with her and not soft, but some other part of me told me to embrace the feeling even though it is just for now. When will this two-sided, confused feeling in me come to an end?

