

[Married To The Devil's Son \(WN\)](#)

Chapter 18

Klara kept glancing Lucian's way as we ate our breakfast, while the King and Lucian spoke informally with each other, which surprised me. The King was willing to help Lucian as they were already speaking of how to win this war. I only feared he would ask for something in exchange. Something bad.

'You should stay here until the King dies, then we will take action,' the King said. as if waiting for someone's death was a daily occurrence.

'Rasmus? can you stop acting like a King at least until we eat our breakfast?' Klara asked.

Rasmus, Klara, Astrid: their names sounded Scandinavian.

'Of course' Rasmus smiled at his sister.

'We have a party tonight. I hope you can attend after you have rested' he then said to me and Lucian.

'Of course' Lucian replied.

'Astrid, why don't you take them to a nice room. I am sure they would like to rest.'

I was so tired, but as I laid on the bed next to Lucian all I could do was ask questions.

'You seem to know Rasmus pretty well,' I began.

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'Yes,' was all he said before closing his eyes. He lay on his back while I lay on my side, facing him.

‘Why does he call you Draco?’

‘It’s just a nickname’ he said shortly. This wasn’t working. I couldn’t reach through to him. Maybe he was too tired.

‘His sisters are beautiful.’

He shot his eyes open and looked my way. He looked at me calculatingly for a while before he replied, ‘Yes they are.’

‘How did you save his sister’ I asked curiously. I think I saw a little smile on his face before it disappeared quickly.

‘I didn’t. I just spared her life. Our kingdoms were at war with each other few years ago and we won by killing most of their men.’

‘Are you saying she went to fight in a war?’ I asked, surprised. She was a woman, not only that, but a princess, and she went to fight a war?

‘Yes, she and her sister. They are warriors and know very well how to fight. After all, their ancestors were Vikings; they have it in their blood.’ I just listened, fascinated by how these beautiful women could be warriors. I wondered if he was fascinated by them as well. Maybe that’s why he spared her life. Maybe he thought she was beautiful. She was at least more beautiful than I was; much more beautiful.

Letting out a sigh, I closed my eyes and tried to sleep, but then I heard Lucian say, ‘Thank you for coming with me’ in a sleepy voice. Opening my eyes I looked at him. He was asleep.

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I shifted in bed for a while, but I couldn’t fall asleep. Sitting up, I swung my legs down off the bed and stood up on the neat sapphire blue carpet that covered the ground.

The whole room was decorated in white and different shades of blue. The walls were a light blue while the doors and the window frames were white. The curtains were a beautiful turquoise adorned with blue crystals at the tips and framed the big glass windows that showed a clear blue summer sky.

I looked back at Lucian, who was sleeping peacefully on the royal blue satin sheets. He looked more beautiful than ever while asleep. I slid into a simple dress, fixed my hair and put my shoes on before exiting the room.

I walked through the halls, not knowing exactly where I was when I heard female voices I recognized coming from a room. I stopped to listen.

‘Klara, there are a thousand men out there who desire you. Just forget about him‘

‘I know but no one is like him. I want him, sister.‘

‘He is married now. Why do you want to be a second wife when you can get any man you want?’ Astrid asked, frustration clear in her tone.

‘I would rather be with someone I want and become a second wife than be with someone I don’t want,’ Klara said stubbornly.

‘He is a man with no position right now. There is no guarantee that he will become the next king of Decresh.’ A tiny gasp escaped past my lips, yet it was loud enough for Astrid to hear in the echoing room. They were talking about Lucian.

‘Who is there?’ Astrid asked as I heard her footsteps coming closer. I quickly hid behind one of the limestone columns in the hall.

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‘What is it?’ Klara asked.

‘Nothing. I just thought I heard someone’ Astrid said and then I heard the door close. I peeked from behind the column to make sure they were gone and then quickly got away from there.

I quickly walked through the halls trying to find my way back to the room. My life had become a mess in only a week. First I got married against my will, then before I got to know my mysterious husband a war knocked on the door, then I fought with my parents and now I was in a kingdom ruled by a bloodthirsty king and his sister who wanted my husband.

While looking for a room I found an exit to a garden. I walked out and found some of Lucian’s men chatting there. Some were sitting under the roof, away from the sun resting while some were talking about someone. Me.

‘Did you see how she slapped him’ a guard with brown hair asked imitating me slapping Lucian. He lift his hand and drew it back before landing a fake slap on another guards cheek.

‘Behave yourself Ky,’ Lincoln said, sitting with his eyes closed, leaning his back on the wall.

‘No seriously. She is brave. I like her.’ he continued, ignoring Lincoln.

‘She shouldn’t have slapped him in front of everyone. It was disrespectful toward his highness,’ another one retorted. Oliver laughed, turning around. He saw me standing there and I thought he would say something to make the men know I was there listening to everything, but he kept quiet and let the men continue talking about me.

‘She is a good person,’ someone defended me. It was brother of Lisa, the maid who stole my golden hairpin. ‘She genuinely cares for His Highness,’ he continued.

‘That’s true,’ another one said. Oliver smiled a mischievous smile before saying ‘My Lady,’ finally making my presence known and surprising the guards.

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Everyone stood up quickly ‘My lady,’ they said, bowing deeply and then looking at me with fear.

‘I apologize for their behavior,’ Lincoln said, bowing deeply. ‘Apologize to Her Highness!’ he reprimanded, sending the guards a hard glare.

‘It’s alright.’ I smiled. ‘Everyone is entitled to their own opinion.’ They all stared at me in surprise, except Lincoln. His face showed no expression.