

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

Chapter 21

I panicked. How could I have fallen asleep when Lucian was ill? I quickly placed my hand on Lucian forehead who was still sleeping. No fever. What had made him so ill last night? He seemed fine just before we kissed.

The kiss.

His hand on my back, around my waist, in my hair pressing body to his, the heat, the tingling sensation. I brought my hand up to my lips. His lips had been so soft yet so firm, moving against mine till I was breathless. He tasted like spices; hot burning your tongue, yet you came back for more. More... Yes, I wanted more.

I had been willing to give myself to him last night but slowly his kiss had become sloppy, his arms trembled before his whole body shook. Fear showed in his beautiful eyes, struggle on his face and sweat beads on his forehead. I had seen him like that once before, when we were in the woods, when our lips had touched. Something told me it had to do with the kiss, but why?

Someone knocked on the door. Who could it be this early in the morning? Lucian swung his legs down from the bed startling me and stalked to the door as if hadn't been sleeping just now. Sometimes he was really strange. He opened the door and then I only heard whispering sounds before he closed it.

'I need to go' he said picking up his jacket from the bed and putting it on.

'Where?' I asked, worried.

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'I will be back,' he said as he left, ignoring my question. What happened that made him so stressed? Was it the bloodthirsty King or did his father die?

Unable to suppress my worry, I quickly got dressed and went looking for him.

It was a lovely day. The sky crystal blue, the sun casting its golden rays on the beautiful garden.

Lucian's men sat in the garden eating their breakfast at a large table. They seemed to have fun, chatting and laughing loudly.

'Good morning, Your Highness,' they greeted, standing up and bowing in unison when they took notice of me.

'Good morning.' I smiled, my eyes traveling along the table looking for Lincoln. He was not there.

'Are you looking for someone my lady?' a guard asked.

'Where is Lucian?'

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'His Highness went to meet the king,' he said. So it was the bloodthirsty king. What did he want?

'May I sit with you?' I asked. They looked at each other with shock and confusion before they started moving around quickly, trying to organize a place for me to sit.

'Of course,' a guard said, pulling a chair out for me to sit on. Then, they just sat there, like disciplined children waiting for their teacher to give them a lecture. I could see that I was making them uncomfortable but I needed some information that only they could give. I decided to go easy on them first.

'Why don't you guys tell me your names?' I suggested. I only recognized Oliver and Ky the one that imitated me slapping Lucian.

They glanced at each other, exchanging wide-eyed gazes before they began to present themselves. The soldier to my left side stood up and introduced himself first.

‘My name is Callum Atkinson, My Lady.’ He bowed before he sat down again and the rest went on introducing themselves: Chad, Declan, Anum, Claus, Danilo and I forgot the rest because they were too many. It didn’t matter because I wasn’t here to know their names but to know more about Lucian, to know the truth.

‘My lady, why would you want to know our names? We are nothing but your servants,’ one of them asked. I think it was Anum. Lydia and Ylva were my servants as well but they were the only people who truly cared about me and I about them.

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‘You are more than just a servant. You are a human being, a son of someone, a brother, a friend. If you are married, a husband, and if you have children, a father. Stop saying that you are just servants because I am only a princess.’ A princess who had been locked inside her home by her own parents who never treated her like their child.

They never played with her, never hugged her, never asked about her opinions or feelings. They treated her like a doll who always had to look perfect and act perfect or ‘ladylike’ until they find someone they could sell her to. But even then, she was not free. She would remain the doll she was without feelings and without opinions. Her husband would do as he pleased and she wouldn’t be able to do anything about it.

If Lucian decided to take Klara as his wife, what would I do? What could I do? The guards stared at me, confused by what I said.

‘I mean, I am a princess now but I might be nothing tomorrow,’ I explained even though that was not what I meant. Still, it was the truth. Once Lucian’s

father dies, we would either get killed or live to hide forever, because the chance of Lucian becoming the next king is almost impossible. His brothers were more powerful now because they had many allies. Lucian's only ally was this bloodthirsty king whom I didn't entirely trust. Why would he fight in a war he would most likely lose?

My thoughts went back to what Rasmus had said about Lucian last night. I didn't want to believe him but a part of me was suspicious. That's why I was sitting here with his men. I tried to find ways to ask about Lucian without sounding suspicious but gave up and asked them directly instead.

'Is it true that Lucian killed hundreds of men on his own during a war?'

Everyone looked up from their plate and seemed to consider what to say before opening their mouths.

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'Yes. My Lady. It's war. You either kill or get killed,' Callum said finally. So it was true? He had participated in many wars, killed many on his own yet he had no scars on his body, not even a tiny one. Something about Lucian wasn't right and I intended to find out what it was.

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Chapter 22

Beautiful women clad in silk flowed into the room and began to move in rhythm with the music. Lucian watched as the curvy women in front of him swayed with their hips in a seductive way to get the males attention.

Rasmus who was sitting next to him seemed to enjoy the view while sipping his wine.

'I like that red haired one. Which one catches your attention?' Rasmus asked.

Lucian's eyes swept over the women twirling around each other wearing almost nothing. Yes, they were beautiful, exotic but none of them enticed him.

'Hard to decide huh? You can take two if you want.' Rasmus said in amusement when Lucian didn't reply.

Maybe he should. It has been a long time since he took a woman to bed and that might be the reason his demon was out of control. Taking a woman might calm his demon down a bit so that he can finally be with Hazel.

'I'll take the blonde' Lucian finally decided. Rasmus gave him a knowing smile.

Looking out the window I watched as the clear blue summer sky transformed into a sea of blackness. The sun got swallowed by the rapidly falling night and the sky got freckled by shimmering stars. It was a beautiful sight.

'My Lady, dinner is served downstairs.' A maid informed who had just walked in. Finally, I could meet Lucian after not having seen him for the whole day. As I made my way the dining room my heart pounded in my chest with anticipation. Images of our kiss from last night replayed in my head and I had a feeling that more would happen tonight, but to my disappointment the room was empty as I entered. There was no sign of Lucian.

'My lady?' Looking over my shoulder one of Lucian's guards was standing there.

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'His Highness told me to inform you that he will be unable to join you for dinner tonight' he said.

'Why? did something happen?' I asked concerned. These days I always felt anxious, waiting for something bad to happen.

‘No My Lady. He is attending a party the king threw for men only?’

‘Oh..’ was the only thing I managed to say. Party for men only didn’t sound good. The king of Gatrish is known for his parties that include exotic women, s.e.x and liquor, and knowing that Lucian was there right now, made me feel uneasy.

I sat at the large table and tried to enjoy the food and not think about anything else when Astrid and Klara strode into the room.

‘We heard that you are dining alone so we came to accompany you, if that’s alright?’ Astrid inquired.

‘Of course’ I smiled.

Once they sat down the maids served them dinner as well.

‘I hope you are enjoying your stay here even though a lot is going on in your kingdom’ Astrid said.

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‘I am, thank you.’ I lied. I was hardly enjoying myself especially with her sister having an interest in my husband. ‘I heard the king is throwing a party. What is the special occasion?’ I asked trying to get some information.

‘Nothing actually. My brother just enjoys his parties and women.’

‘Yeah, if there is one thing a man can’t resist is, it’s the body of a beautiful woman,’ Klara spoke for the first time since she came here.

I had a feeling she was telling me something. It didn’t matter. Lucian wouldn’t take another woman, would he? If he had done it before he certainly would now.

My stomach churned and I lost my appetite.

‘Thank you for keeping me company. Have a good night.’ I said standing up from my seat once they were done eating.

As I headed back to my room my thoughts drifted back to Lucian. I was both anxious and curious to what he was doing. I knew I wouldn’t be able to fall asleep so I decided to take a walk around the castle when I heard giggling sounds coming from around the corner.

Looking around the corner I found a group of maids standing on stools looking through a window. They were so occupied that they didn’t even notice me approaching them. Curious to what made them so engrossed I stood on an empty stool beside them and peeked through the small window.

The first thing I noticed was the women dancing around each other in circles wearing clothes that cover nothing but their private parts. They were swaying with their h.i.p.s and twisting seductively with their bodies to some music that I couldn’t hear.

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‘Oh... they are so beautiful.’ A maid spoke while never taking her eyes of the dancing women.

My eyes traveled to the back of the room where a group of men were sitting watching the dancers. I recognized the King who was sitting in the middle with a glass of wine in his hand. He had a smirk on his face and was speaking to someone sitting next to him. Lucian!

Lucian nodded and watched the dancers intently. His gaze was dark and held an emotion I couldn’t identify. Now some men were leading a few dancers out of the room.

‘Wow.. did you see the woman general Richard chose?’ A maid gasped.

‘I wonder which one the King will choose,’ another one said.

‘And who is the handsome man sitting next to the King.’

The King stood up from his seat and led a red haired dancer out of the room which made a few maids gasp.

‘Oh... he is the prince of Decresh, it is said he is son of the devil’ an old maid said sounding disgusted.

‘The devil must be extremely handsome then.’

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Yeah, Lucian looked extremely handsome sitting there staring at the dancer. I didn’t like the way he was looking at them. I didn’t like that he was looking at them at all but that wasn’t the worst that could happen, because he was now leading a blonde dancer out of the room.

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Chapter 23

Lucian watched as the blonde woman undressed in a seductive way waiting to get a reaction from him, but when she didn’t get anything...

‘Don’t be shy. Maybe... you would like to undress me?’ she said as she stalked toward him while eyeing him up and down. ‘Or maybe I should undress you first’ she continued as she tugged at his robe.

He grabbed her arm harshly and gave her a hard glare. Why didn’t he like the fact that this woman was trying to undress him when he came here willingly.

‘Oh... so you want to do it with clothes on? I get it. Everyone has their own preference.’ she smiled trying to lighten his mood.

He let go of her arm and as soon as he did she slid her arm around his neck and pulled him down pressing her lips to his. She kissed him hungrily and he kissed her back but he felt nothing. Why? He pushed her body closer trying

to feel something but nothing. She didn't taste as sweet as Hazel, didn't smell like her, didn't feel like her. She didn't make his heart beat as fast, or his body burn as hot as Hazel did and his demon was as silent as the dead.

He was beginning to get frustrated. Why wasn't his body reacting? He ripped her clothes off and pushed her down on the bed. She gasped but seemed satisfied thinking that she made him go wild when it was the opposite. Maybe seeing her n.a.k.e.d would make him excited but it didn't. He tried to touch her and kiss her once more but nothing. This wasn't working.

He was here to feed his demon but his demon wasn't a bit hungry. Getting up he grabbed the sheets and covered her body. She stared at him confused. Then turning around he stalked toward the door as it was useless to try. No one could make him feel as Hazel did.

'Where are you going?' she called behind him. Ignoring her he opened the door and walked out.

He walked through the halls confused. What did Hazel do to him that made it impossible for him to desire other women? He used to enjoy his women before his marriage. Now he couldn't even go back to his room because Hazel would be there and having her in the same room without touching her would be difficult.

'You don't need to follow me.'

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Lincoln who had been following him silently appeared from the shadows.

'Allow me, your highness, it's for your own safety.' He said.

Lucian didn't like to be followed but Lincoln had been doing that since they came here. Apparently, he didn't trust Rasmus, or to be correct Lincoln never trusted anyone easily.

‘Keep an eye on Hazel instead.’ Lucian ordered.

‘Her highness is under Oliver’s protection.’ Of course, Lincoln always had everything in control.

Lucian continued walking through the halls with Lincoln walking right behind him. He knew Lincoln cared for his safety too much to leave him alone. He remembered the first time he met him. He was eleven back then and Lincoln fifteen.

While the rest of his men feared him at first Lincoln never showed any kind of fear.

He never questioned Lucian’s abilities and he never reacted when Lucian behaved differently. Sometimes Lucian wondered what Lincoln really thought about him.

‘Lincoln?’

‘Yes, Your Highness.’

The source of this _chapter;

‘Do you believe me to be the devil’s son?’

‘It doesn’t matter to me, Your Highness.’

‘That’s not what I asked,’ Lucian said, ‘and I want you to be honest.’

‘I am not sure, but I know you are different.’ No doubt. Lincoln was someone who paid attention to small details.

‘Your Highness?’ Lincoln voice was filled with concern. ‘I don’t like that we can’t have our weapons. We can’t protect ourselves.’ Lucian had the urge to laugh. Lincoln was all about safety and protection and he just wanted the man to relax.

‘Relax Lincoln. They have no reason to harm us’ and if they did Lucian would burn them all.

When they reached the main entrance Lucian heard the clinking sound of swords. He went out to the cold night breeze and found Astrid and Klara fighting in the middle of the big garden.

He watched silently for a while observing their skills. Astrid was the cautious type, she defended herself a lot from Klaras attacks but ones she attacked she never missed. That was both her strength and weakness.

Klara, on the other hand, was the type to attack. She swung with her sword continuously aiming at different places, on top of that she was quick, but she wasn’t very good at protecting herself. One needed to both attack and defend.

Astrid swung her sword at her sister so hard it made her sisters sword slid from her hand. Without giving Klara a chance to recover Astrid swung her sword at her again but Klara was quick and kicked the sword out of her sister’s hand. Now none of them had a sword. Klara tried to pick up hers fast but Astrid has already placed a dagger on her sister’s throat.

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‘I told you many times, you always need to have an extra weapon.’ Astrid said. Klara removed the hair out of her face and stared at her sister angrily.

‘One more time.’ She breathed.

‘No, I am tired. I need some sleep.’ Astrid said while putting her dagger back and picking up her sword. Turning around she noticed him standing there for the first time.

‘Prince Lucian?’ She said surprised ‘what brings you here?’ Klara got to her feet quickly and adjusted her hair before looking his way.

‘I was just passing by when I saw you fight.’

‘I am better than my sister right?’ she said looking at her sister mockingly.

‘That wasn’t my best’ Klara shot her an angry glare before looking back to Lucian. ‘Why don’t you fight with me?’ She suggested to him.

‘He is not wearing clothes suitable for a fight, sister.’ Astrid said as she looked him up and down.

‘Alright. How about tomorrow? I will think of what ask of you when you lose till then.’ She smirked.

‘Don’t bother, because I won’t.’

The source of this _chapter;

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Chapter 24

Sitting in front of the mirror a maid combed my hair.

‘Your hair is so beautiful’ she smiled.

Yeah but unfortunately I wasn’t a blonde and my husband seemed to like blondes.

‘Thank you’ I smiled back.

‘My Lady, do you want this dress or this one?’ she said holding up two different dresses once she was done with my hair.

‘None of them. Pick me a really beautiful dress.’ I ordered. I would make Lucian regret what he did. I would make him sleepless as he made me. I even wanted to make him cry because even though I didn’t want to admit to myself I cried a little last night.

Oh, how I needed Lydia and Ylva now.

The maid picked me a peach colored dress which suited my hair and skin color perfectly.

I put some paint on my lips and some perfume then I let my hair down as I looked myself in the mirror.

Now you will want a piece of this but you won't get it.

Lastly I put my shoes on and strode out of the room. As I walked through the long hall I started to lose my confidence. What if he didn't even want a piece of me? He could always get a piece of some other woman. I would always be the one to lose.

This were the times I hated being a woman.

When I neared the dining room my heart was pounding so hard in my chest. I knew Lucian was waiting there and I was both angry and nervous, maybe more angry than nervous.

I slowly opened the door and walked inside. Lucian was sitting at the table and he stared right at me when I entered the room. I forgot to breathe for a moment when his eyes met mine, but I quickly reminded myself how angry and hurt I was. I tried to suppress my anger, it was important to control myself if I wanted to win this war.

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'Won't you sit down?' he asked gesturing to the seat next to him.

Without saying anything I made my way to the table and down while all while avoiding to meet his gaze.

'Did you have a good night's sleep?' He asked. Of course not, but I am sure you did.

'Yes I did, Your Highness.' I said in a flat tone. He looked at me surprised.

‘Won’t you ask me?’

‘Did you sleep well, Your highness?’ I asked using the same tone again. He chuckled.

‘That’s not what I meant. Will you not ask why I never came last night?’

‘I don’t have any right to ask, Your Highness.’ He frowned and looked at me confused.

‘Hazel?’ he said in a firm but soft voice that sent shivers down my spine. I resisted the urge to look up and meet his gaze.

‘Look at me.’ he demanded. No way I would do that. His eyes were my weakness and I wouldn’t show him my weakness right now.

When I didn’t do as he said he grabbed my chin and lift my head up slightly.

‘Look at me Hazel.’ He said even softer this time. I couldn’t help but look up and gaze into his eyes.

‘Is something wrong?’ he asked.

‘No, Your Highness.’

Follow current _ on

‘Don’t call me that.’ He said sounding slightly irritated now. Good. He should be more than that.

‘Alright.’ was all I said. He sighed.

‘You seem to be in a really bad mood compared to how you dressed.’ He said as his eyes traveled along my face down to my chest. His gaze felt like a hot iron on my skin.

‘I am not hungry, excuse me.’ I said standing up, ready to get away from there only to make him angry but before I could move he grabbed my arm and pulled me against the table trapping me between him and it.

‘Are you taunting me wife? You dress so beautifully and you smell so good but you are running away.’

‘I am not running, I am just not hungry.’ I said trying to sound innocent. His eyes got darker.

‘But I am.’ he said slowly leaning closer. He placed each hand on each side of my body so that I couldn’t get away then he placed his head on the side of my neck. I could feel his hot breath on my skin.

‘I can’t...’ he breathed heavily as his lips brushed against my skin. I tilted my head back, wanting him to kiss every inch of my skin. He leaned even closer pressing his body to mine as his lips traveled up to my jawline until they brushed mine. A soft brush that made me curl my toes.

‘You should stop me.’ he breathed before crushing his lips on mine. Yes I should stop him. Why am I kissing him? How could he kiss me with those lips that had kissed another woman last night? Just thinking about that made me fuming with anger and I bit his lip.

He pulled away with a hiss and brought his fingers up to his lip. He was bleeding. He wiped the blood with his thumb and then licked his lips.

I hadn’t meant to bite him that hard so I was shocked at first but then I thought he deserved it. Now come on, get angry, but he just stared at me.

‘I am sorry, Your Highness.’ I said adding the last part to anger him. He walked closer his eyes never leaving mine then he traced my lips with his thumb.

‘You had a little blood there.’ he said. What? I felt like he was toying with me so I decided to tell him straight up to go to hell or go back to that blonde

but got interrupted by a knock on the door. Lincoln entered shortly after and when he saw us standing so close to each other 'I can come back' he said and turned around quickly.

'What is it Lincoln?' Lucian asked still standing like he did trapping me with both his body and gaze. Lincoln turned around slowly but kept looking down.

The source of this _chapter;

'Princess Klara is waiting for you in the garden.' He said. Klara? Why was she waiting for him?

'Tell her I am on my way.' Lucian said. Lincoln bowed and left.

'What does she want?' I asked.

'I thought you were uninterested?' He smirked. 'Follow me if you want to know.'

I considered following him for a while but then just decided I should. I could not let him go alone to meet Klara when I knew her intentions. If she could do anything to get a married man I had to do everything to keep my man for myself.

Klara stood in the middle of the garden wearing an armor, but still looking as beautiful as ever. Her blonde hair glowed like the sunlight and her eyes were as blue as the summer sky. Yes, she was absolutely beautiful and blonde, just how Lucian liked his women I guess.

I could see how the soldiers that were gathered in the garden couldn't stop staring at her. Did Lucian find her that beautiful too?

'Good morning princess Hazel and ...Lucian I am glad you kept your word.' She smiled as we neared. In the back of the garden, I could see Astrid sitting comfortably on a chair.

‘Don’t be too excited,’ he said in a serious tone and it surprised me that they spoke so casually to each other which bothered me. Lucian had explained on our way that Klara wanted to have a fight with him. Something seemed suspicious to me.

I sat next to Astrid while Lucian grabbed a sword ready to fight with Klara.

‘I don’t know why my sister insists to fight with him. It’s clear that he is going to win.’ Astrid said. Yeah, if it is true that he killed hundreds of men on his own then one woman wouldn’t be a problem.

Klara began to swing her sword at Lucian and he was avoiding every swing swiftly without even raising his. At last he raised his sword and blocked one of her attacks. This time he started attacking her and it looked like she had a hard time defending herself. He had a smirk on his face and told her something I couldn’t hear.

They fought back and forth and it looked like Lucian was going easy on her. He didn’t even seem to try. I bet he could do this blindfolded. Klara, on the other hand, was panting and her hair got a little messy, but she wasn’t willing to give up.

Lucian swung his sword at her and just as she was to block his attack it looked like she changed her mind half ways and Lucian sword cut her on the upper arm. Blood began to seep from the wound. It felt as if the time stood still for a while because everyone were quiet and chocked before Astrid rose from her seat and ran to her sister.

Updated at

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

Chapter 25

I stood there and watched while Lucian examined Klara’s arm. I was sure she did it on purpose.

‘I am alright.’ She said blinking with her long lashes, something I noticed she does often in Lucian’s presence.

‘Are you sure.’ He asked looking at her wound again. He probably felt guilty but she was the one that wanted to fight and she was doing all this on purpose. She was doing it to get close to him.

Why do I always have to fight for him? I was tired of it.

Not wanting to see any of it anymore I decided to leave.

I was hurt, angry, tired. Should I have stayed with my parents? Did I make a mistake by coming here with Lucian? Tears began to fill my eyes and not wanting anyone to see me cry I walked faster through the halls. When I got around the corner I bumped into someone and stumbled backwards.

‘I am sorry My Lady, I didn’t see you coming.’ Oliver said startled.

‘It’s alright’ I said trying to walk past him as I didn’t want him to notice that I was crying. But he did.

‘Are you alright, My Lady?’ He asked concerned.

‘Yeah I am fine.’ I tried to smile.

‘Just tell me and I will kill whoever made you cry.’ He said. I looked up to see if he was joking but he wasn’t which suddenly made me want to laugh.

‘It’s no one you can kill.’ I said.

‘Is it the king? His sisters?’ I shook my head. He seemed to think about who it could be. I could see he was taking this seriously.

‘Why don’t you just take me outside the castle?’ I suggested. His eyes widened.

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‘It’s not safe, My Lady.’

‘But you are with me.’ I said.

‘I would if we were back home, but there are crazy people in this kingdom. It’s not safe outside the castle.’ He said apologetically.

‘Please, no one has to know.’ I said. I really needed to get out and do something to make me forget about everything. He sighed after thinking for a while.

‘Alright, but we won’t go far.’ he said. I gave him a big smile.

‘So you won’t tell me who made you cry?’

‘No.’ I shook my head as we walked not far away from the castle.

‘Are you married?’ I asked him.

‘Yes, My Lady.’

‘Do you love your wife?’ I didn’t want to be prying or make him feel uncomfortable but I couldn’t help but ask.

‘Very much, My Lady.’

‘Would you be with another woman beside her?’

‘No, My Lady.’ He then went silent for a while before saying ‘His Highness cares for you a lot. I have never seen him care so much about anyone.’

I guess he put the pieces together.

New chapters are published here:

‘We shouldn’t go any further. You see I have no weapons to protect you.’
Just as he finished his sentence four men appeared from behind the trees holding swords in their hands. It was as if they have been waiting there for us. Oliver placed himself in front of me immediately.

‘Run!’ he said. I didn’t know who these people were but I could see they were dangerous. I couldn’t leave Oliver here but when he yelled ‘Run!’ louder this time I started running.

I felt guilty for leaving him especially when I was the one who convinced him to take me out. God, what have I done? Who were these men? Would he be ok? I stopped in my tracks when I remembered he had no weapons. I couldn’t just leave him but before I could think of doing anything a hand came around my waist and another one covered my face with a piece of clothes. I tried to struggle against the grip and breath for air but a stinging smell filled my nose and slowly my eyelids became heavy and my body went limp.

Opening my eyes slowly I groaned at the pain in my head.

‘My Lady? Are you awake?’

I blinked several times before I could see Oliver tied to a chair.

‘Don’t worry I will take us out of here.’ He said. His clothes were torn and soaked in blood.

‘Are you okay?’ I said my voice hoarse. My throat burned and felt sore. I needed something to drink but I was tied to a chair too. I looked around the room, it was empty.

‘Who were those men?’ I asked as fear crept its way into my mind. Oliver opened his mouth to say something but the door to the room opened and five men entered.

‘I see you are finally awake.’ one of them said holding a dagger in his hand.
‘Let’s get straight to business. How much are you willing to pay us young man?’ he said looking at Oliver.

‘Let her go and I will pay you an amount you could only dream of.’ Oliver said. The man laughed.

‘No no, you bring us the money then we will let the lady go.’ the man said.

‘No you let her go, you can keep me and I will bring the money.’

‘Listen young man, don’t tell me what to do. Just do what I say or I will scar your wife’s beautiful face ‘ he said as he walked behind me and placed the dagger on my cheek.

My heart pounded so hard in my chest and I never got so scared in my life before.

‘Don’t touch her!’ Oliver said ‘trust me you touch a hair in her head and you will regret it.’ He said in a threatening voice.

Now all of them laughed.

‘Ooo I am so scared. Take him and make him bring the money.’ he ordered the other men.

Two men untied Oliver from the chair but his arm and legs were still tied, then they dragged him out of the room. Oliver didn’t struggle this time, he probably knew it was pointless.

‘You are a beauty, by the way.’ the man said grabbing my face in his hand.
‘but you know what? I hate rich people.’ He continued disgusted.

‘Yeah but come on brother. She is beautiful.’ the other one said as he eyed my b.r.e.a.s.t.s and I regretted immediately that I wore this dress today. I

regretted that I went outside of the castle and I regretted not listening to Oliver, but now was too late. I knew what these men wanted to do to me. I could see it in their l.u.s.tful gazes.

My head throbbed so hard it was hurting and my heart pounded painfully inside my chest. I felt like throwing up because of fear.

‘Money is our priority.’ the man said.

‘Yeah but we can still have fun and get the money.’ The man looked at me and licked his lips as his arm slid down to my throat and slowly further down. I was screaming inside but nothing came out of my mouth. Tears filled my eyes as he grabbed my b.r.e.a.s.t and squeezed it.

‘Shh don’t cry.’ he said and placed his finger on my lips. ‘I hate tears.’

Anger took over and I bit his finger then screamed as loud as I could for help but the other man slapped me across the face so hard I could taste blood in my mouth. My sore throat burned even more from the scream and my cheek stung so much I wanted to cry.

‘Bloody whore!’ the one I bit said looking at his finger. As if it wasn’t enough with one slap he slapped me again on the same cheek. Then he grabbed my hair and pulled my head backward. I had the urge to spit on his face but I wouldn’t be able to handle another slap. My face was already in so much pain.

‘I will make you regret that you even thought of biting me.’

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

Chapter 26

The man began to untie my hands and legs.

‘Hold her down for me.’ He yelled.

The other two men grabbed my arms and pulled me down on the cold floor. I began to scream and struggle hysterically. I would rather die than have them **** me.

‘Please stop!! Help me!!’ I screamed and every time the man slapped me across the face. I felt no pain this time, just fear, extreme fear.

He ripped my dress open which made me scream so loud it felt as if my throat was bleeding from all the screaming and crying.

God please help me!! Someone help me!!

Suddenly I heard a crushing sound and I couldn’t feel the man’s heavy weight on me anymore. The hands holding me down were gone and the men were on their feet quickly pulling their daggers out from their pockets.

‘Who are you?’ I heard one of them say in a shaky voice. I moved my head to see who had come but saw the man that just tried to **** me on the floor in a pool of blood, his body unmoving. Was he dead?

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Yes, he was. His throat was cut with what looked like sharp claws.

My eyes traveled further around the room looking for a threat or an escape but my gaze landed on hands with long and sharp claws. Almost animal like except the hands belonged to a human, they belonged to Lucian. Blood was dripping down his nails and his eyes were red. He looked like the Devil in my nightmares except he didn’t have any black horns.

‘Who are you?’ the man repeated with a louder voice but still his voice trembled. He was probably horrified by the sight in front of him.

‘It’s pointless to know when you are going to die anyway?’ Lucian replied then suddenly the men were in flames. They were burning as if someone set

them on fire but Lucian was still standing in the same place. He hadn't even moved an inch.

Their screams filled the room as they rolled on the floor. The sight was horrifying and my head started to spin.

Lucian turned his gaze toward me. My heart jumped as I gazed into his blood red eyes while I tried to cover myself. As he walked toward me he took his robe off, crushing down he covered me with it. To my surprise I didn't try to run away from him I just let him gather me in his arms. I wasn't scared anymore, strangely I felt safe in this man's arms, this man who could be the devil himself.

'It's alright. You are safe now.' he said holding me closer. Sleep now love and before I could think about the voice in my head I fell asleep.

Pain. Pain was the only thing I felt as I woke up. My head, my face, my throat even my whole body was in pain, especially my arms where the men held me down. Afraid by the memory I looked around for any threat, but I was back in the castle, so I was probably safe.

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A bottle of water on the table caught my attention. I needed water. My throat burned and itched and I couldn't take the pain anymore. I made my way to the table quickly ignoring the pain in my body because it was nothing compared to the pain in my throat. I grabbed the bottle of water and emptied it quickly.

Suddenly Oliver came to mind. Was he safe as well? If something happened to him how could I forgive myself. I needed to know so I walked toward the door but stopped suddenly when I walked past the mirror. Taking a few steps back and I stared at my reflection. Dark bruises covered my face, my lips were slightly swollen and chapped and my hair was ragged.

You are at least safe I consoled myself.

‘Are you alright?’ I jumped at the sound and looked to where it came from. Lucian stood suddenly in the room with his hands behind his back. He seemed angry and there was an aura of danger around him. How could I not have heard when he came in?

‘I..’ my voice cracked and my throat burned. I could barely speak so I just nodded. The way he stood reminded me of earlier. His red eyes and nails sharp. He really was the Devil or maybe it was my imagination. But I was sure I saw him, and the men who were suddenly burning, was it his doing?

My head was already hurting but now it hurt even more because of my thinking.

‘Oli...ver’ I said trying to speak.

‘He is alright. Don’t worry about him.’ I sighed in relief. Lucian still stood on the same place with a frown. I knew he was angry I went outside of the castle and that he wasn’t saying anything because of my condition.

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Yes, I know I put myself and Oliver in danger and that I made Lucian worry. I know that everything was my fault but it was partly his fault too. If he hadn’t gone with that blonde all this would not have happened.

There were just too many emotions including anger and regret that I felt at the moment. I just wanted to disappear. Turning around I was about to go back to bed but before I could take a step Lucian already picked me up.

‘I..’ I tried to protest but couldn’t finish the sentence because of the pain.

‘Shhh...no need to say anything.’ He said while he carefully lay me down on the bed.

‘Rest now,’ he said and I closed my eyes as I didn’t want to look anymore. I didn’t want to feel or think but my thought wandered back to Lucian standing

there with his red eyes as blood dripped down from his long nails. He killed the men.

Lucian fingers traveling down my cheek disrupted my thoughts.

‘You scared me today. I have never been so scared in my life before.’ He whispered. Opening my eyes I looked into his sad and concerned eyes.

‘Don’t ever make me worry like that again.’ Why am I not scared of him? Instead, a warm feeling spread through my body as I noticed how worried he had been and that he truly had been scared for me.

The source of this _chapter;

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

Chapter 27

Anger boiled inside him upon seeing Hazel’s bruised face. He wanted to go back and burn the bastards all over again and enjoy their screams of pain. He had been so scared and worried when he discovered that Hazel went outside the castle. If she hadn’t put as much perfume as she did today he would never have been able to follow her scent and find her.

Never had he let his demon take over completely before, but seeing Hazel get hurt today made his vision red with anger. He would have burned the whole place if Hazel hadn’t been there, but he was regretful. Regretful because he had shown the beast he was, the devil he was to Hazel. He hadn’t want her to see that side of him but now she did and when she recovers and remembers clearly what happened today she would fear him forever.

Leaving hazel to sleep Lucian made his way to the gatehouse while clenching his fists to suppress the rage he felt. Walking into the guardroom the guards moved out of his way as they sensed his anger.

Oliver laid on the bed as Lincoln attended to his wounds.

‘Your highness’ Lincoln said standing up immediately. Oliver, on the other hand, was trying hard to stand up as he was severely injured but Lucian didn’t feel any empathy at all. Anger was all he felt at the moment. Anger that Oliver risked Hazel life, he should have known better.

Oliver dropped to his knees in front of Lucian.

‘Your Highness, no apology is enough for what I did. I deserve to die.’ He said looking down. Ky walked into the room with a dagger in his hand. He held the dagger out to Lucian.

Lincoln stood at the corner of the room trying to keep a straight face but Lucian could see a hint of fear in his eyes, and when he took the dagger from Ky’s hands he could hear Lincoln’s heart beat faster.

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Oliver still kept his head down while blood dripped from his wounds down to the floor. Everyone was waiting for Lucian to kill Oliver. He could even hear the other guards voices outside the room. They were both scared and sad that their friend would leave this world very soon.

Lucian had never killed one of his men before but he never got this angry on one of them either. He remembered how Hazel had been worried about Oliver and that he had said that Oliver was fine. If he killed him now what would he tell Hazel? and what would she think about him? Besides, would his anger disappear by killing one of his men?

Still, he was angry. Angry that oliver had put Hazel’s life in danger. Angry because of the pain Hazel had to go through today. He knew that it was something she wouldn’t be able to forget, and angry because she had seen the real him today.

Oliver lift his head up slightly confused by why he was still alive.

‘I won’t kill you.’ Lucian said. ‘But it’s not because I forgive you, it’s because of my wife and yours.’ It wasn’t entirely true. Even though he was furiously angry with Oliver he didn’t think he deserved to die for a mistake, besides looking at his wounds he knew Oliver did try his best to protect Hazel.

Lincoln’s shoulders dropped in relief. Oliver looked at him surprised for a moment.

‘Your Highness, please let Her Highness know that I am deeply sorry.’ He said looking ashamed.

‘You should do that yourself.’ Speaking of Hazel he needed to go back before she woke up. Leaving Oliver behind he left the room but Lincoln was right behind him.

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‘Did you really think I would kill him?’ Lucian asked a little irritated that even Lincoln thought he could kill someone easily.

‘If it didn’t concern Her Highness I wouldn’t think so.’ He replied. Lincoln was right. Lucian had thought about killing Oliver on his way here but had calmed down and come back to his senses.

‘Make sure no one knows about what happened today.’ Lucian said. Lincoln nodded but kept following him.

‘What is it?’ Lucian asked irritated.

‘Your Highness...your father, the King is dead.’ he said. Lucian stopped in his tracks.

‘I am sorry, Your Highness.’ Yeah sure he was, but Lucian didn’t feel a bit of sorrow. He tried to look for an emotion inside of him but he felt nothing.

‘Something else?’ he asked starting to walk again.

‘Nathaniel and Peter are at war with each other.’ His youngest brothers. Lucian knew it was Pierres doing. Lucian could already see his plan. He would make his brother kill each other and when he is left alone take the throne.

‘Something else?’

‘No your Highness.’

‘Good, now stop following me.’ Lucian said. He couldn’t think of all the information he got just now. The only thing he could think about now was Hazel.

When he reached the room he was glad that she was still sleeping. Feeling tired himself he laid next to her and listened to her heart beat and her breathing. It somehow calmed him down. He closed his eyes and decided to take a nap.

A fresh scent of cinnamon and honey woke him up but he didn’t open his eyes. He could hear Hazel’s heartbeat nearby. She was very close to him, towering over him. Would she touch him again while asleep like last time, he was curious to know. She was leaning even closer now and he instantly stiffened as he realized what she was going to do.

Kiss him.

No! Not now when she was hurt. Not now when some men had already forced themselves on her, he wasn’t sure he wouldn’t force himself on her too.

Waiting for the kiss he only felt her fingers on his lips. What was she doing? Then he heard a small gasp before she pulled her finger away.

You can find the rest of this content on the platform.

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

Chapter 28

When I woke up I decided to take a bath. Lucian was sleeping next to me looking clean and fresh and here I was all dirty.

I prepared a bath myself and rubbed the dirt off my skin and hair till I was satisfied then I grabbed a towel and wrapped myself in it. Walking out and into the room, grabbed a simple gown and slid into it then I dried my hair with the towel. Even though I was all clean I still felt dirty.

My stomach growled. I was hungry since I didn't eat lunch and it was nearly sunset. I wanted to go down and look for something to eat but looking at my reflection I couldn't bring myself to walk outside the room. The bruises on my face and arms looked terrible and they still hurt. Thinking back of what happened made me sick. I was nearly r.a.p.ed, I would have been if Lucian hadn't come in time looking like the Devil.

I went back to bed and studied Lucian while asleep. I didn't know what I was looking for but I was looking for something. My eyes traveled to his fingers, no sharp nails. Just normal short clean nails and his eyes had been normal too. But I was sure I didn't imagine what I saw.

Then I remembered something, his lips. I had bitten him this morning which reminded me of his wounds that just had disappeared. Was it the same with his lips. I leaned closer and put my finger on his lip and moved it a little so that I could see better. There was nothing on his lip, not a wound, nothing.

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A gasp escaped my mouth. I guess I hadn't believed he was the devil's son entirely until now. I couldn't and didn't want to believe it. He couldn't be

what the rumors said he was, the devil's son with red eyes and long nails. He had burned the men alive and he could heal. What else could he do?

He opened his eyes slowly which made my heart jump. I looked into those eyes that had captivated me so much, I looked at the man I was married to, the man that moved my heart, evaded my thoughts and made my body tingle with pleasure. He couldn't be the son of the devil. There was nothing evil in his eyes, in fact, they looked troubled.

'Is everything alright?' he asked.

'Yes' it came out as a whisper. Bringing his hand up he cupped my cheek.

'I am sorry I didn't come earlier.' He said sounding really apologetic. How could this man be the devil's son?

The source of this _chapter;

'It's alright, I am fine.' I really was because it could have gotten much worse.

'Why did you go out? You could have asked me to go with you if you wanted to go.' This reminded me that I had been really angry with him for being with that blonde.

'Lucian?'

'Yes.'

'I don't want you to be with someone else. I want you for myself.' He looked at me surprised. I was surprised myself. I couldn't believe I told him that especially now when I knew the rumors about him could be true. But that didn't change my feelings.

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Lucian was surprised. He already knew she wanted him but hearing her saying that stirred something inside of him, something wild and wicked. He just hoped he had enough self-restraint to not take her here and now.

‘Sometimes I feel you want me and sometimes I feel you don’t.’ She said a sadness in her voice that made his heart ache. Did she know that he had been with someone else? Or was she talking about Klara?

‘I feel I am not enough for you,’ she continued.

She was more than enough for him, she was everything to him. Maybe he should tell her the truth about himself, but what if he pushed her away with the truth now that she finally opened up to him.

He sat up on the bed and straightened himself.

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‘Hazel, I... I.’ What if she thought he was making excuses to not be with her. She looked at him with disappointed.

‘I am hungry.’ She cut him off and her stomach growled shortly after that. Maybe it was for the best to not tell her, not yet anyway.

‘I’ll bring you something to eat.’

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

Chapter 29

Ouch, my stomach hurt. This time not because I was hungry but because I had eaten too much. I felt as if my stomach was going to explode. Lucian was sitting in front of me and seemed to be thinking about something, ignoring him I stuffed the rest of the food into my mouth. He probably thought I was eating unlady like but you know what? I didn’t care anymore. Since I wasn’t enough for him I planned on getting fat, maybe then I would be enough.

Someone knocked on the door.

‘My lord, my Lady, princess Klara is here to meet you?’ a maid called from outside. I panicked. Why was she here? I didn’t want her to see me like this. I looked at Lucian who still had a calm face.

‘Tell her to come in?’ he said.

‘What no, wait?’ I said standing up but the door already started to open so I hurried and hid behind the dressing screen. Lucian gave me a questioning look but then turned his gaze toward Klara who had just entered the room.

‘What brings you here?’ I peeked from behind the dressing screen.

‘I just came to see if you were alright? I heard your father died.’ The king died? How could I not have known this?

‘I am fine. How is your arm?’ he asked. She took a few steps closer to him blinking with those lashes again.

‘I am alright. Maybe you should go easy on me next time.’ Next time? There would be no next time.

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‘I’ll keep that in mind.’ he said.

‘My brother is throwing a party tonight. You know how he is. I hope you and your wife can join us?’ How could she invite him to a party when his father just died? I wondered how Lucian felt at the moment.

‘Sure we will.’ He said calmly.

‘Save me a dance then.’ She smiled.

‘I will,’ and with that she left. I quickly came out from where I was hiding.

‘Your father died and you didn’t tell me? And they are throwing a party when you father just died. And what? You are going to dance with her? You know I can’t go there looking like this.’ I said pointing at my bruises. I was so angry and I was yelling.

‘You don’t have to go if you don’t want to?’ He said with that annoyingly calm voice again.

‘And what? You want to go? So that you can dance with her?’

‘That’s not what I meant.’ He protested.

The source of this _chapter;

‘I don’t care what you mean. The fact is that you have many mistresses, that you spend time with other women than me and that you like blondes. I am not as nearly beautiful as her and you... you can get any woman you want and I don’t have any saying in it.’

Lucian’s eyes widened at my confession.

‘And I was nearly r.a.p.ed because of you.’ I added yelling.

Lucian clenched his fists. So all this was his fault. He had hurt her feelings and got her nearly r.a.p.ed. She must despise him now. He felt as if his heart was breaking into a million pieces. He wanted to say something but he stood frozen in the same place.

With the back of her hand she wiped her tears away then she walked into the bathroom and shut the door behind her.

I sat in the bathroom crying for a while before I could calm down. Yes, I was nearly r.a.p.ed because of him, not entirely, but I was saved by him too. I shouldn’t have gotten that angry, he had just lost his father.

Never push your husband away when he is interested in another woman.
That's when you need to keep him the closest.

I remembered what Ylva told me. I needed to always look my best and keep my husband interested in me if I wanted him for myself and here I am pushing him away. But i just couldn't help it. I was very emotional at the moment. A lot of unexpected and stressful things have been happening in my life lately and I didn't know how to deal with it.

Wiping my tears I decided to go back to the room and act maturely. I walked out from the bathroom but Lucian was already gone.

Updated _at

‘Your highness, the king wants to meet you.’

What now ? Lucian was not in the mood to meet anyone. His father was dead, his brothers were in war and his wife was hurt. Could it get worse ?

Yes, he knew it would get worse so he needed to keep his calm.

He made his way to the garden were the King wanted to meet him. Rasmus was standing tall and strong with his arms crossed behind his back. His long dirty blonde hair falling smoothly over his shoulders down to his waist. Rasmus reminded him much of himself, the way he walked and stood except he didn't speak like him.

‘Draco, here you are’ he said a smirk on his face. Lucian didn't smile, he just stood there waiting for Rasmus to get to the point.

‘I heard about your father, I am sorry but I am sure you are not.’ He said.

‘Should I? Your Majesty.’ Lucian asked. Rasmus laughed as he walked closer to Lucian. He looked him in the eyes. If he was trying to intimidate him then he failed.

‘What are you planning on doing now?’ Rasmus asked ignoring his question.

‘What do you want in return for helping me?’ Lucian knew that Rasmus was not the type to do things without asking for anything in return.

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Rasmus sighed looking away as if he didn’t like what he was going to say then he looked back at Lucian.

‘I want you to marry my sister.’

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

Chapter 30

‘Excuse me?’ Lucian said unsure of what Rasmus meant. Why would a king want his sister to become a second wife when she was a princess.

‘You know that my sister Klara likes you. I would of course like her to get married to someone who isn’t already married, but I know she won’t accept someone else than you.’

‘Did she tell you that?’

‘No, but I know my sister.’ Rasmus said. Lucian sighed. He already had enough problems on his plate and now he had to deal with yet another problem.

‘I have a meeting to attend, think about what I said carefully.’ He said looking displeased himself before he left Lucian to stand alone there.

‘Your highness, as your personal adviser I suggest you take princess Klara as your second wife.’ Lincoln said who had been listening to their conversation.

‘You need a friend at the moment not another enemy. Besides taking her as your wife will help you even when you become a King, I am sure her highness will understand. ‘

Lucian wasn't sure about that. Hazel was already angry with him and he had hurt her enough. He didn't want to anymore. Maybe if he spoke to Klara he might change her mind.

Tonight at the party, he would speak to her.

‘My lady, I have brought the books.‘

‘Thank you. You may leave.‘ Placing the books on the table the maid left.

Picking one of the books I started to read but my thoughts wandered to Lucian. What was he doing now? Was he dancing with Klara at the party? Shutting the book angrily I put it aside. It wasn't keeping me interested enough to forget about Lucian.

Dracula.

I thought I heard the name somewhere. Yes right, the bloodthirsty king had told me the story of Dracula, the man who made a deal with the Devil.

Grabbing the book I looked at its front. It was bound in brown old leather and smelled of dust. I slowly opened it, the pages were cracked and barely holding together. As I looked at the page the first word I read was Draco.

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Draco, it was what the bloodthirsty king called Lucian.

Draco is the latin word for Dragon.

Did the king lie to me? Why did he say it meant devil? I continued reading.

The dragon is the largest snake of all snakes and is the...

A spicy scent filled the room and made me look around. Was Lucian here? Looking around I found no one. Strange. I tried to go back to reading but felt a presence in the room, as if someone was watching me. My heart started to beat faster in fear while my eyes scanned the room ready to run as soon as I found a threat.

‘Lucian?... Lucian? Are you here?’ I called but got no answer.

Suddenly the door opened and I jumped. Lucian entered the room walking unsteadily. His cheeks were flushed and his lips red. He smelled of wine, no spicy scent.

‘Where have you been?’ I asked standing up.

He ran his fingers through his hair to remove it from his face then he looked at me.

‘At the party...dancing with Klara...incase you wanted details.’ He said trying to keep his balance. Was he trying to anger me? Strangely I didn’t get angry, instead I went to help him.

‘Let me help you.’ I said. I placed his arm on my shoulders and put mine around his waist, then walked him up to bed. As soon as we reached the bed he collapsed on it. I had never seen him like this before. What had made him drink this much?

He must have been sad because his father died. I guess he did care after all.

‘Take this off?’ he said trying to get out of his robe.

The royal robes were heavy and uncomfortable to sleep in. Grabbing the robe I helped him get out of it.

‘And this too.’ he said pointing at his shirt. I could see he was wearing nothing underneath.

‘You are going to be cold.’ I said.

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‘No, it’s too hot.’

Opening the buttons on his shirt I helped him take it off as well.

‘Now let me help you.’ Grabbing my waist he pulled me down on the bed.

‘Help me with what?’ I panicked.

‘Taking your clothes off.’ He stated simply tugging at my robe.

‘No!’ I tried to get up but he pinned me down with his body.

‘I am sorry wife, but I won’t take no for an answer today.’

‘Lucian! You are not in a right state of mind. You will regret this, now let me go.’ I urged.

‘I already regret it. I regret everything and I keep regretting.’ He said and went back to trying to take my robe off looking both angry and sad. I was confused.

‘Do you regret getting married me?’ I asked. How could I worry about this now when he was trying to strip me. He stopped in his tracks and looked at me for a while, then he leaned closer and I thought he was going to kiss me but he collapsed on my body

‘Lucian? Lucian?’ When I got no answer I carefully pushed him away.

He landed on his back, he had already fallen asleep.

I let my eyes sweep over his half-n.a.k.e.d body before grabbing the sheets and covering him. I just hoped his answer would be no.

Lucian woke up, his head throbbing in pain. So this is how it felt like to have a headache, then he was glad he never had one before. Sitting up he removed the sheets and realized he was wearing nothing on his upper body. Wait! How did he even come here?

Slowly pieces of his memory came back. He remembered drinking too much, Hazel trying to push him away but him telling her he would not take no for an answer.

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What had he done to her? His heart started to pound in fear and he became afraid to remember the rest. What if he had hurt her? Just what had he done to her? This time he tried to remember but he couldn't. He didn't know if he should be relieved or more worried now.

Hazel. Where was she? He had to find her and make sure she was alright.

Making his way to the bathroom he threw the door open. There she was, bathing in flower-scented water while some maids rubbed scented oils into her hair and skin.

Gasping they pulled themselves away as he neared.

'Your Highness.' They said and bowed.

Hazel turned around, her eyes widening as she saw him.

'Leave us.' He ordered and the maids hurried away.

Hazel pulled her legs to her chest to cover herself as her cheeks flushed red.

‘Lucian? What are you doing here?’

He walked closer as his eyes carefully scanned her body to see if she was hurt. She pulled her legs even closer to her chest and shyly covered her shoulder with her wet hair.

‘Are..are you alright?’ He asked.

‘Huh?’ She looked confused. ‘Yeah, if you could only stop staring.’ She said as she made an attempt to cover herself once again.

She didn’t look hurt and listening to her heartbeat she wasn’t scared of him either. He sighed in relief.

‘Turn around.’ She said ‘I need to get dressed.’

‘I have already seen you n.a.k.e.d.’ Her cheeks flushed a bright red. He tried hard not to remember her n.a.k.e.d body, he didn’t want to wake his demon.

‘Still...’ She said stubbornly.

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Usually, he would enjoy teasing her at moments like this but he decided not to this time.

‘I’ll wait for you outside.’ He said and left her. At least she wasn’t angry with him anymore.