

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

Chapter 33

Yawning I rubbed my eyes as I woke up. Strangely I slept well after such a long time. Could it be because Lucian was sleeping next to me? I looked over at Lucian and found myself admiring his beauty and wondering how someone can look as sinfully beautiful as he did. As usual I could only admire his beauty while his hypnotizing eyes were closed and again my fingers itched to touch him. No, I wouldn't make the mistake of touching him again while he was asleep. I had embarrassed myself enough last time. '

Only his hair. I would only touch his hair I convinced myself and slowly brought my fingers to touch his hair when he frowned. Was he waking up? His frowned got deeper and he mumbled something looking disturbed. Was he having a nightmare?

'Lucian?' I said carefully and tapped his shoulder but he didn't wake up.

'Who are you?' he hissed in his sleep.

'Lucian! Lucian! Wake up!' I said shaking him slightly.

His eyes shot open and he looked around confused.

'Lucian?'

'How?' he asked panting.

'How what?'

‘How did I get here?’ he asked sitting up.

‘You never left. You were just having a nightmare.’ I said softly. He shook his head as if he didn’t believe me and then looked around confused again. He really needed to wake up.

I grabbed his face gently and made him look at me.

‘Lucian... it was only a nightmare.’ I assured him. He considered what I said for a while then nodded like a lost child. I let go of his face and he lay back on bed with a sigh.

‘Do you want to tell me about your dream?’

‘No.’ he said.

I just nodded.

‘Don’t you have anywhere to go today?’ I asked. He looked at me for a while.

‘You want me to go?’

‘No, it’s just that you usually leave early.’ I said ‘and in a hurry.’

Yes, he needed to leave and find Klara. Today he had to speak to her and solve the issue.

He wouldn’t hurt Hazel, he didn’t want to. He felt as if they bonded lately and he didn’t want to break that bond.

‘I’ll Leave.’ he said standing up.

Hazel looked as if she was going to protest but didn’t say anything.

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Leaving the room he took a bath, quickly got dressed and was ready to leave when a few maids came in with breakfast.

‘Won’t you have breakfast?’ asked Hazel as he was about to leave.

‘No.’ He said and headed for the door when Hazel grabbed his wrist.

‘Will you come early then tonight? I want to have dinner with you.’ All he heard was tonight, want and have. God, he was losing it.

He took a deep breath ‘Yes, I will.’ He said and tried to get away fast but she still held his wrist.

‘What happened to your wrist?’ she asked looking at it. He brought his arm up to take a look. There were red marks on both his wrist as if he had been tied.

Tied?

He instantly stiffened. It wasn’t a dream, he knew it. He had been in that dark room with that strange man.

‘Hazel? Are you sure I was here the whole night?’ he asked.

‘I think so, I never heard you go out. Why?’ she asked worried.

‘Nothing.’ He said and tried to smile. He didn’t want her to worry.

‘I’ll see you tonight’ He said and left.

‘Lincoln?’

‘Yes, Your highness.’

‘Did I ever leave my room last night?’ Lucian asked.

‘No Your highness. You never left.’

Lucian stopped in his tracks. He was sure he had met that strange man but how without leaving the room?

‘Is something wrong Your highness?’

‘No.’ He said and continued walking.

‘Your highness, have you decided about the marriage yet?’

‘I am not going to marry Klara.’ Lucian said.

‘But Your highness...’

‘Don’t ..’ He cut him off. He didn’t want to hear about what would happen if he didn’t marry Klara. He already knew the risks.

Follow new episodes on the platform.

He went to the garden where he guessed she would be training but she was having tea with her sister instead.

‘Good morning’ he greeted as he neared their table.

‘Good morning prince Lucian.’ Astrid replied with a joyful smile.

Klara put her teacup down and smiled at him as well.

‘May I borrow you for a while?’ He said reaching his hand toward her. He could hear her heart speeding up as she took his hand.

‘Of course.’ She smiled then looked at her sister before she followed him.

He led her through the garden until he found a peaceful place where he could speak to her.

‘The king suggested I take you as my wife.’ He began. She looked at him with a shy smile. ‘But I can’t’ he said.

The smile disappeared from her face and confusion appeared in her sapphire blue eyes.

‘Why?’ she asked.

‘My wife won’t like that.’ He said simply.

‘And you?’

‘I wouldn’t like that either.’

‘Why? What is wrong with me?’ She asked.

‘There is nothing wrong with you. You are perfectly fine but I am happy with my wife and I don’t want to change that.’

‘I don’t want you to change that either. I just want to be next to you. Unlike your wife I can be a great support. I know how to fight and I know war strategies and my brother is a king.’

He knew what she meant. Yes she would be a great help and he needed it know but Hazel was his priority. He wanted to make her happy.

‘I know, but would you really be happy being a second wife?’

‘I would be happy as long as I am your wife.’ She said.

‘ Lucian...I... I ..’ Her eyes darted around avoiding his. ‘I love you.’

His eyes widened. That came as a surprised. He knew she liked him, desired him but loved him ? He never thought she would use that word.

‘I fell in love with you from the first time you held my hand in that battlefield instead of killing me and I loved you even more when you gave me your sword to protect myself and after that I just kept falling deeper and deeper.’ She said taking a few steps closer to him.

This wasn’t going the way he hoped it would.

New _chapters are lished on

‘Lucian...’ she said taking his hand ‘I am not telling you to love me. Just have me, half of me, a piece of me, anything, but just have something.’

If only Hazel had said so...

He pulled his hand away.

‘I am sorry, but I can’t.’ He said. Her eyes hardened.

‘And I can’t let you go.’ She said. This was bad. So bad, but he just turned around and walked away.

‘My lady, Princess Klara is here to meet you.’

Klara was here ? Why ? I looked myself in the mirror. I had put on some makeup with the help of a maid so the bruises were barely visible today.

‘Let her come in ?’ I said. Shortly after Klara came into the room.

‘Good afternoon, princess Hazel.’ She greeted without a smile.

‘Good afternoon’ I replied in the same manner. ‘Please have a seat.’ I said politely.

‘No thank you. I will leave soon. I just came here to tell you that you are very selfish.’

‘Excuse me?’ I said both shocked and confused that she said that to me.

‘I know you want your husband for yourself, but if he dies you can’t have him at all. It seems you don’t care, you are putting him in danger for selfish reasons.’

Alright wait. How could she say that to me?

‘And you? Are you not selfish who wants someone who is already married?’

‘I fell in love with Lucian before you even met him. I loved him despite the rumors about him. Can you say the same thing? You probably feared him and kept your distance.’

I didn’t know what to say. She was right, I was afraid but still even if she loved him first he was my husband.

‘Besides unlike you I am willing to share him with you. That’s because I know he cares about you and I care about him. Would you be able to do that for him? If I was selfish would I do that?’ She asked.

‘No I wouldn’t.’ She said answering her own question. ‘I would make him leave you then marry me.’ She said in a tone that told me she could do that if she wanted. Chills went down my spine and I stood there unable to reply.

She walked closer and stood right in front of me.

‘I can do anything and everything for him. Can you? I can help him become a king, I can fight by his side in a war and when he comes home I can be the woman to comfort him. I can give myself to him body, heart and soul. You...,you can’t even give him your body?’

How did she know? And how dare she? I clenched my fist, how I just wanted to slap her.

She smirked.

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‘Think about it. What is worse? To have your husband dead or share him with me?’

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Chapter 34

I...I was a bad wife, a useless one. Yes, I never gave anything to Lucian and there was nothing I could give him now either, on top of that because of my selfishness I could cause his death.

Klara was right, I didn’t even offer him my body and got angry when he went to someone else. I was indeed selfish. I didn’t have the right to be angry when he never got angry with me for not sleeping with him. The only thing I have done so far is being scared or jealous.

What really have I done for him? What great have I done so that I could tell him not to marry someone else because I am good enough? I couldn’t say that because I wasn’t.

‘My lady? Are you alright? You look very pale.’ The maid who brushed my hair asked.

‘I am alright.’ I said.

‘Should I bring dinner? Maybe you are hungry.’

‘No I am fine. I’ll go to sleep.’

I was running in the middle of the night through the dark woods where I could barely see where I was going, but I didn’t care. I had to run if I wanted to survive, if I wanted to see Lucian again.

‘Kill her!’

I was running barefoot and my feet were bleeding and hurting but I couldn’t stop since I could hear they were close. I had to run faster or they would catch me.

‘There she is! Bring her!’

No no no! please!!

This content is taken from

I tried to run faster but my feet and lungs gave in and I fell to the ground.

The footsteps were very close and shortly after two hands grabbed my arms and dragged me on the floor.

‘Your majesty, I got her.’ A man said.

‘Good’ A woman’s voice said. ‘Love? We found her. What should we do with her?’

A tall man appeared from the shadows and put his arm around the woman’s waist.

‘Do wherever you want with her.’ He said in a voice that sent chills down my spine. Then he looked at me his eyes burning with what looked like the flames of hellfire.

‘Fine kill her!’ The woman said as her lips twisted into an evil smile.

The tall man walked toward me and crouched to my level. Grabbing my chin he lift my head up.

‘I am sorry love, but you are not good enough.’ He whispered before he stood up and turned around to leave.

‘Please Lucian, please don’t leave me.’ I called but he didn’t even look back.

‘Lucian! Lucian!! Please don’t leave.Don’t leave me.’

Suddenly it was day and I was running again. Petrified but not for my life but for someone else’s.

The source of this _chapter;

‘Nooo!!’ I screamed as I ran toward Lucian who was sitting on his knees with his hands tied behind his back. He looked at me his eyes filled with hatred. A guard with a sword stood behind him ready to execute him anytime.

‘Noo..’ I screamed crying and running toward him but someone grabbed me by the arm.

‘Let go!’ I screamed.

‘Stop it!’ Klara said holding me still. ‘It is all your fault, I told you, you would get him killed.’ As she said the word killed the sound of a sword cutting through flesh and the smell of blood made my heart stop.

‘No...no no nooooo!!’

Lucian heard Hazel’s scream and run to the chamber as fast as he could. He threw the door open and found Hazel sitting on the bed her cheeks wet with tears and eyes wide in fear and confusion.

When she caught sight of him.

‘Lucian!’ She said breathless and ran toward him enveloping him in a tight hug. He put his arms around her small figure and held her close while he stroke her back.

She began to sob in his arms. She must have had the worst nightmare.

‘Shh..It’s alright. I am here now.’ He whispered, but she only hugged him tighter.

‘Please don’t leave.’ She cried.

‘I won’t.’ He said.

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After holding her for a while till she calmed down then he gathered her in his arms and carried her to bed. She still held on to him as if she was scared he would disappear into thin air. He slowly laid her down on bed and led next to her still holding her in his arms.

He wanted to ask her about her dream but he wanted to give her the chance to tell him first. Or maybe she didn't want to talk about it at all. What had scared her so ?

If there was one reason he wanted the crown it would be to give Hazel a good life. He wanted to be able to give her anything she asks for, he wanted to make her smile and love her till she had enough. Otherwise he had no desire to become a king. He actually wanted to try and live freely like a normal man in a small house with his wife and children.

Wake up, kiss his wife and children goodmorning then leave for work and when he comes back tired have dinner with his family while talking about pleasant thing. Then he would take his children to bed and kiss them goodnight but his wife, he would do more then kissing. He would make love to her all night long.

But he knew none of this would happen. He would either get killed or become a king. And when he grows old while ebing busy ruling the kingdom his children would fight for the throne and kill each other.

The thought brought great pain to his chest.

He looked at Hazel, she had gone back to sleep breathing peacefully. He listened to her breathing , it always made him calm and slowly he fell asleep as well.

I woke up in morning my cheek pressed against Lucian chest. The sound of his steady heartbeat and the feeling of his arms around me making me want this moment to last forever. Slowly the peace I felt began to fade as memories of the nightmare from last night came back. It felt like a stab in the heart and I sat up quickly. As if Lucian was never sleeping he sat up right after me.

'Is something wrong ?' He asked.

I just shook my head and he drew me into his arms. I had to let him marry Klara. Yes the thought of sharing him with someone else was unbearable but the thought of losing him completely, the thought of causing his death just like in my dream, I shuddered at the memory, that would kill me.

‘Lucian?’

‘Yes’

Updated _at

‘I don’t mind you marrying Klara.’

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Chapter 35

Lucian should feel relieved but he didn’t. He was bothered, extremely bothered. Why wouldn’t Hazel mind if he married Klara? Didn’t she like him anymore?

After she told him she didn’t mind she had left him there, confused. Something was going on with her and he didn’t know what. It made him nervous. He sighed in frustration.

‘Is something bothering you?’ Lincoln asked.

‘Any news?’ Lucian asked in return ignoring his question. His youngest brothers Peter and Nathaniel died. Peter killed Nathaniel and then Peter got killed by Adam. Some say Adam killed them both.

Pierre might be sly and cruel but Adam was purely evil. He was the one who bullied him the most when they were younger.

‘I think Adam is working with Pierre. Pierre must have promised him something.’ Lucian already knew Pierre was using Adam and as soon as he is finished with him he could kill him, but Adam was probably thinking that he was the one using Pierre. Lucian knew that Pierre was not the type to trust anyone even if they were trustworthy. Besides, Pierre has the army’s support since he is the crown prince and many allies thanks to his many wives. Defeating him wouldn’t be easy. In fact, it was almost impossible.

Of course, he could just burn the whole battlefield but then people would be terrified and turn against him. People are scared of what they don’t understand and since they already believe he is the son of the devil they would see that as a confirmation of the rumor and try to get rid of him. He couldn’t rule a kingdom where everyone was trying to get rid of him. Besides he never tried to burn a whole battlefield before so he didn’t know if he was powerful enough to do that.

Lucian sighed again. Maybe he should escape somewhere far with hazel and live a normal life. He wondered if she would agree to it.

‘Your Highness, if I may suggest something. I Believe it’s best if you marry Klara and take the throne as fast as possible. Many people are suffering and dying because of the war and... and I fear for our families. Your brother is looking for our families to threaten us with them.’

Lucian cursed under his breath. Pierre and his dirty tricks. If he escaped with Hazel his men and their families would suffer. He felt conflicted. He had to do something, he had to make a decision, but first, he needed to speak to hazel.

‘My lady? Lunch is ready.’

‘Take it back. I am not hungry.’ I said laying on the bed. I had been laying there since morning, I felt like doing nothing. It was as if my body was drained of all energy. I felt lifeless.

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‘But My lady. You look very pale, you should eat something.’ She insisted.

‘I agree.’ Lucian’s voice said from nearby.

I moved my head and looked up to find him towering over me.

‘I am not hungry,’ I said. He narrowed his gaze then frowned.

‘You may leave,’ He told the maid his eyes never leaving me.

‘I came here to eat with you. Are you not hungry?’ He then asked.

‘No.’

‘Thirsty?’

‘No.’

‘Do you want me to take you out?’ I would usually get excited to go out but I didn’t.

‘No.’

‘Do you want me to leave?’

The source of this _ chapter;

‘No.’

‘Do you want me to make love to you?’

‘N...’ startled at the question I looked up at him.

‘No?’ He asked raising an eyebrow.

For some reason, my heart stopped for a moment and I forgot to breathe when he chuckled.

‘Don’t worry. I don’t want to make love to a ghost because that’s what you look like right now so you better eat something.’ He smirked.

Sitting at the table and tried to eat something but felt sick. Nothing tasted good. I could see Lucian wasn’t eating much either and had a concerned look on his face. We didn’t say much to each other while eating, there was some kind of uncomfortable silence between us.

Suddenly Lucian stretched his arm from across the table and put his hand on my forehead.

‘You don’t look well.’ He said with a slightly worried expression.

‘I am alright,’ I said.

‘If you were alright you wouldn’t tell me to marry Klara. I still don’t understand.’ He said frowning.

‘What is the chance of you winning this war if you don’t marry Klara?’ I asked instead.

New chapters are listed on

‘I don’t want to scare you but very little.’ He said.

‘Then you should marry her if you want to win.’

‘I just want you to be safe. I don’t care about the crown.’

‘If you want me to be safe and if you want to be safe you should marry Klara. I am not saying I like it, I just think it’s the right thing to do at this moment.’ While saying all this I felt like bursting into tears but I told myself that most men have several wives. It was a normal thing and Lucian would have gotten another wife sooner or later anyway. So why not now if it meant saving his life.

‘I already told Klara no.’ He said and that’s when my heart stopped for real. My dream was becoming true. We were in this bloodthirsty king’s kingdom, in his home without weapons or any kind of protection and Lucian had said no to his sister. My heart started to beat again but it was beating in my ears this time. It was only a matter of time before the bloodthirsty king spills some blood. Lucian blood.

‘Why did you say no?’ I asked rising from my seat. He looked at me confused again.

‘I thought you would be happy about that.’

‘Well, I am not. Do you want to die?’ I almost yelled. He stood up from his seat as well.

‘I won’t die Hazel.’

‘Yes, you will.’ I cut him off panic clear in my voice. He slowly walked to my side as if approaching a scared cat. ‘You should go back now and tell her yes,’ I said pointing at the door.

‘No, I won’t.’ He said calmly then grabbing my arms he slowly pulled me in for a hug.

‘Lucian you should...’ I began trying to knock some sense into his head but he cut me off.

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‘Shh...I won’t die I promise,’ he said stroking my back in a way that calmed me down but in this quiet room I dreadfully waited for the door to swing open with a crushing sound and find the Rasmus standing there with his men behind him and a sword in his hand and just as I imagined I heard the door swing open with a crushing sound.

My heart stopped and I quickly pulled myself from Lucian hold to see death waiting at the door.

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

Chapter 36

Death doesn’t knock on the door and waits to get invited. It usually comes unexpected and without permission takes what it came for.

I quickly placed myself in front of Lucian as if I could protect him from what was about to happen, but to my surprise nor did death knock on the door nor did it come. Instead several of Lucians men almost threw themselves in front of our feet.

‘Your Highness, we apologize for our rudeness but please help us. The crown prince has taken our families as hostages.’ One of them said. I looked worriedly at Lucian but he was calm as usual.

‘Your Highness, I beg of you to let us go and save our families.’ another one pleaded.

Lincoln came into the room looking furious.

‘What are you doing?’ He yelled at the men. ‘Get up on your feet and apologize to his highness if you care to live.’

‘It’s alright Lincoln.’ Lucian said calmly. ‘You may leave to save your families,’ he told the men.

I looked surprised at Lucian. He was about to let half of his men go which meant he had almost no protection now against the cruel king. Not that he had any good protection, to begin with.

I didn’t expect any less from his cruel brother. Of course, distracting Lucian’s men was the perfect way to get to him. Once his men go back to Decresh to save their families Pierre would hunt them down and torture them until they tell him where he can find Lucian. It was the perfect plan.

Lucian’s men stared surprised at him as well but then quickly got to their feet and hurried away.

‘Your Highness, this is not good,’ Lincoln said looking very disappointed and worried.

Yes, this was very bad and it would get much worse very soon. My stomach twisted in fear. I needed to do something.

‘What will you do now?’ I asked Lucian once Lincoln left us alone.

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‘I don’t know.’ He said pacing back and forth.

‘I know,’ I said. ‘ You need to say yes to Klara.’

He looked at me for a while, his eyes piercing into mine before he left the room without a word.

Without waiting I quickly made my way to Klara’s room. I had no time to waste. Now the danger was closer than ever and I needed to take action this time.

‘My Lady, princess Hazel is here to see you.’ The guard outside her room informed. Shortly after the door opened and the guard gestured for me to enter.

Klara was sitting in a chair near the window with a book in her hand. Putting the book on a table nearby she stood up from her seat and smiled as she approached me.

‘Welcome, Hazel. You came sooner than I expected.’ She smiled. She must be enjoying this I thought but I held my head high.

‘Are you alright? You don’t look well.’ She asked nonchalantly.

‘I know. You, on the other hand, look very beautiful My Lady. I wonder how Lucian was able to turn down your proposal.’ I said pretending to be thoughtful

Her eyes hardened.

‘Don’t worry,’ I said waving my hand. ‘ I was the one holding him back but I won’t anymore.’ She needed to know that even if she got Lucian I was the one in control.

She looked stoned for a moment but then smiled.

‘You made a good decision Hazel and saved your husband a lot of trouble. Now see what magic I will do for him.’

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She was mocking me but I didn’t care.

‘Whatever you do I hope you do it fast. His brothers will find him soon.’

‘Don’t worry. Nobody touches what’s mine.’ She smirked. She was already calling him hers. I clenched my fists to not slap her out of sheer reflex.

Leaving her room I walked through the halls feeling defeated. You did good Hazel, it was the right thing to do, it was the only thing to do, I tried to console myself. As I was lost in my thoughts I almost bumped into the king.

‘Your majesty,’ I said surprised that I stood so close to him staring into his deep ocean blue eyes.

‘My Lady, is all well?’ He asked.

‘Yes, your majesty.’

‘Are you sure? Draco didn’t seem to be in a good mood.’ He smiled.

Draco?

‘Your majesty? If I am wrong excuse me but doesn’t Draco mean dragon and not the devil?’ I asked. ‘I read it somewhere,’ I added when he narrowed his gaze.

‘You are not wrong. But do you know how dragons look like?’

‘I read they look like big snakes.’ I said.

‘Who made Adam and Eve eat the forbidden fruit?’

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The story of Adam and Eve. I had heard about it even though it was a long time ago. If I remember correctly it was the devil disguised as a snake who made them eat the forbidden fruit. Therefore snakes were associated with the devil or with evil deeds. But I still couldn’t understand what the connection between the dragon and the devil was.

‘Have you studied the bible, my lady?’

‘Not really.’ I said,

‘If you are really curious you should. Especially the Devils story.’ He smiled.

‘Do you really think Lucian is the Devil?’ I asked.

‘You tell me, you are his wife. I am really curious to know.’

‘You want my husband to marry princess Klara. Why if I may ask Your Majesty?’

‘Why not?’

‘She won’t be a first wife. Why would you want that for your sister?’

‘I don’t care about those stupid things. I care about my sister’s happiness.’ He said.

What about mine? Of course, he didn't care about my happiness but was there someone who did?

'By the way, I don't mind you standing so close to me but I am sure your husband wouldn't like that.' He smiled and I realized I was still standing very close to him.

I took a few steps back and gave him a meek smile before excusing myself and leaving.

Follow current _ on

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Chapter 37

'Who are you?' I asked the maid who made the room look like heaven. It smelled so fresh, like flowers starting to bloom in the spring. I could also smell the scent of cinnamon tea combined with something else I couldn't tell, but it smelled delicious.

'I am your new maid. My name is Irene My Lady' she said curtising.

'Where is Audrey?' I asked. Audrey was my maid. She was young nice girl whom I liked very much. I didn't want a new maid.

'She has been transferred to Princess Klara quartered, My Lady.' The maid said.

Klara. I was tired of hearing her name.

Sighing I took my robe off and sat at the table where the scent of the delicious tea was coming from.

‘Would you like some tea, My Lady?’ Irene asked. I couldn’t say no because I really wanted to taste this tea and see if it tasted as delicious as it smelled.

‘Yes,’ I said. She poured me the tea and handed it to me with a smile.

‘It will help you relax, My Lady.’ She said.

As I was about to drink the tea I got suspicious. I didn’t know this maid and she came suddenly and is pouring me some tea. Why did the sudden change of maids happen? Was Klara up to something?

‘Would you like me to drink it first?’ Irene asked when she noticed my suspicion.

‘Yes.’ I said and handed her the tea. She took a sip and smiled.

‘Drink it all.’ I said. I didn’t know why I was being like that but this Irene, there was just something about her that didn’t feel quite right.

She emptied the cup and put it down.

‘Would you like some now, My Lady?’ She asked and I could hear the amusement in her voice.

I tried to look her in the eyes but I couldn’t. I don’t know why? It was as if her emerald eyes could see through me and into my soul. It was as if she knew my deepest secrets and desires.

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She was beautiful but in a different way and her long thick black hair reminded me of Lucians. She looked young but her eyes held some kind of wisdom beyond years.

‘No.’ I said standing up. ‘You may leave.’

The maid left me alone and I paced back and forth in the room trying to come up with a way to help Lucian. Really, I was useless just like Klara said.

‘My Lady, Oliver is here to see you.’ Irene called from outside.

‘Let him in.’ I called back. I hoped he wasn’t bringing more bad news.

Oliver walked in fully wearing his military attire.

‘My Lady, I am here to deliver a message from His Highness. He left the castle and will be gone for a while.’

‘Where did he go? How long will he be gone?’ I asked.

‘I don’t know where but he will be gone for a few days.’ Days? It meant he left Gatrish.

Did he go to Decresh? No, he wouldn’t be foolish to do so.

‘If there is anything you need just send a word and I’ll be here.’ He said and left.

As if the time refused to move the day went by very slow, with me thinking and worrying too much. It reminded me of my wedding day. I had a knot in my stomach that refused to go away and that’s exactly how I was feeling today.

My gaze fell on Irene who was making the bed. She was beautiful with her dark hair and flawless skin, and those eyes, they were mesmerizing. How come someone as beautiful as her still be working as a maid? The bloodthirsty king should have made her his mistress by now.

‘Are you married?’ I asked.

‘No, My Lady but I am not innocent.’ I just hoped it wasn’t the king who took her innocence.

‘Do you have someone you love?’ Her lips curved into a smile and her eyes twinkled.

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‘Yes, I do My lady. Very much.’ She seemed to be deeply in love.

‘But I am sure, My lady is more in love than I am.’ She added.

‘And how would you know?’ I asked amused. She stopped making the bed and looked my way.

‘I know a lot of things, My Lady.’ She said with a serious tone.

‘Things like what?’

‘You are married but still innocent, My Lady and your husband might take another wife soon and you are worried but you don’t know what to do. But I know what you should do.’ She said.

I felt my cheeks heat because of embarrassment and anger. Who was she trying to fool? It was probably Klara who told her about me being innocent.

‘Did Klara tell you this?’ I asked my tone harsh.

‘No, My Lady.’ She said not fazed by my harsh tone at all. She put the pillows in place as she was done making the bed then looked at me ‘ Do you want me to comb your hair my lady?’

I noticed that she had the same tone the whole time she spoke and she spoke so confidently. Maids were usually nervous, especially if they were new. They always spoke a little while being very careful what to say but this woman didn't seem the least nervous or scared.

'If Klara didn't tell you then how did you know?'

'I know you have a birthmark on your inner thigh and that you once fell and almost broke your leg when you tried to escape your home at night.'

How did she know that? These were things only I knew and maybe Lydia and Ylva, so how did she know?

'What are you?' I said without thinking. Why did I ask something so strange? Of course, she was a woman what else could she be?

'I think a witch is what you call us, but of course I don't like to call myself that.'

'Witch?' I was confused. I had heard that witches do exist but most of them live hiding their identity because they would be killed if found. If she really was a witch why would she be telling me that?

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'Yes My lady.'

'Why would you tell me if you really are a witch?'

'As I said before My Lady, I know things and I know I can trust you.'

I somehow believed her words, maybe because I had already sensed from the beginning that something about her was different. Her eyes, it was

difficult to look into her eyes, it was like being exposed when you looked into them.

‘Your hair is beautiful my lady?’ she smiled as she brushed my hair. She was even more beautiful when smiling

‘Not as nearly as yours.’ I said.

‘You are very kind My Lady.’

She helped me get out of my dress and put my nightgown on then she left me with a good night.

The next day she was already present when I woke up.

‘Good morning, My Lady. The bath is ready.’

I went through the same routine I did every day. Bathing, putting on new clothes, brushing my hair then eating breakfast. After that, I asked Irene to bring me the bible. I was really curious to know the connection between the devil and the dragon.

Irene came back with the bible and I quickly began to read.

In the Bible, the dragon was the devil and he came to earth to deceive and destroy.

‘And the great dragon was cast out, that old serpent, called the Devil, and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world: he was cast out into the earth, and his angels were cast out with him.’

‘Out of his mouth go burning lamps, and sparks of fire leap out. Out of his nostrils goeth smoke, as out of a seething pot or caldron. His breath kindleth coals, and a flame goeth out of his mouth.’

The day I was kidnapped the men were on fire out of nowhere but I had a feeling it was Lucian's doing. I remember the satisfaction in his eyes as he watched them burn. I shivered at the memory. And there was no doubt he slit the other man's throat with his claws since he didn't have any weapons and the voices in my head, and his red eyes, even his normal eyes were different. Still, he couldn't be the devil or his son, could he? Yes, he was extremely frightening sometimes but he wasn't evil.

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I closed the Bible and put it aside. Whatever he was it didn't matter I told myself.

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

Chapter 38

Lucian had been gone for four days now and Irene and I got pretty close. She was a very honest person, never scared to say her opinions and I felt some kind of connection with her. It was as if she could understand me and what I was going through. Strange, because I was sure that she couldn't have gone through what I did, although she might have gone through worse.

As days went by I really admired her more and more. She was a beauty with brains, very smart with her words and very graceful with everything else she did. But I was still doubtful and didn't trust her entirely. Not that she did something suspicious, I just wanted to be careful.

Thanks to her the days didn't seem awfully long anymore, we would chat and laugh and unlike many maids, she had a genuine laugh, not a forced one. You could see she laughed because she wanted to and not because she was scared to offend me.

My thought slowly drifted to Lucian. Even though I liked Irene's company I still missed Lucian.

'His Highness is alright.' Irene said pouring me her delicious tea. 'He will be back very soon.'

I didn't even bother to ask how she knew. She just knew things and they were always true.

'Irene?'

'Yes, My lady?'

'You said you knew what I should do. What should I do?' I asked.

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

'Let me tell you what Klara will do first.' she said taking a seat in front of me.

'When she marries his highness she will try to bear him a child as soon as possible. The wife that gives birth to the king's first son runs the inner court which means you will lose all your power, furthermore her children will become a threat to yours especially when they get older. What you need to do is to bear his highness a child which means you can't remain innocent anymore.'

I never thought that far. Klara wasn't only a threat to me but she would be a threat to my children as well. As if she knew that I was feeling threatened 'Don't be bothered by her, My Lady. You have something she doesn't and it is your husband's heart and trust.'

Heart? Did Lucian love me? I knew he cared about me a lot and he even told me he wanted me but he never said he loved me.

Oliver came to the garden where we were sitting.

‘My Lady, His Highness is coming back tonight.’ He said. I looked at Irene and she gave me a smile that said I told you.

As the sun went down I got more and more nervous and excited. I had bathed in flower-scented water and washed my hair with scented soaps and oils. Irene brushed my hair and put some paint on my lips, then she brought me a beautiful satin nightgown decorated with lace and made me wear it.

‘You look beautiful My Lady.’ She said looking at me satisfied.

‘I...I don’t know what to do.’ I said nervously. She walked closer and took my hands in hers.

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‘You don’t have to do anything when you look this beautiful.’ She said
‘You just relax. There is a big chance nothing will happen tonight. His Highness will probably be very tired after such a long journey. I just prepared you in case’

She suddenly looked at the window. ‘He is here. I leave you now.’ She said letting go of me. I swallowed nervously as she left me alone.

It felt like hours before I heard the cracking sound of the door opening and shortly after Lucians stood there. Without thinking I ran and enveloped him in a hug surprising myself and him.

He wrapped his arms around me as he chuckled.

‘I should leave often if I will get hugs like these,’ he said.

He smelled so good, like spices as usual. Before melting in his embrace and getting lost in his scent I pulled myself away from him. I had almost forgotten how sinfully beautiful he was. His black hair fell gracefully over his broad shoulders as he watched me with those mesmerizing eyes of his, and those lips. I tried not to think of how they felt on mine, or maybe I should.

Slowly a smile curved his lips as he noticed me staring at him.

‘Where were you?’ I asked trying to think straight. The smile on his face disappeared.

‘Let’s not talk about it.’ He said walking past me and to the bed. He began to take his military attire off.

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‘I was worried. You have no weapons and you just left.’ I said. He didn’t say anything but he clenched his jaw. He was clearly upset about something so I didn’t push any further.

‘How do I look?’ I asked instead. Irene had made me look seductive but I didn’t know if it was working. He stopped in his track and let his eyes sweep over my body quickly as if he couldn’t decide whether to look or not before he returned to take his clothes off looking more upset.

‘You look beautiful,’ he said avoiding to look at me. I walked closer but I almost felt him stiffen at my approach so I stopped.

‘Didn’t you miss me?’ I said in barely a whisper afraid to hear his answer. Why was I asking such questions? It was unlike me.

He closed his eyes and inhaled sharply.

‘I did, I am just tired, Hazel.’ He said sounding slightly irritated. What had I done to make him angry? I was confused. ‘Will you blow the candles off I need some sleep.’

Lucian tried to focus on anything but Hazel laying next to him on the bed. He felt like the worst person on earth every time he disappointed her. But he just couldn’t give her what she wanted especially not tonight when his demon was right on the surface. He had killed too many people these last days and seen too much blood and suffering. Yes, he even killed his own brother Adam. He felt both disgusted and dirty, but if he had to kill his brothers to protect Hazel then he would.

Hazel, he clenched his teeth harder. She smelled so good and felt so warm and soft as he held her in his arms earlier. And her sweet voice, how could he ignore her? He knew that he couldn’t avoid her forever but he wanted to be with her at least when his demon was at his best.

As soon as she fell asleep he left the room. Finally, his body could relax and he could breathe. He needed some kind of release, he was on the edge of losing his mind.

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While walking through the dark halls he felt someone follow him. Looking back he saw nothing and continued walking. He still felt as if someone was following him. He stopped and looked behind him.

‘Whoever you are, show yourself,’ Lucian said. He heard a chuckle before the figure of a man appeared from the shadows. He was wearing all black making his long silver hair stand out even more. His eyes were as dark as his gaze and his skin so pale he wondered if this man ever walked in the sun. He looked frightening yet...beautiful.

‘We meet again.’ The man said and Lucian instantly recognized his voice. It was the man from his dream.

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

Chapter 39

‘Who are you?’ Lucian asked. The man walked closer.

‘You should ask what I am instead.’ He said. The man was tall slightly taller than him and Lucian could feel the power coming from him.

‘Are you like me?’ Lucian asked remembering the man’s claws.

‘And what are you?’ The man said. That was a good question. Lucian didn’t really know what he was. All he knew was that he was different.

‘I don’t know.’

The man narrowed his dark eyes, They were frightening.

‘I am not like you.’ The man said. ‘But I am not here to tell you what I am. If you want to win this war you need to stop being softhearted. You need to do whatever you need to do’

‘Why would you care about me winning this war?’ Lucian asked.

‘I really don’t care, I just don’t like your brothers.’ He said.

‘Do you know my brothers?’

‘Yes.’ He said with a sigh as if he was tired of all the questions, still, Lucian couldn’t stop himself from asking.

‘How do you know them? How did you enter the castle?’

‘If I can enter your dreams it’s not that difficult to enter a castle.’ He said then looked me up and down and shook his head.

‘Tsk, tsk. Don’t fight your demon too much, accept it instead.’ He smiled then just like that he disappeared into thin air.

‘Wait!’ How did he know about his demon?

‘My Lady?’ I opened my eyes slowly and looked directly into Irene’s.
‘It’s late you should wake up.’

I sat up on the bed and yawned while rubbing my eyes. Irene smiled at my action.

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‘You are like a little cat.’ she said.

‘I like cats.’ I smiled. ‘I wish I had one.’

I looked to my left. Lucian was gone.

‘His Highness was probably tired last night.’ She said trying to comfort me.

‘I don’t think he wants me.’ I said. Even though he had told me he wanted me but every time we kissed he almost got sick and distanced himself from me. Maybe I was just bad at it.

‘Of course he wants you. A man would be blind not to.’

‘You are just being kind.’ I said climbing down from the bed and heading to the bathroom.

‘You know I am very honest My Lady.’ Yes she was but she was kind too.

‘I just don’t know what to do to...to...’

‘To seduce a man?’ She finished.

‘To make him want me.’ I corrected but that made her laugh.

‘It’s the same thing My Lady.’ Yes, Of course.

I took my nightgown off and walked into the hot water.

‘Don’t worry. I will teach you everything you need, My lady.’

I sat on the bed, watched Irene and listened while she gave me advice on what do to all while showing me.

‘First, pretend like you are not even trying to seduce him. So when he comes back sit in front of the mirror and pretend like you are preparing to go to sleep.’ She sat in front of the mirror and picked up a brush and began to brush her hair.

‘Start brushing your hair and putting oils onto your skin. When putting oils on your arms, neck and shoulders do it slowly and make sure he sees you.’ She removed the hair from her neck and caressed her neck slowly moving down to her shoulder and further down her arm with fluid movements.

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‘You should even try to lift your dress and put some oil on your legs. Try to talk to him while you do all these things to grab his attention.’ She said. She put her leg on the footstool the she lift her dress slowly and began to massage her leg. ‘Like this,’ She said running her hands up and down her leg. I couldn’t help but giggle. Was I really going to do that?

‘Smile while you talk to him and speak in a low voice.’ She said lowering her voice ‘ and blink with your eyes a few times while you speak.’

She looked like a seductress who wasn’t even trying to seduce someone. If I did what she was doing I would look clumsy and foolish.

‘What should I talk to him about?’ I asked.

‘Anything pleasant, something that will lighten his mood.’ I nodded and she went on telling me a few other things I could do if the first things didn’t work out.

‘If you want to seduce him then you need to seduce his senses, what he sees, hears and smells. If he likes what he sees, hears and smells then he is all yours.’

‘Irene?’

‘Yes, My Lady.’

‘The person you love, are you together,’ I asked.

‘Yes, My Lady.’ She smiled.

‘Can I meet him sometime?’ I was really curious to know the kind of man she fell in love with. Whoever he was, he was lucky to have a beautiful and smart woman like her.

‘Of course My Lady. If that’s what you want.’ then she suddenly looked at the door.

‘His Highness is on his way I’ll leave you alone.’ She said and left. I really wanted to know how she knew these kinds of things.

After a while, Lucian opened the door and entered while I was still sitting on the bed. I could feel my heart speeding up a little as he ran his fingers through his hair and smiled at me.

‘Good morning wife.’ He seemed to be in a better mood but I was still a bit hurt by his actions last night.

‘Good morning.’

‘Did you have breakfast?’ He asked, slowly walking closer. It was actually in the middle of the day, time to eat lunch but I woke up late.

Updated _at

‘Yes.’ I replied. He walked even closer until he stood a bit from where I was sitting. I looked up to meet his gaze as he looked down at me. Would I really be able to seduce this man? I wasn’t as seductive or nearly as beautiful as Irene. What if I made a fool of myself?

He put his hand below my ear and caressed my cheek with his thumb.

‘Hazel.’ He said his voice soft and warm like the summer breeze.

‘Yes.’ His thumb traveled to my lips.

‘Don’t ever think I don’t want you,’ He said his voice low. ‘I do but I am afraid to hurt you.’

Something dark flickered through his eyes as he continued ‘You know I can.’

Why was he trying to frighten me?

‘But you wouldn’t.’ I said.

He lowered himself until his face was close to mine.

‘Yes, I would if was in the mood to do so.’ He said his breath fanning my face. ‘So don’t ever try and seduce me again because these days I am in the mood to hurt someone.’

Now, I wasn’t listening to what he was saying because his face was so close, his lips so close that if a leaned in just a bit they would touch mine.

‘Are you listening Hazel?’

‘No,’ I whispered surprised by the need I heard in my own voice.

He pulled away and stood straight again. Then he looked at me with a serious expression.

‘Yes, I listened. But you won’t hurt me. I know.’ I said. I don’t why he believed he would hurt me.

He looked at me for a while in silence before he spoke.

‘I killed Adam. I killed my brother Adam.’

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

Chapter 40

I stiffened. I don't know why. I knew he would kill his brothers sooner or later so why was I surprised? Now I understood why he was in such a bad mood last night. He must have been feeling terrible.

'Are you alright?' I asked standing up which brought us even closer to each other.

'Yes, Hazel. I am perfectly fine. I don't even regret it, it is a part of me to kill. Do you know how many people these hands have killed with ease?' He asked holding up his hands.

'I don't even need weapons to kill. I have killed far more people with my bare hands than a sword.'

Why was he doing this? Why was he trying to intimidate me?

'Why are you trying to scare me?'

'I am not.' He said grabbing my arms and pulling me closer gently. 'I don't want you to be scared. I just want you to be careful.'

'Of what?'

His eyes bored into mine.

'Of me. If you ever feel that I am acting different or aggressive then just go far away from me.'

Far away? No, I wouldn't. In fact, I wouldn't listen to anything he just said and I would still seduce him tonight.

Lucian could see a mischievousness in Hazel's eyes. She wasn't taking him seriously and yes, in a normal case he would love to be seduced by her but now, his demon was hungrier and angrier than ever.

First, he needed to figure out a safe way to be with Hazel.

‘Your Highness, Princess Klara is here to meet you.’ A guard called from the outside.

Lucian exchanges a few looks with Hazel and then let her decide. She looked at him for a moment before she told the guard to let Klara in.

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Klara walked in, her face shining with happiness.

‘Princess Hazel, Prince Lucian, I hope I am not disturbing you.’ She said.

Lucian looked at Hazel, ‘No you are not, please come in.’ Hazel smiled but he knew it wasn’t genuine.

Klara took a few steps forward and her gaze landed on Hazel questioningly.

‘I came here to remind you of what we spoke about last time,’ Klara said carefully.

Lucian got a bad feeling about this and he gave Hazel a questioning look. She looked back at him with pleading eyes and he instantly knew what this was about. She wanted him to marry Klara. He had already been in a very bad mood these days, now he was fuming with anger. He really felt like spilling someone’s blood.

Klara sensed the tension between them so she made a move first.

‘I have got your weapons.’ She said and a guard came in with Lucian’s weapons. ‘All your men have got their weapons back too. Is there

anything else you would like me to do?’ She was already showing her authority.

Hazel looked at him and he gave her a warning look. He wanted her to be the person to say no but she looked stubbornly at him.

‘If you don’t mind, I would like to speak to my wife alone.’ He told Klara.

‘Sure,’ she smiled and left.

He turned to Hazel ‘What are you doing?’

‘Can’t you see? You got your weapons back and you can get anything else that you want.’ She looked down and lowered her voice. ‘She can give you things I can’t.’

Seeing her like that turned his anger into something else he couldn’t quite describe and he drew her into his arm. He wished he could tell her there was another way out but there wasn’t and he could put her life in danger.

‘I am alright with you marrying her,’ she said looking up at him ‘as long as you don’t give your heart to her.’

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That wouldn’t be a problem. He had already given his heart to Hazel and he wanted to give the rest of him to her and only to her.

He couldn’t imagine himself marrying Klara, even his demon hated that thought.

‘Will you say yes?’

‘I’ll think about it,’ he said but Hazel knew he was basically saying no.

‘Lucian!’ She said pulling herself away from his embrace. ‘There is nothing to think about. You marry her or die and leave me alone here with her brother who god knows what he will do to me.’

Lucian stopped breathing for a moment as an image of Rasmus having his hands all over Hazel appeared in his head. Anger boiled inside of him, his demon growled at the thought and he could slowly feel the color of his eyes changing and the sharp pain of when his nails elongated cutting through his flesh. He stormed out of the room before Hazel could see the terrifying him.

‘Lucian where are you going?’ He could hear her call behind him.

‘My Lady, what are you thinking so deeply about?’

‘I don’t understand. Shouldn’t he be happy that I want him to marry Klara?’ I asked confused. I had been thinking a lot about it after he left the room looking like he was about to kill someone.

‘You should stop thinking My Lady and go to sleep. It is very late.’

‘I will wait for him.’

‘He won’t come tonight,’ Irene said.

‘How do you know?’

‘I just know My Lady.’ She never quite answered every time I asked her how she knew things. She always said the same thing ‘I just know’, and she was right, he never came.

The next day I sat with Irene at the garden drinking her delicious tea. Since I started drinking it I felt much calmer and much more fresh and beautiful.

The source of this _chapter;

‘Do you put something in the tea?’ I asked.

‘Yes, lots of herbs that are good for the skin, hair and just health in general.’

‘So you don’t put some kind of magic?’ I asked lowering my voice. She laughed.

‘No, My Lady. I could do that but that wouldn’t be a good thing to do. Magic is not a thing to use easily. There are always consequences.’

‘Ah...’ was all I said then my thoughts wandered to Lucian. Where was he right now?

Lucian inhaled sharply and clenched his fists. He hated what he was about to do.

‘Alright. I will marry you if you promise that no harm will come to Hazel.’

She looked at him surprised at first but then hurt.

‘I would never do anything that would harm you. I know you care about your wife, I will protect her the way you do.’

He knew she was being honest but he wondered why she would go so far for him that she would even protect his wife.

‘Are you sure this is what you want?’ he asked her carefully again.

‘Yes,’ she said without hesitation.

‘I will never give my heart to you.’

‘Life is full of surprises, you never know.’ She smiled but he could see she was hurt. He could only hope she would wake up before ruining her life.

‘Now that you said yes I have a gift for you.’ She motioned with her hands and two guards came behind him holding a lifeless body, which they let fall to the ground.

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It was the body of his brother Tristan.

‘Now you only have Pierre and Mason to worry about.’

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

Chapter 41

‘I don’t know if I can do this.’ I said looking myself in the mirror.

‘Yes you can My Lady. If you don’t do this then princess Klara will.’

Irene had made me wear a beautiful white gown with nothing underneath.

‘But isn’t this too much?’

Irene smiled.

‘You are not n.a.k.e.d, My Lady. You are still wearing a dress, just showing a little more than usual to make him want to see the rest.’ She winked.

I didn’t even know if this was a good idea. He had only yesterday warned me to not seduce him, but I wasn’t seducing him really. I was just going to brush my hair and put oils on my skin, just as I do every night before I go to sleep. The only difference would be that I would be doing it in front of him now, which Irene thought would make him want me.

I was doubtful but Irene was convinced. Well, she knew more about men than I did so I decided to take her advice.

‘You don’t have to do this if you don’t want to.’ She said putting her hand on my shoulder.

‘I do want him. I am just not sure if he wants me.’ and that made me scared of wanting him.

‘He does want you and if he doesn’t, then make him.’

Yes, I had to make him want me otherwise Klara would.

‘Is he even coming tonight?’ I asked.

‘Yes, he is.’ She said with a frown. ‘I’ll leave you now.’ On her way, she blew a few more candles off and gave me a reassuring smile before closing the door behind her.

As soon as Lucian walked into the room a wonderful smell penetrated his nostrils. It smelled of roses and fresh air and... Hazel. He looked around. The room was mostly dark, the only light coming from a few lit candles and the full moon that shone outside the window.

His eyes searched the room until they found Hazel who was sitting in front of the mirror brushing her hair. She stopped for a while and looked at him.

‘You came.’ She smiled.

That smile, that weakness of his, tugged at his heart in strange ways.

‘Yes,’ was the only thing he managed to say and she went on brushing her hair.

She looked more beautiful than ever in the dim light and smelled of honey and coconut. He inhaled deeply, he wanted more, more of her scent, more of her. He wanted to run his hands through her hair, hold her tight, kiss every inch of that honey scented skin. His body urged him forward while his brain screamed at him to turn around and leave before he lost control.

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Hazel stopped brushing her hair and looked at him questioningly.

‘Lucian?’ her voice so sweet, called to him, woke his deepest desires.

‘Will you just stand there?’ She asked.

No, he wanted to turn back and leave but found himself taking a step forward. Cursing quietly he walked past her and to the bed. He began to take his armor off deciding that he would go to sleep as fast as he could.

‘How was your day?’ She asked using that same sweet tone.

His gaze traveled back to her. She had her leg up on the footstool and had lifted her dress up above her knee.

Swallowing Lucian quickly turned his gaze away.

‘Good.’ was all he said. He should have asked about her day but he was fighting a battle inside his head, a battle between his body and brain. He could feel how his demon was slowly clawing his way out.

‘I have made a new friend.’ She continued. He could hear the joy in her voice but he got worried. Who could this friend be?

‘Who?’ He asked turning to her but regretted it immediately. She was now rubbing something into her skin, slowly running her hands up and down her bare leg.

He had warned her. He had warned her not to seduce him, why could she never listen?

‘Her name is Irene?’ she smiled swinging her legs down and standing up straight.

His eyes scanned the length of her body, taking in every detail. She was wearing a form-fitting white dress that enhanced the curves of her body. The fabric was thin but not revealing, still, he knew she was wearing nothing underneath.

While enjoying the sight he could feel her body warming up under his gaze and her heart began to beat rapidly. She seemed to contemplate whether to approach him or not. God help her and him if she did because now he was losing all sense. The only thing he could focus on was the deep and raw hunger that rose within him.

I felt my cheeks flush as his gaze moved over me, the intensity in his eyes clearly telling me that he liked what he saw.

Slowly he lifted his gaze to mine and our eyes locked. Heat blazed from the depths of them, warming me from the inside, drawing me to him like gravity and I found myself taking a few steps forward but stopped, afraid he would draw back. But he didn't.

Instead, he stalked toward me, slowly, his eyes never leaving mine and it took all my strength to stand still and not run away or fall on my knees. I don't know what it was about him, about the way he moved or the way he looked at me that made me both frightened and excited at the same time.

I forget to breathe as he neared and stood right before me, so close I could feel the warmth of his body, wrapping itself around me like a blanket, making me yearn to be in his arms.

As if he knew what I wanted he wrapped his arm around my waist and pulled me close.

'I have waited too long.' He said his voice rough with suppressed need. 'I can't hold back anymore.'

'Then don't' I whispered.

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His hold around my waist tightened pressing our bodies together while his free hand grabbed my hair roughly and brought my face dangerously close to his. I closed my eyes waiting for him to kiss me as roughly as he grabbed me, but I felt the softest brush of his lips on mine sending shivers down my spine. Then another soft brush and my breath hitched.

He was making me wait, but I didn't want to wait. I wanted him, I needed him. I wrapped my arms around his neck but before I could press my lips to his he pulled my hair and tilted my head back.

‘Patience wife, I want to savor this moment.’ He said his tone like a hot wave against my throat.

I clung on to him, unable to stand on my own as his lips skillfully moved over my throat kissing and nibbling. His hands moved down my back, grabbed onto my h.i.p.s and pushed me even harder into his body as if I wasn’t close enough. His scent wrapped itself around my mind making me unable to think.

I was lost, drowning in an ocean of pleasure. I felt myself float on air, my feet no longer touching the ground and suddenly I lay on the bed with Lucian on top of me, pinning my hands above my head. Desire and hunger blazed through his eyes and he crashed his lips on mine. His kiss was raw, intense sending a wave of heat through my body. His hands slipped under my dress and caressed me to heights that were both frightening and arousing.

Lucian’s kisses turned from sweetly intense to painfully intense almost bruising my lips. Before I could protest I heard the tearing sound of fabric.

‘Lucian...’ I began breathlessly as I pushed him away.

‘What did you...’ the words died in my throat as I looked into his red eyes before he shut them.

‘Hazel, leave quickly before I hurt you.’

His voice sent chills down my spine and I considered running for a moment but something in me refused to run. Something that heard the pain in his voice.

He opened his eyes and his gaze burned into mine.

‘I said run.’ He growled.

‘No, I don’t want to.’

‘I can’t control myself anymore Hazel.’ He said with clenched teeth as his body shook violently. ‘You don’t want to see me like this.’

I had already seen him like this and he hadn’t hurt me. He had saved me. I refused to be scared of him, I had no reason to.

Lucian was trying everything in his power to make his body move, take himself as far away from Hazel as possible, but his demon was too strong, too hungry. It had tasted Hazel and it wanted more. He was no longer in control and he feared for Hazel but she wasn’t listening to him.

He shut his eyes and fought his demon once more but to no avail.

‘Lucian, open your eyes.’ He felt Hazel’s hand on his cheek.

No! He didn’t want her to see him like this but he found himself opening his eyes.

‘Look at me.’ She whispered.

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Raising his gaze slowly, he looked into her eyes. It was as if his body listened to her instead of him.

There was no fear in her eyes as he gazed into them, only curiosity and... tenderness. He wasn’t used to this. He was used to seeing fear and disgust in people’s eyes. To see Hazel look at him the way she did warmed his heart and without thinking, he leaned down and kissed her again. She parted her lips invitingly and wrapped her arms around him.

A familiar feeling he knew as love filled his heart. It warmed him, calmed him and slowly he felt the color of his eyes returning to normal and his nails retracting.

He had no time to think of what was happening as he was consumed by the desire that pulsed through him.

Slowly he drew back and took his shirt off while studying her face. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes hooded with desire. He could hear the fierce pounding of her heart as her gaze traveled down his bare upper body.

Knowing that she wanted to touch him he took her hand and placed it on his chest. She hesitates for a moment but then her hands slowly began to explore his body.

She ran her hands down his chest, stomach, up his arms and shoulders her eyes showing nothing but admiration as she touched him. Then her fingers traveled down his spine and he groaned with pleasure that burned so deep it was nearly painful.

Although he was in a sweet agony he waited patiently, letting her satisfy her curiosity and getting acquainted with his body.

When she was done it was his turn.

He pressed his body intimately into hers, holding her down with his h.i.p.s while his lips claimed hers in a kiss. His tongue swept across her lower lip and she writhed beneath him creating a sweet friction that made him groan deep in his throat. Knowing the effect it had on her he repeated the deed and she m.o.a.ned in response.

Taking her dress off smoothly he began to explore her body using his hands, lips, and tongue. He savored the feel and taste of her skin, relished the sound of her m.o.a.n.s.

‘Lucian!’ She gasped as he grazed his finger down her inner thighs coaxing shivers out of her. He did the same thing again but this time with his tongue making her quiver uncontrollably. He couldn’t help but smile at her reaction as he continued teasing her with his lips and tongue.

‘Lucian please...’ She said breathless as her hands fisted in his hair bringing his face to hers.

He gave her the kiss she wanted and she kissed him back with a hunger that both surprised him and aroused to an excruciating level. His hand slid between her thighs and she cried out in pleasure as his he touched sensitive, aching flesh.

She was his now and he was going to show her that no other man could pleasure her the way he was going to.

I was mindless, nearly breathless as Lucians hand stroke me slowly, rhythmically making the pressure in the pit of my stomach increase with every stroke. I dig my finger into his hair as the feeling became overwhelming, making my muscles tighten and then a spasm went through my body and my head fell back with a cry.

I just lay there, my body limp, astonished by what just happened. Whatever it was I didn’t want it to end.

‘This is just the beginning, wife’ Lucian whispered in my ear.

And then the kissing and stroking began and my body was on fire once again.

Lucian grabbed my h.i.p.s and I felt a sharp pain, but it was only brief. Next came the incredible feeling, our skin moving together, the friction igniting a fire that burned to my core.

This _content is taken from

Yes, I was on fire. A fire that no amount of water could quench.

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

Chapter 42

I opened my eyes slowly, unwilling to succumb the sweet dream I had been having. I realized it wasn't a dream, as I felt Lucian's arm around my waist, pressing my back against his chest. His legs entwined with mine under the sheets, his breath in my hair, fanning my neck.

It hadn't been a dream. Lucian had made love to me last night in the most sensual, tender manner. I felt my cheeks heat and my body burn anew as I recalled the beautiful memories. It was an experience I had never had before and never thought I would have. Actually, I never thought such an experience could even exist. How could a single kiss make my head spin? A light touch burn my skin?

My heart skipped a beat as I felt Lucian's arm tighten around my waist.

'Lucian? Are you awake?' I whispered.

'Hmm...' he said in a sleepy voice. Then it was quiet for a while. Had he gone back to sleep?

Slowly, I turned around to face him. His eyes were closed but I knew he was half awake. Maybe he was tired and wanted to continue sleeping, so I kept quiet as to not wake him.

Lord, he was beautiful. Just looking at him made my heart race and my fingers itched to touch him. I let my fingers slide up his shoulder and down his arm feeling the smooth and warm texture of his skin.

‘Do that again’ he said his voice husky with sleep.

Smiling, I did the same gesture again feeling him shiver slightly under my touch. Then I ran my fingers down his neck, his jaw, his lips, admiring the smoothness. Craving to touch him more, kiss him and hold him.

He grabbed my wrist stopping me, then he opened his eyes.

‘Are you done tormenting me, wife?’

‘Not yet,’ I smiled teasingly.

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

Taking my hand, he kissed my palm then entwined his fingers with mine.

‘I have never slept so peacefully before,’ My heart warmed up at his words. ‘I wish to sleep with you in my arms every night from now on.’

‘Every night?’

‘Yes, every night.’ He stated, his eyes boring into mine and suddenly an image of his red eyes from last night appeared in my head.

I had looked into them, into his blood red eyes and still let him make love to me. I should have been scared, should have screamed, or at least asked him what he was, but I had been blind with l.u.s.t.

‘Hazel?’ He grabbed some strands of my hair and tugged them behind my ear. ‘About last night...what you saw...I really don’t know how to explain it.’

He seemed to think for a while before his eyes slowly became unfocused, distant. All of a sudden, images of a young boy with black hair and golden eyes appeared in my head.

The boy, who looked to be five years old, was happy as he ran.

‘Papa,’ he shouted with a smile and enveloped his father in a hug. The smile quickly died on his face as he felt his father stiffen and recoil from his touch. He looked up at his father to see him look down at him with disgust. His heart dropped to his stomach. With teary eyes, he watched his father from a distance hugging and kissing his brothers while smiling and laughing, and wondered why he had been treated so differently.

Now the boy was a little older maybe eight. He was sitting at the lunch table with his brothers and father.

‘Where is your mother?’ one of his brothers asked. The boy looked at the empty chair next to him where his mother was supposed to sit, then he looked at his brothers who all were sitting next to their mothers.

‘His mother is dead son. Leave him alone.’ The woman who was his mother said.

The source of this _chapter;

The golden eyed boy looked down at his hands feeling all alone. He had heard people whisper that he was the reason his mother died. Because she had to give birth to a monster like him.

Indeed he was a monster, at least when he looked himself in the mirror and saw his eyes red and nails sharp like blades. He was terrified by his own image. He hated what he saw so he broke the mirror with a single thought and then sat in the middle of the shattered glass. Tears rolled down his eyes.

With a shaky hand, he grabbed a piece of the broken mirror and placed it on his wrist. Slowly he cut through his flesh but the pain was nothing compared to the one in his chest. He looked at his wrist, the cut had already healed. If only the wounds in his heart could heal as well.

Why was it so difficult? Why was life so cruel to him? He just wanted to be loved, to be held just once. He wanted someone to tell him he wasn't a monster and that he didn't need to be scared.

But once again he sat in the corner of a dark room, scared, crying in his pillow to stifle the sound. He had almost burned his brother, with just a thought. How was that possible? Maybe he was a monster, who had killed his mother and almost killed his brother today. He deserved to be hated, he deserved to be feared. No wonder his father didn't want him, he had killed his wife and could kill him as well.

The golden eyed boy who was now a teenager had accepted that he was a monster. His heart had become numb from all the pain and loneliness he had to endure so he shut his feelings down.

He had heard all kinds of bad things about himself. He had heard them so many times that it didn't matter anymore. No one cared and nobody would ever care, so why bother? He isolated himself from everyone else but still, he couldn't be left alone. His brothers would mock him every time they got the opportunity and his father would sometimes barge into his room in an intoxicated state.

'You!' his father would shout, pointing at him while trying to keep his balance. 'You have made my life a hell! Why do you have to exist you repulsive thing? Why ?!!!'

'Father?'

‘Don’t! Don’t call me that. I am not your father!’ he would scream. ‘And don’t look at me with those eyes!’

His father hated his eyes and so did he. Some people said his eyes were made from hell fire while others said they were stones from hell. If people looked into them they would sin and eventually go to hell.

‘Father? Why do you hate me so much?’ the boy asked gathering some courage.

The source of this chapter; nove 1

‘Hate?’ his father laughed. ‘I don’t hate you, I despise you.’

‘Then why don’t you just kill me!’ the boy yelled, tears falling down his face.

‘I wish I could.’ his father spat.

Later that night, the boy stood at the top of the castle’s tower, looking down. He took a deep breath. He was going to end his miserable life. No more pain, no more loneliness. He closed his eyes. This was the end he thought.

‘Nooo!’ Hazel screamed and Lucian came out of his haze.

Startled he looked at her, her cheeks were wet with tears. He realized that she had seen his memories. How?

‘Hazel.’ He reached for her and held her tightly while she cried hysterically against his chest.

‘I am sorry you got to see that. I didn’t mean to.’ He said but she just kept crying.

Lucian cursed inwardly. How was she able to see his memories? To see him in pain was the last thing he wanted.

‘Hazel?’ He whispered her name while gently stroking her back. ‘That was a long time ago. Yes, I was lonely. My heart had frozen spreading the coldness throughout my whole body. I lived on, enduring until you came into my life.’

She slowly stopped crying and looked up at him. He wiped some tears away from her cheeks. It pained him to see her cry.

‘You have given me a reason to live. You have brought warmth into my life, making the ice around my heart melt so it could beat again. And now my heart beats and it beats only for you.’

The source of this _chapter;

She looked at him surprised, blinking a few tears away and then wiping them with the back of her hand. He could hear her heart race inside her chest. She knew what he was going to say and she waited for him in anticipation.

‘I love you Hazel. I love you with all my heart.’

Then he covered her mouth with his and kissed her til she was breathless.

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

Chapter 43

Lucian watched Hazel in her sleep. He had been watching her for a while now, but he never seemed to get tired. How could he? She was the only thing he ever wanted and now she was his.

He looked out the window, it was almost midday but they were still in bed and Hazel was sleeping. He was relieved that she was safe even though his demon had taken over completely last night. It had scared him but Hazel hadn't been scared. She had still wanted him and for the first time, he hadn't despised his demon. He had accepted it instead and it brought a strange feeling of freedom. No more demon crawling under his skin anymore, rather, he and his demon had become one.

This made him remember the strange man's words. Don't fight your demon too much, accept it instead.

How did the man know that he would find peace if he accepted his demon? Whoever the man was, he wanted to meet him again.

He gazed at his wife again. His foolishly courageous wife. To seduce him even though he had warned her clearly, it amused him. He traced her cheek with his fingers. She was indeed stubborn, very stubborn he thought. Her eyelashes were still wet from crying and her lips swollen from all the kissing. He should have gone easy on her, but how? He had waited so long. So long to hold her, kiss her, and touch her and now he could do all of that, without the fear of hurting her.

Tugging her into his arms, he closed his eyes.

I woke up with a smile on my face. The words I love you echoing in my mind. There has never been a happier moment in my life than that when Lucian, my husband, told me he loved me. The sincerity in which he said the words made all of my doubts and fears disappear.

And then he had kissed me, like never before. His kisses expressing the unspoken words, making me forget everything else than the man holding me in his arms.

Lucian. He was indeed 'Man of light'. I just wished he could see that and stop believing he was a monster.

The memories I had seen had been so painful. I was able to feel the void in his heart and my heart ached for him. I couldn't imagine how it must have been for him to live like that, all alone, unloved, scared, and confused. How much pain he must have endured, so much that he was willing to take his life. My heart clenched in pain at the thought. He was just a child. How could his own family have treated him like that?

They were the monsters not him.

Looking at him I ran my fingers through his hair. 'I'll make you forget.' I whispered.

His lips curved into a smile.

'I thought you were asleep.' I said.

He opened his eyes.

'I was. Your finger in my hair and your sweet voice woke me up.' He trailed his fingers down my cheek.

'Now tell me. What will you make me forget?' He asked.

I shook my head afraid to tell him. Would I be able to make him forget all the bad memories?

'Nothing.' I said.

He drew me closer and pressed his lips on my neck while running his finger down my spine. 'Tell me.'

‘I just...’ I began trying to keep my voice neutral as it became hard to breathe.

‘You just what?’ he said nibbling at the sensitive flesh under my ear. I bit my lip to stifle a m.o.a.n.

‘I want... to make you forget all the bad memories.’ I breathed.

He drew back and looked at me, his eyes filled with love and tenderness.

‘Hazel. You make me forget how to breathe, let alone bad memories.’

With a smile I snuggled against him, but then my stomach growled.

Lucian chuckled. ‘We should get something to eat.’

No, I didn’t want to leave his arms but I wanted to eat something too. We had been laying in bed for too long that we had missed our breakfast and maybe he was hungry as well. I forced myself to sit up then swung legs down. That’s when I saw my beautiful white gown on the floor, ripped and torn.

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‘I am sorry about that.’ Lucian said running his finger through his hair, innocently.

Wrapping the sheets around me I jingled the bell on the nightstand and a maid came in immediately.

‘Bring me Irene.’ I ordered.

‘I am sorry My Lady, but who?’

‘Irene. Bring me Irene.’

The maid, I think her name was Nora, looked at me confused.

‘My Lady, I am sorry but there is no one called Irene.’

‘Alright. Just bring me the maid who was here last night.’

‘I was here last night My lady.’

Alright, now I was confused.

‘No you were not. A maid called Irene was here with me.’

The maid looked at me, confusion and fear in her eyes.

‘My Lady I have never even heard that name.’ Her voice quivered.

How was that possible? Irene had been with me all these days.

I stood up. ‘So are you saying I had been without a maid all these days?’
I asked.

She shook her head.

‘I was serving you My Lady.’

I sighed in frustration and disbelief.

‘Little girl. Why don’t you call the head maid.’ Lucian said standing up,
the sheets only covering his lower body.

The maid looked down quickly her cheeks turning a bright red. Nodding
she left the room.

‘What’s happening? Who is Irene?’ Lucian asked.

‘Irene is my personal maid. She had been here with me all these days and now she is telling me there is no one called Irene.’

He frowned. Yes, I was confused too, but then suddenly I got scared. Irene was a witch. What if she had been discovered and burned alive? Or maybe the bloodthirsty king had found her and made her his s.e.x slave? No, no. I shook my head.

‘Is something wrong?’ Lucian looked worried.

There was a knock on the door and next an old lady came in.

‘My Lady, Your Highness.’ She bowed deeply. ‘I am Margaret, the head maid. You called for me. How may I help you?’

I looked over at Lucian.

‘Do you happen to know someone called Irene?’ He asked.

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‘No Your Highness. Never heard the name.’

‘Who had been attending my wife?’

‘A maid called Nora had been serving My Lady, Your Highness.’

I stared at her in disbelief.

‘You may leave.’ Lucian said and she left.

‘She is lying,’ I told Lucian.

‘What makes you think so?’

‘I think the king took Irene and told everyone to keep it a secret or maybe they discovered that she is a w..‘

‘She is what?’

I hesitated for a while then decided to tell him.

‘A witch,’ I whispered.

Lucian blinked several times then laughed.

‘A witch?’

‘Yes.’

‘And what makes you think Rasmus took her.’ He asked.

‘Well, he loves women, and she is extremely, extremely beautiful,’ I said.

‘If she really is a witch I think she can take care of herself, and if Rasmus took her, then... you know we can’t do anything about it.’

Well, it was true. Maybe she could use some magic to save herself. Still, I was worried.

I took a quick bath then joined Lucian for lunch. We both ate in silence and for the first time we both finished everything on the plate.

‘I think you regained your appetite.’ He said.

I had always loved food but had lost my appetite since I came here due to all the stress.

‘I don’t think I could ever get enough of food.’ I smiled picking a strawberry from the fruit basket, and taking a bite of it.

Heat flickered in his eyes. ‘I know I could never get enough of you.’

Heat rose to my cheeks at the way he looked at me.

‘You shouldn’t look at me like that. We just got out of bed.’ I said.

‘I know. Yet I want to take you back there right now.’

The intensity in his eyes made me swallow the strawberry without chewing it completely and he laughed.

‘We have plenty of time for that, I am in no hurry.’ He smiled.

Updated _at

The thought of him making love to me again and again made my heart flutter.

Clearing my throat ‘Lucian, how was I able to see your memories?’ I asked.

He thought for a while.

‘I really don’t know.’ he said with a frown.

‘And you don’t know what you are?’

‘No.’

How confusing and lonely it must have been for him to not know what he is and not be able to tell anyone.

‘What happened when you...when you...‘

‘When I decided to end my life?’ He finished. My heart clenched once more.

‘Did you jump?’ I asked carefully.

‘No, I didn’t.’

I let out a sigh of relief.

‘What made you change your mind?’

‘I guess there was just a part of me that refused to be weak. I refused to give up and give my father and brothers the satisfaction of seeing me dead.’ He explained.

I thought about what would have happened if he had jumped. I would never have met him, and I would never have married him, but most of all I would never have fallen in love with him.

Yes, I loved this man.

I think I felt something for him from the first time I saw him, when I had looked into his golden eyes. I was spellbound since then.

‘Do you know your eyes are the first thing I fell in love with? You shouldn’t hate them. They are beautiful.’

I could see in his eyes that if the table hadn’t stood between us he would have kissed me. Even though I enjoyed the food, I suddenly wished the table hadn’t been there.

As if he knew what I was thinking he stood up and walked to my side. Then he reached for my hand and pulled me out of my chair, bringing me closer to him.

‘Hazel.’ The warmth in which he said my name made me want to melt. ‘Thank you for existing.’

He took both my hands in his and kissed my knuckles.

No one has ever thanked me for anything and this man was thanking me for existing. I didn’t know what to say or feel.

‘No one has ever cared for me so I never learned how to care for someone. I know I have been a bad husband, avoiding you, hurting you and not being able to protect you. I promise to be a better husband from now on, I promise to cherish you.’

I felt tears in my eyes. The truth was, I was the bad one. Yes, he had avoided me and hurt me but now I understood why. He was hurting himself, it must have been so hard for him to avoid me, to live hiding the real him because he was afraid I would hate him just like his family. It must have been hard to live afraid to hurt the person you love.

He had been so alone and I hadn’t noticed. Instead, I had distanced myself from him, misunderstood him and denied him his rights as a husband. I know that if it had been any other man he would have used me without my consent and then ignored me for the rest of my life.

But this was Lucian, the man I loved. I must have had a reason to love him and I knew the reason now.

‘And I promise to be a better wife.’

This _content is taken from

Married To The Devil's Son (WN)

Chapter 44

Lucian left saying he needed to take care of a few things and I just lay in my bed, daydreaming about him. I had Irene to thank for everything that happened. I wished she was here, I felt lonely without her.

Was she alright? What if something really bad is happening to her in this moment and I am just laying here in my bed?

'My Lady?'

Startled I sat up and turned my head.

'Irene!' I almost jumped out bed.

She smiled.

'Where were you? You made me worried.'

She looked at me confused.

'You were worried about me?' She asked.

'Yes why not?'

'I am just a maid My Lady?'

'I...I thought we were friends.'

Lord, I hated this. I knew that it never worked to be friends with a maid. I had already tried with Lydia and Ylva and they would always say the same 'A Lady and a maid can never be friends'. They were right. I was naive to think that.

How could they see me as a friend when they had to serve me all the time ?

‘We are if that’s what you want, My lady ?’

I looked at her surprised and she gave me a smile.

‘Could you call me Hazel then ?’ I asked hopeful.

‘Yes, Hazel.’

Finally!! After so many years I got a friend. I felt like crying.

‘So what happened ? I thought something had happened to you. That maybe the bloodthirsty king had taken you.’

‘No, I am perfectly fine.’

‘Then why are the maids saying they don’t know you ?’

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She looked around and seemed to contemplate about something.

‘Can I tell you a secret now that we are friends ?’ She asked approaching me.

‘Yes,’

‘I am not a maid Hazel. I am just a witch.’

I blinked a few times confused by what I heard.

‘I came here to help you and your husband.’ She continued.

‘Help us? Why?’

‘I can’t tell you much, but I need you to believe me.’

‘Believe you? You just lied about being a maid. I trusted you Irene.’

‘I am sorry.’ She said and she looked sorry. ‘But there was no other way I could have spoken to you. I really need you to believe me.’

‘Why would I?’

‘Because you don’t want your husband to die?’

‘How do you know Lucian?’

Suddenly a thought popped into my head.

‘Is he a witch too?’ I whispered and then I thought he couldn’t be. Why did I even think of that? Witches didn’t have red eyes or did they?

‘Your husband... is something very powerful that has never existed before. If he uses his powers in the wrong way he could destroy himself.’

‘What are you saying?’ I asked confused.

Grabbing my arms she sat me down on the edge of the bed.

‘Hazel, do you remember I told you magic is not a thing to use easily, that it has consequences?’

‘Yes.’

‘Any power anyone possess has its consequences if misused. Your husband... I don’t think his is very familiar with his powers, he really

don't know how to use them and he could overuse them and bring destruction upon himself.'

'How do you know that?'

'He doesn't even know what he is, do you think he will know how to use his powers?'

I was quite for a moment trying to digest all the information I just got.

'Listen, I am a witch right?'

'Yes.'

'Alright. If I try to cast a very powerful spell and use all my power and overexert myself I could die, if not I would be weak for several days and my enemies would kill me meanwhile I can't protect myself. The same goes for your husband, he needs to use the right amount of power, and to be able to do that he needs to be very familiar with his powers.'

I just looked at her, many questions swirling in my head and doubts on whether to believe her or not.

'So your husband must not think that he can fight an whole army himself. He could but that would make him very weak, or worse he could die.'

'And what makes you think he will fight a whole army himself?'

'He might have to do that, because of you.'

'Because of me?'

‘Yes. He is planning on escaping with you. He is not safe outside these walls. Both his brothers have sent their men everywhere looking for him.’

‘How do you know that?’

‘I got the information from someone I trust.’

‘So is Lucian a witch or not?’

‘Some things I can’t tell you.’ She said. ‘I need to leave now.’

‘Wait! Why are you helping my husband?’

Somehow I was afraid to hear the answer. Was she a previous lover of his?

‘I was not his lover, Hazel.’ She said looking amused.

‘Can you read my thoughts?’

‘Just one of my many talents.’ She said swirling and then she was gone.

I blinked several times. What had I just seen? She just disappeared in front of my eyes. Impossible.

‘Your highness. Please consider your decision.’ Lincoln begged.

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‘I have already made up my mind.’ Lucian said irritation clear in his voice. He knew Lincoln feared for his life and wanted to protect him but he wished the man would stop begging.

He had promised Hazel to be a better husband so he wasn't going to hurt her anymore.

'Have you prepared everything?'

'Yes Your Highness.'

Leaving Lincoln behind Lucian entered Klaras room through the window without anyone noticing him. It was late but he hoped she would be awake, and she was.

She lay on her bed reading a book. He approached her slowly thinking it was stupid of him to do this.

'Klara?'

Startled she sat up on bed 'Lucian?' she looked at him with a questioning look then stood up.

'What are you doing here?' She asked.

Yes, how stupid. What was he doing here? He should just have escaped with Hazel.

Something flickered in her eyes.

'Lucian...' She began a warning in her tone. 'I don't know what you think of me but I am not like that.'

He knew what she was talking about. She thought he had come here to take her to bed. He couldn't blame her when he had snuck into her room in the middle of the night.

‘Klara, I can’t marry you. I am sorry that I am changing my decision all the time but this is my last and final decision.’

Her eyes widened as she put the pieces together.

‘You are escaping aren’t you?’

‘Yes.’

‘No,’ She shook her head ‘you can’t. Then why did you come here to tell me?’

Because he knew how she felt about him. If he just escaped without saying goodbye when he had promised to marry her, he would scar her for life. And he knew how painful it was to live with a scar.

‘I am not the right one for you. You will realize the day you find the right one. I have to go now.’ He said turning around.

‘I will scream if you go.’ She threatened.

‘Go ahead.’

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‘Lucian I’m going to scream.’ Ignoring her he continued toward the window.

He knew she wouldn’t scream, at least not if her feelings were true.

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

Chapter 45

‘Are we really escaping?’

‘Yes’ Lucian said packing a few things.

Oh, lord. Irene was right.

‘Lucian,’ I said grabbing his arms ‘I know you are doing this for me but I really, really, really don’t mind you marrying Klara.’

‘Do you want me to marry her and then isolate her somewhere?’

That was terrible. No women deserve to be treated that way.

‘No.’

‘Then you don’t mind me touching her, kissing her and taking her to bed?’ He said frustration clear in his tone.

No. I didn’t like that either. Looking at my hands I tried to come up with something to say that made sense, but nothing came to mind. I was confused and scared.

‘Listen Hazel.’ Lucian said taking my hands. ‘I don’t want to marry Klara because I don’t want to neglect her. I know how it feels, I have been neglected my whole life. If I don’t ignore her it means I have to be with her, and I don’t want that either. I don’t want to be with anyone but you.’

I never thought about what he wanted. It would be wrong to force him to be with someone he didn’t want to. I knew how that felt.

‘Alright.’ I said.

We packed a few things and then sneaked out. Outside we met Lincoln, Oliver and few other of Lucians men.

‘Your Highness, the weapons and horses are ready.’ Lincoln informed.

‘Yes. But going outside the gates will be too difficult. The guards are too many, we have to at least distract some of them.’ Calum explained worriedly.

‘Don’t worry, soon they will fall asleep,’ Lincoln assured.

‘That’s very clever of you Lincoln,’ A familiar female voice spoke from nearby ‘but I am afraid many of our guards are immune to drugs.’

Klara? What was she doing here?

Oh god, we got caught. We were as good as dead.

‘There is another way out if you follow me.’ She gestured.

I looked at Lucian skeptically but he just grabbed my arm and nodded toward his men, then we followed Klara.

Why would she help us escape?

‘Can we trust her?’ I whispered as we followed her into a dark tunnel.

Lucian nodded.

‘This tunnel leads to the back of the castle. It was made in case we got attacked so that we could escape.’ She explained.

As we reached the exit we found that a few guards standing there.

‘Don’t worry. These are my men.’ She explained as she saw the questioning looks on our faces.

‘They have prepared a few more horses and weapons. You will need them.’ She continued.

She was helping us escape. Why? She was making me confused.

Klara studied Lucian while he put his weapons in place and prepared his horse. As she looked at him her expression was filled with sorrow and another feeling I didn’t want to admit yet.

Turning to me she walked closer.

‘Why are you helping us?’ I asked before she could say anything.

‘I am helping him not you.’

‘Helping him is helping me.’ I said.

She narrowed her eyes.

‘I am trying to hate you. You are not helping.’ She said.

‘Neither are you.’

I think saw her lips twitch a little into a smile.

‘This is not the end. I have not given up on him yet.’ She said folding her arms across her chest.

‘I am sure there are many men who like you why Lucian?’

Walking closer she leaned in.

‘I don’t think you understand, but your husband is one of a kind.’

Then taking a few steps back ‘I trust you will protect him, or I will come for him.’ She smirked.

‘Princess Klara,’ Lucian said approaching us ‘thank you for your help.’

As she looked at him her eyes softened and for a short moment, I thought she would cry.

‘Take care of yourself.’ She said.

We were riding fast through an empty land and once again I felt dizzy. I thought I had gotten used to this but I guess I didn’t.

Lucian slowed down, ‘Are you alright?’ he asked.

‘Yes,’ I breathed, but I wasn’t.

Throughout the journey, I fought my urge to vomit as I held on to Lucian until I discovered something. Inhaling Lucian’s scent took the nausea away. Grabbing some strands of his hair I kept inhaling his spicy scent until we decided to take a break.

Updated _at

‘Lincoln will bring us food.’ Lucian said as he sat next to me on a cliff while I was watching the sunrise.

It was my first time seeing the sun rise and it was the most beautiful sight. From the corner of my eyes, I could see Lucian watching me.

‘Isn’t it beautiful?’ I nodded toward the sun.

‘Very beautiful.’ He said but he was still looking at me as he said it.

I turned to him. ‘I am speaking of the sunrise, Lucian.’

‘I see nothing but you right now.’

We just stared into each other’s eyes unable to look away until we heard some guards speaking behind us.

Tearing my gaze from his, ‘Where are we going? What’s your plan?’ I asked.

‘There is only one way out of this mess and to keep you safe. I will kill my brothers.’

‘But how? You brothers probably have a very high security now because they know they can be attacked any time. I am sure they are prepared for everything.’ I said.

‘I don’t know exactly how Hazel, but I will come up with something. First I need to take you to a safe place.’

The thoughts of him leaving me and maybe not coming back sent shivers down my spine.

‘No,’ I said. ‘I don’t want you to go.’

‘Hazel, I have to. We can’t live running and hiding our whole life.’

‘But what if something happens to you?’

He smiled.

‘Nothing will happen to me.’ He said cupping my face with one hand. ‘I can’t die now when I know the feeling of having your bare body in my arms.’

His eyes burned into mine and heat crept to my face.

‘Your Highness, I have brought some food and clothes.’ Lincoln interrupted us.

Lincoln brought us commoners clothes so that we wouldn’t be recognized easily. We changed our clothes, ate some food and then continued our journey.

Leaving trees and empty lands behind, we came to the city. Getting off the horses we walked among common people till we came to a little village outside the city.

We stood in front of a white house with a brown roof. Lucian had told me that we would go to Lincoln’s home, I guessed this was it.

Lincoln entered the house and after a while, he came out with a woman. She seemed to be in her late twenties or early thirties with blonde hair and brown eyes.

‘This is my wife Malia, Malia this is His Highness Lucian and His wife Hazel.’ He introduced.

‘It’s an honor to meet you, Your Highness.’ She greeted. ‘Please come inside.’

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It was a small house but it was neat and looked comfortable. I could see Malia glancing at Lucian now and then looking surprised. From the way

she looked at him, I knew she hadn't expected him to look the way he did. I couldn't blame her, I never thought he would look like this either before I got married to him.

Lucian and Lincoln spoke to Malia about me staying with her until they took care of things.

'Callum will also stay here in case anything happens,' Lincoln explained and Malia nodded.

After giving us lunch Malia took us to a room.

'You have been traveling the whole night, I am sure you need rest.' She smiled.

'Thank you.' I said and she closed the door behind us.

The bedroom was small, at least for someone like me who was used to having very big bedrooms but it looked nice. To share such little space with Lucian brought butterflies to my stomach.

He had already made love to me but I was still behaving like an innocent girl. I needed to stop this.

Looking at Lucian, he was still utterly handsome even when wearing commoners clothes while I probably looked awful. He was wearing a pair of black boots, khaki trousers and a white shirt which he was taking off by now.

Looking at his body I remembered how shamelessly I had touched him without holding back. How smooth his skin had felt, how the muscles on his arms and back had twitched... and his strong neck, I had a sudden urge to place kisses down his neck.

‘What are you thinking about wife?’

From the smug look on his face I guessed he knew what I was thinking about.

‘Nothing.’ I blushed.

‘And why would nothing make you blush?’ He drawled crossing the distance between us.

‘Can you hear my thoughts?’ I asked.

‘No, but I can hear your heart race, your breathing change and your temperature rise.’

‘You can hear my heartbeat?’ I asked surprised.

‘Yes, I have sharp senses.’

‘Oh...’ I said trying to digest everything. ‘What else can you do?’

‘I can speak inside your head.’

I wasn’t very surprised by that. I had heard his voice in my head before.

‘What else?’

‘I can control fire.’

He had burned the men. It was him. ‘Now you are scared.’ He said.

‘No, I am not.’

This _ content is taken from

He was quiet for awhile 'Let's get some rest.'

Married To The Devil's Son (WN)

Chapter 46

Lucian lay facing the other side and I wondered if he was angry with me.

'Are you angry with me?' I asked.

'Why would I be?'

'I don't know' I whispered.

He turned around facing me.

'I am not angry.' He said his voice soft.

If he wasn't angry, there was something else he wasn't telling me.

'Will you hold me then while we rest?'

Without waiting he drew me into his arms and after a while, he fell asleep. I was very tired as well after being awake the whole night but I didn't want to sleep since Lucian would leave after we woke up I wanted to be awake and savor the feel of being in his arms. But I couldn't.

I kept repeating Irene's words in my head and it made my stomach twist in fear. What if something happened to Lucian? What if he never came back? Maybe I should have convinced him to marry Klara.

'You haven't slept?' Lucian asked surprised when he woke up.

'I wasn't very tired.' I lied to no avail.

‘Hazel, you don’t need to worry. I will come back safe.’ He assured me.

Lucian’s men gathered their horses outside, getting ready to leave. Lincoln was speaking to his wife, it looked like he was assuring her he would come back safe but she still looked worried. He gave her a kiss on the cheek and a reassuring smile. Surprisingly I had never seen him smile before. This was the first time and he looked like a different person.

By the way, where was Lucian? Looking around I found him stalking toward me. By the time I realized what he was about to do it was too late and he had already pressed his lips to mine, in front of everyone. On top of that it wasn’t a light and quick kiss, but a long and passionate one that knocked all air out of my lungs.

He drew back, a smirk on his face. What was that for?

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‘This is for slapping me, wife.’

Embarrassed I looked around and everyone looked away quickly. I wished the earth could open up and swallow me and I glared at Lucian accusingly.

He laughed. ‘Do you still want me to come back?’

‘Yes. How can I pay you back otherwise?’ I said.

‘I look forward to that.’ He smirked.

Placing a kiss on my forehead, ‘I will be back wife.’ He said then rode off with his men.

It has been a week since Lucian left and for every day that went by I got more and more worried. I couldn't live on like this, the anxiety was eating me alive.

'My Lady, You haven't been eating well lately.' Malia pointed. 'You should eat something.'

'I am fine.' I said. She looked at me skeptically.

Suddenly the door flew open and Callum stood there breathless.

'My lady, we need to leave now.' He said.

'Why? What happened?' I asked standing up.

'I saw some guards with drawings of you and his highness asking the villagers if they saw you. Soon enough they will find us if we don't leave.'

'Oh lord,' Malia said. 'We should hurry then.'

Only grabbing a few important things we left the house. I sat behind Callum on the horse while Malia rode on her own. Even she could ride, why couldn't I?

Well, I had my father to thank for all the things I couldn't do.

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When we thought we had come far enough we stopped.

'What now?' Malia asked confused.

‘I really don’t know.’ Callum said with a frown. ‘Maybe we should go to my house.’

‘No! I have already put Malia in danger I don’t want your family to be in danger as well.’ I said.

‘Thank you for your concern My Lady, but protecting you is my priority. Besides we can’t stay here for long they will find us.’

He was right but it didn’t take the guilt away. We continued riding but realized that we were surrounded as every road we tried to take was blocked.

‘We are trapped.’ Callum said.

‘Malia, you should leave. They don’t want you anyways.’ I said.

‘But how can I leave you My Lady?’

‘Just do what I say, we don’t have time.’ I ordered.

‘Yes, you should leave Malia. They won’t recognize you as long as you are not with us. Besides if you leave you can bring us help.’ Callum suggested.

She hesitated for a while but quickly rode away when we heard men with their horses nearing.

‘They are here, catch them.’ I heard someone yell.

Callum took his sword out ready to fight.

‘Don’t.’ I said. He looked at me confused.

‘But My Lady...‘

Follow current _ on

‘I will take care of this.’ I interrupted him. I didn’t want him to fight because he would probably lose. They were just too many, he wouldn’t be able to fight all of them.

The men surrounded us with their horses. One of them got off the horse and approached us.

His gaze moved over me then he smirked.

‘Our little princess is wearing rags I see.’ He smirked. ‘What happened?’ He asked mockingly and then his men laughed.

His gaze moved over to Callum.

‘I only need the princess alive. I think your time on earth has come to an end old friend.’ He told Callum with a faked sad expression.

Callum stood in the same place his expression unwavering.

‘There is no need to pretend to be brave when you are going to die. Why can’t you beg for your life while you can?’

‘You won’t kill him.’ I said.

The man looked at me then laughed.

‘Why wouldn’t I?’

‘Because I will make sure to remember your face and tell my husband to kill you in the most painful way.’ I said.

He laughed again.

‘That’s only if he finds me, little princess.’ He said.

‘Oh, he will. The devil finds its way everywhere. By now he is probably on his way while planning your death and everyone’s here.’

I could see that he got a bit scared. It was working.

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‘You fear the crown prince?’ I asked speaking louder to everyone. ‘Well, then you fear the wrong person. The worst prince Pierre can do is kill you, but prince Lucian will torture you, kill you and then torture you again in hell, because trust me none of you is going to heaven.’ I threatened.

They looked at each other hesitantly for a while.

‘What are you waiting for.’ Their commander yelled. ‘Tie them up!’

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

Chapter 47

They threw us into a cellar with our hands tied behind our back.

‘Don’t touch the Lady. The crown prince wants her untouched.’ Their commander told the men. His gaze shifted to Callum.

‘You can do whatever you want with him.’ He said and left.

The two men that were left with us walked toward Callum with a smug look on their faces.

‘Leave him alone if you care to live.’ I told them.

Turning their head they looked at me.

‘You can’t kill me because the crown prince wants me alive. Before you take me to him Lucian will already be here and if he finds that one of his men is dead or hurt he won’t be happy.’ I said with conviction in my voice. ‘I don’t think you have seen him unhappy, have you?’

They looked at each other, one of them clearly more scared than the other.

‘Trust me you don’t want to see him like that?’ I added.

‘That’s only rumors. Don’t try and scare us, Lady.’ One of them said.

‘Rumors?’ I laughed. ‘There is no smoke without fire and oh...you should be scared. No one wants to be burned alive.’

Now they were clearly scared. It was visible in their eyes.

‘By tonight Lucian will already be here. Think about it. If you want to live you will let us go and I will spare your lives, and maybe even tell my husband to make you join his army. And if you want to die, well then ask God for forgiveness because if you go to hell...’ I shook my head ‘Lucian will enjoy torturing you for eternity.’

Their gazes shifted between me and Callum in confusion then they decided to leave us alone.

‘My Lady, You are very clever,’ Callum said once they left.

‘Not clever enough though. They didn’t let us go.’

‘They will.’ He said.

‘How do you know?’

‘They were very afraid and as time goes by their fear will grow.’

‘I hope so.’ I sighed.

After sitting in the cellar for so long I got cramp in my legs and my stomach growled. Callum looked at me wearing an apologetic look on his face.

‘I am alright.’ I assured him.

Soon after, we heard the fumbling of keys and the door to the cellar opened. The two scared soldiers entered still looking afraid.

Without a word, they began to untie our hands.

‘Let’s go.’ One of them whispered. ‘The men are drinking outside. Most of them are intoxicated so we can leave if we are very quiet.’ He explained.

He was right. As we made our way out we could hear their loud voices and laughter as they sat around a fire. Without them noticing we snuck into the woods and began to run as fast as we could.

We kept running until I couldn’t anymore.

‘My Lady, are you alright?’ Callum asked when I stopped.

‘Yes, I just need to breathe a moment,’ I said breathless, but the truth was my legs were hurting so much after sitting for a long time and I didn’t have energy since I hadn’t eaten the whole day.

‘We have to continue.’ One of the men said. ‘They have horses they can easily come after us.’

As soon as he finished the sentence Callum slit both their throats letting their bodies fall to the ground.

‘Callum?’ I breathed shocked.

‘They betrayed their prince.’ He stated simply. ‘We should keep moving.’

Taking their weapons we continued to run.

I don’t know how long we have been running or walking but my legs were hurting so much, my throat was so dry and my head began to spin. But I continued walking in spite of all that. If I wanted to live, if I wanted to see Lucian again I had to keep moving.

Eventually, as I kept walking my legs gave in and everything went black.

I woke up from someone splashing water on my face. I opened my eyes with a groan.

‘My Lady, drink this.’ Callum said holding a bottle of water next to my mouth.

This content is taken from

I gulped the water down quickly.

‘Where are we?’

We were surrounded by trees and there was a small lake to the left.

‘Unfortunately not far away.’

‘Then we should go.’ I said standing up abruptly which led to me losing my balance.

Before I fell Callum caught me. ‘I don’t think you can walk My Lady. Your leg is swollen.’

‘Of course I can w...’ I shrieked in pain as I shifted my weight on my left leg.

‘Sit down.’ Callum urged helping me.

‘But we can’t just be sitting here.’ I protested. It was already morning and he had said that we hadn’t come far. ‘I will try to walk.’

‘There is no point in that.’ He said calmly. ‘We are surrounded. I tried to find a way out but they are everywhere right now.’

‘Then what should we do?’ I asked.

‘It’s too late to do anything, My Lady. We were from the beginning fighting a war we would lose anyway. Even if we escape this time, how many more times will we be able to escape? Sooner or later they will find us.’ He looked at me narrowing his gaze. ‘We all will die My Lady.’

The calmness in which he spoke told me that he had expected all this to happen and that he had accepted it.

‘Callum, you should leave me here. At Least alone I am sure you can escape.’

‘No my lady I cannot do that.’

‘Think about your family, they need you. I will be fine, they won’t kill me. Their prince wants me alive.’

‘No, I...’ He stopped as we heard the sound of horses and men.

‘Look for them everywhere!’ A man yelled.

Callum looked around quickly trying to find a place for us to hide but unfortunately we were only surrounded by trees and hiding behind them wouldn’t help.

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‘My Lady, I will distract them and lead them that way. You endure the pain and run that way.’ He whispered pointing in different directions.

I nodded and tried to do as he said but the pain in my leg was excruciating. I tried my best to ignore the pain and limped my way to the opposite direction of where Callum went.

‘Someone is there!’ I heard a man yell and then the clinking of swords. Would Callum be able to fight all those men?

I felt like a coward leaving him behind and contemplated for a while to go back. But how would I be able to help him? I could barely walk.

‘There she is! Catch her!’

Oh no, they found me. Maybe it was for the better I thought since I couldn’t decide whether to leave Callum behind or not.

‘Don’t move lady, there is no point.’ The soldier who was approaching me warned.

If he only knew how painful it was for me to move he wouldn’t have said that.

He grabbed my arm harshly and was about to drag me when something caught his attention. I turned my head to see what was going on and then saw soldiers fighting someone wearing a helmet. The helmet man moved smoothly cutting and killing with his sword.

‘Who is that? Kill him!’ The soldier who held me yelled but unfortunately, the soldiers had a hard time killing the man with the helmet on and they all soon fell to the ground.

The man holding me pushed me away causing me to fall and then went to fight the helmet man. After a short while, he fell dead to the ground as well.

The helmet man put his sword back and looked my way. Whoever he was, he was skilled even though he didn’t look strong.

Stalking toward me he took his helmet off.

I gasped.

‘Klara!’

She smirked. ‘Who did you think it was?’

I just looked at her astonished for a while. ‘Will you just stare at me or stand up?’ She asked.

I stood up grimacing in pain. ‘What are you doing here? How did you find me? Why did you save me?’

Ignoring my questions she whistled and a black horse came galloping toward us.

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‘We need to leave quickly.’ She said.

‘But Callum...’ I began

‘It’s his duty to protect you and not the other way round. Now hurry!’

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

Chapter 48

Klara made me wear dirty torn clothes, she put mud on my face and hair and tied my hands.

‘If you look like a beggar no one will ever suspect you are a princess.’ She explained.

I was angry at first. Was she making fun of me? But as we passed many guards and none of them even looked our way I guessed she was right. It must really have looked like I was a slave bought by her from the way she rode her horse and I was being dragged behind with my hands tied. I still hated her for this, but I had to admit she was smart and she was helping me.

Once we passed the guarded place we stopped near a lake and she gave me something to eat. I had never been so hungry in my life before so I ate the sandwich quickly.

‘What happened to your leg?’

‘I really don’t know. I think it’s swollen from all the sitting and walking or maybe I wrenched it.’ I explained.

She just nodded and looked away.

‘Why did you save me?’ I asked.

‘I promised Lucian to protect you the way he would.’ She said, ‘Even though that was when we were supposed to get married.’

‘You saved me to keep a promise you made to Lucian?’ I asked surprised.

‘I am stupid, I know.’

‘You love him very much.’ I said more to myself than her.

She truly did love him. I tried to deny that for a long time but it was a fact. She had helped us escape and she saved my life because she knew it did matter to Lucian.

‘Don’t worry, I am not here to take him away from you. Now sleep for a while so we can keep going.’

Klara watched Hazel while asleep. She really tried to dislike this woman but why couldn’t she. This woman had taken away the man she loved, the only man she has ever loved so why didn’t she hate her?

Maybe because she knew deep down it wasn’t Hazel’s fault. She had been forced into marrying Lucian, it wasn’t her choice.

Sighing Klara lay down on the ground and tried to find some sleep but her thoughts went back to the time she first met Lucian

.

‘Klara, you won’t participate in this war. It’s final.’ Rasmus said.

‘But why?’

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‘Sweet sister. We are fighting against the most powerful kingdom and their armies leader is the seventh prince. He has never lost a war before.’

She had heard of the seventh prince of Decresh, the prince rumored to be the devil’s son. He kills without mercy and always goes back home with a victory.

‘Brother, I can’t stay just because we might lose. What will that make me? A coward?’

Rasmus sighed in frustration.

‘Astrid! Please knock some sense into your sister.’ He said standing up and leaving the room.

Klara glanced at her sister giving her a ‘don’t even try’ look.

‘If you want to die why don’t you just jump off the window.’ Astrid said sipping her tea.

‘And what makes you think I will die?’ Klara asked.

‘No one survives a war against the seventh prince.’

‘So we are basically sending our men to die? That’s not right sister. That’s why I need to go.’ Klara insisted.

Astrid stood up from her seat ‘Klara you care too much about other people and I care too much about you to send you to die.’

Klara took her sisters hands in hers. ‘I won’t die sister, how many wars have I survived? Just please convince brother to let me go. Please, please.’ She begged.

Astrid sighed. ‘Alright, but I will train you to death before you go.’

‘Thank you, sister.’ She said and gave Astrid a peck on the cheek.

Klara spent the rest of her days before the war training and coming up with new war strategies. She was determined to win and bring her men back home alive, and whoever this seventh prince was she wanted to defeat him.

‘Are you sure you want to go?’ Astrid asked when the day had come.

‘Yes.’ Klara said without hesitation. She was a warrior and a warrior would rather die in a battle than hide.

‘Be careful,’ Astrid said. They said their goodbyes and she left to fight.

Klara led her men to the battlefield where they stood face to face with their enemies. She was surprised to find that the enemies army wasn’t large, but they didn’t seem intimidated by their large army and began to attack directly.

She had fought many battles before but this time she got a very bad feeling. She could smell sweat, blood, and death. But she could also smell defeat. Most of her men were already dead, while most of the

enemies men were alive. How was that possible? They had trained and planned so much.

Klara was confused until her eyes landed on a man wearing a mask. But that was not what caught her attention. He was fighting with two swords, swinging them swiftly as if they didn't weight anything. His movements were too fast, giving his opponents no time to defend or attack. Bodies kept falling dead to the ground as he moved between them with such ease aiming for his next target. It was as if he wasn't even making an effort.

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The very short amount of time Klara was watching him he had already killed almost twenty of her men. He had to be the seventh prince Klara thought. She needed to kill him first.

Killing off the man she was fighting with she moved toward him tightening the grip on her sword.

Lifting her weapon into the air she was about to strike him when he suddenly turned and knocked the sword out of her hand with such force she fell to the ground. She was about to take her other sword out when she felt the sharp tip of a sword placed on her throat.

With heart pounding, she slowly lifted her head up and found a pair of unearthly eyes staring down at her. Eyes that seemed to be burning burned into hers making her breath hitch and her heart stop.

'Your Highness, we have killed everyone.' A man spoke from nearby but Klara couldn't take her eyes off the man standing in front of her.

The prince didn't respond, he just stared down at her. He was wearing a mask that only hid his lower face. Klara could see his perfectly shaped eyebrows and his silky black hair.

‘Who is she?’ The man asked.

The prince removed his sword from her throat his eyes narrowing.

Klara felt small under his scrutiny. There was just something very powerful about his presence that sent chills down her spine. She was usually the type to fight to the end but her limbs refused to move. It scared her that he was holding her in place with just a look.

‘She is the king’s sister.’ Another soldier spoke and Klara realized she was surrounded by a bunch of soldiers who were her enemies.

Oh, no! Panic kicked in. They knew she was the King’s sister. They wouldn’t just kill her, they would probably **** her, torture her then kill her.

‘She looks very young, Your Highness.’ The previous soldier whispered into the prince’s ear.

The prince nodded toward his men then turned around and left. Klara panicked. Did he just give them permission to have their way with her? Never!

Taking her sword out she decided to fight them to death. But they outnumbered her, pushing her down on the ground they tied her up. Klara screamed and kicked but to no avail.

Throwing her on a horse they rode off with her to god knew where. As they arrived at some unknown place they pushed her off the horse and she fell to the ground.

‘Bastards!’ She snarled.

They just laughed as they got off their horses.

‘She is a tough one.’ One of them said and the others nodded in agreement.

Klara looked around and realized they brought her to their camping place. Some of them were tending to their wounds, some cleaning themselves while other ate food.

No one even looked at her as if she didn’t exist. Klara didn’t know if it was a good or a bad thing. Anyways now she needed to think of a way out. Maybe if she made an agreement or a bargain with the prince she could go home unharmed even though she doubted that.

Just the idea of speaking to the prince sent chills down her spine, but she needed to do something before these men violated her.

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‘What do you want from me?’ she asked but they continued ignoring her.

‘I am talking to you.’ She yelled, still no reaction.

‘I want to speak to the prince.’ Finally, she caught their attention.

‘Nobody cares about what you want here,’ One of them replied.

‘You will when I separate your head from your body.’ Klara snapped.

The men laughed then stopped abruptly.

‘Your Highness.’ Turning her head she found the prince standing there.

‘The lady wants to speak to you.’

He gazed at her with those flaming eyes. Klara had never seen such eyes before and it made her wonder if the rumors could be true.

It wasn't only his eyes, but there was a raw power that emanated from him making fear crawl into her skin. She had fought with many powerful and scary men but this one, he made her terrified when she couldn't even see his face.

'You wanted to say something?' He spoke and Klara froze.

His voice, it was so different from his aura. It was like nothing she had heard before, warm and deep. The silkiness of it felt like an intimate caress on her skin.

'Hey princess, His Highness is speaking to you.' Someone called.

Tearing her gaze from his piercing eyes she tried to think. What was it she wanted to say? Yes, she wanted to bargain.

'What do you want of me?' She asked looking up at him.

'I don't know yet but I am sure you will be of great use.'

Good lord, his voice. It reached deep inside her and made her feel things she didn't want to feel.

'I will be of more use if you let me go. I will tell my brother you saved my life.'

He crouched to her level which took her by surprise. A royalty never did that, especially to the level of someone they brought as a prisoner or a slave even worse someone who was their enemy.

'Your brother trades slaves and s.e.x slaves over the border. I want to stop that by offering you as an exchange. You will be free as long as you cooperate.'

Klara stared at him in surprise. She knew her brother's dirty affairs and she didn't like it, but she wondered why a prince would care about such thing.

Usually, princes supported the s.e.x trade, especially from other countries since they could have mistresses with different nationalities. It surprised her that this prince wanted to stop it.

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'Alright.' She agreed. If it could buy her freedom and stop the trade why not.

'Alright then.' He said standing up and taking his mask off, revealing a face that made her heart stop.

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

Chapter 49

Klara couldn't help but stare at the mesmerizing beauty in front of her. How could a man or a human possible look like this?

She took in every detail. The perfectly sculpted face, the defined eyebrows, the flaming eyes, the sharp nose, lips made to kiss and a flawless skin. And his hair, it was long, thick and black and shone in the sunlight. Klara realized that none of his hair was out of place or dirty even though they had spent the whole day on a battlefield.

The prince leaned down and reached behind her. His scent reached her nostrils, he smelled of spices. He should smell of sweat and blood after killing almost all her men.

After hearing a cutting sound Klara's hands were free. Before she could stand up he grabbed her jaw and made her look at him.

'Don't ever think of running.' He warned his voice low.

Klara was never the obedient type but she found herself nodding.

He slowly let go of her face and her body tingled with carnal awareness as his fingertips brushed her skin. It terrified her. She needed to keep a safe distance from this man.

The rest of the day went by quickly. They offered her food and didn't treat her badly. Most of the time they didn't even look her way which was both odd and comforting.

She was used to men ogling or looking at her inappropriately. Most of the time she knew what was on their mind but they never dared to act on their thoughts out of fear for her brother.

When she reached the age of marriage many powerful men had come and asked for her hand but she had denied all of them.

'Sweet sister. You are at the age of marriage but you are denying every man. What do you want me to do?' Her brother would ask time after time.

'They only want me because of my looks, Rasmus.'

'Is that a bad thing?' Rasmus would look at her confused. 'You should be happy that you are a beautiful lady.'

No one understood her. Of course she was thankful for her beauty but she wished someone would see her for who she was.

Klara looked up at the sky. The sun had gone down and the night covered the sky like a black curtain. The soldiers sat around a fire and chatted happily while drinking and eating. Klara sat away from them leaning against a tree. She was tired but she couldn't fall asleep afraid they would take advantage of her. They hadn't treated her badly so far and even offered her food and a blanket to warm herself but she was not the type to trust easily.

'Don't worry. My men will do nothing without my permission.'

Klara knew this voice because it brought butterflies to her stomach. She always got the strange feeling of wanting to run and stay at the same time every time she saw the prince.

Sighing he sat down leaning against a tree in front of her. Klara couldn't help but stare at him, he was very pleasing to the eyes.

'And how would I know you wouldn't give them permission?'

'I am asking you to help me stop a s.e.x trade. Why would I ask my men to **** you?'

Well, that was true.

'What's your name?' She asked unable to stop her curiosity.

'Lucian.'

Klara thought she liked his name. Even though she didn't want to admit she liked everything about this man. She liked how he looked into her eyes when he spoke to her instead of scanning her body.

'My name is Klara.' She told him.

He just nodded.

‘When I have helped you, how can I trust you will set me free.’

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‘You see...you have no choice.’ He retorted.

‘Why do you want to top the s.e.x trade?’

‘I just don’t like it.’ He shrugged. Klara had the feeling that there was more than him not liking the trade but she didn’t ask any further questions.

Lucian leaned his head back and closed his eyes.

Klara watched him as he went into a deep slumber. He looked even more beautiful when relaxed. Somehow she felt she could trust him so she closed her eyes as well and fell asleep.

The next morning Klara woke from the sunlight poking her eyes.

Blinking several times she looked around and found that everyone was awake and ready to leave somewhere.

Standing up she grabbed a soldier. ‘Where is the prince?’ she asked.

He nodded behind her. Turning around she found Lucian standing there.

‘Have you eaten something?’

Klara shook her head. Why? Had she lost her voice? She was really mad at herself for acting like this and feeling this way toward her enemy.

‘Give the Lady something to eat.’ He ordered.

‘Yes, Your Highness.’ The soldier nodded and left to bring her food.

‘We need to leave quickly so that we can reach the border before sundown.’ He explained.

Klara found herself nodding again. Maybe she did lose her voice after all. The soldier came back with a sandwich which he gave to her then he took Lucian to the side and spoke to him about something. Lucian just nodded a few times then looked her way. Were they speaking about her?

Looking away she began to eat her sandwich. Klara was still not sure whether to trust Lucian or not. She contemplated escaping while they traveled but if they caught her this time they wouldn’t leave her to live. Maybe she should just do as he says.

When she was done Lucian came riding on his horse ‘If you are done we should leave.’ He said.

‘I am done.’

He reached his hand out. Taking it she jumped on the horse and sat behind him, then they rode off. It felt strangely intimate to ride with someone Klara thought, especially when she had her arms wrapped around his waist.

After hours of travel they finally reached the border which was near the coast. Getting off their horses they entered an old large ship.

‘Is it here?’ Klara asked confused.

‘Yes. Slaves get shipped through the ocean from different countries to this place and this is their main ship. This is where they register the slaves, buy and sell them.’

‘Oh...’

As they walked through the ship’s hallways the old wooden floor made a creaking sound. They passed a few slaves tied and sitting on the floor, some of them were wounded while other seemed hungry. Klara saw girls her age and some even much younger, sitting there looking both scared and starved.

Klara’s stomach began to hurt. What were these innocent peoples fault? She didn’t like this at all and would scold her brother once she gets back home. But unfortunately, as Lucian spoke to one of the sellers they found out that her brother didn’t own the trade anymore.

‘Lord Rasmus didn’t want it anymore and sold it to Lord Nicholas.’ The seller explained.

Nicholas was the king of the Eslarian Kingdom. He was known to be the only decent king, it surprised her that he took over the slave trade.

‘Lord Nicholas has opened the trade for everyone. Are you here to buy or...’ He looked at Klara his eyes gleaming with l.u.s.t ‘..sell?’

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Dear Lord. She was in trouble. Now when Lucian had no use of her what if he sold her. These men wouldn’t believe that her brother was a king before they defiled her.

Looking around Klara thought of a way to run but Lucian grabbed her arm as if he knew what she was about to do.

‘Neither.’ he said.

‘Just name the price...any price.’ The man said licking his lips.

Lucian ignored the man and dragged Klara out of the ship.

‘Let’s go.’ He said getting on the horse.

Klara got on the horse and held onto him tightly.

‘Thank you!’ She whispered as they rode but where was he taking her exactly? ‘Where are we going?’

‘I am taking you back home.’ He said.

‘Really?! But I haven’t done anything to help you.’ She said surprised by the disappointment she felt. She should be happy to be going home.

He laughed. It was a deep rich sound that made her insides melt.

‘You sound disappointed.’

‘No I am not. I just...I just wonder what you will do now to stop the slave trade?’ It was partly true. She was curious to know.

‘I will take care of that.’ He said shortly then they continued riding in silence until they reached the border of Gatrish.

Lucian got off the horse and helped her down.

‘Can you find your way from here?’ He asked.

Klara nodded. ‘Yes, thank you.’

She still couldn’t understand why he saved her. He didn’t seem impressed by her beauty and if he was he should have kept her. Maybe he was just a decent man. An utterly handsome decent man.

Sadly she had to say goodbye already, now that she finally met a man that intrigued her.

For the first time, his eyes traveled down her body but there was nothing lustful in his gaze. It must have been because of her dirty torn clothes she thought. Taking his cloak off he wrapped it around her and Klara's heart fluttered inside her chest.

'Thank you.' She whispered.

Without saying a word he got on his horse.

'Be safe princess.' He said and rode off.

I hope to see you again, she thought.

'Klara!!' Astrid ran to her and enveloped her in a tight hug. 'Thank god you are safe. I thought something terrible happened to you. We have been looking for you everywhere. Where have you been?' Her sister asked without breathing once when Klara reached back home.

'I am fine Astrid. I'll explain everything if you just let me rest. I am very tired.' Klara couldn't feel her legs and her eyelids had become heavy.

Astrid pulled back and scanned every inch of her sister's body. 'You are not hurt are you?'

Updated _at

Klara could understand her sister's worry but she was too tired to cooperate.

'Klara!' Someone shouted.

Oh no. Now it was her brothers turn to search her body and ask a thousand questions. Rasmus came hurrying toward her. 'Are you alright? Who did this to you?' He asked grabbing her shoulders and searching her body.

'I am fine, alright. I am not hurt or anything. I am just tired, hungry, thirsty and I need a bath.'

Astrid and Rasmus looked at each other for a while then nodded.

'Prepare a bath for her, bring food....' Rasmus began ordering the servants around hysterically.

'Hurry!' He ordered.

Astrid grabbed Klaras arm and dragged her to their room.

'By the way sister, You look awful,' Astrid said as she helped Klara change. 'Next time you listen to me when I say you won't go to war. Do you understand?'

'Yes, yes.'

'I am serious Klara. Do you know how scared I was?'

'I am sorry.' Klara apologized. She really didn't want to fight with her sister when she had already made her worry so much. Astrid was the only person Klara loved above anyone else. She wasn't only her sister but her friend. They had shared everything even their mother's w.o.m.b.

Klara didn't know what she would do without her sister.

After bathing, changing, eating and drinking Klara lay on her bed to rest. She couldn't stop thinking about Lucian. She kept hearing his voice and

his laughter, she kept seeing his eyes, she kept remembering the feel of having her arms around him and how his touch made her body tingle. What had he done to her? Maybe she would forget about him after a while but she didn't.

As days went by she only thought more and more about him and slowly she realized he was someone she would never forget because he...he had stolen her heart.

‘Are you thinking about him again?’

Klara woke up from her daydream and looked around. Astrid stood in the middle of the room a smirk on her face.

‘Who?’ Klara said pretending to not know but Astrid knew her too well.

‘The prince who saved your life.’

Klara had told Astrid and Rasmus about Lucian. She hadn't given them details but she had told them that he had saved her. Both her siblings were surprised that the dangerous prince had saved her instead of killing her.

‘I wonder why he saved you.’ Astrid said thoughtfully as she sat beside her sister. ‘Maybe he was bewitched by your beauty.’

‘I don't think so, Astrid. He never looked at me the wrong way and he didn't even try to touch me. He was a total gentleman and ...and he is a good person.’

Astrid arched a brow. Of course, she had a hard time believing that the prince who killed without mercy, who was rumored to be the devil's son, whom everyone feared could actually be a good person.

‘If he was bewitched by my beauty he would have had his way with me but he didn’t. Instead, he took me home, why? And sister he covered me with his cloak and told me to be safe.’ Klara explained.

Astrid looked at her sister with a worried expression.

‘What is it?’ Klara asked. She didn’t like when Astrid looked at her that way.

‘Nothing,’ Astrid said shaking her head. ‘Just don’t think much about him and try to forget him. You know Rasmus would never give you to the enemy.’

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

Chapter 50

I woke up feeling sore. Sleeping on the floor wasn’t the most pleasant thing when you were used to sleeping on luxurious beds.

Klara sat leaning against a tree with eyes closed. Was she asleep? It looked really uncomfortable to be sleeping that way. Yawning, I tried to get up but almost yelped as a sharp pain stabbed my leg. Sitting back down quickly I looked at my foot, it had swollen more.

‘What happened?’ Klara was suddenly next to me.

Grimacing in pain ‘My leg has gotten worse.’ I said.

She looked at it closely. ‘I think we need to take you to a doctor.’

‘Is that possible?’ In the current situation, it would be difficult to find a doctor.

She ran her fingers through her hair. I could see the confusion on her face.

‘We have to. You could lose your leg since we don’t know what caused the swelling.’

She stood up and gave me her hand to help me up. Then she helped me walk to the horse.

‘We need to get to the city.’ She said as she helped me climb the horse.
‘We might find a doctor there.’

Getting on the horse herself we rode into the city. On the way, Klara bought us some food and asked some locals where we could find a physician.

‘You will find a little white cottage around the second corner to the left. There lives an old man called Robert. He might help you.’ An old woman told us.

‘Thank you.’ Klara said and we moved on to find doctor Robert.

Abruptly Klara stopped and turned her horse.

‘What are you doing?’ I asked.

‘My brother’s men.’ She whispered and she began to ride as fast as lightning.

‘Oh god...’ I held onto her and shut my eyes tightly.

I could hear the sound of galloping horses behind us. They were getting closer by each time.

Klara sped up even more and I gasped as the air whipped my face with such force. I didn't have enough strength to hold onto her especially when the dizziness was coming back and my stomach threatened to hurl.

'What are you doing? Hold on!' I heard Klara shout but before I knew I was falling until I hit something hard and groaned in pain.

'Really?!' Klara said irritation in her voice as I felt her grab my arms and help me stand up.

'Stop being so weak.'

Weak? I hadn't had enough sleep or food for days and my whole body was aching with pain.

I grabbed onto her until the spinning stopped and I was looking into her crystal blue eyes.

She frowned. 'Are you alright?'

I nodded.

'Well, you won't be alright for long.' She said looking around.

We were surrounded by soldiers in blue.

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'Your Highness.' One of them spoke coming forward. A higher rank soldier from the batch on his arm.

‘Sergeant Jonathan. I don’t want to fight you so take your men and go back.’ Klara ordered.

‘I don’t want to fight you either Your highness so please come with us. His majesty is worried.’

‘I am not coming with you.’

‘Then I have no choice but to force you.’ Jonathan said.

Klara placed herself in front of me and took her sword out. Jonathan took his sword out as well and stood in the middle of the ring created by the soldiers. Lord, why could we never get a rest?

Klara walked to the middle of the circle and began to fight Jonathan. I knew she was a skilled fighter but she seemed to have a hard time defeating him. Maybe she was tired, hungry or was she maybe hurt? She had to be because she had killed several men alone back then.

Jonathan knocked the sword out of Klara’s hand.

‘You have lost. Remember I was the one who trained you.’ He said.

Klara was panting as she shook her head. ‘I am not coming with you.’

Jonathan ignored her words and nodded toward the soldiers. ‘Bring them both.’

The soldiers began to move toward me and Klara. Callum was right. There was no way out and sooner or later we would all die. If these men took me back to Rasmus he would kill me without hesitation for escaping.

Two soldiers grabbed Klara's arms and were about to drag her when they fell to the ground. Soon after the other soldiers fell to the ground as well.

Klara and I looked at the bodies on the ground with confusion then at each other.

'What happened?' I asked appalled by the situation.

Crouching, Klara shook Jonathan's body lightly. 'Sergeant Jonathan?' But he still lay unmoving on the ground.

'Is he dead?'

'I hope not.' She said as she pressed her fingers on his wrist.

'Don't worry. He is just taking a nap.' A familiar voice spoke.

Turning my head to where the voice came from I found Irene walking toward us wearing a red cloak with a white dress underneath. She looked beautiful as usual.

'Irene? How...what...what are you doing here?'

'Do you know her?' Klara looked at Irene suspiciously as she stood up.

'How did you find me?' I asked Irene.

'Magic my dear.' She smiled as she walked closer.

'What did you do to my men?' Klara interrupted.

'I just put them to sleep.' Irene stated simply then turned her gaze back to me. 'What happened to you?'

I knew what she meant. I was wearing torn clothes and had mud all over my face and body.

‘Nothing much just hurt my leg.’ I said lifting my dress up slightly, showing my swollen leg.

New _ chapters are lished here:

‘Oh dear.’ She said taking a closer look. ‘This is awful. You must be in a lot of pain.’

If she only knew.

‘We need to take care of this.’ She said.

‘First we need to get away from here.’ Klara spoke looking around for more threat.

‘Yes, right. Let me fix that.’

Irene raised her hands in the air and closed her eyes. She began to hum words in some unknown language as the wind slowly began to blow wildly causing me to almost lose my balance.

Klara stood with her arms crossed, looking unfazed by the whole situation until a black iron gate appeared out of nowhere. The gate opened with a creaking sound and Kara and I looked wide-eyed at each other.

Irene turned to us. ‘Let’s go.’ she said.

Klara looked at Irene skeptically then turned to me.

‘We can trust her.’ I assured.

Klara raised one brow. 'She is a witch.'

'She is a friend.'

Klara still looked skeptical but she didn't argue.

'Shall we?' Irene gestured toward the gate.

'Where will this take us?' Klara asked.

'Somewhere safe. My home. You don't have to come if you don't want to and if you do just follow me.' She said then turning around she entered the gate.

'We can trust her.' I told Klara. She looked hesitant for a while but then followed me inside.

As soon as I entered I felt a pulling force throwing me off balance and I fell flat on my stomach. I groaned in pain, tired of falling all the time and hurting myself.

'Are you alright?' Irene grabbed my arms and helped me up.

'Where are we?' Klara asked as she dusted herself off. She must have fallen to.

'Welcome to my home.' Irene smiled as she gestured toward a big white mansion.

Wow, it was beautiful. The mansion hovered proudly behind a big blue Iron gate which opened with a wave of her hand.

'Come on in.'

Irene entered first and we followed her inside. As we entered we were confronted by a beautiful garden. Short trimmed grass, rectangular beds of flowers, aromatic leaves, and the air, it was scented by the sweet fragrance of several flowers.

We walked on a looping stone path which led to a threshold. There stood a white marble fountain and birdcages hang from the roof. Further ahead stood the white mansion, flanked by several trees and bushes gently swaying to the warm spring breeze.

It was a very simple looking mansion with its garden yet there was something magical about it. Was it the melodic sound of gurgling water combined with the singing of birds or was it the sweet scent of flowers carried by the soft breeze?

Suddenly a crow came flying out of nowhere, startling both me and Klara then landed on Irene's arm.

'This is V. One of my many pets.' Irene explained as she stroke it's black feathers.

The source of this _chapter;

'My Lady?' someone spoke.

Turning my head, a tall blonde man was standing at the threshold holding a black cat in his arms.

'I was just about to come looking for you.' He said descending the marble stairs and walking up to us.

As he neared I realized how strikingly handsome he was. His blonde hair cascaded down to his broad shoulders and his eyes were a beautiful forest green.

‘Oh Enoch, this is princess Hazel and princess Klara and this is Enoch.’
Irene introduced. ‘He is...my...my cousin.’

Averting his gaze he looked at me then at Klara.

‘Nice to meet you.’ He said while stroking the cat in his arms.

‘Enoch, why don’t you take Klara to a nice room and I will tend to Hazel.’ Irene suggested.

Klaras eyes widened as she looked at me. I nodded to reassure her.

Enoch looked at Klara. ‘This way My Lady.’ He said and she followed him hesitantly.

‘Lets go inside and take a look at you injured leg.’ Irene smiled once we were left alone.

‘How did you bring us here through that gate.’ I asked.

‘Oh... I will tell you all about it.’

Klara followed Enoch through the halls. She still didn’t trust this Irene so she had her hand on her sword ready for anything that might happen.

‘No need to be scared. We don’t hurt our guests.’ Enoch spoke as he walked in front of her. How did he know?

Enoch stopped in front of a wooden door and opened it.

He looked her up and down but he didn’t seem to like what he saw.

‘There is a bathroom inside and clean clothes in the closet.’ He said then gestured for her to walk inside.

Klara entered the room, her face red with embarrassment. She could only imagine how awful she looked and how bad she smelled after being on the run for days. She turned around to thank him but he was already gone. Strange man, she thought but he was good looking.

Klara wondered around the room for a while, opening the closets, testing the bed, looking out the window then she decided to take a bath. After the bath, she slid into a blue chiffon gown that she found in the closet then began to dry her hair. Now she only needed some food and some sleep, she thought.

After drying her hair she exited the room and went to find Hazel. Klara had to make sure Hazel was safe and that this Irene could be trusted. But as she wandered around the halls she realized that she always came back to the same place. Was this some kind of magic? Was Irene keeping her away from Hazel?

‘Mwew mwew...’

Klara turned to find the black cat that Enoch held earlier. Walking closer Klara crouched down and stretched her arms toward the cat.

‘Come here..’ She smiled but the cat just stared at her before it ran away.

‘No wait...’ She began to run after the cat but it was already gone.

Klara sighed. She was too tired to walk around that she even contemplated to go back to the room and sleep for a while. But she had to find Hazel.

Walking around, looking and getting frustrated by each time Klara came to a halt as she noticed something strange. It was a room, entirely made of glass, the walls, the roof everything. Entering the room she found

green plants everywhere, kinds she had never seen before and animals. Different animals in cages. Some she recognized, hamsters, rabbits and frogs and some she had never seen before.

Klara found another glass room or more like a glass box. It was filled with water and fished swum inside. She had never seen anything like it before. Caught in studying the beings inside the box she suddenly felt something touch her feet.

Looking down she screamed in horror as she found a snake slithering around her. Kicking wildly she ran while screaming at the top of her lungs until she hit something hard and fell backward.

New chapters are listed on

Groaning in pain her eyes landed on a pair of black boots then her gaze traveled up long powerful legs encased in a pair of black pants. Skimming over powerful arms and broad shoulders covered by a black silk shirt her gaze landed on a pair of beautiful Hazel eyes. The amber in the middle contrasted beautifully with the bright green on the edge. Those eyes were breathtaking.

‘My my what do we have here?’

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

Chapter 51

Dark l.u.s.trous black hair framed a strong, defined face and pink soft lips were curved into a smirk.

‘My my what do we have here?’ His voice as smooth as his caramel skin held a mocking lilt.

When Klara didn't reply or move he arched one dark brow.

'Do you find it comfortable sitting on the floor?' He asked.

'Huh? Oh... no...' Her face burned with embarrassment as she got up and adjusted her dress.

Why was she acting like this? Irritated with herself she looked at the man in front of her. Good lord, he was enticing, a feast to the eyes. She guessed that he might be from the tropics because of his tanned skin and exotic looks.

'You seemed to be in hurry?' He spoke.

Yes right, she forgot. She was running from a snake. A snake? Klara looked behind her. Luckily the snake hadn't followed her.

'There was...a... a snake...in there,' Klara said pointing.

The man chuckled. 'It's harmless.'

Harmless? How could a snake be harmless? She had heard how people died immediately if they got bitten by one.

'What is your name beautiful?'

Klara blinked a few times in surprise. No one has ever dared to call her beautiful even if they thought she was but of course, this man didn't know who she was otherwise he wouldn't dare.

'Klara.'

'Oh...you are the warrior princess.' He said.

‘You know me?’

‘Not really, just heard of you and your savage brother and ...people.’

Klara was fuming with anger. How dare he? He knew nothing about her brother or people.

‘Don’t you dare call my brother or my people savage.’

‘Or what?’ He said looking amused.

‘Or I will slit your throat.’ Klara threatened before she could stop herself from saying something so stupid.

‘Tsk tsk...I didn’t know such threats could come from that beautiful mouth of yours.’

Klara was confused. Was he complimenting her? Then why did she feel as if he was mocking her?

‘It’s not a threat, it’s a warning.’

He took a step toward her and leaned closer. Klara froze in place, he was too close for her comfort. ‘You see, you are in no position to warn me when you just ran from a mere snake.’ He said.

A mere snake?

She took a step back. ‘Maybe I find it easier to kill you than a mere snake.’

He grinned showing perfect white teeth with canines slightly longer than normal ones.

‘A tough one I see. I like it.’ He drawled.

How unfortunate, because she didn’t like him even though he looked delicious enough to eat.

Klara shook her head. Where did she get that thought from ?

‘Klara ? here you are.’ Irene’s voice came from the hallway.

Turning her head she found Irene and Hazel approaching them. Hazel had changed into a clean dress and her hair was still wet from the bath. She seemed to be walking just fine. Klara guessed that Irene’s must have used some magic to heal her leg.

‘I see you have already met.’ Irene smiled as she looked between Klara and the man standing next to her.

‘Hazel this is Roshan, he is part of my family and this is princess Hazel.’ Irene introduced them to each other.

So the morons name was Roshan. Klara had never heard such name before.

‘Nice to meet you princess.’ He said with a polite tone that he hadn’t used when he spoke to her.

Klara had the sudden urge to kick him.

‘You must be hungry. Enoch has prepared lunch. Let’s eat together.’ Irene suggested then gestured for them to follow her.

On their way to the dining room, Irene and Hazel chatted happily while Klara walked next to Roshan in silence. Her senses told her that

something wasn't quite right. Neither Enoch nor Roshan looked like Irene yet she said they were family.

'What are you to Irene?' Klara asked Roshan.

'I am a friend of her husband.' He said simply.

'Oh...'

Enoch was already waiting when they arrived.

'Mmm...smells delicious.' Irene smiled.

Yes, it did. Klaras eyes landed directly on the grilled chicken legs in the middle of the table. She couldn't wait to have a bite of it.

'Enoch always makes delicious food,' Irene explained.

Hazel and Klara exchanges looks. A man who cooks? Not only that, but he cooks well.

'Please sit down.' Irene urged.

Roshan walked past her and went to hold the chair out for Hazel.

'Thank you.' Hazel smiled as she sat down.

Klara thought he would then hold the chair out for her but he just went to his seat and sat down. Did he forget her or was he ignoring her on purpose?

'My Lady.' Looking to the side she found Enoch holding the chair out for her.

She thanked him and sat down. Irene and Hazel continued with their chatting, Roshan sat in silence while Enoch served food on their plates.

‘Bon appetite!’ Irene said when Enoch was done serving and sat around the table as well.

Klara was extremely hungry and the food tasted extremely well so she tried really hard to eat as a civilized person but she probably didn’t succeed because she was done before anyone else.

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‘Do you want some more, My Lady?’ Enoch asked.

Feeling embarrassed Klara wanted to say no but found herself saying yes.

Enoch served some more food on her plate and Klara ate till she had enough.

‘Your food is delicious,’ Klara told Enoch.

‘Thank you.’ He smiled looking even more handsome when smiling.

Klara was struck by the fact that everyone looked extremely beautiful in this mansion.

Enoch was tall and build, looking like the warrior type. His long blonde hair was tied in a half ponytail and the rest fell to his shoulders in smooth waves. His smooth skin was pale and unblemished and his eyes, a forest green that reminded her of warm summer days. With his extremely good looks and wearing all white, he looked like an angel.

Roshan was quite the opposite. While everything was light with Enoch, everything was dark with Roshan, he was even wearing all black. His dark hair cascaded down his golden skin like waves of midnight framing a masculine face. His eyelashes, the only feminine thing about him were

so long and thick they made her jealous. From under those lashes peeked eyes of Hazel that would trap any woman who looked into them. Klara's gaze traveled further down to his lips, but she averted her gaze quickly before she could think of anything stupid.

Then there was Irene. Her beauty was on another level. It was an unearthly, the kind that would stop you in your tracks, the kind that would suck you in, make you forget how to speak or breath, just like Lucians she thought.

'Do you want some dessert?' Irene asked.

'No, Thank you. I am fine.'

Standing up Irene helped Enoch and Roshan clean the table. Klara took the opportunity to take Hazel to the side.

'What did she do to your leg?' Klara whispered.

'Healed it with Herbs.' Hazel shrugged.

'Are you sure we can trust her? I mean why is she helping us?'

'As I said before because she is a friend,' Hazel said shortly.

Klara knew Hazel was hiding something from her. What has she gotten herself into? Helping someone who wasn't telling her everything.

'You are probably tired why don't you rest?' Irene spoke as she neared.

'Yes I need some sleep.' Hazel said yawning.

'Come one then I will take you to your rooms.'

I lay on the bed thinking about Lucian. Was he alright? And Callum. I felt so guilty for leaving him behind.

‘What are you thinking about?’

I sat up on bed and looked at Irene. ‘I feel bad for leaving Callum behind and I am worried for Lucian.’

‘I understand that.’

‘Irene?’

‘Yes.’

‘You still haven’t told me why you are helping me? And what did you mean when you said Lucian is different?’

‘Hazel...’ She began and sat next to me ‘I wish I could tell you everything as it is but I can’t. That’s why I need you to figure it out yourself. You already know your husband is different but think, what is he exactly?’

‘Why can’t you tell me?’

The source of this chapter;

‘Because I am cursed.’

‘Cursed?’

‘It’s a long complicated story. I just can’t tell you.’

‘So what am I supposed to do?’

‘You need to think and figure it out yourself.’ She said.

I was really confused. So basically she could tell me nothing and I didn’t know how to figure things out by myself.

‘Alright. I need to meet Lucian. Can you do some kind of magic thing so that I can meet him.’

‘It will be difficult but I can try. Why don’t you rest for now.’

I lay back, covered myself with the sheets and closed my very tired eyes to get some sleep. I didn’t know when I fell asleep but when I woke up I found Klara in the room.

‘What are you doing here?’ I asked rubbing my eyes.

She came and sat next to me on the bed. ‘Are you not worried at all? What if something has happened to Lucian?’ She seemed genuinely worried.

‘I am sure he is fine.’ I said to my surprise. How could I know he was fine?

She frowned. ‘Alright. Let’s say he is fine but we can’t just stay here.’

She was right but what were we supposed to do?

‘What should we do then?’

‘What did Lucian tell you before he left?’

‘He said he would go kill his brothers and I was supposed to stay hidden in Lincoln’s house, but they found us and we had to escape.’

Klara was quite for a while and seemed to be thinking.

‘Hmm then you should stay hidden. I need to leave maybe I can help him.’ She said standing up.

‘Wait! How? You don’t know where he is.’

‘I didn’t know where you were when I found you. If he wants to kill his brothers I can probably guess where he is. I will tell him you are safe.’

‘I will go with you.’ I said removing the sheets and swinging my legs down.

Klara held her hand up in a stop gesture.

‘Can you fight? Can you ride? No, you can’t. So why will you follow me? Besides his brothers are looking for you everywhere, you will only make it difficult for me.’

Could she be meaner? But she was right.

‘Fine do whatever you want.’ I said but I was actually worried for her.
‘But be careful.’

She looked at me for a while, some kind of emotion swirling in her eyes.

‘I will.’

The latest episodes are on the website.

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

Chapter 52

‘Klara? Where are you going?’ Irene stood at the door while Klara packed her weapons.

‘I am going to find Lucian.’ Klara waited for Irene to ask why but she didn’t.

‘How do I leave? I mean we came through that magic gate.’ Klara asked.

‘You leave through it as well. Do you want me to open it for you?’

‘Yes, please.’

Klara followed Irene outside and she opened the gate for her.

‘Take this.’ Irene said handing her a bird shaped necklace. ‘It will help you when you are in danger.’

Klara looked at the necklace. How would a necklace help her she wondered. ‘Thank you. I shall go then.’

‘Yes.’

‘Wait!’ Hazel came running toward them. ‘Could you give this to Lucian?’ She asked holding out a letter.

Klara took the letter. ‘Yes.’ She said, ‘Goodbye.’ Then entered the gate with her horse.

‘Be careful.’ She heard Hazel call before a force swept her away and she landed flat on her stomach.

‘Ouch!’

Standing up she dusted herself off. Her horse, Klara called him Thunder seemed fine, just confused by what was happening.

‘It’s alright.’ She said clapping him. ‘Shall we leave?’

Mounting Thunder Klara rode off to find Lucian.

Klara rode for a while until she came to a crowded place. It was a shopping market she realized, but where exactly?

‘Excuse me? Where is this place?’ Klara asked a woman walking by.

‘This is Xantus My Lady.’ The woman told her.

Xantus was a city in Decresh. So she was already where she wanted to be.

‘Where can I find the royal castle?’ Klara asked.

The woman’s face turned blue. ‘You shouldn’t go there My Lady. There is blood everywhere.’

‘Just tell me where it is.’

‘It’s in the north-west a few miles away.’

‘Alright. Thank you.’ Klara said and continued her journey.

The sun went down and it became darker and darker till it was difficult to see the road. Klara decided to stop and sleep until the morning light.

‘Let’s get some rest.’ She said getting off Thunder and stroking his back. Finding a tree she tied Thunder, then she lay down on the cold ground under the tree. ‘Goodnight Thunder.’ She whispered and closed her eyes.

The next morning she woke up from Thunder making a sound. It only meant one thing, horses were nearby which probably meant soldiers. Klara got up quickly and hid behind a cliff then listened to the sound of horses and men nearing.

Slowly she peeked her head from behind the cliff. Soldiers dressed in a black and blue attire were walking past. Black and blue? It was her brother's men. What were they doing here?

Oh, no. Her brother knew she went to help Lucian so of course, they were looking for her here or maybe even looking for Lucian.

If they continued this way they would probably find him and take him to Rasmus. She couldn't let that happen. Getting out from behind the cliff she approached them. As soon as they heard the sound of her footsteps they took their weapons out.

'Your Highness?' A young soldier named Erik looked at her surprised. 'We have been looking for you everywhere.'

Klara sighed in frustration. Couldn't she just be left alone?

For more , visit

'Well, here I am.'

'We have been told to bring prince Lucian.'

Of course. Her brother probably wanted to punish him for escaping as if he really didn't have enough problems already.

'No, you won't. You wanted me here I am. Let's go home now.'

'I am sorry Your Highness but we have to follow the king's orders first.'

She looked around. They were too many to fight on her own. Crazy things she was doing for love, fighting her own men.

‘Then I won’t come with you.’ She threatened. ‘You either take me or him. You decide.’

Erik didn’t blink once. Rasmus must have told them to bring her no matter what. Klara knew her brother.

‘Your Highness please. Don’t force us to fight.’

‘I am not. I gave you an option Erik. Take which option you want.’

Erik sighed then nodded toward the soldiers. Klara took her sword out ready to fight.

‘Leave the Lady alone.’ A voice she recognized spoke.

Looking to where the voice came from Klara found Roshan walking from a distance. What was he doing here ?

‘Do you know him Your Highness?’ Erik asked.

Well, she knew him but not really.

‘Are they disturbing you?’ Roshan asked as he neared. Wearing a long black coat he looked even more bad and dangerous than before. ‘Do you want me to get rid of them?’

Klara looked around. He was only one, how would he fight all these men ?

‘Could you do that?’ She asked.

He smirked. 'You just tell me.'

How stupid she was. Of course he could. He was a witch so he would probably just make them fall asleep like Irene did.

'Alright.' She said.

Erik raised one eyebrow. 'Just kill him and bring her.' He ordered unbothered.

A few soldiers took their swords out and aimed toward Roshan. Roshan ducked from the first soldiers' strike and snapped his head off so fast she couldn't even follow with her eyes. The other soldiers stopped in their tracks surprised by what just happened.

Klara was shocked, was he going to fight? She thought he would put them to sleep.

Clearly he wasn't because in a few seconds fight he had already killed everyone using only two small daggers. He reminded her of how Lucian fought, fast and fluid.

Roshan took out a handkerchief from his pocket and wiped the blood from his daggers before putting them back in his pocket all while Klara still was shocked as she looked at the dead bodies of her men. What had he done?

Klara looked at Roshan. He was standing there, unbothered, as if he just didn't kill someone, but was out here on a walk to get some fresh air on a sunny day.

'What have you done?' She asked.

'You don't seem thankful.'

‘You just killed my men.’

‘You told me so.’ He stated simply.

‘Well, you could just put them to sleep or something.’ She said frustrated.

‘What? Do you want me to sing them a lullaby?’

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Klara glared at him.

‘You are not funny. You could use your magic or whatever.’

‘Magic?’ He said confused. ‘Oh...you think I am a witch.’

‘You are not?’

‘No.’

Klara was confused. If he wasn’t a witch then what was he? Because she could sense he wasn’t a normal human. There was just something different about him.

‘Then what are you?’ She almost whispered.

He took a few steps toward her. ‘Do you really want to know?’

‘Yes.’

He leaned in as if he was going to tell her a secret. ‘I...am... a man.’ He said.

Klara took a step back. She knew he was mocking her from the smirk on his face.

‘Oh, really? I didn’t know.’ She said sarcastically.

‘I could show you.’ He said letting his gaze rake her body. Usually, she hated when men did that but this time she felt something in the pit of her stomach and her cheeks burned.

Turning around afraid he would notice her reaction she began to walk away.

He followed her.

‘Why are you here?’

‘The necklace.’ He explained.

Oh, the necklace. So that’s how it would protect her. By sending this annoying man.

‘Where are you from?’

‘What do you mean?’ He asked.

‘From which kingdom? Because clearly you are not from here.’

‘Oh, I am from the Kingdom of Shinai.’

Klara stopped and turned around to face him. ‘Shinai?’ She had never heard of it.

‘It’s in Persia.’

‘You are Persian?’ Klara asked surprised.

‘Yes.’

‘Oh,’

‘Now let me ask you a question. Why are you risking your life for a married man?’

Klara stopped breathing for a while. She didn’t expect him to ask this question. What was she supposed to say? That she had been a desperate bad woman in love and is now trying to make up for the mistakes she made.

‘That’s none of your business.’ She said then whistled.

Thunder came galloping toward her. ‘Thank you for the help. I can take care of myself now, you can go back.’

Roshan narrowed his gaze. ‘Do you even know where to go?’

Truth she didn’t know anymore.

New _chapters are lished here:

‘I’ll manage.’ She said.

Klara hoped he would insist following her because she really didn’t know where to go and what more dangers she would come across but Roshan only shrugged.

‘Alright then.’

Angry with herself for even having such hopes she mounted Thunder and rode away.

I couldn't fall asleep, so I got off the bed and decided to get some fresh air. Besides Irene had a beautiful garden and I wanted to see how it looked like when it was night.

As I walked out to the garden I found Irene sitting on the threshold. She sat on the floor with legs crossed and hands stretched out to the sides. On each hand lay a burning candle and several other burning candles encircled her. She seemed to be mumbling something with eyes closed while melted candles were dripping down her hands. The hot wax must have been burning her skin but she didn't seem to be in pain.

'Irene?' I whispered as I neared, but she just continued mumbling some unknown words. I walked even closer and called once more. 'Irene?'

With eyes still closed a tear fell down her cheek. the candles in her hands were burning out and more wax was dripping down her hands. She was hurting herself.

'Irene! What are you doing?' I said as I threw the candles out of her hands. Her eyes shot open and a strong wind put out the candles.

Irene's green eyes were filled with tears as they looked into mine. 'Irene? Are you alright?'

'No, I am not.' She whispered. I looked at her hands, they were red and covered with dried wax.

'Why are you doing this?'

She looked at her hands. 'I do this every day. It's nothing new,' she said taking her hands away.

'Why?'

‘I am trying to break the curse.’

‘But who cursed you?’

‘My mother. She is the most powerful witch.’

‘Why did she curse you?’ I asked wondering why a mother could curse her own child.

‘I can’t tell you much. I can only say I broke the rules, I did something forbidden.’

‘Can’t you ask your mother for forgiveness? I am sure she will forgive you.’

Irene’s eyes widened. ‘She will not!’ She said shaking her head. ‘My mother has disowned me Hazel.’

I looked at her. What had she done that made her mother disown her?

‘Can you tell me how she cursed you? What is the curse?’

‘That I can’t tell you.’ She said.

Suddenly her gaze shifted to something behind me and I could feel the hair on my back rising. I got goosebumps and a cold shiver went down my spine. I knew someone was behind me, I could feel a powerful presence. My heart began to beat rapidly and the air felt suddenly cold.

‘Would you stop love? You are scaring her.’ Irene said standing up.
Love?

I stood up as well and turned around slowly. A tall figure was standing in the shadows, the only thing visible thin was long silver pale hair. Was it hair? I wasn't sure yet.

Slowly the figure stepped out from the shadows and into the light and my breath caught in my throat. I had to blink several times to make sure I wasn't dreaming, or that I didn't die and go to heaven and an angel was standing right in front of me now.

This man, if he was a man, was breathtaking. He was tall, lean with facial features that seemed to be made by Gods own hands. His silver hair, a very odd hair color, matched perfectly with his looks and his eyes a midnight blue seemed colder than the glaciers. Yet as he looked into my eyes I felt as if he could burn me with his gaze if he wanted to.

They say the hottest fire always burns blue.

Irene walked up to him and put her arm through his.

'Hazel, this is Lothaire. I had promised you to meet the man I love, here he is.' She smiled.

'Hi,' I said as I still stood frozen in the same place. God, I was being rude. 'It's nice to meet you.' I forced myself to speak.

Follow current _ on

'The pleasure is mine.'

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

Chapter 53

I kept looking down at my hands while sitting in the garden with Lothaire. Irene had left saying she would bring us some tea that would help us sleep. I just hoped she would come back soon because I had never been so nervous in my life before. But since she just left I knew it would take some time before she came back and I couldn't just let this awkward silence continue. Besides I was the one who told her I wanted to meet him so I should say something.

'Irene has told me a lot about you,' I said finally looking up.

'I hope it's good things.' He said his voice as cool as the air around him.

'Yes, she lights up when she talks about you.'

'She is very fond of you as well.'

I just smiled not knowing what to say anymore. Irene please come back fast.

'Here I am.' Irene came back with a tray of teacups and put it on the table. Then she went and sat next to Lothaire and he immediately put his arm around her shoulders.

For some odd reason, I suddenly missed Lucian. Irene and Lothaire looked at each other as if they heard my thoughts... or maybe they did?

Irene nodded and smiled and I looked down embarrassed.

'I made your favorite tea, it's Lothaire's favorite too.' She smiled.

'Drink.'

I took the teacup from the tray and sipped the tea. No tea tasted better than Irene's. She smiled, probably heard my thoughts again.

‘I should go to sleep.’ I said putting the teacup back. It was late and maybe they wanted to be alone.

‘Sure,’ Irene said getting up. ‘I’ll follow you.’

‘You don’t have to.’ I said, but she just ignored me and led the way.

‘Is your...um...is Lothaire also a witch.’ I asked as we headed back.

‘I hoped you would ask.’ She said.

‘Why?’

‘Because the answer might help you and me.’ She explained. ‘But I need you to be calm and not get scared.’

‘You are a witch, and my husband is a...I don’t know, anyways what could scare me more?’ I said. At this point, nothing could scare me, even if Lothaire was a ghost.

We stopped right in front of my room.

‘Lothaire is the Devil.’

My brain stopped thinking for a moment then got flooded with thoughts. Devil like in Satan? Like the Devil in the Bible? What did she mean?

‘Yes, Devil like in Satan.’

Huh, right. I just sat and drank some tea with the Devil himself. I began to laugh. Maybe I had already gone to bed and was having a funny dream.

Irene put her hand on my shoulder. ‘Get some rest, we will talk tomorrow.’ She said and left me alone.

A witch, a Devil, and maybe Enoch was an angel and Roshan a demon and what could Lucian be? A vampire? This was crazy, has to be a bad dream.

Lucian watched the castle, where he used to live, where he had grown up, from a mountain far away. The castle where heavily guarded. Every gate, every corner, every door were guarded by soldiers with weapons. It would be impossible to enter and kill his brother unless his brother decided to come out.

Lucian sighed. He had spent too many days here waiting for some kind of opportunity for a way in to kill his brother but such opportunity never came.

‘We can’t stay here forever.’

‘Then what do you plan to do Your Highness?’ Lincoln asked.

‘We need to think of another way. A way to lure Pierre out of the castle.’

‘Well, Pierre wants Her Highness.’

Lucians clenched his fists. He wouldn’t use Hazel as bait, never.

‘What are you really suggesting?’ Lucian asked.

Oliver came rushing. ‘Your Highness. Rasmus has sent soldiers to look for you. They are nearby but... they are dead.’

Lincoln and Lucian exchanged looks. ‘Who killed them?’ Lucian asked.

‘I Believe Klara did.’

‘Klara?’

‘I found her there and brought her here. She said she knew where Her Highness is and that she has a letter from Her.’

‘Where is she?’ Lucian asked.

‘This way Your Highness.’

Lucian followed Oliver to where Klara was. She was next to a tree, wearing her armor.

‘Klara.’

She looked up. ‘Lucian.’ She breathed as if some tension got off her shoulders. ‘Thank god you are alright.’ She said standing up.

‘Where is Hazel?’

‘Hazel is fine. She had to leave Lincoln’s home because they got attacked, but she is safe now.’

Lincoln’s home got attacked?

‘Where is she?’ Lucian asked his heart beating faster inside his chest.

New chapters are lished on

‘She is with her friend Irene.’

Irene? He had heard the name before.

‘Hazel seems to trust her a lot, besides she saved us.’ Klara explained.

‘Where is this Irene?’

Klaras eyes darted.

‘Um...I really don’t know. She took us through a magic gate.’

Magicgate? So this Irene was the maid Hazel believed to be a witch.

Lucian grabbed Klaras arms harshly. ‘How can you not know?! You left her with a witch, unsafe in some unknown place.’ He yelled while shaking her wildly.

Klara yelped in pain, both shocked and scared. She had never seen him this angry before and his grip on her arms were hurting. She was sure that either her bones would break or if fortunate she would be badly bruised.

‘You tell me where she is right now!’

‘Lucian you are hurting me.’ She said as she couldn’t take the pain anymore.

He brought his face closer to hers. ‘If anything happens to her...’ He began his grip tightening even more. The pain stabbed her like knives and she kicked him out of sheer reflex.

He let go of her looking shocked. Blood was on his hands and she realized it was her own blood. She has indeed stabbed my something as she looked at her bloody arms.

‘I...I am sorry.’ He said approaching her slowly. ‘I don’t know...’ He began looking as confused as she was. Why was she bleeding?

‘I didn’t mean to hurt you.’ He ripped a piece of clothes from his shirt and wrapped it around the wounds on her arms.

‘What happened?’ She asked still confused.

‘I am sorry.’ He just said.

Klara looked at his hands. She was sure that he hadn’t been holding any weapons then what made her bleed?

‘What are you doing here? Your brother must be worried.’ He asked.

‘I...I thought I could help.’

‘I don’t want you to get involved in this.’

‘I am already involved. I can’t just get back home without doing nothing.’

‘There is nothing you can do anyways.’ He said.

If he only knew that she had saved his wife. Klara took out Hazel’s letter and gave it to him.

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‘Hazel wanted me to give this to you.’ She said.

Lucian took the letter and opened it immediately. Klara knew what Hazel had written, because she had read it on her way.

Dear Husband

I cannot describe how much I have missed you. I worry every heartbeat and hope that you are doing well. You don't have to worry about me, I am fine and I am staying with my friend Irene. I know I can trust her, she has promised to make us meet and hopefully, I will meet you soon. Until then take good care of yourself and be careful.

I love you.

Your wife.

Lucian wrapped the letter and put it in his pocket. Clearly Hazel trusted her friend but Lucian didn't trust easily. She could be in danger so he decided to do what he had been avoiding all this time. Use his powers. He knew there was a risk in using his powers. He didn't know to which extent he could use them since he didn't use them much. He just hoped he wouldn't hurt innocent people this time.

'You stay here!' He told Klara. She wanted to protest but kept quiet instead.

'Oliver!'

Oliver came running. 'Yes, Your Highness.'

'I want you to go and find Malia and make sure she is alright. Let's keep this between us.'

'Of course, Your Highness.'

'Bring me Lincoln!'

Lincoln came shortly after. 'Your Highness. There is a problem. Mason has taken away Levi. Pierre has just left the castle to save his son.'

Levi? Levi was in danger. Lucian clenched his fists. He had held Levi in his arms when he was a little and watched him grow up. He shook his head, Hazel was his priority now. He would leave Levi to Pierre.

‘Should we attack Pierre now?’

Lucian got suddenly an Idea.

‘No! Let Pierre save his son. We will attack the castle and take over while he is gone.’

If Lucian took over the castle, half of his problems would be solved. First he and his men would have protection and nothing could protect them more than the castle’s walls. Secondly, his brothers would have nowhere to hide once he takes over the castle and therefore it would be easier to kill them.

‘But Your Highness, Pierre still has soldiers guarding everyone in the palace.’

Lucian smirked. ‘Don’t worry I will take care of them.’

Lucian could fully use his powers now because he had no one to worry about. Levi was already outside of the castle and Pierre had no other children.

‘Lincoln, I need you to stay by my side no matter what, because you are going to see a side of me you have never seen before.’

It was time to let the beast out.

Updated_at

Married To The Devil's Son (WN)

Chapter 54

I woke up the next morning with an extreme headache. I had been thinking the whole night about what Irene had told me. I couldn't find a reason for her to lie to me, so she must have been speaking the truth. But then again, how could I believe that I had met the Devil himself?

I shook my head. Think straight Hazel.

Irene wanted me to help her and figure things out myself. She must have had a reason to tell me that Lothaire is the devil, if he truly was. Maybe she was giving me hints. First I had to figure out why Irene wanted to help me at all. Either she was related to me or to Lucian, or maybe Lothaire was related to Lucian. Then if Lothaire is the Devil and Lucian is said to be the Devil's son....no, no. You are being crazy Hazel. How could Lothaire be Lucian's father? He seemed to be just a few years older, besides if he was his father then why wasn't he helping his son?

No! It had to be something else. Maybe Lucian was related to Irene instead, but how? She said she wasn't a previous lover then...ughhh. I pulled my hair. I was losing my mind.

There was a knock on the door and shortly after Irene peeked her head through the opening.

'Good morning.' She smiled. 'Can I come in?'

'Yes, of course'

She had a tray with a cup and from the scent I knew it was my favorite tea. I really needed it now that my head felt like exploding.

‘Here drink this.’ She said putting the tray on the nightstand. ‘I am sure you are not feeling alright. I am sorry I told you like that but I really need your help.’

I sighed as I took the teacup. ‘Is Lothaire really the Devil?’ I wanted to laugh again but everything was possible at this moment. I knew Lucian wasn’t entirely human so there were probably other beings out there.

‘Yes.’

‘And Enoch?’ I said as I took a sip from the tea.

‘A demon.’ A demon? Then... Roshan...

‘Roshan is a demon too.’ She said.

My throat felt suddenly dry and I gulped the tea down even though it was hot.

‘Careful.’ Irene looked at me with a worried expression. ‘Hazel, do you believe in angels?’

Why was she suddenly asking this? Am I about to meet an angel as well? Can we take one creature at a time?

‘Yes,’

‘Than why is it difficult to believe in demons?’

Good question, but maybe because I haven’t met an angel yet, but I just met demons.

‘I am sure you have at least once in your life met an angel, you just didn’t know, just like you didn’t know that Enoch and Roshan were demons.’

Well, it could be true.

Updated _at

‘Hazel, I don’t want you to be caught in the words demon and Devil, right now you could be the only way for me to break the curse. Then I can help you and your husband.’

‘Alright, I will try.’ I said.

Not getting caught in the words demon and devil would be almost impossible but I had to try. For Lucians sake, I had to put the pieces together so that Irene could help, whatever her reason was for helping.

‘I’ll leave you to get ready. You will find me in the garden when you are done.’

Taking the tray she left. I quickly got out of bed and decided to take a bath, then I changed into a light blue dress and decided to find Irene all while thinking about Lothaire. He was too beautiful to be true, so beautiful it was almost frightening. If I thought Irene was beautiful and Lucian breathtaking, than Lothaire was beyond all that. Yet I was supposed to believe that he was the Devil.

I knew Irene wasn’t lying but I really had a hard time believing her words. Maybe she believed Lothaire was the devil when he in fact wasn’t. Maybe he was something else, but what?

While I pondered I didn’t realize that I had reached the stairs and suddenly I was falling.

‘Woahhh...’ Before I fell an arm came around my waist and stopped me from falling. For a moment I thought it was Lucian, the spicy scent and the strong arm, but I was looking into Lothaires cold eyes.

‘You should look where you go.’ He said with a serious tone. Once again I was mesmerized by his beauty but scared at the same time.

I quickly took a few steps back, ‘Yes, I...I was just...I mean thank you.’

He just looked at me and I felt uncomfortable. ‘I shall go then,’ I said and excused myself.

I made my way to the garden. Irene was watering the flowers and seemed happy.

‘Do you need some help?’ I asked as I neared.

‘No my dear.’ She said and put the watercan down. ‘Let’s have some breakfast instead.’

She led me to a table in the garden and we sat down.

‘Enoch is coming with breakfast soon.’ She explained.

I nodded.

She looked somehow more beautiful today. Her hair was combed nicely and fell down her shoulders in beautiful waves and her lips were painted a light pink. As my eyes swept over her bare shoulders my eyes caught a mark on her left shoulder, just right beneath her neck. It looked like an animal had bitten her. It could be. I knew she even had snakes at home.

‘What happened there?’ I asked pointing.

‘This?’ She pointed at the mark.

I nodded.

‘Well...’ She frowned and seemed to think of a way to explain. ‘This is a mating mark. It means I already belong to someone. It’s like getting married, but instead of becoming someone’s wife you become their mate.’

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‘I...I don’t understand.’ I said. I was really confused.

‘Demons mark their partner and therefore they get bonded for life. The mating bond is stronger than marriage, it connects you to your partner on a deeper intimate and emotional level.’ Her eyes swept over my neck and collarbone as if looking for something. ‘You will understand one day, right now it will only be too much information.’ She said.

Demons mark their partner? How?

An animal like roar escaped Lucian’s throat as he stood between the dead bodies of his enemies. Not all of them were dead yet, but the few that were left alive were so terrified that they didn’t dare to attack, even though they had weapons in their hands.

Lucian didn’t bother to kill them either. He knew after what they had seen today, they would never dare to lay a finger on him. He had literally snapped heads off, ripped hearts out and burned soldiers alive in front of their eyes.

He looked around. Even his own men were horrified at the sight of him. Lucian wasn’t surprised he knew this would happen, he just hoped they would get over it soon and except him for the way he was.

Lincoln approached him slowly. ‘Your highness what shall we do with the rest?’

Burn, kill, torture, get rid of everything.

‘Place guards everywhere, take their weapons and make them look for the royal seal. If they don’t find it soon...’ He turned to the shaking soldier ‘ It will be an absolute pleasure to rip their organs out one by one.’

‘Yes, Your highness.’ Lincoln said, the only one who didn’t seem horrified by this whole situation.

The stench of blood and burned flesh filled the air. Lucian’s hands were soaked in blood, today he had used his hands as swords and it had terrified his enemies which made it very easy for him to kill them.

‘Anum!’

Anum shook his head as if waking himself up then swallowed hard.

‘Y...y...yes, Your highness.’ He said but his voice broke.

‘I need a bath.’

‘I’ll make sure it’s ready.’ He said and left quickly.

The rest of his men stood there frozen as statues. Lucian didn’t say anything. What was he supposed to say anyways?

Lucian went to his quarters. To his surprise he had missed the place.

When he was younger he always wanted to leave but now when he had been gone for so long he realized that home was always home weather you liked it or not.

He opened the glass door that led to the garden. Everything still looked the same, he was happy for that.

‘Your highness.’ He turned around and found Lydia standing there. It seemed Pierre hadn’t killed all their staff. Hazel would be so happy to see her maid alive.

‘I am glad your back safe.’ She said a questioning look on her face. She was probably wondering where Hazel was.

‘Hazel is somewhere safe.’ He said even though he wasn’t sure himself. But he had told Klara that if she wanted to help to go and find Hazel and keep her safe.

‘I have prepared a bath.’ She said as she looked horrified at the blood on his clothes. If she only had seen him a little earlier, when his demon had a blood banquet, she would have fainted.

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Lucian wondered where Hazels other maid was as Lydia washed his hair, but somehow he felt afraid to ask. If she was dead Hazel would be so heartbroken. Lucian tried not to think about it. Right now he needed to find the royal seal. If he got ther royal seal then he would have command over the largest army, the royal army. But Pierre probably hid it somewhere impossible to find. Where could he have hidden it?

While thinking quietly he heard his men talk a few rooms away. Most of them spoke of how they couldn’t believe what they saw today.

‘So...he is the devil’s son.’ Ky said.

‘It seems so.’ Anum spoke.

‘What should we do?’ Luke asked.

‘What do you want to do?’ Lincoln said.

‘Well we can’t let the devil’s son sit on the throne.’ Luke responded.

‘So what? Do you want us to fight him?’ Ky asked. ‘And get our hearts served on a plate? Or wait maybe you want us to bring a cross and the bible?’

‘Shut up Ky!’

‘I can’t believe you guys. How can you even think of fighting him? We have fought together with him in many battles, we have had each others backs. He never treated us, even one of us badly. Whether he is the devil or his son I don’t know, but I know he is not evil and I know he will be a much better ruler than his brothers.’ Martin spoke.

‘I believe so too’ Declan agreed.

‘Since you are shocked I’ll let it go this time. But next time anyone speaks of fighting His Highness or betraying him will have to fight me first.’ Lincoln said.

Then it was dead quiet. Lucian knew there was some tension between them.

Lydia helped him get dressed and was brushing his hair when there was a knock on the door.

Lincoln came in. ‘Your Highness, what should we do with the crown princess?’

Kill her he wanted to say but then imagined Levis sad face.

‘Just keep an eye on her at the moment. Did you find the seal?’

‘No, we are still looking for it.’

‘Make everyone look for it everywhere and find it quickly Lincoln. These walls won’t protect us very long without the seal.’

They were of course more protected inside the castle but they could still get attacked. Lucian didn’t know how many allies Pierre had, therefore he really needed the royal army.

‘Of course Your Highness.’ Lincoln said and left.

‘You may leave as well.’ He told Lydia. Lydia bowed and left.

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Lucian went to bed. He suddenly remembered when he told Hazel he wanted to sleep with her in his arms every night. Today he missed her and his demon craved her. He lay down and shut his eyes but his demon refused to let him sleep. He kept imagining Hazel’s n.a.k.e.d body, her soft her, her sweet scent, the taste of her lips. Lucian ignored his bodies response to the images. He was used to this. When his demon spilled blood it always got hungry for flesh, and if it didn’t get what it wanted it, then more blood would be spilled.

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

Chapter 55

Lucian didn’t sleep well. His demon was restless, hungry and angry.

‘Bring me Lincoln!’ He told Lydia who was serving him breakfast.

She nodded and left. Shortly after Lincoln came in. ‘Your Highness.’

‘Did you find the seal?’

‘No.’

Lucian tried to keep his calm but his nails were already elongating and his body itched for blood. ‘Bring them to me!’

Lincoln and Anum came back with Pierres soldiers. They got pushed down on their knees in front of him. Lucian stared down at them with arms crossed behind his back.

‘So...you don’t know where the seal is?’ He asked.

They shook their heads.

‘Then I have no use of you.’ Lucian said and slit their throats with his claws. Their bodies fell to the ground with a thud. Lucian grabbed the table clothes to wipe his hands off while the soldiers slowly bled to death.

‘That was unnecessary Your Highness. You stained the carpet.’ Lincoln said with a frown.

Lucian was amused. Lincoln still didn’t fear him. ‘I didn’t stain the carpet. Their blood did.’ Lucian said calmly.

‘I beg of you to calm down.’ Lincoln knew Lucian wasn’t entirely himself right now.

‘I will Your Highness.’ Lucian mocked.

Klara stared at the necklace in her hand. She needed to go back to Hazel and she had nothing but the necklace to help her. But how? According to Irene the necklace would only help her if she was in danger and she wasn’t.

Klara sighed. How would she go back ?

‘My Lady ?‘

Klara looked up. ‘Enoch ? How...what are you doing here ?‘

He pointed at the necklace.

‘But doesn’t this work only when I am in danger ?‘

‘It works when it senses that you need us.‘

‘Oh...‘ She said relieved. ‘I just need to go back.‘

‘This way.‘ He said and she followed him. They went through the magic gate but this time she didn’t fall when they arrived because Enoch had his arm around her waist and held her steady.

‘Thank you.‘ She smiled. Without a word he walked into the mansion and she followed him inside. He was walking so fast and Klara had a hard time keeping up with him. She wanted to ask where they were going but he looked so serious that she decided not.

He opened the door to a room and gestured for her to sit on a sofa.

‘I’ll Inform Irene you are here.‘ He said and left.

Klara sat down with a sigh. Enoch was very strange. He never smiled, never waited for her to replay and looked very serious and uninterested all the time.

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After a while's wait Klara heard footsteps and shortly after Irene walked into the room. Klara stood up from her seat.

‘Klara.’ Irene smiled and gave her a hug.

‘Hi.’ Klara smiled nervously surprised by the sudden hug.

‘Are you alright my dear?’

‘Yes, I am fine thank you.’

Irene smiled. ‘Good. Come!’ She said and led her to another room.

‘Look who is here.’

Hazel looked up. ‘Klara! You are already back.’ She said surprised.

‘Disappointed?’

‘Very much.’ She joked. ‘Are you alright?’

‘Yes. No need to worry.’

‘And Lucian? Did you meet him? Is he alright?’

Irene laughed. ‘Let her sit down and breathe for a while Hazel.’

‘Yes I am sorry. Please sit.’ She said.

Klara sat down while Irene poured her a drink. ‘I met Lucian and I gave him your letter. He is alright.’

Hazel sighed relieved. Irene sat down as well and handed the drink to Klara.

‘Very well then. Shouldn’t you go back home? You siblings must be very worried.’ Irene said.

Klara looked down feeling very guilty. She would go back home as soon as she made sure Hazel was safe. 'Is there a way to take Hazel to Lucian?' She asked avoiding Irene's question.

'Yes there is. In fact, I am sending Hazel to Lucian tonight.'

Hazel nodded.

Klara took a sip from her drink. Soon everything would be in place, Lucian would take over the castle and hopefully defeat his brother, Hazel and Lucian would meet and she would go back home. She missed home, especially Astrid but she feared her brother's wrath. He never took betrayal lightly and his time she knew he wouldn't forgive her easily.

'Why don't you take a bath.' Hazel suggested.

Klara looked at her dirty clothes and hair. She really needed a bath. 'Yes, I think I should.'

'There is a little bath house with a hot bath outside the mansion. Why don't you go there. It's very relaxing.'

Irene nodded, 'Yes, I'll bring you some clothes.' she said and left.

Hazel and Klara sat in silence for a while when Hazel finally spoke.

'Thank you.'

Klara was confused. 'For what?'

'For helping us escape, for saving my life and for helping Lucian. I know it must have been difficult for you to do that. I know I am useless...I...I am not as brave or as strong or as beautiful as you. I really envy you but I am thankful to you as well.'

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‘Don’t thank me because then I would have to apologize and don’t envy me because you have far more valuable things than I have. You have a very good heart and a loving husband. It’s something people rarely have these days.’

‘You have a good heart as well and you will find a loving husband I am sure.’ She smiled.

Klara wasn’t sure. In fact she didn’t care. She decided to never fall in love again. Getting her heart broken once was already too painful she didn’t want to go through that pain again.

Irene came back in with new clothes and a towel.

‘Here!’ She said, ‘take a bath and change.’

Klara took the clothes then went to find the bathing house. It looked like a small cottage but a beautiful one. She opened the door and peeked inside. She could almost see nothing because of the steam. Entering she closed the door behind her. The steam surrounded her and she already began to feel relaxed. Going further into the room she found where the steam was coming from. There was a little pool of hot water in the middle of the room. Klara already longed to jump inside so she began to undress. She took her steel armor off first then, when she was about to take her clothes off she stopped abruptly. Someone was behind her. Klara quickly grabbed the dagger in her boots and turned around holding the dagger out.

‘Roshan?’

A smile curved his lips. ‘You really need to relax. Not everyone is out to kill you.’ He said taking a few steps closer.

‘What... are.... you doing here?’ She asked nervously as she realized he was almost n.a.k.e.d.

Klara swallowed as her gaze traveled along his mesmerizing physique. She had never seen this much of a male body before. He was wearing a piece of white clothes that hung low on his h.i.p.s and covered only half his thighs. Water dripped from his wet hair and down on a chiseled chest and perfectly sculpted abdominals. His golden skin glistened from the water drops that covered his whole body.

Her gaze traveled back to his face, some strands of his wet hair fell over his eyes and cheek. Klara had the sudden urge to remove them with her finger. His lips curved into a smirk. He was fully aware she was admiring his body.

Klara’s throat felt suddenly dry. Clearing her throat ‘You...What are you doing here?’ She asked again but accusingly this time.

He raised one brow. ‘I am supposed to ask that question.’ He said as he strode toward her.

Why was he coming closer? Klara panicked but didn’t move from her place as she still held the dagger out.

‘This bathing-house is for males only. The one for females is on the other side.’ He said walking even closer. Klara waved the dagger in the air in front of her to make him stop from coming closer.

He looked at the dagger in her hand and raised a brow.

‘I...I didn’t know.’ She said. She wanted to go back and slap Hazel, especially if she did this on purpose.

He came even closer to her and she took a step back. 'Now you know.'
He said amused.

'Stop or...'

'Or what?' He asked still walking toward her. Klaras back hit the wall. She still held the dagger in front of her and Roshan walked closer until the tip was placed on his chest.

Klara hoped he wouldn't come closer because she really didn't want to hurt him but she didn't want to show defeat either by lowering the dagger.

She looked at where the tip was placed but her gaze moved all over his chest. She felt her heart speed up, why was she staring at his body?

Then everything happened quickly. He suddenly grabbed her hand in which she held the dagger and pinned it to the wall, and her other hand he placed it on his chest. 'You can touch if you want.' He said as he moved her hand over his chest and down to his abdominal.

Klara froze for a while but then she couldn't help but enjoy the feel of his strong body under her hands. His golden skin was so smooth, his body so strong and warm. She wanted to feel more of his body with both her hands when she realized her other hand was pinned. With a jolt, she came back to her senses and pushed him away with her free hand. 'Let go of me!'

He let go of her slowly. Without wasting any time she quickly got away from him, grabbed her clothes and ran out of there flustered.

What in heavens was wrong with her? Touching a mans body and enjoying it, was she crazy? She went back to the mansion still

flustered and irritated, she didn't want a hot bath anymore she was already burning.

Walking into Hazel's room she shut the door behind her and let out a breath.

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'Is everything alright?' Hazel looked at her confused.

'No. I was just about to undress completely in front of a man.' Klara said.

'Who?'

'Nevermind. I will just take a bath here.' She said.

Klara took a quick bath and changed then joined Irene and Hazel at the garden.

At another table a bit away sat the annoying Roshan, together with Enoch and another man she couldn't see clearly, but he had silver hair. Silver hair! Strange, she thought.

'So as soon as the sun goes down we can start with the spell and send Hazel away.' Irene explained.

Klara nodded.

'Do you want me to send you home as well?' Irene asked.

Klara nodded again. She should go back home if Hazel went safely home to Lucian. There wasn't much she could do for them now anyway.

When the sun went down, Irene began to work on her spell. 'Are you ready?' She asked Hazel.

Hazel nodded.

'I have opened a gate right there.' She said pointing at some empty place. Hazel and Klara looked confused at each other as they couldn't see the gate Irene was talking about.

'You can't see it so I will lead you through it.' She explained.

'Alright.'

'Be careful and hopefully we will see each other soon. Don't forget everything I told you.' Irene said then she and Hazel hugged each other.

Hazel then turned to Klara and gave her a hug as well. Klara hugged her back. 'Thank you again and I hope you reach home safely.'

'You too.' Klara smiled and she meant it. She never thought she would get along with the wife of the only man she has loved.

Irene took Hazel's hand and led her forward. 'Farewell.' She said before Hazel disappeared, probably as she went inside the invisible gate.

Klara was stunned for a moment but then shook her head. 'How do we know she reached there safely.'

'That's easy.' Irene went to her closet. Opening it she took out a violet box and put it on the table.

'Come here.' She ordered.

Klara went to the table and sat down. Irene opened the box and took out a green crystal ball, which she put on the table. She sat down and put her hands on the crystal ball. Closing her eyes she began to move her hands in different motions around it until it began to glow.

‘Now!’ She said opening her eyes then looking into the crystal ball.

Klara got curious and looked as well but she couldn’t see anything.

‘I see nothing.’ She said but Irene kept looking.

‘Now here! There she is!’ Irene said pointing.

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Klara looked into the crystal ball once again and now she could finally see Hazel and she knew she had reached home safely.

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

Chapter 56

I was relieved to find that I was back home. Finally, I could meet Lucian. I walked through the large halls as fast as I could and slowed down when I neared our quarters. There soldiers were gathered everywhere. Some of them seemed stressed, others terrified. The atmosphere felt tense and everyone seemed busy. I got a bad feeling. What was going on?

From a distance, I could see two soldiers coming out of our chamber dragging on a body. A dead body. Right after them came two other soldiers and they were dragging on a dead body as well. My stomach twisted as I watched a pool of blood trailing behind them.

‘My Lady?’ I almost jumped out of my skin. Turning my head Lincoln I found a surprised Lincoln. ‘How did you get here?’

‘Lincoln.’ I breathed relieved. ‘Lucian? Where is Lucian?’

He frowned. ‘I don’t think it’s a good Idea for you to meet His Highness right now.’

‘Why? What’s happening?’

‘His Highness is not in a good mood.’ He explained.

‘I need to meet him anyways. Take me to him.’ I ordered.

Lincoln seemed to hesitate but then led me to our chamber. I tried to not step on the blood that covered half the floor. Two guards stood at each side of the door.

‘I think I should go in first.’ Lincoln suggested.

‘You don’t have to. Just let me in.’

‘Are you sure you want to go in?’ Lincoln asked. Now he was scaring me.

‘Yes.’

‘If anything...if you need anything just shout for help.’

I nodded wondering what he meant. He gestured for the guards to open the door and I walked inside.

Good lord, our chamber looked like a slaughterhouse. Not that I had seen one but I have heard of it. There was blood everywhere. The carpet, the

sheets, the curtains even the table clothes were covered with blood. Two guards were rolling the carpet and carrying it out. This wasn't how I imagined our chamber to look like when I came back.

I walked further into the room avoiding to step on any blood again but Lucian was nowhere to be seen. My gaze fell on the glass door that led to our personal garden. I stepped out and into our garden. Oh, how I missed it. At least this place wasn't covered with blood.

As I looked further around, I found him. Lucian. He sat at the table, a dark empty look in his eyes as he looked at the garden. He was as beautiful as ever and my heart began to beat faster at the sight of him, but he seemed disturbed. He didn't even notice me as I neared.

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'Lucian.' I whispered. I didn't know why I was whispering.

He slowly averted his gaze and looked at me. The frown disappeared from his face and got replaced by a look of surprise.

'Hazel.' He said standing up slowly as if scared I would disappear.

I smiled at him but I didn't move. He had that dark dangerous aura that I used to feel sometimes at the beginning of our marriage. He didn't move either, he just looked at me. It was very quiet, the only sound I could hear was the breeze and my own beating heart.

'I missed you.' I finally said and that's when he crossed the distance between us and wrapped his arms around me. I hugged him back.

'I missed you so much.' He said burying his face in my hair and inhaling. I inhaled his scent as well. He smelled as good as always. I almost forgot

how good it felt to hug him. I tightened my hold around his waist, never wanting to let go. I felt him shiver slightly and he pulled away.

His eyes scanned my body, carefully. 'You are not hurt?'

'No, I am perfectly fine.' I smiled at him.

'How did you get here?'

'My friend Irene brought me here. It's a long story, but what's happening here?' I asked.

Lucian frowned. 'It's a long story as well and you don't want to know.' He said.

'Did...did you kill those men?'

'Yes.' He said simply.

'Your Highness?' Lincoln stood at the entrance. They exchanged looks then Lucian turned his gaze to me.

'I will come back. Don't leave this room it's not safe.' He said then placed a kiss on my forehead before leaving with Lincoln. Something was odd. Very odd.

I went back to the chamber. Everything had been cleaned up except the curtains. They were being changed by a few maids. I tried not to think that all this was Lucian's doing. He probably had to do what he did.

A maid came in with new curtains. 'Lydia!' I almost shouted.

Lydia looked up startled. 'My Lady!' She breathed. She stood frozen for a while but then hurried and enveloped me in a hug.

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I was surprised. I used to hug her all the time but she used to tell me it was inappropriate and now she was hugging me. All the other maids stared at her surprised.

She pulled away with teary eyes then searched my body with her hands. 'Oh, you are alright.' She said relieved.

I took her hand. 'I am fine Lydia.' I assured her with a big smile. I was so happy to see her. 'Where is Ylva?'

She wiped the tears away. 'She is in the kitchen. She has become a kitchen maid. I'll tell her you are here, she will be so happy.'

'A kitchen maid. Who made her a kitchen maid?'

I heard to be kitchen maid was the worst a maid could be. It was really difficult.

'When you left, every maid in this quarter got sent to different places to work and Ylva was sent to the kitchen.'

'Bring her here and tell the maids she won't be working in the kitchen anymore.' I ordered.

Lydia nodded and left. After a while she came back with Ylva and it started all over again. The hugging, the crying, the thousand questions. I had never seen Lydia and Ylva so emotional before which meant they had been really worried.

'Ylva, you have lost so much weight.' It must have been the hard work.

'I am fine now that you are here .' She smiled.

‘Come,’ I said and we went and sat in the garden. ‘What’s been happening here? Tell me everything in detail.’

Lydia and Ylva looked at each other. ‘What is it? Tell me!’ I demanded.

‘I haven’t seen it myself but I have heard.’ Ylva began. ‘Everyone has been talking about how His Highness had looked like the devil himself and killed every castle guard with his own hands, all alone. Everyone here is now terrified of him.’

‘I am worried about you.’ Lydia continued. ‘Especially after seeing all the blood in this room today.’

‘Don’t worry. Lucian would never hurt me.’ I assured her.

The rest of the day I spent reading books about war and fighting strategies. I didn’t want to be useless anymore. I wanted to learn everything, how to fight, how to ride and anything else that I could use to help Lucian.

New chapters are listed here:

‘Why don’t you read the art of seduction instead.’ Ylva who was making the bed suggested jokingly.

‘There is a book with such title?’ I asked.

She laughed. ‘Yes. It’s there among the books that I brought.’

I looked amongst the books on the table. There lay a red book with the title ‘The art of seduction’ in golden letters. I looked at it for a while but

then decided to go back to the art of war. Right now helping Lucian was my priority.

‘Shall I prepare you for sleep My Lady?’

‘No, I’ll read some more and wait for Lucian.’ I said. Ylva nodded and left.

I kept reading, trying hard not to get bored since I couldn’t understand anything most of the time. There was a lot of to me unknown words. Slowly, I was starting to get bored but still forced myself to read a little more. When I thought I couldn’t anymore, I picked ‘The art of seduction’. I was actually too tired to read but I had nothing else to do while waiting for Lucian.

I opened the book and started reading at first forcing myself but then I got lost in the story. It was a story about an undesirable woman who wanted to learn how to win the heart of a man she had loved for a very long time and a very beautiful woman who could capture any man’s heart with just a look. In the book, the beautiful woman teaches the undesirable one how to seduce a man completely, body, mind, heart and soul.

‘The art of seduction. Hmm...’

I almost fell off the chair when I heard Lucian’s voice. I had been so into my reading I didn’t even notice that he was here.

‘Lucian!’ I said with a gasp and tried to hide the book but I didn’t even know where to hide it, so I just fumbled with it embarrassed and dropped in on the floor.

I quickly got out of my chair, bent down to pick it up but Lucian grabbed my wrist and pulled me into his chest. 'Are you planning on seducing me, wife?'

Oh good lord, save me.

'No it...it was just amongst the books and I was curious.' I said nervously, but it was the truth. I had no plan to seduce him.

Lucian narrowed his gaze. He still had that dark look in his eyes and they gleamed with something.

'I am curious too.' He said in a low voice and began to unfasten the straps on the back of my dress. 'Curious to know how long it will take for me to get you n.a.k.e.d, m.o.a.n.i.n.g and screaming.' I inhaled sharply at his words and my heart began to beat in excitement.

Lucian leaned down and pressed his lips to my neck, licking and kissing his way up. I grabbed onto his shoulder urging him to not stop as I closed my eyes and got lost in the heat.

Unfastening the last straps of my dress, he pulled it off my shoulders let fall to the floor, leaving me wearing nothing but my chemise. Then he grabbed the back of my head and claimed my lips in a hungry kiss. There was nothing gentle about his kiss. It was passionate, raw, his tongue searching, his lips punishing and soothing at the same time. I leaned into him even more, pressing our bodies together. He groaned and deepened the kiss as if approving. My mind shut down and my body shuddered with want. Without breaking the kiss Lucian lifted me up and carried me toward the bed then let me fall softly on the mattress. I groaned as he pulled away and our lips parted.

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He looked down at me, his gaze dark and hot. ‘Hazel, I won’t be gentle this time.’

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

Chapter 57

Lucian had waited for this moment, the moment when he reunites with Hazel and takes her to bed. He had imagined making slow, sweet love to her but right now he was delirious with l.u.s.t. All he wanted was to plunge into her, melt into the warmth and softness of her body and drown in the sound of her m.o.a.n.s.

‘Hazel, I won’t be gentle this time.’

Hell, he didn’t want to. He was already listing all the things he wanted to do to her inside his head. He wanted to take her in every possible way, consume her, devour her. He wanted to tease her and make her beg for release. His body shook at his wild imaginations.

Looking down, Lucian searched Hazel face trying to see if his words had made her scared but as he gazed into her eyes all he saw was a blazing desire, a raging hunger that matched his own. Leaning down he crashed his lips against hers, his tongue exploring her mouth while his hands explored her body. Hazel’s fingers clutched his hair as she opened her mouth for him, welcoming his tongue with her own. Lucian dug his fingers into her h.i.p.s as he deepened the kiss even more. Taking her tongue into his mouth he sucked on it. Hazel whimpered as a gasp escaped her lips.

That was it. Lucian couldn’t wait anymore, he had no patience today. Pulling away he began to undress. Hazel watched him with curiosity at first but slowly he could feel her becoming nervous. He wondered why

she became nervous all of a sudden. When he got completely n.a.k.e.d he grabbed the thin fabric she was wearing.

‘I want this off,’ he said with a raspy voice as he tried to pull it up.

She grabbed his wrists to stop him. ‘Could you dim the lights first?’ She asked, a blush creeping to her cheeks. Her shy behavior was only adding to his arousal.

‘No. I want to see you.’ Her blush deepened but she didn’t protest as he pulled the chemise over her head.

Lucian drew in a sharp breath as his gaze traveled over her n.a.k.e.d body. Hazel did an attempt to cover herself with her arms but Lucian grabbed them and pinned them to the sides of her body.

Updated _at

‘Don’t. You are very beautiful.’ He said. He could hear the hunger in his own voice.

Leaning down he pressed light kisses over her belly. Her body tensed at the first touch of his lips but slowly relaxed with every kiss. She arched her back as he slowly worked his way up to between her b.r.e.a.s.t and further up to her neck. She was biting her lips to stop herself from making any sounds. It made him determined to change that. He wanted to hear her m.o.a.n.s. He licked her neck and stopped at the pulse point where her knew she was sensitive. He sucked lightly and she whimpered as a soft m.o.a.n escaped her lips.

Suddenly a strange feeling came over him and he imagined himself biting into her neck. His gums began to itch and his teeth felt sensitive.

Disturbed by the feeling he ignored it and continued kissing her.

My eyes were closed, my heart hammering inside my chest. My breathing came out in pants as Lucians pressed hot wet kisses between my b.r.e.a.s.ts and down my stomach. His fingers grazed the insides of my thighs sending a jolt of heat through my body.

‘You taste so good.’ He said licking his way up, then he took my b.r.e.a.s.t into his mouth.

I shot my eyes open with a gasp and grabbed the sheets as he teased my b.r.e.a.s.t using his lips and tongue. A wave of pleasure washed over me and heat bloomed between my thighs. Letting go of the sheets I grabbed his hair as he moved to my other b.r.e.a.s.t. My breath caught in my throat as he flicked his tongue teasingly over it. Unable to handle the teasing I pulled at his hair urging him to take me into his mouth but grabbing my wrists he pinned them to the sides of my body, again. My body quivered and my breath came out in shallow pants.

‘Please Lucian...’ I begged embarrassed that I was begging.

He complied and went from teasing to kissing and sucking.

‘Oh...’ I gasped and threw my head back. My body shook with an uncontrollable need. I struggled underneath him wanting my hands free but he was too strong and held me in place.

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I thought I was going mad with want. My body ached for his touch, especially the sweet spot between my thighs.

I struggled again and he hissed. ‘You make me mad when you do that.’

‘I want to touch you.’ I breathed.

He looked up at me, his eyes slowly turning red, then he released my hands. I pushed myself up with my elbows then wrapped my arms around his neck to pull myself up. He wrapped one arm around my waist and helped me up so that I was straddling him.

Leaning in I kissed him on the lips first, his spicy taste made my lips and tongue tingle with a hot burning sensation. Then I worked my lips down his jaw, removing the hair from his neck I pressed kisses down his neck. He trembled slightly and his grip on me tightened. I had always wanted to do that but I didn't think he would like it. I slowly kissed my way down to his chest but he grabbed my hair and brought my face back to his. He was breathing heavily.

'If I let you continue, this might end before it starts and I don't want it to end yet.' He said in a gruff voice.

He placed me down on the bed again with him on top. I could feel his desire pressing at my ic bone and it only increased the aching between my legs. His eyes were still red as he looked at me. I wondered why.

'Your eyes are red.'

'Are you scared?'

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I shook my head. He leaned down and kissed me more passionate than before while trailing his fingers down my body. I arched my back knowing where they would reach soon. I m.o.a.ned into his mouth as his fingers reached the aching spot between my legs. He began to stroke me gently, igniting a fire that spread to the rest of my body. I dug my fingers into his back, the muscles in my body tightening, my blood flowed as hot as lava in my veins and my body threatened to explode. I thought I was

losing my mind until his strokes became faster and just like that my body exploded with a cry.

I felt lightheaded. I didn't know if what was happening to me was normal. No one told me it would feel like this, as if your body didn't belong to you anymore. I was only told about the pain and that it could feel good afterward. No one told me about this feeling of ecstasy.

I looked up to meet Lucian's gaze. His eyes were still red, almost a dark red that I had never seen before. He brought his fingers to my throat and traced a line down to my collarbone, but his gaze focused on my throat. I felt as if his eyes became even darker but I wasn't sure.

He drew back and I almost panicked. 'I should stop.' He said more to himself than me. He looked confused. I grabbed his arms to stop him from going.

'I don't want you to stop,' I said.

Before he could protest I wrapped my arms around his neck, pulling myself up and him down I kissed him. I kissed him hard, wanting him to know how much I wanted him. He kissed me back with the same urgency pushing me back on the bed again.

His arm went behind my back, without warning, lifting my h.i.p.s slightly he thrust into me. I cried out and clutched on to him. His body tensed for a moment before he began to rock into me with a feral passion. I wrapped my legs around his waist never wanting him to stop as he rocked me to madness. He captured my lips with his, muffling the sounds that were escaping my mouth then moved down to my throat.

Abruptly he stopped. 'Hazel...' his voice quivered next to my ear, 'I don't know why but I want to bite you.'

‘Do whatever you want just don’t stop.’ I breathed.

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Grabbing my hair he tilted my head back. I thought he was going to bite me teasingly before I felt something sharp sink into my neck. I whimpered in pain and tried to push him away but he pinned my hands down. Before I could think of what was happening a wave of pleasure washed over me and I surrendered to it.

After a while, Lucian drew back. He looked at me, ‘are you alright?’

I was feeling lightheaded so I could barely respond. I nodded as I looked into his eyes that had turned into a frightening black. But that wasn’t what caught my attention. It was his teeth. His canines had grown long and sharp and they were stained with blood. My blood.

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

Chapter 58

Lucian stared up at the ceiling. Just what the hell happened last night? He was still confused. He had bitten Hazel, bitten her, and his teeth. He felt his teeth with his fingers, they were back to normal. Was it a dream maybe?

He turned to Hazel. She was sleeping peacefully. His gaze traveled to her neck, he did indeed bite her. He could see the wound which strangely already healed and was now only a faint mark. What he found more strange was that he had wanted to bite her, it had felt so right to do it, as if it was normal to bite a human being. But again he was never normal.

He traced a finger over the scar. The mark felt hot under his finger. Hazel stirred in her sleep and opened her eyes slowly. She rubbed her eyes with

the back of her hands and blinked a few times before she could look at him. He found her very adorable when she did that.

‘Good morning.’ she smiled.

‘Good morning. Did you sleep well?’

‘I slept very well and you?’

‘Never slept better.’ He said as he caressed her cheek.

She smiled happily at him. Last night when he bit her she didn’t run away as she should. She had stayed with him, told him to not stop making love to her and he took the chance to take her in every possible way, to love her till she had enough. Could he love this woman more? He was already feeling as if his heart was going to burst.

Suddenly she frowned and brought her hand up to her neck. ‘Lucian? You bit me last night?’

Well, he did. He nodded.

She seemed to think for a while. ‘You are not...a ...a vampire?’ She shook her head as if refusing to believe it. ‘You can walk in the sun.’

And he had never bitten anyone before. Why her and why now? He wondered.

‘If I am...would that change your feelings for me?’

It didn’t matter to him anymore what he was as long as Hazel loved him.

Her eyes softened and she shook her head. ‘Nothing will change my feelings for you.’

Yes, he could love this woman more. He would love her more for every day that went by and when he gets old and dies his heart would still beat because of the love he had for her.

He leaned down and gave her a long lingering kiss. 'Do you want to have a bath together?'

She nodded and blushed.

Lucian carried me to the bathroom and put me down gently. I was wrapped in the bedsheets with nothing underneath and I held onto it tightly. I was still not comfortable being completely n.a.k.e.d.

I could see that Lucian found it all amusing. 'It will be difficult to bath with all that.' He smirked.

'I know.' I said and forced myself to let go of the sheets. They fell to the ground and I stood there completely n.a.k.e.d. Turning around I slid into the hot water to get some coverage.

Lucian crouched next to the tub. 'Are you not coming inside?' I asked.

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'Not yet.' he said. 'First let me take care of you.'

He grabbed the soap that lay next to the tub and poured it on his hands instead of a washcloth. 'Wet your hair then lean your head back.'

I dipped my hair in the water and rested my head against the rim of the tub, then he began to rub the soap into my hair. He massaged my skull while washing my hair and it felt so relaxing. After rubbing for a while his hand slowly moved lower to my neck, he slowly massaged my neck with his thumbs then moved further down to my shoulders and massaged them as well.

‘Bend slightly,’ he ordered and I did as he said, He poured more soap into his hand and rubbed it into my back, then around my stomach and up my b.r.e.a.s.ts. His touch was light, almost like a caress making heat blaze between my thighs.

‘Does it feel good?’

‘Yes.’ I breathed.

He slid his hands into the water and grabbed one of my legs. He began to wash my feet and for a moment I panicked. This was something my maids did, not something a prince should be doing. I pulled my leg away. ‘You shouldn’t be doing this.’

He grabbed my ankle in a strong grip and looked into my eyes.

‘Everything you have belongs to me wife, even your body. Now... let me take care of what’s mine.’

He continued washing my feet carefully as if they were glass that could break then he moved down my legs and further down to my thighs. I leaned my head back again and closed my eyes as his hands slowly slid up and down my inner thighs turning the heat between my legs to fire. I clasped my legs together, with his hand still there.

‘I am not done yet, wife. Open your legs for me’

With a silent prayer, I slowly opened my legs.

‘Good.’ He whispered next to my ear and his hands slid further down until he was touching me where I was aching and a gasp escaped my lips.

His fingers slowly began to move in circles and I shut my eyes tightly and grabbed on to the tub knowing what was coming soon.

‘Lucian...’ I began but didn’t know what I wanted.

Lucian on the other hand knew and his stroking became faster. My pulse quickened with it and every nerve in my body prickled. Before I could start begging his fingers slid inside me and my body quivered at the intrusion. His fingers sliding in and out felt like waves in my body, slowly increasing until they washed over me and my body was left trembling with bliss.

‘One more time?’ Lucian asked.

I shook my head. The thought was very tempting but I needed a moment to recover.

‘Why don’t you come inside now?’ I suggested.

He stood up and stripped then slid into the water.

‘My turn.’ I said grabbing the soap and pouring it onto my hand. I leaned closer to him and began to rub the soap into his shoulders. His body was drool-worthy and I enjoyed the feel of it especially his strong and broad shoulders. And his neck of course, how could I forget it. My hands slid up to his neck and he tilted his head back to give me better access. He looked at me while I smeared the soap onto his skin. I didn’t know which one of us was enjoying this more. It felt somehow sensual to bath together and caress each other’s skin. My fingers moved further up and I traced his jawline with my thumbs then my gaze fell on his lips.

‘Go on!’ He urged with a husky voice.

Without hesitating I leaned down and kissed him. His hands slid around my waist and he pulled me into his embrace. I m.o.a.ned into his lips as our bare bodies touched each other. I continued kissing him, both surprised and scared at how much I craved him, how much my body

l.u.s.ted for his touch. I knew I wouldn't stop if nobody stopped me and just then someone knocked on the door, making both of us stop.

This content is taken from

'Your Highness, it's an urgent matter.' Lincoln spoke from the other end.

I removed myself from Lucian's hold. Lucian frowned then looked at me.

'Your Highness?'

'It's fine you. You can go.' I told him.

Stepping out of the tub he wrapped a towel around his waist. Turning to me he leaned down and kissed my forehead. 'I'll see you later.' Then he left.

I washed away the soap, wrapped myself in a towel then walked out and into our chamber. Ylva was already there and greeted me with a smile.

Ylva was usually the one to dress me and make my hair while Lydia took care of other needs like food and sleep.

'I really miss how you make my hair.' I said as she combed it nicely.

'I miss doing your hair.' She smiled. 'How would you like it today?'

'Just let it loose.'

Ylva did as I said. 'You look happy today.' She pointed.

'I am.' I smiled. I just didn't know it would be so obvious but again I was never good at hiding my feelings.

‘I can understand that. His Highness must love you very much that he even chose to not have any mistresses.’

‘What do you mean?’ I asked confused.

‘Didn’t he tell you?’ She looked surprised.

I shook my head.

‘Well, when you left the crown prince requested to see everyone who lived and worked here so we went to see him. Clearly, he was interested to see prince Lucian’s mistresses and was confused when he found none. The head maid told him that His Highness got rid of his mistresses soon after he got married to you. That’s when the crown prince took interest in you. He was more eager to find you than His Highness.’

Lucian got rid of his mistresses? Why? Then who did he go to when he hadn’t been with me?

‘I have heard a lot of frightening things about His Highness these last few days but I don’t care about those things anymore. I know he is a good husband.’

Yes, he was. Which man would get rid of his mistresses for his wife when he could have both and more?

‘I’ll leave you now. Lydia is coming with breakfast soon.’ She said and left.

Lucian, Lucian. He was still a mystery to me. I was so confused.

For more __, visit nove 1

Standing up I looked myself in the mirror, turning back and forth I made sure that everything was perfect and that I looked good. When I was satisfied I grabbed one of my favorite scented oils and rubbed it into my hands and neck. As I massaged my neck slowly I felt sore in a specific place. It almost burned when I touched it. Removing the hair from my neck I leaned into the mirror to inspect the place.

There, just between my shoulder and neck I found a mark. I leaned even closer and my eyes widened at the realization. The mark looked just like Irene's.

I drew back surprised. Lucian didn't just bite me, he marked me. What was it Irene had said? Yes, mating mark. I was his mate and he...he was...he was a demon. Lucian was a demon!

Oh good lord.

I sat down and took a moment to accept that Lucian was a demon. It all made sense now, but something was missing. I still didn't know Lucian's connection to Lothaire or Irene. Could Lothaire really be Lucian's father? And maybe he wasn't helping him because...?

Lydia and another maid came in with breakfast. 'Where would you like to have it, My Lady?'

I waved my hand, 'Just serve it there.' I said. I had just now been hungry but I couldn't even think about food right now.

They served the food on the table and left. I paced back and forth in the room as different theories flooded my head. Why was Irene cursed? And why am I the one who can help her break the curse? Is Irene maybe related to me? She had been so nice and loving from the first day I met her and she had been helping me a lot.

Ignoring my theories I sat at the table. I looked at the food but didn't feel like eating at all. I just wanted to see Lucian and talk to him, but before that, I had to think of how to tell him he was a demon. He would probably laugh or take it badly and get hurt. Who would like to be called a demon?

I sighed. Grabbing a fork I picked a piece of the egg omelet before putting it into my mouth. It tasted good. Blocking all thoughts out I decided to enjoy my breakfast when someone knocked on the door.

'Come in.' I called. I heard the door open.

'Good morning, Your Highness.'

Startled I looked up. I knew this voice. Callum!

I hastily stood up from my seat almost making the chair fall. 'Callum, I am so glad to see you. Are you alright?'

'No, thank you for your concern.'

'I am sorry I left you behind.'

His eyes widened. 'Your Highness, please do not apologize to a mere servant like me.' He said looking down. 'It's my duty to protect you and I shall die doing so.'

I just smiled. It was a typical soldier behavior. 'I am glad you are safe.'

'I shall excuse myself. Enjoy your breakfast.' He said and left.

I looked at the breakfast table then decided to leave. I left the room remembering Lucian's words to stay in the room, but as impatient as I was now I couldn't listen.

The two guards who were placed at the door began to follow me. Lucian probably told them to keep an eye on me.

‘Where is His Highness?’ I asked.

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‘At the crown princess quarters.’ One of them said.

I made my way to Pierre’s quarters and just as I arrived I witnessed the most horrifying thing. Lucian had his hand buried inside a soldier’s chest and with a jerk, he pulled it out holding something bloody. It looked like a heart and it was still beating.

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

Chapter 59

I didn’t know when a gasp escaped my lips because it felt like I could barely breathe, let alone make a sound. Lucian turned his head and when he saw me standing there his eyes widened. Unconsciously I took a few steps back then turned around and ran back to my room. My heart was beating wildly and I felt like throwing up.

A heart? I just saw a beating heart. My head began to spin and I sat slowly down on the bed so that I wouldn’t fall. I realized I was shaking slightly. I had seen people die before but I had never seen anything like this.

My heart suddenly jumped at the sound of the door opening. Lucian closed the door behind him and just stood there watching me intently. I tried to avoid his gaze.

After a while I could hear his footsteps coming closer until he stood right in front of me. He grabbed my chin and lift my head up so I that I was looking at him.

‘Are you afraid of me?’ He asked with a soft voice.

I shook my head. ‘No.’ and I wasn’t lying. I knew he would never hurt me but I just...I didn’t know what it was but I was very disturbed.

He sat next to me on the bed and put his arm around my shoulder. ‘Hazel, you know and I told you, killing comes easily to me.’

‘I know.’

‘Then?’

‘Then...I don’t know Lucian. It was just a disturbing image. Did you have to kill him that way?’

‘No, but right now I have to use fear to reach my goal.’

I just nodded. I knew it wasn’t the first time he had done that.

‘Hazel’ He grabbed my ching again to make me look at him. ‘I told you there is darkness inside of me. No matter how much I try to resist that part of me it’s still there and it will always be.’

Was it maybe because he was a demon? Should I tell him about it? I turned to him completely while thinking if how to tell him without sounding crazy.

‘Lucian...I...I need to tell you something.’ Maybe he would feel relieved to know that he was a demon, because maybe he would understand himself better then. It made me at least understand him better.

I looked at his face. Gazed into his golden eyes, or to be correct his flaming eyes. Flames of hellfire, I thought. I had grown up to fear hell and demons. I had learned that they were Evil, to protect myself from them but guess what? I fell in love with one.

‘You wanted to say something?’ He said breaking my train of thoughts.

I shook my head. ‘Yes...I...I.’ But the words just refused to come out.

‘You what Hazel?’

No I needed some more time to think of how to tell him.

‘I...your...your mistresses. I want to see your mistresses?’ I said. I wanted to see his reaction and if what Ylva told me was true.

He raised one brow. ‘My mistresses? Hmm...why do you suddenly want to see them?’

‘I just want to.’ I shrugged.

He grabbed my chin and made me look at him. ‘Want to see if anyone is prettier than you?’ He had that look when he enjoyed the conversation.

‘Will you let me see them?’ I asked ignoring his question.

‘Alright then.’ He said standing up. My heart dropped inside my chest. I had really believed Ylvas words but of course, he still had mistresses. Jealousy hit me like a knife. Why was I suddenly jealous when I had known all this time?

The source of this _chapter;

‘Follow me.’ He said grabbing my arm and leading me toward the door to his personal room.

Wait! Was she inside his room. No!

I panicked as he opened the door and pulled me inside. I didn’t want to see any mistress anymore. I pulled my hand away from his grip but we were already inside.

His personal room was almost as big as our chamber, decorated beautifully with rich material. I looked around but the room was empty

‘What are we doing here?’ I asked.

‘You wanted to see my mistress. I plan on showing you the most beautiful one of them.’ He grabbed my arm and pulled me further into the room.

‘I don’t want to anymore.’ I protested.

He stopped. ‘You don’t want to?’

I shook my head.

‘But I want to show you!’ He said and kept dragging me until I was standing in front of a mirror with my back against him.

He put his hands on my shoulders. ‘Do you see her?’ He asked nodding toward the mirror.

‘I only see myself.’ I said confused.

He nodded.

‘I thought you were going to show me your mistress.’

‘I am. There she is.’ He said pointing at my reflection.

‘But...that’s me. I am not your mistress.’

‘No. But you are my everything, and when I have everything in the world, why would I need something else?’

He really knew how to make my heart melt but then I realized he had been teasing me all those times.

I turned around to face him. ‘Where you mocking me all those times?’

He chuckled. ‘I thought you had already figured that out.’

I crossed my arms over my chest and gave him a glare.

‘Alright, alright. I am sorry.’ He smiled.

‘But where did you go when you were hurt and said you would go to your mistress?’

His face turned serious. ‘When my wounds are deep the healing can be quite painful so I just wanted to be alone.’

I remembered his voice in my head that night. It had been filled with pain and agony. Was the healing that painful.

‘You should have let me stay with you.’

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‘Remember you were angry with me?’ He reminded.

‘Yes, because you kept teasing me with your mistresses.’ I reminded him in return.

He sighed with a smile as if accepting defeat. I felt relieved that we addressed this issue even though I shouldn’t. Even if he didn’t have any mistresses now it would be impossible to stay without mistresses or worse several wives if he becomes a king. The thought of him spending the whole night with his other wives or mistresses made my stomach hurt.

‘What is it?’ He asked lifting my chin.

‘Nothing.’ I shook my head.

‘Hazel, I know something is disturbing you. Is it...the woman in Gatrish?’

Oh...I had almost forgotten the blonde seductive dancer in Gatrish, but it didn’t matter anymore. As a woman, a princess and maybe a queen this was my fate, to share my husband with other women.

‘I was desperate and...’

‘You don’t have to explain. I know I will never have you entirely for myself but at least your heart, I wish to be the only person in your heart.’

He took my face in his hands. ‘And I will grant every wish of yours.’

Lucian and I walked hand in hand around our personal garden after eating lunch. We didn’t say much, just enjoyed each other’s company.

‘It’s safe for you to walk outside the room now. None of Pierres men are left and his staff are kept in his quarters.’

‘What do you plan to do with them?’

‘Send them home eventually. There are young girls and old women, people with families, I can’t just kill them.’ He explained.

I smiled at him. ‘You made a good decision.’

We came to my favorite place. The beautiful white swing. Lucian and I sat down and he put his arm around my shoulders while I rested my head on his chest.

‘Lucian?’

‘Yes.’

‘You know I love you for who you are? No matter what you are, even if you are a vampire I will love you.’

‘I know.’ He said.

It was quiet for a moment and I thought of a way to tell him.

‘Lucian...’ I pulled away from his hold to look at him. ‘What if I told you that you are a...demon?’

He looked at me with a narrowed gaze. ‘Am I?’ He asked.

I nodded slowly as my heart pounded inside my chest.

‘How do you know?’ He asked.

I straightened myself and decided it was time to tell him everything. I began to tell him how I met Irene, what she told me, about Lothaire, Roshan and Enoch. Lucian listened carefully and nodded sometimes.

Follow current_ on

‘So Irene is a witch, Enoch and Roshan are demons and Lothaire is the devil?’ He asked.

I nodded. ‘I know it sounds crazy, even I couldn’t believe it at the beginning but I could just feel it. I felt strange when I met Lothaire, something about him...his aura, his eyes...I don’t know exactly what...and he had silver hair.’

Lucian’s eyes widened as if in shock. ‘Did you say silver hair?’

‘Yes.’ I said confused. ‘What is it?’

‘I have met him Hazel.’

Lothaire and Lucian met?

‘When?’

‘When we were in Gatrish.’

So it wasn’t recently? If Lothaire went to meet Lucian then maybe he was Lucian’s father but why wasn’t he showing himself? Why wasn’t he helping?

‘Did he tell you something?’ I asked.

‘Nothing special. He just wanted me to win this war because he didn’t like my brothers.’ Lucian said with a frown.

Lothaire the devil went to see Lucian who is rumored to be the devil’s son, it only made sense that Lothaire was Lucian’s father even if it didn’t make sense at the same time.

‘Lucian I think...’ I began, turning to him but stopped.

He was holding his heart and grimaced in pain. ‘Lucian what’s happening?’ The veins on his neck and forehead popped out and his face turned red. I panicked.

‘Lucian? What’s happening to you?’ He fell from the swing, still squeezing his chest. It looked like he was in extreme pain. ‘Lucian?’ I tried to run and bring some help but he grabbed my arm to stop me from going.

He shook his head violently. ‘Don’t!’ He said then took a deep breath. ‘I am fine now.’

He took a few more deep breaths then the color on his face slowly returned to normal, just then Lincoln came rushing. I didn’t hear him knock.

‘Your Highness Pierre...’ He began but when he noticed Lucian on his knees he hurried toward us and fell to his knees.

‘Your Highness...What happened to you?’

‘Nothing...’ Lucian waved his hand. ‘What is it with Pierre?’

Lincoln frowned. ‘Pierre is here with his army, inside the castle.’ He spoke fast.

Lucian’s eyes widened and he stood up quickly.

‘Callum, take Hazel away from here safely. Lincoln you follow me.’ He said.

I didn’t even realize that Callum was here. ‘But Lucian...’

‘Just think about getting safely out of here. I will be right behind you so don’t worry.’ He said then left quickly with Lincoln.

I stood there frozen for a while when Callum grabbed my arm and shook me slightly.

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‘My Lady we need to leave!’ He said.

Leave Lucian? How could I?

‘You can be used as a weapon against His Highness. You are helping him by escaping.’ He assured as if he read my mind.

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

Chapter 60

Never had a sword touched him before and now he was feeling his flesh being cut time after time. Never had he missed to hit right before but now he was failing miserable. Rage filled his chest. Pierre would never have been able to enter the castle without help from inside which meant some of his men betrayed him. They even dared to poison him and now the poison was starting to do it’s own magic.

His heart was slowing down painfully making it difficult to breathe. His limbs became weak and his vision blurry. He tried to use his powers, but none of it was working.

Another cut on his back and he fell to his knees. Two soldiers grabbed each of his arms and dragged him on the floor then threw him in front of a pair shoes. As his heart painfully squeezed inside his chest Lucian tried to get up.

‘Look who his one their knees.’

Lucian knew this annoying voice, it was Pierre. ‘I thought you were already dead.’ He spoke then he was speaking to someone else. ‘I thought you gave him the deadliest poison.’

‘I did, Your Highness.’

This voice, the one who betrayed him. Lucian lift his head slowly to look the betrayer in the eyes. Luke looked away quickly afraid to meet his gaze.

‘You are really something brother. Still alive after getting poisoned. Anyway I am glad you are still alive because now I can kill you with my own hands.’ His brother mused.

Lucian heart squeezed harder inside his chest, the pain knocking all air out of his lungs. He began to cough and realized he was coughing blood. Something burned inside his skin, it was as if his blood vessels were filled with lava instead of blood. It was an excruciating pain.

Pierre laughed. ‘I see the poison is beginning to work.’

Lucian was in agony, he wanted this to end. He wanted to curl on the ground, to crawl, to scream but he didn’t want to give his brother that satisfaction.

‘Oh look who is here.’ Pierre continued then Lucian heard Hazel’s voice.

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No no no. Lucian forced himself to look up and found a soldier holding a dagger at Hazels throat. An anger like no other filled his chest and suddenly he was on his feet lurching toward the soldier who held her

when another cut landed on his back. This one was so deep he could feel the steel touching his bones. Hazel's scream filled the air as he fell on his knees again. Two guards grabbed each of his arms to hold him in place.

'I see you are very protective about her.' His brother said crouching to his level. Lucian could feel how his hearts slowed down even more. He had losing too much blood.

His brother grabbed his face and leaned in. 'Don't worry I will take good care of her.' He whispered.

Lucian could barely hold himself up. The pain in his heart was unbearable. He wanted to rip his own heart out and end this pain. 'And your men...' Pierre continued loudly 'Don't worry I won't kill them. I will make them my loyal dogs and those who refuse I will enjoy torturing them forever.' He chuckled darkly.

Lucian lift his gaze to look at his men, the loyal ones. His gaze fell on Lincoln, he was on his knees, tied, beaten badly but he was looking back at him. Lucian understood the emotions in his eyes, he was apologizing for failing to protect him. His eyes searched for Hazel, she was crying and fighting to get to him.

His throat became suddenly tight, as if he was being choked, he knew he was going to die. This pain had to be death. He wanted to see Hazel one last time, hold her one last time.

'Hazel!'

I could hear my name. Lucian was calling me inside my head. I looked at him but he wasn't looking back at me. His face was red, his clothes torn, blood seeped from everywhere, from several cuts, from his stomach where he got stabbed, from his nose and even from his mouth as he

coughed. His head hung low down as if he couldn't hold himself up. He was in extreme pain, I knew it.

'I think you have suffered enough...' Pierre said. 'Lets make you suffer some more.'

Lucians head still hung down and his hair covered his face.

A soldier came with a water container. 'Do you know what this is? It's salted water, to help you heal. Am I not nice brother?'

'Stop it!!! Please! Stop it!!' I cried some more. I had been screaming and crying so much but to no avail. I knew it wouldn't help but I couldn't stop myself.

The source of this _chapter;

I fought some more with the soldier and he probably got tired of holding me so another soldier came to help.

Pierre Took the container from the soldier then threw the salted water on Lucian. I screamed but Lucian didn't, he just shook voilently.

Pierre chuckled almost nervously. 'What are you?' He asked. 'Still not dying after being poisoned, not making a sound even though you are in much pain. Really what are you?' He frowned but then shook his head, 'Doesn't matter. You are going to die anyway. Kill him!'

I don't know where I got the sudden strength from but I freed myself from the soldiers and ran toward Lucian enveloping him in a hug before the guards tried to pull me away from him.

'Let her be.' Pierre ordered. 'We should let the love birds say their goodbyes.'

The soldiers released both me and him. Lucian couldn't hold himself up so he fell to the ground. I put my arm behind his neck and pulled him into lap.

'Lucian!' I called carefully removing some wet hair strands from his face.

He opened his eyes slowly and looked into mine. 'Lucian...' Don't die and leave me alone I wanted to say but he seemed to be in so much pain I couldn't bring myself to say anything. I just kept crying.

'I am sorry...' He spoke inside my head. 'I wasn't able to keep my promise and protect you.'

'No I am sorry.' I cried. 'I wasn't able to do anything for you.'

He raised his trembling hand and I took it in mine. 'That is not true. You did so much for me Hazel. I thought when I die that I was going to die alone, without ever being loved, without ever feeling happy. You loved me, and you brought so much happiness into my life.' He coughed more blood and I held him closer to me while my heart broke.

'Hazel. I don't want you to remember today. Just remember the happy moments we had together.'

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'You are not going to die and we are going to have more happy moments together.' I cried.

He brought his other hand up and wiped some tears from my cheek. 'I love you and I have never deserved you.'

I shook my head. 'It's not true.'

‘If ...if there is a life after death... I ...I wish you to be in it, as my wife again.’

I cried uncontrollably,

‘I will be watching over you.’ He said then I felt his body become lifeless in my arms. A loud cry escaped my lips before I fell into an ocean of darkness.

The Devil watched as some soldiers dragged the dead body of his son on the ground. Yes, his son. The son he was supposed to kill after birth if that witch hadn’t gotten involved. He wondered if he really would kill his son then? Even though he didn’t want to admit it, he knew deep down he wouldn’t be able to kill him. Nyx would never forgive him and he could never do anything that would upset her. He couldn’t bear to see a tear on her eye and now he would have to watch her while she cried tears of blood.

The soldiers stopped when they saw a well. ‘Hey, water. I am so thirsty.’ One of them said and made his way to the well. He sighed, ‘it’s empty.’

The other soldiers sighed as well. ‘Do we really have to go far to get rid off his body?’

‘I say we throw his body in here. Even if he lived he would never be able to get out of here.’ One of them suggested. The other agreed.

The Devil decided not to watch anymore of it. Using his powers he teleported back home to Nyx. He cursed inwardly. Nyx already knew, he could sense her anger, feel her pain and sorrow. She was blaming herself, she was blaming him.

He teleported himself to her room. She sat on the floor as tears rolled down her cheeks. She wasn’t looking at him but she knew he was there.

New _chapters are lished here:

‘He is dead. Isn’t he ? Our son is dead.’

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

Chapter 61: Vol2 Chapter 1

Vol.2

-Return of the Devil’s Son-

A month had passed since Lucian’s death, but it was only yesterday when I had accepted that he was gone, gone forever. I didn’t know how long I had cried but it was the most painful thing I had gone through, even more, painful than Pierre’s torture.

I remembered the day he died. I had woken up in my chamber after losing consciousness. Pierre stood next to the bed and stared down at me with an ugly smirk on his face.

‘Snow White is finally awake!’ he said.

‘Where is Lucian?’

‘Your husband is dead!’

I shook my head as I sat up. ‘No, he is not! He will come back...I know he will come back.’

‘Oh really ? Tell me how a dead man will come back ? I am curious.’ He taunted.

Lucian was a demon, he couldn’t die.

‘You will see for yourself when he comes back!’ I spat.

Pierre’s ugly smirk turned into an even uglier smile.

‘Well then, until he comes back you belong to me, princess.’ His eyes traveled down to my neck and further down to my b.r.e.a.s.ts.

I grabbed the sheets and covered myself but he yanked them away. I did an attempt to run away but he grasped my ankles and pulled me to him.

‘Let go of me! I will never belong to you!’ I yelled as he placed himself on top of me while I struggled to free myself.

He was strong, pinning my legs down with his and my hands at the sides of my head.

‘I decide who you belong to!’ He growled. ‘But don’t worry I won’t force myself on you. Taming the wild cat that you are is more fun.’

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

Where was Lucian? Why wasn’t he coming to save me?

Pierre removed himself from me then gave me a hard glare. ‘Fight as much as you want, princess. In the end, you will come begging me to do with you as I please.’ He said then left me alone in the room.

I collapsed on the bed and started crying. Why was Lucian not coming? He wasn’t dead, couldn’t be. I was not going to accept that.

I felt a hand on my back, stroking gently. ‘My Lady, please don’t cry.’ It was Lydia.

‘Where is Lucian?’

‘My Lady, calm yourself first.’

‘He is not dead! I know it, Lydia, I know it.’

She just nodded and continued stroking my back until I calmed down and fell asleep.

I woke up from someone splashing water on my face. With a gasp, I sat up and wiped the water away with my hands.

‘What is...’ I looked up and found princess Elsa. She looked angry but right now I was angrier than her. How dare she ?

I rose from bed hastily. ‘What’s wrong with you?’

‘Stay away from my husband!’ She snapped.

‘I don’t want your ugly husband!’ I spat.

Her face turned red with anger. Crossing the distance between us she slapped me across the face.

‘He is your King now! How dare you call him ugly? Guards!’

Guards barged into the room. ‘Yes, Your Highness.’

This _content is taken from

She looked at me and smirked. ‘Drag this woman out and give her ten lashes.’

My eyes widened. What ?

‘You can’t do that!’ I said.

She raised an eyebrow. ‘Yes I can and you will see what I can do!’

She nodded toward the guards. ‘Don’t you dare touch me!’ But they ignored my warning and grabbed me by the arms before they began to drag me out of the room. ‘Let go now!’ I yelled and tried to free myself.

‘What are you doing?’ An angry voice spoke.

Pierre!

I stopped fighting and looked up. He gave the guards a questioning look. ‘It was an order from Her Highness.’ One of the guards explained.

‘Let go of her!’ He ordered looking angry. The guards realized me immediately. ‘Leave!’ He told them and they left.

I looked at Pierre. What was he trying to do?

‘See princess...’ he said coming closer to me. ‘If you have me by your side nothing and nobody can harm you.’

Oh, right. Nobody could harm me except him. If he thought I would throw myself in his arms in exchange for safety then he was dead wrong.

‘I rather take the lashes,’ I said with clenched fists.

He clenched his jaw and looked like he was about to slap me. He brought his hand up in the air, I didn’t flinch but then gestured for the maids to come.

‘Take her to the kitchen and give her some work to do. No work no food and if she tries to steal cut the arm of one of her maids.’ He said with an angry expression.

‘Yes, Your Highness.’

I followed the maids without fighting but it seemed like they wanted a fight. They would give me a push now and then as we made our way to the kitchen and once we arrived they turned my life into hell.

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‘This is what we do everyday princess. Your life of luxury is gone, now get to work.’

I would wash dishes, do laundry, scrub the floor, deliver things to different places and help in general with cooking food and other chores. For someone who had never done any kind of work before this was worse than a nightmare. On top of that, I didn’t get enough sleep or food. Lydia and Ylva would sometimes steal some food for me but I would scold them.

‘Don’t do that if you want to keep your arms.’

I didn’t endure all this so that they would lose their arms at the end anyway. Besides this wasn’t forever. Lucian would come and save me from all this misery soon. I just had to endure a little longer.

But a week past and there was no sign of Lucian. The maids gave me more and more work for every day that past by along with insulting comments. At first, I used to get angry but then I realized why they hated me so much. People like me lived a luxurious life while people like them had to work very hard to make a living. I had no right to complain when this was their daily life since they were young.

‘Wash these as well.’ I maid said throwing more clothes at me. ‘And stop being slow and hurry now!’ She ordered.

A few maids giggled as they watched me from a distance.

‘Would you mind helping instead of giggling?’ I called.

They stopped giggling and one of them came to me. ‘Of course!’ She said then kicked dirt at the clothes that I had washed. Now all of them laughed.

Anger boiled inside of me but I closed my eyes and inhaled deeply. When I calmed down I opened my eyes and stood up. This was enough and I would teach her a lesson this time.

‘Jessica!’ The head maid stood at the entrance her arms crossed over her chest as she looked angrily at Jessica. ‘Get back to work!’ She ordered.

The maid called Jessica pushed past me bumping her shoulder into mine.

‘Bye princess.’

The word princess suddenly sounded like a disease.

I sat back down and continued to wash the clothes. It was almost sunset and I still had some laundry left. I couldn’t take it anymore. Every part of my body ached, my head from the lack of sleep, my stomach because of hunger, my throat because of thirst, and my heart because of Lucian’s absence. It felt like forever washing the clothes and my hands stung with pain. Anger, sorrow, and confusion filled my chest. What was happening? Why was this happening to me? Tears filled my eyes blurring my vision. I wiped my tears with the back of my arm but the world was still a blur. My eyelids feel heavy and it became difficult to focus. It was as if I

couldn't feel the ground under my feet, as if I was drifting away, pulled into a world of darkness.

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

Chapter 62: Vol2 Chapter 2

‘Good morning, sweet wife.’

Lucian. My husband. His hair as dark as ever and his smile, brighter than the sun. He looked at me with those golden eyes filled with love.

‘Where have you been. I have been waiting for you.’

‘I am always with, wherever you are.’ He smiled caressing my cheek with the back of his hand.

I leaned into him wrapping my arms around his waist but I grasped thin air. He was gone, just like that.

‘Lucian?’ I called carefully, fear creeping into my chest.

‘Lucian where are you? Lucian? Lucian?!’

‘Don't you understand? Lucian is dead. He is dead!’

I shot my eyes open. Pierre was towering over me, gazing down at me with annoyance.

‘Lu...cian..’ I tried to sit up but my body refused.

Pierre lay his hand on my shoulder and pushed me down gently.

‘Don’t exhaust yourself, let me take care of you now.’ He said nicely but that nice smile of

his was disturbing.

He turned to the maids. ‘What are you waiting for? Bring the best food you can.’ He ordered, ‘and bring her some new clothes.’

I wanted to laugh. Was he now playing the caring husband? Really? I forced myself up from the bed which made me almost fall but Pierre grabbed my arms to steady me.

Disgusted I pushed him away. ‘Don’t touch me!’

Updated _at

For some reason, he found that amusing. ‘You really are impossible. I am so going to enjoy the day you beg for my attention.’ He smirked.

And I am so going to enjoy the day Lucian tears you into pieces. But I didn’t say that out loud as I didn’t have the energy to fight. The little strength I had left I needed to use to get out of this room and far away from his disturbing presence as possible.

My legs wobbled as I stood up from the bed but I forced myself to walk. I took small steps but Pierre placed himself in front of me.

‘You want to go the hard way I see.’

Some maids came in with food and began to set the table,

‘Take the food back. I think the princess here needs to do some more work to deserve some food. Take her back to the kitchen!’ He ordered.

I didn’t protest. I would rather work than stay with him.

The maids helped me to the kitchen as I could barely walk steadily but as soon as we reached they gave me a slight push and I lost my balance and fell to the ground. Laughing they left me laying there. I was used to this by now. The maids always came up with ways to torture me.

‘My Lady!’ I heard Ylva gasp. She hurried to help me up but I pushed her away.

‘Don’t! I don’t need your help. I can stand up on my own.’

Ylva looked at me confused and she seemed a little hurt, but it was for the best. If the other maids noticed that Lydia and Ylva were close to me they would make life difficult for them as well.

I forced myself up and looked Ylva in the eyes. ‘I can take care of myself from now on. Don’t ever help me.’

Her expression changed from confusion to worry, but she just nodded and left.

‘Here!’ Someone said from behind me. Turning around I found the head-maid Edith. She handed me a glass of water and a bowl of rice. ‘Eat then you can start with the dishes.’ She said then left.

I had a hard time understanding Edith. Sometimes she was nice to me and sometimes not. She would protect me from the other maids yet she would give me loads of work. Really, she was confusing.

The rest of the week I spent working to survive. Luckily I was getting more used to it now and it wasn't as difficult as before, yet it wasn't an easy job. It really made me understand the maids' anger toward me. Most of the time people like me didn't even treat the maids like humans, with feelings. No wonder they hated me so much.

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Pierre only made things worse. Sometimes he would visit the servants quarters to see if the hard work had changed my mind and I was ready to fall into his arms, but he would always leave disappointed. Afterward, he would make me suffer for rejecting him, like sending me to the stall to clean up horseshit or to cut the grass under the hot sun for a whole day or even worse make me wash his mistresses' feet.

'Aren't you Prince Lucian's wife?' One of his mistresses asked while I cleaned her feet. I nodded.

'He was one exquisite man. Shame he died.'

If she only knew. I would make sure he paid her a visit once he was back.

'How was he in bed?' Her question made me stop in my tracks. I was not used to speaking about intimate things.

'Oh, come on. Don't be shy. We are very open here.' Another one of his mistresses spoke. 'So tell us. Did he give you multiple orgasms? Is he the passionate type or the e.r.o.t.i.c and sensual type?'

'I bet he is all and more.' Another one spoke and then they continued speaking about him. My mind drifted away, to the memories of him, his beautiful face, his loving eyes, his gentle smile, his calming voice, and his soothing touch. A painful longing crept into me and fear. Fear that he

would never come back, that I would never see him again or never hold him.

No Hazel, he is coming back. Just endure a little longer and everything will be fine, I encouraged myself.

I was never the type who liked violence but the only thing that kept me going was the thought of Lucian coming back and ripping his brothers head off, after torturing him of course.

‘I hear the crown prince wants you as his mistress but you are refusing. Is it more fun to wash his mistresses’ feet?’ She looked at me with genuine curiosity.

I could understand her. Many women fought for that position and here I was refusing, but she couldn’t understand me. I wasn’t all those women. I was Hazel, Lucian’s wife.

‘I must tell you how stupid you are. Men use women, they use us for our bodies, and you, my dear need to be smart. Use them back, for their power, for their money.’

‘I am not interested in money or power.’ I said.

‘I can see that. I wonder what kind of man your husband was that you are so loyal to him?’

Why was she so interested in me?

‘Magdela, you are giving her too much attention.’ Even the other mistresses noticed.

Follow current _ on

‘Leave now!’ She told them, raising her voice.

Suddenly there was tension in the air and the other mistresses glared at Magdela with distaste while leaving the room. I guessed Magdela was the favorite mistress since the other ones left without protesting.

‘So why are you not sad?’ She asked when all of them left. ‘Or at least angry since your husband died?’

‘I just think of something that makes me happy and I focus on it.’

‘And what is that?’

I lift my gaze and looked into her eyes. ‘I think of when my husband comes back and creates hell on earth for all those who wronged me and him.’

It became dead silent for a while then suddenly a guard informed Pierre’s presence and shortly after he entered.

Magdela pulled her legs away and stood up quickly. ‘Your highness.’ She curtsied with a smile.

‘You may leave.’ He told her as he fixed his gaze on me.

Magdela curtsied one more time and left the room. I didn’t need to see her face to know that she was disappointed. The guards closed the door behind her and I was left alone with Pierre. Lord, how I hated this man. If he was here to convince me to give up again then he would be disappointed again and I feared what kind of punishment he had in store if I denied him this time.

‘So...how is it going? You know...with washing other people’s feet.’ He asked with a shrug.

‘It is going very well. I am actually good at it.’

Don’t anger him more Hazel, I told myself but I couldn’t stop myself. Just thinking of him made me sick and angry.

He crossed the distance between us then grabbed my jaw harshly. ‘I thought I would go easy on you but you know what?’ He asked bringing his face close to mine. ‘You are so stubborn so I changed my mind. Guards!’

Oh god! What was he going to do to me ?

The door opened and two guards entered. Pierre let go of my jaw and turned to the guards. ‘Take her to the dungeon!’

The latest _episodes are on _the website.

The dungeon! What ?!

‘Once you change your mind feel free to tell the guards until then enjoy sleeping with rats.’

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

Chapter 63: Vol2 Chapter 3

‘Is he dead?’

‘No. He is alive, but poor soul what happened to him?’

‘Did you say he crawled out of the well?’

‘Yes.’

‘That’s impossible.’

‘It’s true mother. I saw him, he looked like a monster.’

Lucian could hear the voices but he could barely speak or move. He couldn’t even open his eyes to see the people talking about him. Crawling out of the well had taken the last amount of strength that he had left.

‘He is breathing.’

Lucian could feel someone touching him, even trying to lift him up.

‘Help me! We should take him home and tend to him.’

‘We can’t just take a stranger home.’

‘Are you suggesting we leave him here to die?’

It was quiet for a moment. ‘I didn’t think so. Now help me.’

As more hand began to grab him the voices slowly became distant before they disappear completely and he fell into the darkness that he was so used to by now.

Light. Light poked his eyes and forced him to open them. He had to blink several times and rub his eyes before he could see clearly.

Lucian looked around. He didn’t recognize where he was. He found himself in a little room, surrounded by dark wooden walls. To his left, there was a small table and a chair, and just right above a small window from which the sunlight peeked through. In front of him stood an empty

bookshelf and to his right, there was a door and an old cabinet covered with dust.

The bed he lay in could barely fit him. His feet dangled outside the bed and if he tried to turn, he would probably fall down.

Lucian made an attempt to sit up but to no avail. His muscles gave in and he fell back with a groan. Every part of his body ached and he could hear the unsteady rhythm of his own heart. Was he going to die? Because it certainly felt like he would.

Lucian closed his eyes. The pain, the tiredness, the confusion was too much and he didn't have the strength to fight it, so he let the darkness sweep him away once again. After that everything was a blur, he kept falling in and out of consciousness not knowing how many days passed since he came to this place. Sometimes he would hear voices and one day when he woke up he even found a little girl observing him. She had the most innocent eyes he had seen and they widened when she realized he had woken up. Before he could speak to her she had run away.

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Another day he could feel someone tending to his wounds. 'This man heals very fast.' It was a woman speaking. 'I mean he had several injuries over his whole body now all of them are almost healed.'

'Maybe he is the well-monster.' A little girl's voice whispered.

'There is no such thing sweetheart.' The woman assured. 'It's the dirt that makes him look like this. He could use a bath but he is not waking up.'

'Did you examine his head?' It sounded like an older woman.

‘Yes. No injuries there. I wonder why he is not waking up.’

Lucian tried to listen to the rest of the conversation but his frenemy darkness came to take him and he followed obediently. The next time he woke up he was surrounded by people. Strangers.

‘You are awake.’ A woman to his left said with a smile. ‘How are you feeling?’

Lucian looked around. A middle-aged man, two young girls, a little girl, and an old woman stared at him with curiosity.

‘How are you feeling?’ the woman to his left repeated. He turned his head to look at her. She looked back at him with a frown.

‘Maybe he is a foreigner. Maybe he doesn’t understand our language.’

‘I am fine.’ Lucian replied with a guttural voice.

The woman sighed with a smile. ‘Thank God. We thought that you were almost dying when you never woke up.’

Lucian just looked at the woman.

‘We should probably bring you something to eat.’ The woman said nervously when he didn’t reply. Then she nodded toward the others and they left him alone in the room.

Lucian pushed himself up and strangely this time he could sit up without any problem or pain. A strange feeling washed over him, a feeling of energy and power. He felt somehow strong as if he could do anything he wanted and it scared him a little.

Getting out of bed he looked down at his body. He was covered with dirt and was wearing nothing but a piece of clothes on his lower body. There were no wounds on his body, he had healed completely. The people who tended to him would probably wonder how he could heal so fast and why he didn't have any scars. What would he tell them?

Before he could think of something the woman came back with a tray of food and laid it on the table. 'You should eat something then probably take a bath.' She said turning to him. 'I'll bring you some clothes.' She smiled then left.

Lucian slowly made his way to the table then looked at the food. The first word that came to mind was poison. He was poisoned. Pieces of his memory came back. He remembered being poisoned, stabbed, thrown into a well. He remembered the pain, the physical one, the one of being betrayed and the one of...the one of... something else he couldn't remember.

He shook his head. He didn't want to think of all the pain right now. Right now he was hungry so he sat down and began to eat. The whole time he was eating he knew that the little girl was watching him hiding behind the door.

'You can come in if you want.' He said without turning back.

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He heard her gasp. She was clearly afraid of him.

He turned around slowly and she peeked from behind the door. 'How did you know I was here?' She whispered afraid.

He shrugged his shoulders.

‘Are you the well-monster?’ She spoke the last word lower than the others as if she was afraid to say it.

‘No.’

‘Then why were you inside the well?’

‘I fell inside by accident.’

Lucian could feel that she was contemplating whether to believe him or not.

‘What’s your name?’ He asked.

‘Elle.’

‘Elle, why don’t you come inside.’

She hesitated for a while before slowly walking in, but she kept a good distance between them.

‘I am Lucian.’ He said extending his hand. Elle stared at his hand for a while then approached him slowly before placing her little hand in his.

Lucian couldn’t help but smile at her. She was a brave one to come near him even though she was very afraid. Lucian knew that she wanted to appear unafraid to him.

‘How old are you Elle?’

‘Seven.’ She drew back her hand and stared at him calculatingly with those innocent brown eyes. ‘Did you see the well-monster when you fell inside?’

Lucian shook his head.

‘Then who hurt you?’ Elle asked curiously.

Lucian tried to come up with an answer.

‘Elle, don’t bother him with your questions.’ The woman from earlier came back with some clothes and put them on the bed. ‘Why don’t you show him where he can take a bath instead.’

This content is taken from

‘Yes, mother.’

Elle seemed less afraid as she showed him the way. It wasn’t far from their home, but the people staring strangely at him, some even disgusted made it seem like forever.

‘Here.’ Elle smiled as they arrived.

Lucian looked around was confused. This place looked nothing like a bathroom. In fact, it wasn’t a room at all, it was just an outside place with walls.

‘You can take water from there.’ She said pointing at a pumping faucet. ‘and you will find scr.a.p.ers in that box.’ She explained then ran away.

‘Wait!’ but she was already gone.

Lucian was still confused. How was he supposed to bath here? He went the box with the things she called scr.a.p.ers. Grabbing one he looked at it. How was he supposed to use this? And he had never used a pumping faucet before.

Lucian sighed with frustration when he heard the creaking sound of the door opening. An old man walked inside and began undress.

Lucian observed the man and tried to follow his steps. He filled a bucket with water, took a thing that looked like a stone from one of the boxes to wash himself and the scr.a.p.er to scrub the dirt off. It was really a strange way to bath Lucian thought as he rinsed off everything with the clean but cold water.

Lastly, he dried himself then slid into the new clothes he got from the woman he still didn't know the name of. When he walked outside he was surprised to find Elle waiting for him. Once she laid eyes on him her mouth fell open and she stared at him wide-eyed.

Lucian raised a brow questioningly. Why was she looking at him like that ?

'Is something wrong ?' He asked.

She shook her head slowly eyes still wide, mouth still open. Lucian decided to ignore her reaction.

'Shall we go back then ?'

She nodded and without a word she led the way.

On their way back everyone they passed had the same reaction as Elle. They kept staring at him, following him with their gaze until he was out of sight. Lucian knew this time they were staring with fascination, not with disgust. People were literally ogling him especially the women. Some of them even smiled at him flirtatiously.

Lucian was used to attention, especially from women but he never got this much attention before. It was as if the people got hypnotized by him.

Ignoring everyone's attention Lucian followed Elle quietly. When they arrived they entered the small house and found Elle's family gathered in a circle speaking of something.

'Mother we are back,' Elle informed interrupting their conversation.

As everyone turned to look at them their mouths fell open as well.

The source of this _chapter;

'Oh good Lord!'

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

Chapter 64: Vol2 Chapter 4

Eyes wide, mouth open they stared at him for a while. Lucian began to worry. Did his appearance change? He needed a mirror.

The man was the first to break the silence. 'You are back. Please come and sit.'

Everyone followed him with their gaze as he made his way to the circle and sat down. The man cleared his throat and gave them a look so that they would stop staring and eventually they did.

'So what's your name young man?' The man asked.

'Lucian.'

'Lucian, I am John and this is my wife Layla.' He introduced the middle-aged woman sitting next to him. Then he continued introducing everyone else. John and Layla had three daughters, the youngest was, of

course, Elle and then there was Anna seventeen and Nora nineteen. The old woman was John's mother, Charlotte.

'We also have a son, Julian. He serves in the royal army.'

'Royal army?' He wondered which one they spoke of because he didn't even know in which kingdom he was right now.

'Yes. He has been busy with all the war going on but now it has come to an end he believes. Soon the crown prince will be crowned king.'

War. Crown prince. He was still in Decresh.

'By the way how did you fall inside the well?'

Oh, now came the question he had been dreading. They began asking him question after question and Lucian tried to answer all of them. Of course, none of his answers were true. He told them that he was traveling when some thieves attacked him and pushed him inside the well.

'Where were you traveling?'

'I...I was...' Lucian had never had to lie this much before. Coming up with all those lies was more difficult than he thought. 'I don't remember.'

'Oh dear. You must have hit your head.' Charlotte said.

'Father why don't you let him stay here?...until he remembers,' Nora suggested.

Charlotte nodded her head in agreement.

'Thank you for your generosity but I should go.' Lucian said.

‘But where? You don’t know where to go and you have nothing to travel with.’ Nora said.

She was right. He had no money and he didn’t know where to go...yet.

John seemed to think for a while. ‘I think you should stay here until you recover.’

Lucian looked at each one of them, they all thought he should stay. Why were they being so nice to him?

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‘So...are you a witch?’ John asked once everyone left and they were alone. Lucian was surprised by the question.

‘What makes you think so?’ He asked.

‘Well...it impossible for a normal human to crawl out of a well that’s so deep and secondly your wounds just healed so I am guessing you used your magic.’

From the way John spoke Lucian guessed he was a witch himself.

‘Are you a witch?’

John narrowed his gaze. ‘Yes. So it’s fine you can tell me.’

Lucian didn’t know how to reply. If he said he was a witch, he would be lying and if he said he wasn’t how was he supposed to explain his healing?

‘I am not sure if I am one.’ He replied instead.

John nodded thoughtfully. 'So you never tried to use magic?'

'No.'

'Well, there is only one way to know if you are a witch, try using magic.'
John suggested.

Lucian nodded thoughtfully.

'Wait!' John stood up and left quickly but he was back shortly after with a book in his hand.

'Here.' He said handing him the book. 'There are some simple spells here. You can try them.'

Lucian took the book from him. 'Thank you.'

'I should go to work now.'

'I should come with you. I...can help with anything.' Lucian suggested.

'Alright then, come on.'

John owned a little shop in a big shopping market. He sold different kinds of fabrics and clothes, mostly women's. Lucian realized that John's shop wasn't very popular as only one man entered the entire time they were there.

'No one is coming to buy anything,' Lucian said.

'Yes. That's how it usually is.' John seemed unbothered by the situation.

'If you are a witch, why don't you use some magic to attract some customers?' Lucian asked.

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John stopped whatever he was doing and gazed at Lucian seriously.
'Magic is not something to use easily. If you happen to be a witch remember this.'

Lucian wanted to ask what he meant but before he could a Lady walked into the shop.

'Good day Mr....' She stopped halfway when she laid eyes on Lucian.
'Oh...'

Lucian didn't know what she meant by that but the look in her eyes he knew very well. The admiring astonished completely captivated by you, look. Maybe he should take advantage of that he thought.

Walking up to the woman, 'how can I help you?' He asked charmingly.

The woman just stared at him for a few seconds. 'Uh...I was looking for some fabric to make a dress.' She said fl.u.s.tered.

Lucian knew nothing about fabrics but John had shown him where he could find fabrics for dresses.

'This way.' He gestured.

While he led the way he could hear her heart beating wildly inside her chest.

'Here.' He said and began to show her a few different fabrics but she wasn't paying any attention at all. All of her attention was directed at him instead.

‘I think this color would suit you very well.’ He said picking a light blue fabric and showing it to her.

‘Really?’ She smiled blushing.

‘Yes.’

‘I will take it.’ She decided without even taking a closer look.

The woman paid at the desk then said her goodbye with a dreamy look on her face. After that one visit from her Johns shop became suddenly popular. Women came and went and Lucian knew he was the reason.

‘Never had these many customers before,’ John said surprised. ‘You really are popular among women.’

If he only knew. Popular was an understatement. Most women who came to the shop didn’t even need any fabric. They just came to take a look at him, or speak to him, if lucky maybe even get a compliment and at the end of the day, they would spend their money and buy that fabric they probably didn’t even need.

‘You have really brought luck to my shop.’ John said as they walked back home. ‘You can stay with us as long as you want... as a thank you, and I should give you a salary.’

‘That’s very kind of you but I will be leaving soon.’

‘Did you remember where to go?’

Lucian wasn’t sure. His memories were a mess and he had been having the worst nightmares lately but there was one thing he knew, one face that haunted his dreams. Pierre. Every night Pierre would come into his dreams and kill him over and over again and Lucian would relive the

same agonizing pain. He would wake up in the middle of the night, covered in sweat, his heart beating painfully inside his chest. He would have difficulty breathing as if he was drowning or being choked. How could a dream feel so real that he would feel the pain even after he woke up?

But that wasn't the worst part. There was something else. Something he couldn't understand or remember, a part of his dream that was more painful than his death, so painful he would have tears in his eyes when he woke up. What was it? And why couldn't he remember?

'Yes. I need to go back home.'

Lucian had always wanted a simple life and now he had the chance to live that, yet he was going back to the life he hated. For what? Revenge? What would he gain of it except that his nightmares would end? He could just stay here, start a new life, and live freely the way he wanted, yet something drew him to go back. It was as if a part of him was still there, calling for him, waiting for him to come.

'Father.' Elle shouted running and enveloped John in a hug. She would always welcome them both with hugs when they came back from work.

'My little princess.' John smiled as he picked her up then went and gave his wife a kiss on the cheek.

Lucian would always get an odd feeling every time he saw John and Layla together. They seemed deeply in love, and it brought a sense of emptiness, a void in his heart. Why he felt that way he couldn't explain.

Shaking off the odd feeling once again. Lucian went to his room and closed the door behind him. He wanted to be alone but before he could do anything someone already knocked on the door.

‘Come in.’

The door opened with a creaking sound and Nora stuck her head inside.

‘Am I disturbing you?’ She asked innocently.

‘No, please come in.’

She walked in, a shy smile on her face. Lucian knew she had a thing for him. The way she blushed or smiled shyly every time he spoke to her, or the way she would peek at him when he wasn’t looking or the way her heart would speed at his closeness. He knew all of that, and even though she was pretty he wasn’t the least interested in her.

‘I just wanted to thank you. You have been a great help to my father’s business.’ She said.

‘No need to thank me. Your family saved my life and let me stay here, I am just repaying the favor.’ Lucian explained

She nodded. ‘My father told me you could be a witch. Have you tried a spell yet?’

Her gaze shifted to the book on the table that her father gave him, to try and learn magic.

‘No, I haven’t.’

Lucian had been avoiding the book as if he was afraid to know the answer to what he was.

‘I could help you...if you want.’ She shrugged.

‘Thank you but I’ll manage myself.’

‘Just be careful.’ She warned a little worried.

‘Why?’ He frowned.

‘I can sense your power. You have too much of it.’