

Married To The Devil's Son (WN)

Chapter 6

His voice, his scent, the warmth of his body, all filled my senses and made me unable to think clearly. Before I knew he was carrying me to our chamber, and then laid me down on the bed. Bed? Wait, no!

He lay down next to me and when I tried to get up, he put an arm around my shoulders and held me down.

'Lay still and let me hold you,' he said, taking his arm away from my shoulders and putting them around my waist instead.

'Why?'

'Because I like holding you and you like it when I do that' he replied.

'And how would you know?' I said, a teasing lilt to my voice.

'What? You don't like it?' I was afraid that if I said I liked it he would want to take it to the next level, but I didn't want to lie either.

'It's... alright,' I said cautiously, a shy smile making its way to my face. He grabbed my chin and made me turn around to face him.

'Is my touch just alright?'

He let go of my chin and traced with his fingers down my neck and up my shoulder, removing my robe from one side. My pulse quickened and my skin tingled where he had touched. He leaned closer.

'I don't think so,' he whispered.

'You... you promised not to do anything,' I said.

‘No, I didn’t. I promised to treat you well.’ Oh god! That was true. He never promised to not consume the wedding and who knows what treating well means to him. I pulled myself away from his grasp and climbed down from the bed.

Clearing my throat ‘I am hungry,’ I said, ‘Aren’t you?’

He smiled a devilish smile ‘Oh, I am very hungry’ he said scanning me with eyes that showed hunger for something other than food. My heart skipped a beat, but I ignored it.

‘Then we should go and eat,’ I said, turning around and walking away before he could say anything.

Lucian tried to ignore the burning need in his body and tried to focus on eating his breakfast. He glanced at his wife the same time she glanced at him. Their eyes met and she looked down quickly, her cheeks turning a light pink. He wanted to reach for her from across the table but stood up from his seat instead.

‘I have some work to do,’ he said and strode out of the room before he lost control.

What was wrong with him? Why was his body burning and his heart beating in his ears? He had never felt like this before.

He came a bit late to the meeting with his father and brothers. His father didn’t bother to look at him, and his brothers shot him angry glances. He took a seat and listened to how his father planned to take over other kingdoms. His greed had no end.

‘That’s all for today. I expect all of you to fulfill your duties,’ the king said, looking at each of his sons except Lucian, he then walked out of the room.

His brothers turned to him most of them looking angry and irritated while Pierre had a smirk on his face. He was the cruelest.

‘Your wife seems very fond of you,’ Pierre said. Lucian knew his brother was trying to pick a fight with him, as usual, so he ignored him, walking away. Pierre grabbed him by the shoulder to stop him from going.

‘I am talking to you, Lucian! Don’t you dare ignore me. I am the crown prince, and in the future, I will be your king so you should be careful to get on my bad side.’

Lucian chuckled darkly. ‘As if I am already not on your bad side,’ he said ‘and you know what? Even when you become a king, you will never become my king.’

His brother laughed ‘I will become your king and when I do,’ he leaned closer, ‘I will get rid of you and make your beautiful wife my concubine.’

That was what finally tipped Lucian over the edge. He punched and kicked Pierre before his other brothers got involved and tried to hold him, but to no avail. He was too angry and nothing could stop him now. He sat atop his brother and started punching him, the rest of his brothers unable to hold him away. He was too strong for them. He took some time to knock down some of them before he continued with his punching. Guards came into the room and grabbed his arms.

‘Hold him down for me,’ one of his brothers said. Even though they were many they had a hard time holding him down.

‘What are you doing?’ Someone yelled from the door. Everyone froze.

‘Your Highness, we were just...’

‘Enough!’ It was the king ‘You are not children anymore, and you dare to fight? Prepare for your punishment.’

‘Your Highness.’ A maid came running to the garden. ‘His Highness is in trouble.’

‘What trouble?’ I asked, worried.

‘He is getting whipped.’

‘What?’ I shrieked in panic. What on earth could he have done?

We ran through the hall to the main garden. Several men were handcuffed on their knees, leather wh.i.p.s repeatedly being brought down across their backs. I looked for Lucian, and my heart dropped at the sight of him. He was handcuffed too, although he still stood, unlike the other men. His shirt was torn to rags with blood steadily soaking through it. One whip landed on his back, and I almost screamed but he didn’t make a sound. He didn’t even grimace. He was staring at something. I looked to see his brothers standing on the other side and watching.

‘He is a prince. Why is he getting whipped?’

‘His highness didn’t accept someone to get his punishment,’ the maid explained. ‘He had a fight with his brothers.’

I looked back at Lucian. While the other men were almost falling to their knees he was still standing steadily. It was as if the whipping didn’t affect him at all, but I knew it did. He just didn’t want to give his brothers the satisfaction of seeing him get hurt. Another whip landed on his back and I felt a hand grasp my wrist.

‘Your Highness, you shouldn’t get involved. It was the king’s order.’ I didn’t realize that I was trying to get to him.

Please God, make this stop.

God must have heard my prayers because they started to uncuff his hands. As soon as they uncuffed him, he fell on his knees. I ran toward him, but some guards got to him before me and helped him up.

Once we reached the chamber he pushed the guards away.

‘Leave!’

‘But Your Highness you need...’

‘I. said. leave!’ he shouted savagely, and the guards hurried away. He sat down on the bed.

‘You should leave too,’ he said lowering his voice.

‘Then who will clean your wounds? Now take off what remains of your shirt and lay on your stomach,’ I ordered, grabbing a bowl of water and a piece of the cloth that the maid had brought, but he didn’t move.

‘Do you need help?’ I said grabbing his shirt to help him get out of it. He grabbed my wrist to stop me.

‘I told you to go,’ he said with clenched teeth.

‘I don’t want to. How can I leave when you’re hurting?’

‘I’m not, so leave.’

‘No, I won’t’ I insisted stubbornly, then everything happened in a second. He grabbed me by the neck and pinned me to the wall, his face only an inch from mine. His eyes not golden anymore, the flames in them burning with intensity.

‘Don’t make me break my promise,’ he growled.