

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

### Chapter 7

‘You are not the only one who wants to treat someone well,’ I said, ignoring the pain his grip caused. He looked at me for a while. The flames in his eyes slowly dying and their color becoming golden again. He let go of my neck and looked down as if regretting what he had just done.

‘You should... take your shirt off,’ I said.

Walking back to the bed, he ripped his shirt open, showing a perfectly toned stomach and chest. The muscles in his arm twitched as he lay down on the bed.

‘Are you just going to stare?’ he asked. Embarrassed I hurried to the bed, sat down and started cleaning his wounds.

This was horrible. The wounds seemed deep and they would probably leave scars on his back. It must have hurt a lot. Was his family always so cruel to him? And I had thought my family were too cruel. I wondered what his childhood was like. Was he always like this? Rejected by his family, bullied and punished? He must have been so lonely.

‘Why are you crying?’ A tear fell down my cheek. Am I crying? Why? He sat up, facing me. ‘What is it?’ he asked softly.

‘Why did you take the punishment?’

‘Because I can’t let someone else get punished for what I did,’ he said, wiping a tear away from my cheek.

‘Why did you even fight in the first place? Look what happened to you now. It must hurt a lot and you will get a lot of scars. I don’t like seeing you get hit

and I don't like your brothers.' I said more tears falling down my cheeks. I hated this, it wasn't right.

'Are you crying for my sake now? You really confuse me, one time you are scared of me and the other one you cry because I am hurt, even though I hurt you just now.'

To be honest, I was confused myself, but I just didn't like to see him like this.

'Hazel,' he said, adopting a softer tone and wiping away more tears with his thumb 'What are you doing to me?'

'What?' I said, confused but he grabbed my waist and pulled me down on the bed with him on top of me. He laid so our bodies were perfectly aligned, but most of his weight was held by his arms as to not crush me.

He leaned closer as if to kiss me, and I shut my eyes tightly and pressed my lips into a thin line. I don't know why I reacted that way, but instead of feeling his lips on mine I felt them on my neck. My body went rigid, surprised by the heat that blossomed inside of me at the feeling of his lips on my skin.

When he kissed right under my ear, a m.o.a.n escaped my lips and I dig my fingers into his back. He hissed in pain but continued kissing me in the same place. I felt wetness on my fingers. Blood. His wounds. I put my hands on his chest and pushed him away lightly.

'Is something wrong?' he asked.

'I..I never finished cleaning your wounds,' I said.

'You don't have to. It doesn't hurt anymore,' he said, pressing his lips on my neck again making me all dizzy. 'Just let me have you.'

‘Lucian..’ I tried to push him away again but he grabbed my wrists and pinned them down. I started panicking. He was losing control. What if he doesn’t listen to me? As if sensing my fear he stopped and let go of my wrists. He sat up on the bed, looking hurt.

‘You can continue,’ he said softly.

After I finished cleaning his wounds in silence, I walked out of the chamber to let him rest. The guards were waiting outside and looked terribly worried.

‘His Highness is fine,’ I told them and then walked away. I went to the garden and sat on the swing. Even though I was outside in the cold breeze, I still felt hot. I touched my neck where he had kissed me. I didn’t know that a kiss could affect someone so much. Ylva and Lydia would sometimes tell me about their passionate night with their husband, how only a touch could make them weak and wild. I always loved hearing their crazy stories. If it weren’t for them, I would have been so lonely.

I don’t know how long I was sitting, immersed in my own memories, but eventually, the sound of footsteps nearby broke my reverie.

‘Lucian? What are you doing here? You are supposed to rest,’ I scolded.

‘I’m fine,’ he said, sitting down next to me. ‘It felt uncomfortable to sleep in the bloody sheets so I told the maids to clean them. Why are you looking sad?’

‘I’m not.’

‘Is it because I hurt you?’ He inquired. I didn’t know what to say.

I was a bit hurt that he hurt me, but I didn’t want him to feel guilty now that he was already hurting.

‘I am sorry,’ he said with a slight grimace. By the way, he said it, I could tell it was something he didn’t often say.

‘It’s alright. I wasn’t sad because of you. It’s just that sometimes when I am alone I miss my maids. Anyways, you should go back to bed. I am sure the maid is done.’ I stood up.

‘It’s fine. I won’t be sleeping here tonight, I have somewhere else to be,’ he said as he too rose from his chair.

‘Somewhere else to be at night? When you are hurt? You are not thinking of going to your brothers fighting again are you?’

He chuckled ‘If I am, what will you do to stop me?’ I knew he was playing around.

‘I think..’ he said, walking around me and standing behind me ‘I should go and spend some time with my mistress,’ he whispered near my ear. A sudden rage filled me. This may be a joke to him, but not to me. I walked away from him, ignoring him as he called after me.

I went to my personal room and shut the door, waiting for him to come after me and say something, but he never came. He didn’t come the whole night. I knew it would be like this, but I had just hoped he would be different, I thought he would be different, but he wasn’t. He was just like any other man.

As I tried to sleep, I heard someone call my name. I sat up in the deathly silence, trying to hear the imperceptible noise again. It came again, but then I realized with a jolt that it was coming from inside my head.. It was Lucian.