

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

Chapter 15

We sat leaning against a tree after Lucian told his men that we should rest for a while. I knew he was doing it for me.

‘Where are we going?’ I asked.

‘To Maebeth. To your family.’ He was going to ask my father to help in this war between brothers. ‘Will you really kill your brothers?’ I asked carefully.

‘Yes’ he said without hesitation. I shivered at the thought.

‘Even your nephews?’ he clenched his jaw and closed his eyes then opened them again.

‘I won’t have to kill them because my brothers will.’

Why? They are just kids. Why kill your family for the throne? That’s something I could never understand. Standing up ‘we should continue’ he said. We continued our journey and I was thankful that Maebeth wasn’t far away from Decresh so we reached there at night, after riding the whole day.

My three brothers were the ones to welcome us. They spoke mostly to Lucian ignoring me totally. I wasn’t expecting more, we were never close. Our family always separated men and women. While men were respected, almost worshipped women were mostly a property that belonged to the men or ready to be sold anytime.

‘The king is busy right now but will meet you tomorrow morning. You should eat and rest for now’ my brother Harris said as he led us to the guest quarters. Looking at him and the rest of my brothers I couldn’t help but wonder if they would kill each other when father dies.

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‘What a rude brother you have. It seems you are not close with your brothers either’ he said as we entered the guest room.

‘True’ I said as my gaze landed on the table next to the bed where several food dishes were served covered with white food covers. I thought I would be hungry but my stomach was still upset from the ride so I didn’t feel like eating anything.

‘Are you hungry?’ I asked my eyes traveling toward Lucian. He had already taken off his military attire and was left wearing a loose shirt that showed off his chest with a pair of pants. It has been three nights since we slept in the same room so I felt nervousness take over my senses as I remembered what he had told me last night. He wanted to do wicked things to me. Wicked? I had asked Ylva what wicked means and she had told me it means devilish, sinful.

‘What are you thinking about?’ Lucian asked laying on the bed leaning his head on his hand, watching me with those captivating eyes.

‘Nothing’ I said shaking my head standing stiffly on the same spot.

‘Come here’ he said patting next to him on the bed. He wants to do sinful things to me. I urged myself to move and took my cloak off walking to the bed. I lay down on my back next to him hesitantly looking up the ceiling to avoid his intense gaze. From the corner of my eyes I could still see that he was staring at me in a silence that became unbearable.

‘Lucian?’ He took a deep breath.

‘I never liked my name. My brothers used to tease me with it calling me Lucifer, making my name sound like a curse. Now when you say my name I like it. You make it sound like a beautiful prayer.’ I turned to look at him. He had a faint smile on his face but there was sadness in his golden eyes.

‘Your name is beautiful and it’s not a curse. Lucian means ‘Man of light’.’ He looked at me surprised but then his face became serious.

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‘I am no man of light’ he said ‘ there is darkness inside of me.’

‘Everyone has a bit of darkness inside of them, that’s ok because darkness and light can’t exist without each other.’

‘Are you trying to comfort me?’ he asked with a smile.

‘I am just speaking the truth’ I said.

It became silent again even though I had a thousand questions on my mind. Will you really kill your brothers? What about the note written in blood? Do you like me? But the question that came out of my mouth was ‘Why did you agree on waiting to consume the wedding?’

‘You were scared of me and you still are sometimes.’

‘I don’t want to be’ I admitted.

‘I would never hurt you.. but sometimes...I am not myself.’

‘What do you mean?’

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He lay on his back with a sigh ‘I am tired, let’s sleep. I will tell you some other time’ he said. I wanted to know but I was really tired myself as I found it hard to keep my eyes open. Closing my eyes I let the darkness take over.

I woke up in the morning with Lucian next to me. He was still sleeping on his back, but shirtless. The sheets covered his stomach but his strong chest and arms were bare. His raven black hair was spread across the pillow looking

soft and shiny like silk. I took some of his hair in my hand and inhaled his spicy scent that did things to my body I couldn't explain.

My eyes traveled to his face, his eyebrows were thick and perfectly shaped and his eyelashes long and shiny. Now with his eyes closed they almost brushed his impressive cheekbones. His nose sharp and hooked cast a shadow on lips that spoke of sensuality. While his hair was dark as the night his skin was pale as the moon, so smooth it made my fingers itch for a touch. I ran my fingers along the edge of his sharp jawline up to the curve of his lips admiring his good looks when his eyes fluttered open and I stared into them unable to remove my gaze. That's when I realized why I had never studied his face before. His eyes were too captivating to make me notice the rest of his face. They held power and passion but they also spoke of secrets and pain.

He smiled with his eyes. I removed my hand and quickly looked away blushing hard. Even though I couldn't see him I could feel his smile widen at my reaction.

'No need to shy away wife I am all yours. You can stare and touch however much you want.'

When I didn't say anything because I was so embarrassed he got up from bed and walked toward the table. My eyes landed on his broad muscular drawn-back shoulders as he walked gracefully. He wasn't too muscular but well built and lean. As he walked he ran his hand through his hair and my heart skipped a beat. Something with the way he walked and moved did strange things to my body. No wonder the maids drooled over him. I had seen his bare upper body before but he had been soaked in blood back then. Now...wait! The scars! Even though some of his hair was covering his back but I could still see most of it and there was no scars. It's not possible. His wounds were very deep and I am sure they would leave scars but there was none.

‘Wait!’ I said before he could slide into his robe. I got up and walked over to him.

‘Wait’ I repeated grabbing his arm and making him turn around. I removed the rest of his hair, no scars, not even a tiny one. His skin looked so smooth as if he never got whipped, not even once. It’s not possible I thought shaking my head.

‘What is it?’ he asked confused turning around.

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‘There are..no scars. No scars on your back’ I breathed in shock ‘How?’