

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

Chapter 17

We were riding fast through the woods after leaving father disappointed for failing in his mission to make me stay. 'Are you sure you want to come with me?' Lucian had asked. 'Your life will be in danger.' I had decided that I would rather live in danger than live like a dead person, but that wasn't the main reason I didn't want to stay. I didn't want to stay because I wanted to be with Lucian.

'Feeling alright?' Lucian asked after slowing down.

'Yes, I am fine. I think I am getting used to it' I said, slightly exhilarated.

'Where are we going?'

'To Gatrish' he replied. Gatrish, a kingdom known for its wars, slavery and prostitution. Their king was a cruel king with a thirst for blood and appetite for women. It is said that he takes a new wife and a new concubine everyday and that liquor, parties and s.e.x are a part of his daily life and everyone else's living in the kingdom.

'Are you sure it's a good idea to go there?' I asked.

'I know their king. He is the only one who might agree to help,' he explained. I could still not get over the fact that he would kill his brothers, even though it was a common thing for princes. I know if he doesn't kill them they would probably kill him: I just wished there would be another way to solve this problem.

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I imagine that asking the King of Gatrish for help would just make things worse, even though I didn't know him personally.

We rode the whole day, just taking a few breaks to eat and rest, then we continued riding for the rest of the night. I wondered how Lucian could stay awake. I would fall asleep and wake up now and then, holding onto him tight, scared not to fall from the horse because I was too tired to stay awake.

This time when I woke up, it was morning. The sun shone brightly, the breeze warmer than last night blew Lucian's soft hair into my face. I pulled my hand away from Lucian's waist and to remove his hair from my face, but had the sudden impulse to smell it. I grabbed it and inhaled. How could he always smell so good?

'Good morning wife' he greeted and I quickly dropped his hair embarrassed.

'Good morning,' I whispered back. Looking at my surroundings I noticed that everyone rode slowly. The soldiers chatted and laughed as they rode, not a hint of tiredness showing on their faces, even though they didn't sleep the whole night.

'We have arrived. You will be able to rest soon,' he said while we rode over a bridge that led to a big metal gate with a guard on each side. Lincoln jumped down from his horse and went up to one of the guards. They spoke a few words and then the two guards opened the gate for us to enter. As we entered, I swallowed the lump in my throat. I was not looking forward to meeting this king, and I became even more worried when Lucian and his men were told to leave their weapons in a storeroom before entering the castle.

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Lucian did so without hesitation, and his men followed. I just stared at them, wide-eyed. Were they on a death mission? I put my hand on Lucian's arm before entering, giving him a worried and questioning look. He returned with a reassuring smile before following the guard that would show us the way to the bloodthirsty king.

‘Prince Lucian has arrived, Your Majesty,’ the guard informed before opening the door to a room that seemed to be a room for meetings.

‘Draco!’ my eyes darted to where the sound came from. A tall man dressed casually stood in the middle of the room, a smile plastered on his face as he walked closer to us.

‘Your Majesty,’ Lucian replied, bowing. Wait? Majesty? I had imagined the king to be a short, ugly bald man over his thirties with dirty teeth. Why? I don’t know. Maybe because of his reputation, but this man was tall and seemed to be in his mid-twenties. His dirty blonde shoulder-length hair perfectly matched his sun-kissed skin. If it wasn’t for the scar on his face that stretched from his left eyebrow to his right eye, people would drown in his ocean blue eyes. He was good looking.

‘Oh, please,’ the King said, waving with his hand. ‘I thought we had dropped the formalities.’ He tipped his head to one side as he noticed me standing next to Lucian and studied me with his piercing blue eyes.

‘This is my wife, Hazel’ Lucian introduced. I tried to smile as he walked closer. He took my hand in his and placed a soft kiss on my knuckles.

‘It’s a pleasure to meet you, Princess,’ he said, then turned his gaze to Lucian. ‘I never thought our Draco would marry anytime soon.’ This was the second time he had called Lucian ‘Draco’. I was confused. ‘But of course, with your looks anything is possible, isn’t that right, Princess Hazel?’ he asked, looking my way. I froze up, unable to reply. When I didn’t respond, he laughed. He made me nervous in a bad way.

‘You guys must be hungry and tired; lets eat!’

We were served fried potatoes, eggs, toast, croissants and ham. A basket filled with an assortment of fruit stood in the middle of the table and servants

came in with different kinds of drinks. A servant whispered something into the king's ear and he smiled at us.

'My sisters Astrid and Klara will join us for breakfast. Klara has been dying to meet you since you saved her life.' The King said looking at Lucian. Lucian saved the King's sister? Is that why he thought that the king would help us?

'Oh, here they are,' he said as two beautiful ladies entered the dining room. They looked just like the king with their long blonde hair and blue eyes and seemed to be around my age. 'This is my sister Astrid,' the King said, gesturing to the one with short blonde hair wearing a yellow dress that matched her blonde locks. 'and this is Klara.' He finished, pointing to the one with longer hair that almost reached to her waist. She was wearing a blue dress that made her blue eyes stand out even more. So she was the one Lucian saved? She was stunningly beautiful. I couldn't help but wonder if that was the reason Lucian saved her.

'You know Lucian, and this is his wife Hazel' he said, introducing us in return. Klara's eyes widened as she stared at us, confused, but quickly got over her puzzlement and smiled.

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'Welcome. We are happy to have you here' Astrid smiled.