

Married To The Devil's Son (WN)

Chapter 19

I laid in the bathtub filled with hot water thinking about what the guards had said about me. I shouldn't have slapped Lucian in front of his men. It was disrespectful and still he hadn't got angry on me. He was asleep when I came back to the room so I asked a maid to prepare a hot bath for me. The hot water was soothing, relaxing my tense muscles it felt like a massage and in a moment it made fall into a deep sleep.

I woke up shifting in the bed. The soft satin sheets rubbed against my skin and I realized I was not wearing much. I quickly sat up on the bed and lifted the sheet up. I was only wearing a towel, my shoulders legs and thighs were bare. It took me a moment to remember that I was taking a bath earlier and fell asleep and now I was here. How ?

A sound made me look to my left. Lucian was sitting in a chair, a glass of wine in his hands as he studied me with those extraordinary eyes. He was the only one who could have brought me here, which meant that he had seen me n.a.k.e.d. Heat crept it's way up to my cheeks and I grabbed the sheets around me closer as if they would protect me from his gaze or change the fact that he had seen me n.a.k.e.d.

'Did..did you bring me here ?' I stammered. He put his glass down, standing up he walked toward me.

'Would you prefer someone else did ?' he asked standing at the end of the bed towering over me. I felt uncomfortable so I climbed down from the bed still holding the sheets tightly around my body and tried to get away from him, but he grabbed my arm and pulled me in for a hug. I gasped and dropped the sheets standing there in only a towel while he holds me so tight I can't even breath.

'Why ?' he breathed into my neck as his arms trembled slightly.

‘Why?’ I repeated confused at his question. He pulled away and stared at me
‘You should dress. The party starts soon’ he said and left quickly.

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Two maids walked in just after Lucian had left. ‘My lady, we shall help you prepare for the party.’

They showed me several beautiful dresses to choose from. Most of them showed a lot of cleavage which I didn’t like but it seemed to be the kind of dresses they wore in this kingdom. I chose the least revealing one, a black off the shoulder dress with a v neckline that showed a bit of cleavage.

When I was done dressing it was time for hair. The maids styled my hair up beautifully only letting a few strands of hair fall at the sides of my face. I put some jewelry on, beautiful diamond earrings with a matching bracelet and a ring. I looked myself in the mirror one last time before the maids led me to where the party would take place.

My eyes scanned the extravagant hall as I walked in. People in fancy clothes, eating, dancing, chatting and drinking filled the hall, their voices and laughter mixed with the music. A perfectly polished floor, scarlet rugs with matching curtains, dining tables and chairs. Two long tables stood at the back of the room where many different grand dishes and drinks were served.

I felt a hand around my waist, turning my head I found Lucian next to me. His eyes were dark and he seemed to be in a bad mood. He didn’t even look my way as he led me inside.

‘How do I look?’ I asked gathering some courage. He paused and looked at me. His gaze softened as his eyes traveled the length of my body lingering a little longer on my b.r.e.a.s.ts before traveling back up to my face.

‘Do you want me to answer politely or honestly?’ he asked in a serious tone.

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‘Honestly’ I whispered.

He leans down to say something but just then someone spoke from behind him.

‘I see you have come’ The King walked toward us not dressed as fancy as royalties like to dress, but he still looked good.

‘You look very elegant in black, Princess Hazel’ he said as he took my hand and kissed it.

‘Thank you, your majesty’ I responded.

‘May I have a dance?’ he asked stretching his hand toward me. I glanced at Lucian and he gave me a reassuring smile. I took the king’s hand and he led me to the dance floor. He danced so elegantly making us spin and glide over the dance floor with ease.

‘I never thought fragile women were Draco’s type’ he smiled.

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I never got described as fragile but a man with sisters who are warriors would probably think of me as fragile.

‘Why do you call him Draco?’ I asked ignoring his remark.

‘Do you know what Draco means?’ he asked.

‘No’

‘It means devil. Haven’t you heard the legend of Dracula?’

‘No’ I reply once again.

‘The legend speaks of a king who wanted to save his country from intruders but never had enough power, so he made a deal with the Devil. The Devil gave him the strength of a thousand men and an eternal life in exchange for his soul. Therefore they named him Dracula after the Devil.’

The source of this _chapter;

I was confused. Why was he telling me this? Noticing my confusion he continued.

‘Your king sent Lucian to war with only 500 men against an army with 2000 men. It’s said that Lucian killed hundreds of men on his own and came back home with victory. He was only seventeen at that time. After that, he won every war. People said that the battlefield was his playground and began to believe the rumors about him being son of the Devil. I, on the other hand, believe he is The Devil.’