

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

Chapter 20

‘I don’t believe these things.’ I said as I noticed Lucian dancing with Klara, and I completely forgot what the king just told me. She blushed as she said something to him, and blinked with her long lashes seductively.

The King chuckled, ‘you’re pretty possessive about your husband.’

I wasn’t listening to him anymore because Klara was leading Lucian somewhere secluded outside of the hall.

‘I need to speak with my husband. Will you excuse me Your Majesty?’ I said.

He gave me a knowing smile and dropped my hand. I quickly walked through the dancing crowd and proceeded out of the hall. Where did she take him? Looking through the halls, I couldn’t find him and even if I did what would I do? Men had the privilege of taking other women if they desired to. I hated this unfairness.

‘My lady, are you lost?’ said a maid who noticed that I was walking through the halls looking for something.

Yes, I was lost; I didn’t know where to go or what to do.

‘I can show you the way...’ she offered, and then gestured with her hand, ‘the party is that way.’

‘Show me to my room instead.’ I demanded.

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I paced back and forth in my room restlessly as I waited for Lucian. Where was he? What was he doing? Images of Klara and him n.a.k.e.d under the

sheets appeared in my head, and I quickly struggled to push these thoughts away. As I imagined all of the dirty deeds they could potentially do with one another, my train of thoughts came to a halt as the door to the room opened and Lucian strutted in.

‘Where were you?’ I blurted unable to stop myself. He lifted an eyebrow questioningly.

‘Why?’ he asked walking seductively in my direction.

‘I saw you leave the party with Klara.’ I said with all confidence I could muster. I tried not to be intimidated by his closeness or by his burning gaze.

‘So?’ he asked walking even closer until I could smell his spicy scent. Suddenly the air became hot and heavy, and my mind became like a fog. I took a few steps back to get away from his intoxicating presence. I needed to regain my ability to think straight.

‘Don’t you think it’s a little unfair wife? You don’t like me being with someone else, yet you don’t want to be with me...’ He said.

Well, yes, I know I’m being unfair. I should just give him what he wants and needs.

‘That’s not true.’ I attempted to deny.

‘Then kiss me.’

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Lucian studied Hazel’s features as they morphed into surprise, but then determination appeared in her chocolate brown eyes. To his disbelief, she crossed the distance between them, wrapped her arms around his neck and pulled him down crushing his lips on her own. Her plump lips were soft and

sweet as they moved against his,, but with hesitance he noted. He could tell by her restrained movement that she was inexperienced.

He raised his arm and grabbed a handful of her hair and tilted her head back slightly then he took charge. He kissed her slowly, teasingly trying to teach her lips how to move. Her lips quivered slightly but then she slowly adapted to his movement until their lips moved in sync.

He ran his fingers down her spine, pulling her so close until no space were left between them and he could feel her heart hammering against his chest. Then his fingers traveled back up her spine and entangled themselves in her hair. This time he pulled her closer adding more pressure to their lips. She moaned in response and his control snapped.

He grabbed the arm of her dress ready to tear it apart, he wanted her naked, her bare skin against his, her legs wrapped around his waist as he lose himself inside of her. She was tormenting him with her lips and his hands began to shake in self restraint. He didn't want to scare her by tearing her dress like a beast, now that she kissed him purely out of her own will. Lust made his vision black as his inner demon urged to take control over his body.

Hazel pulled away from the kiss, but he grabbed her harshly wanting more. She whimpered under his grasp.

'Lucian, you're hurting me.' She complained.

He must've scared her again. He cursed under his breath as he tried to loosen his grip. Slowly, he looked up to meet her gaze, expecting to see fear, but all he saw was concern. What was she so concerned about?

'You're trembling. Are you alright?' He noticed that he was shaking uncontrollably as she asked.

'I... I'm just cold.' He lied, but even his voice was shaky.

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‘Are you sick?’ she asked as she walked closer then placed her palm on his forehead.

‘You’re burning. You have a fever!’ She gasped, but wasted no time in grasping his hand and leading him to the bed.

‘Lay down.’ She commanded.

When he complied ‘I’ll be back.’ she said and left. He let out a sigh of relief.

He didn’t protest about her departure, because he wanted to be alone. He cursed inwardly and wondered what he had done to make the gods give him such a fate. Truly, he was cursed.

Hazel came back with a bowl of water and a cloth. She sat on the carpet next to the bed and patted the cloths that she dripped in the water on his forehead.

‘I’m fine Hazel. I don’t need this.’ He protested.

‘You are not fine. You’re burning like fire.’ If she only knew that he wasn’t burning because he was sick, but rather because he wanted her. He wanted her so badly it hurt.

She repeated the same movement for a while, and he could feel her getting tired. ‘I am fine now, come and sleep.’

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‘I’ll sleep after you fall asleep.’ She said.

He knew she was stubborn and wouldn’t listen so he didn’t argue with her. Instead, he pretended to fall asleep in hopes that she would sleep as well.

After a while he could hear her breathing became steady so he opened his eyes and found her in deep slumber. Her head rested on the bed while she still sat on the floor. He climbed down and gathered her in his arms before he carefully placed her on the bed, then he watched her while she slept

peacefully. Never in his life had he thought that he would be able to fall in love, but now he was slowly falling for this woman; his stubborn and easily jealous wife.