

Married To The Devil's Son (WN)

Chapter 31

Lucian paced back and forth in the room as he waited for Hazel. He needed to speak to her today, be honest with her and tell her about the situation with Klara. That would be the right thing to do he thought.

The smell of food interrupted his thought. He couldn't remember the last time he enjoyed food or s.e.x. No wonder his demon was hungry to come out.

A few maids came in with the breakfast and started serving. Now and then they would look his way and blush. He was used to maids ogling at him but this time something was off.

'Your Highness the breakfast is ready.' A maid informed looking down as her cheeks turned red.

Really what was wrong with these maids ?

'Yes, you may leave.'

They bowed and left giggling. Lucian continued with his pacing not giving a thought to why they behaved like that until Hazel came into the room. She was wearing a simple light pink gown and her reddish-brown hair was still wet from the bath. Oh, how he wanted to run his fingers through her hair.

He quickly put his hands behind his back to prevent himself from doing anything stupid.

'Lucian ?'

'Yes.' He shook his head. He was probably staring.

'Why are you still half-n.a.k.e.d ?' She smiled. What ? Looking down at his body he realized he hadn't gotten dressed yet. He now understood why the maids behaved strangely.

He had been thinking too much about Hazel that he had even forgotten about his own clothes.

‘Ah...yes..’ what was he supposed to say ?‘ I was about to get dressed.’

She just smiled at him. That smile, it was his weakness.

He quickly put something on then went to the breakfast table where Hazel was already sitting.

Usually the husband sits first then the wife, but he didn’t mind Hazel sitting down before him. He never understood those stupid rules anyways.

Hazel stood up and poured some tea for him.

‘It will help with your headache.’ She said.

He picked the cup, from the scent he could tell it was ginger tea. He took a sip, he didn’t like the taste but if it really would help with his headache then he would drink it all.

The latest episodes are on the website.

‘About last night...I hope I didn’t do anything to upset you.’ He said carefully.

She took a sip of her tea.

‘Well... you just pushed me down on the bed and tried to take my clothes off and you told me you danced with Klara.’

He remembered the part where he was trying to take her clothes off but not the other one.

‘I am sorry.’

Lately, he had been apologizing too much. Actually twice but it was a lot for him.

‘I am sorry too... for saying that I almost got r.a.p.ed because of you.’

Why? Why did she have to apologize for that? Why was she suddenly nice and not fighting with him anymore? It only made him feel more guilty for what happened and for what might happen.

‘Hazel...Rasmus wants me to marry his sister.’ He said it quickly before he could change his mind then he looked down afraid to see Hazel’s hurt or disappointed expression.

I knew it. I knew the bloodthirsty king would ask for something in return and that it probably would be something like this. We shouldn’t have come here but where would we go? As soon as we step out of this castle I knew we wouldn’t be safe.

I looked at Lucian. He wasn’t looking at me for some reason.

‘So what did you tell him?’ I asked trying to keep my calm.

‘I haven’t given him an answer yet.’

‘Why?’ He could have said yes. It was a very common and normal thing for men to have many wives and now when he was in a difficult situation were his marriage could save his life I wondered why he hadn’t said yes.

He looked at me confused.

‘Aren’t you angry?’ he asked.

Angry? No I wasn’t angry. I was feeling as if my heart was being squeezed. The thought of sharing Lucian with another woman, with Klara felt like a knife in the heart, twisting.

Really, what was I expecting? I knew I was marrying a prince and that it is not only common but a must for princes to have many wives. Wives meant allies and more power.

‘No.’ Was all I could think of saying when I actually wanted to say a lot of things. But what could I say? I couldn’t tell him not to marry Klara because that would get us both killed, even though that is exactly what I wanted to say.

The most up-to-date s are published here |

Lucian looked troubled. He didn’t even touch his breakfast. I haven’t seen him eat once these last few days.

‘How is Oliver?’ I asked trying to change the conversation.

He finally lift his head to look at me.

‘He is fine.’

‘I should go and see him.’

‘You don’t have to. I will ask Lincoln to send him to you.’ He said standing up. ‘I should get dressed and leave, I have things to take care of.’

‘But you haven’t eaten anything.’

‘I am not hungry.’ He said and went to the bathroom.

As I was left alone everything started to sink in.

Klara, Lucian was going to marry Klara. I was going to share my husband with someone else and I couldn’t do anything about it. I knew this day would come I just didn’t know it would come this soon. I thought I could have Lucian to myself at least a few years.

Lucian walked out of the bathroom fully dressed but his hair still messy.

‘I can brush your hair.’ I suggested standing up.

He looked at me confused.

‘If you like.’

He went to the dresser and sat in front of the mirror, then he watched my every movement in silence.

Picking the brush from the dresser I began to brush his hair. So soft, so smooth, I wanted to make a pillow of it.

‘I think it’s enough.’ He said after a while and stood up. Turning around he gazed into my eyes before leaning down and giving me a quick kiss.

‘Thank you.’ He smiled and then left quickly.

I just stood there, surprised by the kiss. Why was I behaving like a little girl? It wasn’t the first time we kissed but it still gave me a tingling feeling in my stomach.

Visit , for the best _reading experience

There was a knock on the door.

‘Come in.’ I called and shortly after Oliver walked in.

‘Oliver.’

‘Your Highness,’ he greeted looking down.

‘I am glad you are alright,’ I said walking closer but he quickly dropped to his knees.

‘I am sorry, I failed to protect you.’

‘What are you doing?’ I said shocked. ‘Stand up.’

He slowly lift his head looking ashamed.

‘It’s not your fault, I was the one who insisted you take me out. I should apologize.’ I explained.

‘No! Don’t.’ He almost yelled. ‘It’s my duty to protect you and I failed.’

There was no point in arguing with him I thought.

‘Alright,’ I said. ‘It’s your fault but I forgive you if you help me.’

He looked up surprised but then stood quickly up to his feet.

‘Anything you need, I will do it for you.’

‘First I want you to be my person.’ His eyes widened. Him being my person meant that he would serve me before Lucian.

‘Your Highness,’ he looked slightly confused.

‘I am not telling you to betray His Highness, I am just saying you should serve me first. Didn’t you say you would do anything for me?’ He seemed to think for a while but then nodded.

‘How may I help you?’ He asked.

‘I want you to help me stop His highness from marrying Klara.’

New_chapters are published on

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

Chapter 32

His highness is going to marry Klara?’ He asked surprised. I guess he didn’t know about that.

‘Yes. The king wants him to marry his sister in exchange for help.’

‘Oh...but how can I help you?’ he asked.

I wasn’t sure how either but I wanted to stop this.

‘Your highness I just want to tell you that if you stop this we could all die.’

‘I know’ I said quickly. ‘I want to stop this without us dying, that’s why I need your help.’

I hoped he could come up with something.

‘There is only one way to stop this. It is to change Klaras mind about the marriage.’

I knew that was the safest way but I knew it wouldn’t be easy because Klara would do anything to get Lucian.

‘How can we change her mind?’

‘That...we will have to think about.’ He said thoughtful.

‘What about other allies? Is there someone else who can help his highness?’ I asked.

‘No. You know prince Lucian has a reputation.’ He said. I knew what he meant.

Speaking of reputation, I still had to figure out what Lucian was. He couldn’t be the devil’s son because from what I learned when I was little the devil had no children. On the other hand when speaking spiritually if someone put their faith in Satan instead of God they become the children of the devil.

‘Has his highness ever gone to church?’ I asked. He was surprised by the sudden change of subject.

‘I really don’t know.’ He said.

‘Alright. For now keep an eye on Klara. We might find something that can help us.’

Visit to discover new s.

‘I will.’ He said and left.

After he left I went to the mirror. The bruises on my face were still visible which meant I still couldn’t leave the room. Sighing I sat down. I wanted to go out so badly, there was nothing I could do in here.

I tried to read for a while, looked outside the window, ate lunch, tried on different dresses, brushed my hair, tried to read again, ate dinner, wondered around the room, thought about Lucian for a while and now I was sitting on the bed sighing now and then while doing nothing. What a day? Totally wasted.

I fell back on the bed and stared at the Ceiling. What if Lucian was spending time with Klara while I was bored to death in here. Why could he never spend the day with me?

‘Lucian where are you?’ I whispered for some odd reason.

‘Did you miss me wife?’

Startled I sat up on the bed. Lucian was standing next to the bed a smirk on his face.

‘How did you come in?’ I asked.

‘Through the door.’ He said with an expression that said where else?

‘I didn’t hear you come in.’

‘That’s because you were thinking about me.’ I tried not to blush.

‘That’s because you were gone the whole day and I was locked in here.’ I said.

‘Not because you miss me?’ He added. I could see he was enjoying this. Fine with me if he wanted to play.

‘Did you miss me?’ I asked.

His expression became serious as he walked to my side of the bed. Then he offered me his hand. As if my body controlled itself I grabbed it and he helped me up and pulled me closer gazing into my eyes. I did the same thing unable to look away, his eyes were hypnotizing.

‘I miss you even when you are this close.’ He said pulling me even closer. I could hear the sincerity in his voice but there was a sadness there too.

‘So, now answer my question. Did you miss me or not?’ He asked. So he wasn’t giving up?

Visit to discover new s.

‘Hmm...I don’t know.’ I said teasingly. ‘I need to think.’

He smiled devilishly. ‘Let me help you.’ He said as he slowly brushed the hair away from my neck. I instantly knew what he was going to do and I waited in anticipation, then he slowly leaned in and brushed his lips against my neck sending shivers down my spine.

‘Now..’ He breathed against my neck ‘Did you miss me now?’

How was this helping me think? It was doing the exact opposite. When I didn’t respond because I could barely breathe he kissed my neck gently slowly moving down to my shoulders and back up to my neck again.

I bit my lip to suppress a m.o.a.n and grabbed his shoulders to hold myself up as I became weak in the knees.

‘Now?’ he asked once again. ‘Did you miss me or not?’

‘Yes’ I breathed. ‘I miss you.’

He pulled away and looked at me. I still felt dizzy from the kisses so I clutched on to him to hold myself up but even my arms felt numb. As if he knew he put his arm around my waist to help me stand on my feet but it only brought me closer to him. His warmth, his breath and most of all his scent, his spicy scent made me ache for more. I wanted more of his kisses.

‘Remember you told me you wanted me for yourself?’ He asked.

‘Yes’ I said as I tried to pull myself together.

‘What if that doesn’t happen?’

Then what? I really didn’t know. I would live with a heartache for the rest of my life and probably die because of it.

I pulled myself away from his hold and tried to stand steadily.

‘Did you say yes to the marriage?’ I asked instead.

‘No.’

‘But you will eventually say yes?’

He seemed to think for a while. I knew I was putting him in a difficult position. What man would want to die instead of having a second wife who was as beautiful as Klara.

‘Never mind’ I said sitting down on the bed.

I guess he wouldn't have given me an answer anyways because he quietly walked to his side of the bed and lay down.

I blew the candles out and went to sleep as well.

Lucian woke up and tried to blink a few times to see clearly but it was still dark. Strange. He had always been able to see clearly in darkness. He tried to move but realized he was tied to a chair. What was happening? Using his thoughts he tried to untie his hands but that didn't work either. Something was off.

'There is no need to try.' A voice said that send chills down his spine. Lucian looked around trying to find who the voice belonged to but he saw no one.

'Who are you?' he hissed.

Slowly a figure appeared from the shadows. A tall man with long hair he could tell but he couldn't see his face.

'Tsk,tsk,tsk. I thought you were brave. I never thought you would hide somewhere instead of fighting.' He said.

There was raw power in his voice. This person was clearly dangerous.

'I don't know what you are talking about. Who are you?' Lucian asked once again.

The man brought his hand up and seemed to look at his nails. They were sharp and long just like his, even longer.

'I am talking about the crown. You know you can't avoid to kill your brothers forever or they will kill you.' He said.

Lucian tried to untie his hands again. He wasn't feeling safe with this man and how could he know all of this?

‘Just who are...‘

‘That doesn’t matter you fool.’ The man cut him off. No one had ever dared to call him fool, not even his own father.

The man laughed. What was he laughing about? Then he stopped abruptly.

‘In times of danger you need to become the danger itself. Remember, fear... fear is the best way to control humans.’ He said. Was this man giving him advice? On what and why?

‘What do you want?’ Lucian said still confused how he got here and who this man could be.

‘Hmm...will you give me what I want? That’s nice of you. I will think about it then and tell you next time.’ He said turning around and walking away.

‘Wait! Where are you going?’ Lucian called but the man slowly disappeared in the darkness.