

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

Chapter 5

He took her to his secret place, a beautiful lake located in the woods. Hazel looked happy walking on the grass with her bare feet, then dipping her foot in the water flicking the cool liquid with her toes. The water must've been cold but she didn't seem to care.

comment

Lucian just stood there staring at her from afar. She was beautiful with her long reddish-brown hair and chocolate brown eyes. Her dress clung to her body in all the right places, showing off her beautiful figure.

He still couldn't believe that he was married. When his father suggested the marriage he had said yes, hoping that it would bring them closer, but unfortunately, his father still treated him like a stranger.

Suddenly, he heard a shrill yell of pain as he was lost in his thoughts.

'Hazel!!'

She wasn't in the water anymore; she was sitting on the ground beside it holding her knee. He rushed to her side.

'What happened?'

'Nothing much, I just fell,' she said.

Her dress was torn and her knee bleeding.

'Come on, let's take you home,' he said, helping her up.

Lucian aided me in getting off the horse, but as soon as I shifted my weight onto my leg, my knee started to ache. Not wanting to draw attention, I didn't

say anything, but Lucian must have known, because he put his strong arms behind my knees and my back, and lifted me with ease.

‘What are you doing?’ I asked embarrassed.

‘Carrying you,’ He stated simply.

‘I know that, please put me down I can walk,’ I said, my face and neck flushing red.

‘Wife, if I was to let you walk, we wouldn’t reach the room even after sunrise and I would like to get some sleep.’

Did he just call me wife? I liked the sound of it.

As we moved through the halls, the maids and servants looked down quickly as soon as they caught sight of us and I was thankful for that.

He stopped for a while and told a maid to bring something to clean the wound before walking again.

Upon arrival at our chambers, he put me down on the bed gently as a maid came in with things to clean the wound. He took the kit from her and dismissed her shortly. Taking a seat beside me on the bed, he lifted my dress up above my knee.

‘Uh...it’s fine I can clean it myself.’ I stuttered nervously.

‘Just sit still,’ He ordered.

He put one hand on the back of my leg, his hand cold yet his touch hot. I wondered how such a strong and tall man could touch so gently. Strangely, his touch made me yearn for more and I found myself imagining how it would feel like if he ran his hand down my leg or if he...

A burning pain interrupted my thoughts and I hissed.

‘It will burn a little,’ he said then continued cleaning my wound.

I bit my lower lip because the burning was too much and I didn’t want to complain. As if sensing my pain he paused and then blew on my wound. When his hot breath touching my skin made me shiver and curl my toes.

Good Lord, he was doing things to my body without doing almost nothing.

‘Feel better?’ He asked.

‘Yes,’ I whispered, ‘thank you.’

When he was done he pulled my dress back down over my leg.

‘You should change,’ he said standing up ‘Do you want me to call a maid for you?’

‘No, I can manage,’ I said.

Walking with an aching knee I went into the dressing room and slipped into my nightgown and a robe and then walked back into the chamber.

Only a few candles were lit now. Lucian was laying down on the bed looking up the ceiling. His shiny black hair was spread across the pillow and his golden eyes glowed in the dim light.

When I walked up to the bed he turned his head.

‘You should take your robe off. It’s very hot in here at night.’ His observation was completely innocent, but it made my heart beat faster, and suddenly it felt really hot in the room.

I opened my robe and let it slide down my arms. His eyes followed my every movement. I then laid down on the bed, facing the other way. Even though he told me he could wait to consummate the wedding, I still felt nervous.

I felt him shift on the bed and stiffened.

‘Hazel,’ he whispered his voice a soft brush on my back.

‘Yes?’ I struggled to keep my voice neutral.

‘Turn around!’ he said with a commanding voice. I found myself turning around to face him.

‘I promised to treat you well; you don’t have to be afraid.’

‘I am not,’ I whispered.

He didn’t say anything for a while. He probably knew I was lying.

‘Goodnight,’ he finally said.

‘Goodnight,’ I whispered back feeling more relaxed until I eventually fell asleep.

I woke up and tried to shift in the bed, but then realized that a strong arm around my waist was restricting my movement. Lucian!

My back was pressed against his hard chest and I could feel his hot breath on my neck and some strands of his soft hair on my shoulder. He smelled good. He had a spicy scent, and somehow I found myself melting in his embrace. I liked it, liked the warm and secure feeling it gave.

Suddenly, he slid his arm away and sat upon the bed startling me.

‘What is it?’ I asked, sitting as well.

He seemed to be listening to something. I looked around and strained my ears, but couldn’t hear anything. Climbing down he put his robe on.

‘We have a problem,’ he said walking to the door.

I quickly put my robe on and went after him.

Some maids and guards were gathered in the hall arguing about something. They fell silent as soon as they saw us.

‘Your Highness,’ they said and bowed.

‘What is the problem?’ Lucian asked.

They had a look of fear in their eyes. One maid, in particular, was trembling with her hands behind her back.

‘What do you have there?’ Lucian asked.

She was shaking now. Lucian went up to her and took the hidden thing from behind her back. It was a golden hairpin, my hairpin. One of the guards quickly came to the front and fell to his knees in front of Lucian.

‘I am sorry, Your Highness, it will never happen again; you can punish me instead’ he begged. ‘Please spare her, she is just a child.’

She did look quite young. The white-faced maid fell to her knees too, shaking as much as before.

‘No, please, it was my fault! Don’t punish my brother. He didn’t know’ she cried.

I had no idea what Lucian would do to them. For that, I both pitied and feared for them. They might get executed, or if they had luck they would get their hands cut off. I didn’t know which one sounded worse.

Stealing was of course not okay, but I didn’t think anyone should die for it. I hoped Lucian would have mercy on them.

‘Since you stole from my wife, I should let her decide the punishment for you,’ he said, walking behind me and placing his hands on my shoulders. I froze for a moment unsure of what to do.

‘How do you want me to punish them for you?’ he asked.

I looked at the young maid sitting on her knees crying and shaking violently. I went up to her.

‘Why did you do it?’ I asked in a gentle voice.

‘I am sorry, Your Highness. I didn’t want to, but my mother is sick and her treatment costs a lot,’ she said, crying hysterically.

‘Get up!’ I ordered them both. They got up to their feet.

‘What’s your name?’ I asked her.

‘Lisa, Your Highness,’ she said meekly.

‘Lisa, you can have the hairpin but you need to promise me that you will never steal again. There are more honest ways to find money, besides putting your life at risk wouldn’t help your mother in any way.’

Everyone looked at me wide-eyed. They clearly didn’t expect to be left alive. Lisa was in shock, she just stared at me.

‘Do you promise me?’ I repeated.

‘I...I promise you...I promise Your Highness’ she said. ‘Thank you so much...thank you’ she began to cry again, but this time tears of relief.

‘Thank you, Your Highness’ her brother repeated. His eyes were also glistening with unshed tears of gratitude.

‘Now everyone can go back to work,’ I said relieved that the situation ended well.

comment

They walked away. Lisa was hugging her brother crying and he was scolding her. ‘ Never do that again!’ I found myself smiling. I wish I had a brother like that. My brothers were spoiled brats.

comment

Turning around to go back I found Lucian standing there, his arms crossed behind his back. He looked at me with what seemed like admiration but I wasn’t sure.

comment

Crossing the distance between us he wrapped his arm around my waist and pulled me into his embrace.

‘Let’s get back to bed.’