

Married To The Devil's Son (WN) – Chapter 65: Vol2
Chapter 5 | Pub

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

Chapter 65: Vol2 Chapter 5

I lay curled on the cold ground, hungry and scared. Pierre had only told me about the rats in the dungeon, but here I was, surrounded by c.o.c.kroaches and spiders as well. I didn't know how many days I spent in this dark place where I could barely know if it was day or night. I so longed to get out of here, to see the light again and breath in the scent of fresh air. To be able to walk under the sun and feel the taste of delicious food, but all that would come with a price. Pierre would not let me out of this place until I agreed to become his and I felt like I was getting sick staying here. Not only physically but mentally as well.

Could I atleast get a blanket for now? I was so cold my teeth were chattering.

The sound of footsteps nearing filled the quiet room and soon the door to the cellar opened. Two guards entered and without a word grabbed my arms and began to drag me out of there.

'Wait! Where are you taking me?' I asked.

'Be quiet!' One of them ordered.

Should I be relieved that I was leaving this place or afraid that they would take me somewhere else worse, I didn't know.

One of the guards yanked my arm then pushed me forward. 'Faster!' He ordered.

As we left the dungeon my eyes got suddenly hit by the sunlight and I quickly shut them tightly. I hadn't seen light for days so my eyes needed time to adjust. I tried to blink a few times and look again but I couldn't. It was painful so I just peeked now and then to see where I was going until the sun was out of sight and we were inside the castle.

As they led the way I realized they were taking me to Pierre. Oh no! What did he plan this time? He must be angry that I hadn't given up yet.

The guards opened the door to his room then pushed me inside. I stumbled then fell flat on my stomach before I heard the door closed behind me.

'Tsk, tsk. You look awful.'

It has been a long time since I heard this annoying voice and I didn't miss it the least. I pushed myself up from the floor and adjusted my dirty dress before looking Pierre in the eyes. He was sitting in a chair with legs crossed.

'What do you want?'

He stood up from his seat then walked up to me.

'I have been thinking...' He began thoughtfully, ' If I want you to like me, I have to treat you well, right?'

Was he delusional?

I scoffed. 'I will never like you. You killed my husband.'

'Because he would kill me otherwise. It's nothing personal. That's just how war is and everyone does what they have to do to protect themselves.'

You should also do what's best to protect yourself and it's not being on my bad side.'

'You speak of liking while threatening me.' He was unbelievable.

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'Look, princess...'

'Hazel,' I cut him off, 'you made sure I wasn't a princess anymore.'

He walked even closer then grabbed my chin before looking into my eyes.

'You can be more than a princess if you stand by my side. By a very powerful king's side. Think about it.' He said in a low voice.

'There is nothing to think about.'

Ignoring my remark 'I'll give you some time to think.' He said before leaving without further discussion.

I let out a sigh before I carefully sat down to stop my shaking legs. I wasn't tough. All this was an act and I really didn't know where I got this much courage from. I was raised to be quiet, shy, and afraid. I was raised to be obedient, to know my place which was always beneath everyone else's in my family. My worth was nothing until Lucian came into my life. He was the first one to actually treat me like a person and not as property. He made me feel alive, important, and cared for. He made me feel loved, but where was he right now?

'Where are you?' I said hoping he would appear out of nowhere like he always did when I thought of him instead I found Ylva standing at the door.

‘My Lady.’ She said looking worried or angry, I wasn’t sure. ‘Are you alright?’ She asked approaching me slowly. She let her gaze sweep over me and her expression turned angrier than before.

She took a deep breath as if collecting herself before speaking. ‘I should bring you something to eat first then you need a bath and new clothes and...or maybe I should take you to your room first.’

I had never seen her this emotional before.

‘Ylva relax,’ I said standing up and putting my hands on her shoulders. ‘I am fine.’

‘How can you be fine? Look what they did to you.’ She said almost bursting into tears.

‘Why don’t you take me to my room,’ I said calmly.

She nodded and helped me to my room. More correctly our room, Lucian and I. I almost cried as I walked inside. This place held so many good memories.

‘I’ll bring some food, You must eat first then you can take a bath.’

‘Is Lydia alright?’ I asked.

‘Yes. She is fine My Lady. Do you want me to send her?’

‘No. Let’s keep her out of this.’ Endangering Ylva was enough. I didn’t want them both to be in danger.

Ylva left to bring me something to eat meanwhile I decided to take a bath myself. Once I came out of the bathroom the food was already served and the delicious smell made my stomach growl. I sat at the table and

devoured everything quickly then I felt sleepy and before I knew I was already asleep.

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When I woke up I groaned with frustration. I didn't want to wake up, I wanted to sleep forever so I shut my eyes tightly and tried to go back to sleep. Unfortunately, I couldn't. I had to wake up and endure the pain of living. When did living become painful ?

I swung my legs down and looked out the window. It was still night and the stars shone brighter than ever, or maybe it was just because I hadn't seen the sky for along time. Sliding into my night robe I went out to the garden. My favorite place, the place where I and Lucian spent our last happy time together. Now it just felt empty looking at it. My whole life felt empty.

I tear fell down my cheek and I wiped it away quickly. Lucian would come back. He had too otherwise...otherwise...

'Hazel.' A familiar voice came from behind me.

I froze in place. What was he doing here ?

I turned around slowly and looked into the cold dark eyes that belonged to no one else than the devil himself.

Lothaire.

He stood there melting perfectly with the darkness as if he was shadow himself.

'Lothaire ? How...what are you doing here ?'

'I came to take you with me.' His voice was as cold as I remembered.

The devil. Lucian's father. Right, he came to take me to Lucian.

'Where is Lucian?'

He narrowed his gaze. 'You know where he is.'

'No, I don't.' I said confused.

'Yes, you do. You just don't want to admit it.' He said calmly.

How could he be so calm?

'Lucian is not dead...' I said slowly.

He just looked at me, his face void of any emotion.

'If he is dead then why are you not doing anything?'

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'Why would I do anything?' He asked raising a brow.

'Because you are his father.'

His face hardened, making him look more frightening than he already did.

'Listen! Lucian is dead. You can either come with me or stay here.'

I couldn't believe him. How could he say that his son was dead with a straight face? What kind of father was he?

'Lucian is not dead.' I repeated shaking my head.

He sighed then adopted a softer voice. 'Hazel. Why don't you come with me and think about that later.'

I shook my head, tears filling my eyes. 'There is nothing to think about. Lucian is not dead!'

Lothaire's shoulders fell and he looked at me with what seemed like defeat. 'Let me take you from here. You will only be tortured here.'

'Are you not listening to what I am saying?' I yelled as tears fell down my cheek. 'Lucian is not dead! He is not, right? Tell me he is not dead! Tell me you did something to save him. Tell me!' I demanded crossing the distance between us and grabbing his arms. I tried to shake him but he didn't move a bit. Instead, he grabbed my arms and pulled me closer.

'I don't have to tell you anything.' He said with a lethal voice. 'But I will tell you this. Lucian is dead and you can either come with me or stay here to get tortured. Your choice.'

It took a moment for his words to sink in and when they did I was fuming with anger. I pushed him away.

'You really must be the devil. How can you not care for your own son? He suffered so much because of you and what did you do for him? Nothing!' I cried yelling.

'You are right. I did nothing when I should have killed him myself. All this would not have happened then.'

Killed? He would have killed his own son?

'Go away!' I yelled. 'Just go away! I don't want to see your face!'

‘My Lady!’ I looked to my left where the voice came from. Lydia looked at me with confusion.

‘Who are you talking to?’

What? I turned back to Lothaire but he wasn’t there. He was gone.

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

Chapter 66: Vol2 Chapter 6

Lucian woke up in the middle of the night, covered in sweat and out of breath. His heart was beating wildly inside his chest and his eyes were filled with tears. He had the same nightmare he had every night, where his brother killed him over and over again. It never ended, the pain and the suffering, even after he woke up.

Lucian would feel as if his whole body was burning and slowly he would be unable to breathe because of the pain. Falling from his bed he would crawl on the floor struggling to get some air but his throat would tighten as if he was being choked. half the night he would spend in unbearable pain and pray for the morning to come soon.

When the morning came he would wake up and find himself still laying on the cold floor. His whole body would ache and he would feel drained of energy. It would take him a while to get up and prepare to go to work.

Today as he lay on the floor waiting for his body to recover he remembered Nora’s words. She had said that he had too much power, which he did notice the last few days. Something about him was different since he came out of that well. He was capable of doing things he couldn’t before. That he realized one night when he woke up from his

nightmare feeling as if he was being choked. He had wished to go outside to get some air and suddenly by some unknown force he found himself outside. How that was possible he still couldn't comprehend, but he did enjoy his new power. Or should he say powers? Because there were other things he discovered he could do, such as disguising himself as someone else or making himself invisible. He could even manipulate people, only by looking into their eyes.

Maybe he was the Devil's son after all.

As he lay on the floor thinking he heard angry sounds coming from outside his room. Soon loud footsteps followed and the door to his room flew open and hit the wall with a crushing sound. There at the door stood an angry John.

'Who are you?' He asked accusingly.

Lucian was confused as he stood up and looked at John.

'Who are you?!' John repeated angrily. 'And don't lie to me this time.'

Lucian's gaze went to the paper in John's hand and he immediately realized that John had found one of the sketches that were made of him when his brother was trying to find him.

'This...' John said holding the paper up. 'This is you. Why was the crown prince looking for you?'

Lucian didn't need to answer that. He knew that John had already figured it out.

'I should have known...with your long hair and the way you carry yourself. You are royalty. The youngest prince of Decresh. I knew that I

had heard your name somewhere, my son must have told me once or twice.' John continued his eyes wide with realization.

His family had gathered behind him and they stared at Lucian with a look of betrayal.

'Just leave!' Lucian could hear the disappointment in John's voice.

He could understand that they were hurt and feeling betrayed since they had welcomed him and treated him like a family. Maybe now was the time to leave anyway.

'Father he has nowhere to go,' Anna spoke as he took a step to leave.

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'That's none of our business,' John said coldly.

'But he is a witch and you always say to help fellow witches.' Anna argued.

'We don't know for sure that he is a witch. Nora?'

'Yes father he is.' Nora spoke. 'But...' she hesitated.

'But what?'

'He is the one rumored to be the devil's son.'

Lucian sighed. Those rumors never left him alone. 'I'll just leave.' He said. 'Thank you for your hospitality.'

But suddenly Elle ran to him and hugged his leg. 'Please don't leave. Father, please don't let him leave.' She had tears in her eyes.

Lucian crouched down to her level and wiped away a few tears that fell down her cheek. 'I have to. But I will be back someday and visit you.' He said clapping her head, then he stood up and looked at the rest of them.

'I am very thankful for your help and I had no intention of hurting you. I apologize if I caused you any harm. I'll take my leave.'

John's expression didn't change but the rest looked regretful as he made his way out. Strangely he was regretful himself. He had really enjoyed staying here, living a simple normal life with John and his family, but nothing good or bad lasted forever.

Just as he was about the exit the front door a man appeared in front of him. The man who was almost as tall as he was wearing military attire, the type that only the royal army of Decresh wear. This must be John's son Julian, Lucian thought.

Julian froze in place, his eyes widening in shock as he noticed Lucian. In his frozen state, he dropped his helmet on the floor and opened his mouth to say something, but nothing came out.

Great! Now Lucian had to deal with him as well. Maybe he should just snap his head off. A perfect way to repay his family's kindness, he thought sarcastically.

'Yo...your Highness. You...you are alive.' Julian stuttered in disbelief.

Before Lucian could think of anything to say, Julian's family came rushing.

'Julian! My son, you are back!' Layla hugged him tightly while John waited for his turn to hug his son.

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Julian stood like a statue, his gaze still fixated on Lucian while his family hugged in turn. Lucian just wanted to leave quickly but the whole family had crowded the exit while being excited about Julian's return.

'Father?' Julian said finally while nodding toward Lucian questioningly.

'Oh yes. He is leaving.' John said.

'Leaving? Father, do you know who he is?' Julian asked.

'Yes, that's why he is leaving.'

'No!'

John raised his eyebrows in surprise. Julian walked past his father and up to Lucian. 'Your highness...is it really you?' He scanned Lucian carefully 'I thought you died.'

Lucian detected sadness and relief in his voice. It confused him, but he didn't think much about it. He was leaving anyway.

'Goodbye.' He said and aimed for the front door but Julian blocked his way.

'Your Highness? Where are you going? It's not safe outside. Please come in and stay.'

'Just let him leave,' John spoke.

Julian ignored his father. 'Please Your Highness.'

‘Yes. Why don’t we eat then you can decide who will leave and stay.’
Charlotte suggested. ‘I think Julian is tired and hungry.’

Julian nodded. ‘Thank you grandma. Your highness please.’ Julian gestured toward the living room. Elle looked at him with hopeful eyes.

Lucian followed Julian inside while wondering why he agreed to this. He should have just left. Maybe deep down he still wanted to stay here. While Julian looked happy that Lucian had agreed to stay for lunch, John was still unhappy and sat with his arms crossed over his chest.

Julian was curious about how Lucian had come to live and ended up here and Anna was happy to explain the whole situation. Julian listened carefully then turned to his father.

‘Father? Where you about to throw him out because he didn’t tell you the truth? What was he supposed to say? I am a prince? Would you have believed him?’

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John sighed. ‘It’s not only that. It’s dangerous for our family to keep him here. If this goes out we are all dead.’

Lucian understood that John was only trying to protect his family.

‘No one will know.’ Julian said.

‘Someone might already know.’

Lucian didn’t like that this family was fighting because of him. ‘I’ll just leave.’ He said standing up.

‘Prince Pierre is soon getting crowned. You know he doesn’t care about the wellbeing of this kingdom. He is already planning a war. He wants to overthrow the king of Gatrish and take over his kingdom. Probably because he helped you. You know Gatrish is a powerful kingdom. It won’t be easy winning over them. Many people will die for nothing.’

‘Why are you telling me this?’ Lucian asked.

‘Pierre wants to raise the taxes for the poor people and expand the slave trade.’ Julian continued.

‘What do you want me to do?’

‘Don’t you want the crown?’ He asked.

‘What makes you think I would be any different than Pierre?’

‘Because you are a witch and witches don’t damage, they restore,’ Julain explained.

Lucian was getting annoyed. ‘Look, I am not a witch and I have no desire to become king.’

Now it was Julian’s turn to get annoyed. ‘What about all the people who died for you. Died to protect you, all your men. Did they die in vain?’

‘What is going on here?’ Layla asked when she came into the room.

‘Many people will suffer if you don’t take the crown. Don’t tell me you don’t care. Father say something!’ Julian required.

John seemed to think deeply. ‘Why don’t you think about it before saying no?’ John suggested.

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What was he supposed to think about? Going back to the prison he grew up in. That place would bring nothing but bad memories. Still, a part of him wanted to listen to Julian, to go back home and take the throne. He felt obligated to do so for the people who died protecting him. For those who stood by his side no matter what, like Lincoln.

Lucian thought about the fact that he would never see Lincoln again, never hear his scoldings or his advice. He would never see the rest of his men again, while those who betrayed him, those who betrayed their own comrades were probably still alive. Thinking about it made his blood boil. Yes, he needed to go back and forget about having a normal peaceful life, because he wouldn't get peace until he destroyed those who destroyed him.

It was time to go back home, back to the hell was born in. Hell is where he was supposed to be anyway.

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

Chapter 67: Vol2 Chapter 7

I spent the whole night crying, angry and confused. I couldn't understand a thing. Why didn't Lothaire help Lucian, why was Lucian not coming home yet and where was Irene? Did Lothaire do something to her? If he could kill his son then he was capable of doing anything. What confused me the most was the reason Lothaire came here. If he didn't care for Lucian then why did he come here to take me with him?

The morning came quickly with me not getting any sleep or any answers. The head maid Edith walked into my room without knocking and placed some clothes on my bed.

‘Change into these. His Highness has requested your presence.’ She informed then left without waiting for a reply.

I took the clothes and looked at them. It was a beautiful yellow dress with its white gloves decorated with lace. Clearly, he wanted me to look good so I did my best to look the opposite. I just slid into the dress without taking a bath or getting cleaned up and walked out of the room without brushing my hair. I needed to look awful in case he wanted to take advantage of me.

The maid who was supposed to lead the way stared at me in surprise but then quickly averted her gaze.

‘This way, My Lady.’ She gestured.

I followed her to the dining room where Pierre was already waiting. He sat at a large table where several extravagant dishes were served. When he took notice of me he stood up and dismissed the maid, then he just stood there and observed me for a while before he burst into laughter.

‘You...you...’ He tried to speak but he kept laughing in between. ‘If you were trying to make an impression you certainly did.’

‘I am not trying anything.’ I said coldly.

‘You know...’ he began crossing the distance between us, ‘I have never been so patient with anyone before. I don’t know why I am so patient with you.’ He seemed thoughtful, but then he shook his head as if dismissing his thoughts.

‘Come and sit.’ He said and went to hold the chair out for me. I sat down slowly and looked at the food on the table. My mouth already began to salivate, but as soon as Pierre sat down next to me my appetite went out the window.

‘All this is for you.’ He gestured toward the food. ‘You can eat however much you want.’

‘I am not hungry.’ I said.

The smile on his face disappeared and got replaced by a displeased look.

‘You know...,’ he began, ‘there was once this girl I saw when I passed by a small village. She was so beautiful so I brought her here with me. I gave her everything and I treated her well, but she was never satisfied. She wanted to go back home, to her childhood sweetheart, a shepherd.’ He said the last word with disgust.

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‘She chose a shepherd over a prince.’ He shook his head. ‘So do you know what I did to her?’ He asked.

I just looked at him without replying. I knew he did something terrible to her and I didn’t want to know what it was.

‘I let my men have their way with her while I had some wine listening to her screams all night long. She was begging me to save her but I had already given her many chances. What a waste, she was a beauty.’ He shook his head again then grabbed his glass and took a sip of water.

I knew this wasn’t just a story, it was a warning. My stomach twisted in disgust and fear and I suddenly felt like throwing up.

‘Are you alright?’ He asked looking worriedly at me. ‘You look pale.’

‘I am fine.’ I forced myself to speak.

He chuckled darkly. 'Don't worry. I won't do to you what I did to her.' He slowly moved closer and grabbed my chin. 'You are a precious one Hazel. I liked you from the moment I saw you, it was just unfortunate that you were my brother's wife. If you were mine I would treat you like a queen, but you see it's not too late. You can still be mine.'

I wanted to slap his hand away, push him away, anything but I couldn't. What if he did to me what he did to that girl? I knew he could even do worse if I angered him enough. Maybe that story was his way of telling me that he was running out of patience.

Suddenly he grabbed the back of my head and pressed his lips to mine. My whole body froze in shock but got quickly replaced by emotions of disgust and anger. I placed my hands on his chest to push him away but he pulled my hair harshly and kissed me more urgent. So I did what I had to do, I bit him.

He hissed in pain and drew back. I took the opportunity and ran away as fast as I could. Running into my room I closed the door behind me while my heart drummed painfully inside my chest.

What had I done? He wouldn't let me get away this time, he would let his men defile me.

I sat down, curled in a corner of the room, waiting for Lucian to come. If he was alive he would come and save me and if he didn't come this time then I had to accept that he was gone. Praying to God I waited and waited but he never came.

A tear fell down my cheek. Lucian was dead. My husband was dead.

I burst into tears. The pain was too much to bear that I wished I was dead myself. I cried and cried while holding my chest as if it would lessen the

pain but it only got worse until the pain and sorrow turned into fury. Fury toward Pierre.

He was the one who killed Lucian. Now I would kill him.

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‘Don’t be stupid.’

I looked up from my tears, not that I needed to look to know that the cold voice belonged to Lothaire.

‘What are you doing here? I thought I was clear last time.’

‘You were angry last time. So I came here to ask again.’

‘The answer is still no.’ I said and he sighed.

‘You will gain nothing from killing Pierre.’

I would gain a lot. I would gain some relief from this unbearable pain and raging anger.

‘You think so but you won’t.’ He said reading my thoughts.

‘How can you not be angry? Did you not care about him at all?’ I asked standing up to face him. ‘What kind of father are you? You seem to be able to do anything so why didn’t you save him? Why did you let him die? Why?’ I screamed and cried while hitting his chest violently.

He just stood there like a statue, letting me hit his chest until I let all my anger out and got tired. Then to my surprise, he wrapped his arms around me and let me collapse into his embrace. I didn’t protest, I just let him hold me for a while.

‘I did care about him.’ He then spoke slowly. ‘My way of caring is just different from the human way.’

Because he wasn’t human. He was quiet for a while before he continued.

‘Our kind is not supposed to reproduce, it disrupts the balance of nature and it doesn’t go well with those who protect it. The Witches. So when they realized that it was one of their own who was bearing the demon child they became even angrier, and trust me angry witches are not fun.’

One of their own? Irene?

‘Yes.’ He said reading my thoughts.

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I pulled myself away from his embrace.

‘Wait! So Irene is...is...’

‘Yes. She is Lucian’s mother.’

No, no. It couldn’t be. I shook my head refusing to believe. Lucian’s mother was dead. Irene, my closest and only friend couldn’t be his mother.

My head began to spin and Lothaire grabbed my arms to prevent me from falling.

If Irene truly was Lucian’s mother how could she do this to him?

‘Irene’s mother who was the most powerful witch cursed Irene to never see Lucian again, and if she or I ever tried Irene would die. Despite that being the case Irene told me to help Lucian several times and the few

times I listened she almost died. That's why I refused to help anymore.' He continued. 'Don't blame Irene. There was nothing she could do. Before she could do anything she would have died.'

My head was spinning even more now. I couldn't even think clearly.

Lothaire looked at me with a worried expression. 'Hazel, come with me. Lucian wouldn't want you here.' He said softly.

'Lucian is dead.' I whispered my voice void of emotion.

'Come with me. Irene needs you.'

I shook my head. How could someone need me in this state? Then I remembered that Irene was Lucian's mother. She was probably as sad as I was. The son that she never got to meet was dead, but right now all I could think of was my own pain, and there was only one way to end it.

'I'll stay here.' I said determinedly.

Lothaire let go of my arms, annoyed by my decision. He paced back and forth in the room probably thinking of a way to convince me then he finally spoke. 'Alright. I'll come by some other time, I hope you change your mind till then.' Then he was gone in the blink of an eye.

And here I was left confused, angry and hurt. I still couldn't wrap my head around the fact that Irene was Lucian's mother. She looked so young, yet if I thought deeply about it there were so many similarities between. How could I not have noticed?

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I became even angrier. Lucian had died without meeting his mother. All this time he had thought that his mother was dead when she actually was

alive. He had suffered so much and been so lonely and confused. How happy he would have been to see his mother, but he was never going to.

He was never going to be able to see his mother or his real father and all this was Pierre's fault and of course Irene's mother. How could she do that to her own family? How could she separate a mother from her child?

Hatred filled my chest. I wanted to scream, kick and punch something but I calmed myself down. Anger wouldn't take me anywhere. Now I had a mission to accomplish. I had to kill Pierre.

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Chapter 68: Vol2 Chapter 8

It was late at night and Lucian lay on his bed, unable to sleep. Something bothered him. Was it the fact that he was going back home? Or the fact that John and his family believed that he was a witch? It was more likely that he was the devil's son than a witch, he thought.

Leaving the room Lucian decided to go out for a while. The wind was cold and blew his hair onto his face. As he drew his hair back he thought about cutting it. Having it this long would only make people suspect him of being royalty or someone very wealthy. Besides he found it difficult to keep it clean now that he had to do it himself.

He looked up the sky. It was dark with only a few shining stars and the moon hid behind the clouds. Soon the winter would come with its cold.

'Aren't you cold?' Nora came and stood next to him. She had a shawl wrapped around her shoulders which she held tightly.

‘No.’ He never felt too cold or too hot. That was one of the many strange things about him.

Nora shook her head at his answer. ‘You couldn’t sleep?’ She asked.

Now Lucian shook his head.

‘I would be confused if I were you too.’

‘What do you mean?’ He asked turning to her.

She turned her gaze away and looked at the sky. ‘You don’t know what you are.’

‘No..., but I am not a witch.’

Nora laughed. ‘You know, it is not a bad thing to be a witch. You should be concerned about what else you could be.’

‘Are you saying I am something else?’

She looked at him for a while as if deciding what to say, then she took his hand. ‘Come.’ She said. ‘I want to show you something.’

He followed her curiously.

‘Look.’ She said pointing at a plant dead plant in their garden. ‘You can use a spell to make it alive and grow. Only witches can use magic in the form of spells which means if you are able to make the plant grow with a spell, then you are a witch.’

Lucian looked at the plant. He hadn’t tried to use the spellbook that John had given him so he didn’t know whether he could cast a spell or not.

Doing this would lessen his confusion and maybe stop John and his family from calling him a witch.

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‘I don’t know any spell.’

‘Just do as I do.’ She said crouching down. ‘Place your hands here.’ She placed her hands just above the plant to show him how and he did the exact same thing.

‘Then repeat after me ’Glisco vivere’.’

‘Glisco vivere.’

Lucian felt a strange energy surge through him, then slowly the plant began to grow and change color. From dusty dead colors to vivid ones. The leaves and petals came to life and grew whole.

Lucian was stunned to see the whole thing happen in front of his eyes. No. He couldn’t be a witch. He refused.

‘See, I told you. You are a witch.’

He shook his head in denial as he stood up. All those times he wondered what he was and he turned out to be a witch.

As if Nora read his thoughts. ‘Look you are not a simple witch. You are a drosht.’

‘What’s that?’ He asked in an almost harsh tone. Why was he so upset?

‘It’s a line of very powerful witches, the most powerful ones. They are usually the leaders of a coven. They are called drosht. You come from that line. Either your mother or father is a drosht.’

‘How do you know all this.’ He tried to soften his tone but he could still hear the irritation in it.

Nora sighed. ‘It’s hard to explain, but I have a special ability. I can’t really explain how it works but I can see what people are. I can see their strength and weakness, their fears, dreams or powers. I can even sometimes see their feelings, if they are strong ones, like yours.’

‘Like mine?’

‘Yes. I feel like you are in a lot of pain and... guilt.’

Guilt?

‘I don’t know what you are guilty about but don’t punish yourself too much. It’s late. I’ll go to sleep now. Good night.’

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And there she left him confused and upset. All this time he was seeking answers, the answer couldn’t be as simple as him being a witch. He had to be more than just that. He knew he was more than that. Something inside of him spoke to him about what he really is, something dark and dangerous. Something...devilish. It only intensified after his near-death experience.

Or did he die?

He felt like everytime he got answers only more questions appeared.
Would he ever get all of his questions answered ?

Going back inside Lucian decided to take one thing at a time. Now he would get some sleep and tomorrow he would find a way to go back home.

In the morning he was met by Julian as soon as he walked out of his room. 'We need to talk.'

As they went into the living room everyone seemed to be waiting for them. Julian began to speak. 'Alright. His Highness and I are leaving today and Nora is coming with us.'

'Today ?' Layla looked surprised.

'Yes, mother. We need to take action fast.'

'But do you even have a plan ?' John crossed his arms over his chest.

'Yes.'

A thousand questions followed, such as what the plan was, why Nora had to go with them if they would be safe and so on. Julian answered all of their questions calmly and patiently, reassuring his family that everything would be alright.

Lucian wasn't listening much to everything that was being said. His heart and mind were elsewhere. Suddenly there was a willingness to go back, a longing for something that awaited him at home. What it was he wasn't sure but it wasn't the first time he felt this way.

Why would he long to go home when he hated that place ?

After Julian calmed down his family and reassured them about his and Nora's safety he left to bring the horses to travel with. Meanwhile, Nora and Lucian bid farewell to everyone.

Julian was already back after a short while. He kissed everyone goodbye and gave his father a hug. Lucian grabbed a horse and was about to get on when someone tugged at his clothes. Turning around he found Elle with teary eyes.

'Can't I go with you?' She asked with a sad pout.

Lucian couldn't help but smile. Crouching to her level 'No you can't. But I will come back to you.' He said patting her head.

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Sadness settled in his heart. He had grown fond of Elle. She would always make him smile in all the pain and darkness that surrounded him.

'Promise?'

'I promise.' He said hating himself for that since he wasn't sure whether he could keep his promise or not.

Kissing her forehead he climbed his horse. Julian gave him a nod and all three of them rode away. As he rode a strange feeling came over him. What just happened felt oddly familiar, as if he had experienced it before. As he pondered over the odd feeling a memory flashed through his mind.

He was kissing someone on the forehead. 'I'll be back wife.'

Wife? Why would he say that? He didn't have any wife. Strange.

Pushing the thought aside he realized he was far behind Julian and Nora.

Julian had already explained the plan for Lucian. The king of Osakar was coming to Decresh to marry his sister off to Pierre. That way they would create an alliance between their kingdoms. Osakar is a kingdom now for its abundance. Pierre was very clever to become an ally with such kingdom.

‘You will disguise as the king of Osakar.’ Julian had explained.

Lucian had been surprised. How did Julian know he could disguise as someone else. Was it a witch thing?

‘Yes, that way you can get inside the castle and find out everything about Pierre.’ Nora continued.

He could get inside without disguising himself as someone else but that he didn’t tell them. The less they knew about him the better. He would not make the same mistake of trusting someone easily.

‘What do you want me to know exactly?’

Nora opened her mouth to say something but Julian stopped her.

‘You will know what you need to do once you get inside the castle. Just don’t let your emotions get in the way. I know you want revenge and you will get it but you need to be patient. There are many people supporting your brother right now. You need to destroy your brother’s support system and make his allies his enemies, meanwhile, when the time is right, we will spread rumors that you are still alive.’

Lucian was confused for a short while but then everything fell into place. If Lucian just killed his brother and appeared out of nowhere the people of his kingdom would not be keen to have him as their king, and his brother’s allies would still be a threat. But, by turning the people of

Decresh and Pierre's allies against him, people would be more willing to have Lucian as their king.

Maybe.

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Lucian wasn't sure about the plan but he didn't care much. Once he got inside the castle he would enjoy torturing Pierre before giving him a slow and painful death, even if it meant that the plan would fail. He didn't need people to accept him nor welcome him as their king. Once he got his revenge he had no intention to become king. Meanwhile, he would follow Julian's plan and find out more about being a witch.

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

Chapter 69: Vol2 Chapter 9

'My lady, His Highness has requested your presence.'

'You may leave,' I said as my hands began to sweat and my heart began to hammer inside my chest. I had spent the whole night plotting my revenge, thinking of different ways to kill Pierre. None of them seemed satisfying enough. Death was too small a punishment.

But I couldn't give him the punishment he deserved. This was all I could do.

I looked at myself one last time in the mirror. I chose a beautiful peach dress that complimented my skin and let my hair down in beautiful waves. Putting some perfume I painted my lips the same color as my dress. Taking a deep breath to calm my nerves down I stepped out of the room. I needed to be calm and confident if I wanted my plan to succeed.

On my way to Pierre's room I thought about all the things that could go wrong and what would happen to me if I failed. I was sure I wouldn't live to see another day then.

The guards opened the door immediately without informing my presence and gestured for me to go in. I pushed all of my fears aside and held my head high as I walked in with steady, determined steps.

'Good morning, Your Highness.' I curtsied.

Pierre who was sitting comfortably in an armchair looked up in surprise. Slowly his lips formed into a smile of satisfaction.

'Good morning, my dear.' He said getting up from his chair while letting his gaze sweep over my body, from head to toe. 'You look lovely today.'

'Thank you.' I tried to smile without sounding nervous.

He narrowed his gaze as if trying to figure me out. 'Is there a special occasion I don't know of?'

'No Your highness. I just decided to not act childish anymore.' I began. 'I have thought a lot about what is best for me and as you said it's not being on your bad side.'

I looked up to meet his gaze and he was still looking calculatingly at me. At last, he crossed the little distance between us and wrapped one arm around my waist pulling my body to his. I fought hard not to look disgusted.

'Are you saying you agreed to become mine?'

I nodded. 'But I need some time. You killed my husband after all, it's impossible to like you overnight.'

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He let go of me looking amused. 'I appreciate your honesty but still you see, I feel...hurt. I will give you the time you need but meanwhile, you will not live as a princess but as my personal maid. How about that?' He said raising one brow.

'You still want to punish me?'

'Oh no.' He shook his hands. 'I just wanted you to not take too much time. I have become more and more impatient, you see.'

Yes, I could see. He would make my life miserable as his personal maid so that I would make up my mind fast. Nevermind, he would already be dead by then. As his personal maid, I would get many opportunities to be alone with him and that was just what I needed.

'Now, I need a bath.' He said enjoying the situation he put me in.

'Of course, Your highness. I will prepare one immediately.' I said annoyed that he couldn't even wait a moment before he could begin to order me around. I didn't even get a chance to change from the beautiful dress I was wearing.

Thanks to Lydia I knew how to prepare a bath. I filled the bathtub with hot water, put some scented oils and soap, then went on to bring some towels.

My heart was beating all the time thinking of how uncomfortable it would be to bath someone, especially someone as dirty as Pierre. Even if he used all the water in the world he would still be as dirty as he was.

'Are you done?'

I turned around. 'Yes, Your Highn...' I couldn't finish the sentences as my gaze fell on a completely n.a.k.e.d Pierre. Shocked and embarrassed I quickly averted my gaze.

He chuckled as I kept looking away until he slid into the water. 'I'm waiting.' He said mockery clear in his voice.

I quickly went to the side of the tub, avoiding to look at him I grabbed the wash clothes. Before I could pour some soap on it he shook his head. 'No, I want you to use your hands.'

One brow raised he waited for my reaction.

A curse almost escaped my lips but I urged myself to stay calm. Pouring the soap into my hands I pretended that I was washing clothes instead of a person but he knew how to anger me.

'No, not there, here. No no, there.'

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'Yes, just like that.'

'Be careful, not to hard.'

'Don't be so slow. Wash faster.' And he kept on and on.

I had never been so annoyed in my life before. I just wanted to push him down the water and make him drown. Sadly I wasn't strong enough.

The days went by very slow as his personal maid and it was torture but it gave me many opportunities to be with him when he was alone and vulnerable, such as when he was asleep. I towered over him where he lay on his bed, watching his chest rise and fall as he went into a deep

slumber. Then I slowly grabbed a knife that I had stolen from the kitchen and tied to my thigh under my dress.

My heart accelerated as I lifted the knife in the air holding it tightly with both my hands. This time I told myself not to fail, not to be afraid. He deserved to die so why was I hesitating? As usual, my hands began to shake and I began to sweat. I told myself to bring the knife down and stab him once and for all but my body refused to listen. I listed to myself all the reasons I had to kill him but my body still refused to obey.

I don't know why I was convincing myself over and over again when I knew deep down knew that I couldn't kill him. I could just not kill a living breathing human being. I could just not.

Slowly I let my hands fall to the sides still holding the knife in one. I was angry and disappointed with myself. Why couldn't I do this? It shouldn't be difficult to kill someone you despise so much. This was the fifth time I tried and failed.

Maybe I should have just gone with Lothaire, far away from this place. If he came back this time I would. I had nothing left here to do if I couldn't even kill Pierre.

Stuffing the knife back I went to the storeroom where I sleep on a thin mattress among stored food. I did not cry this time as I went back to sleep. I felt empty as if no emotions were left inside of me and my heart froze to stone. No pain, no anger. I didn't want to feel it anymore and I was thankful those feelings were gone. I closed my eyes and with it I closed everything else, especially my heart.

In the morning I was back to my daily routine. I made my way to Pierre's room, prepared some new clothes then went on to prepare a bath.

He was already awake and seemed a little stressed as he looked at the clothes I prepared.

‘Don’t you like them, Your Highness?’ I asked with a monotone.

Crossing his arms over his chest he looked at it calculating for a while.

‘Give me something more lavish. I need to impress my future wife.’

‘Future wife?’ Doesn’t this man ever get enough of women? ‘Why?’ He asked turning to me. ‘Jealous?’

This _ content is taken from

I wanted to laugh. ‘Not at all...Your Highness.’

‘But you will be.’ He smirked satisfyingly. ‘You see...my future wife is one beautiful thing but that’s not why I am marrying her so don’t worry.’

Crossing the distance between us he traced one finger down my cheek and over my lips. ‘You will always be the most beautiful thing for me.’

I am not a thing, I wanted to say but it didn’t matter what I was anymore.

As I helped him get ready I was surprised that he didn’t tease me or annoy me as usual. He was rather busy with himself, trying to look perfect. I didn’t know he cared that much about his appearance but he did. I wondered who his future wife was that he was preparing this much.

‘Well done, Hazel.’ He said looking himself in the mirror. ‘You have become much better, in fact I think it must have been an accident that you were born as a princess instead of a maid.’

I rolled my eyes without him seeing me.

‘You may leave now.’ He waved his hand.

And never did he let me leave so soon.

I left the room quickly and went back to the kitchen where I met Ylva.
'Did it go well?' She asked.

'Thankfully, he is absorbed with himself today. Apparently his future wife is coming.' I whispered to her then went to grab a pot to make some tea.

'Yes right. Her brother is the king of...I don't remember the name but it's a wealthy kingdom. That's probably why His Highness wants to marry her.'

'Who made the proposal?' I asked suddenly interested.

'Probably His Highness. I hope the wealthy king rejects his proposal.'

I hoped so too.

After making the tea I put everything on the plate then went to serve it to Pierre. As I walked down the stairs careful not to spill the tea I heard some maids gossip...about me.

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'I wonder why His Highness wants her so badly. She is not even that beautiful.'

I was so used to it that I wasn't bothered by it anymore or maybe I was just lying to myself, as I didn't pay attention to where I was putting my feet and suddenly I was falling. Then something strange happened, an arm came around my waist preventing me from falling flat on my stomach.

Who could have saved me this time ?

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

Chapter 70: Vol2 Chapter 10

What was this feeling ? This scent ? It was so...so familiar. This whole situation felt so familiar that it was almost scary. Before I could understand what was happening someone grabbed me by the arm and pushed me back so hard I almost fell backward.

‘Are you blind?’ A woman with long braids dressed in a military attire glared at me looking furious.

Staggering backward I grabbed onto the handrail as to not fall.

‘Look at what you have done.’ She said turning to the man who had saved me. ‘Are you alright, Your Highness?’ Bending down she brushed his clothes off.

Your Highness ? I looked at my savior, a tall man, probably in his mid-thirties dressed in the most luxurious clothes I had seen... now soaked with tea.

Oh God! What had I done ?

The woman turned hastily and before I knew a hand was swinging toward my face. I flinched back and covered my face with my arms waiting for the pain to come, but nothing happened.

‘Jade, this is not our home. Let’s not create a scene.’

A shiver went down my spine. That voice...

Slowly peeking from behind my arms I looked at the man who was now holding Jades arm to stop her from hitting me.

‘But look Your Highness, she won’t even apologize.’ Jade said.

Letting go of her arm, ‘you are not giving her a chance.’ He smiled.

That smile...

My heart tightened for a reason that was unknown to me. This man...I was sure I had never seen him before yet it felt as if I knew him.

Turning his gaze to me he looked into my eyes. My heart skipped a beat as I looked back into his. I shouldn’t but I couldn’t help myself.

Suddenly a slap landed across my face, throwing my head to one side.

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‘How dare you? You lower your gaze and apologize right now!’ Jade spoke with harsh tones.

I grabbed my cheek, my whole face stung with pain and I felt the taste of blood in my mouth. As I turned my head back to apologize I saw a hint of concern in his eyes.

‘I am sorry...Your Highness.’ I apologized trying hard not to burst into tears.

I felt so angry, so wronged.

Why did I have to apologize for falling? It’s not like I did it on purpose. Actually I wasn’t angry because of that, I would have apologized even if no one had told me. What made me angry was the way I was treated.

‘You should be careful.’ He said and instead of it sounding like a warning it sounded as if he was worried about me. Was I imagining things? Why would he be worried about a maid?

Turning to Jade he spoke some foreign words before he walked away.

‘I am not done with you!’ Jade threatened before following him quickly.

Shaken by everything that just happened I stood frozen in the same place for a while. Who was he?

Pushing the odd feeling aside I picked up everything then went back to the kitchen to make some new tea. While waiting for the water to boil I washed my face with cold water to soothe the pain. That woman was really strong, but who was that man?

I couldn’t stop thinking about him, about the way he smelled, or the way he sounded, even the way he had looked at me. There was this familiarity to him that I just couldn’t shake away.

‘Hazel!’

‘Yes!’ I almost jumped startled.

‘Stop daydreaming and make some more tea. We have guests.’ Edith ordered.

‘Alright. Where should I serve it?’ I asked.

‘In the guest room.’

Updated at

I nodded.

‘What happened to you face?’

‘Oh...’ I put my hand on my cheek. ‘Nothing.’ I shook my head with a smile.

She looked at me worriedly. ‘If you want to survive here be careful.’ She warned.

‘I will.’

On my way to the guest room I walked as carefully as I could. I did not want get into an accident again. The guard at the door nodded for me to go inside and I continued further in. The first thing I heard was Pierres laugh. He was sitting comfortably in an armchair with legs crossed talking to someone sitting in front of him. I couldn’t see who, yet I already knew it was the man from earlier. How I knew I wasn’t sure.

As I neared where they were seated Pierre took notice of me. As his gaze settled on my face I saw anger flash through his eyes but he quickly turned away and continued speaking to his guest. I went to the table and slowly put the tray down.

Picking up the teapot I slowly began to pour some tea for Pierre, I already knew how he liked his tea then turned to my savor without looking him in the eyes. ‘How would you like your tea, Your highness?’ I asked.

‘Cold.’ He said.

Cold? Confused I looked up and our eyes locked. My heart fluttered inside my chest at the intensity of his gaze and I forgot what he had just said.

‘I like my tea cold.’ He repeated.

Averting my gaze quickly. 'Yes, of course.... Your highness.' I said flustered.

I began to pour the tea very slowly into his cup so that it would get a bit cold but my hands kept shaking. I could feel his gaze on me the whole time and it was very unsettling. After filling the cup I took a fan and began to cool his tea, meanwhile, Pierre spoke to him in a foreign language. The man whom I still didn't know the name of just nodded and answered shortly but everytime he spoke strange things happened to my heart.

'That's enough.' He finally said to me.

I put the fan down and dismissed myself. Walking down the hall quickly as if I was being chased I tried to figure out why I was acting like this? Who was that man and why did he make me feel this way? I shook my head. No! I couldn't be feeling this way, I was married. Only Lucian made me feel this way. Suddenly I stopped in my tracks as if realizing something but before I could figure out what it was I realized someone grabbed my arm grimly.

Oh no! Not this woman again.

'Come with me!' Jade ordered while dragging me back to where I came from. Her hold was like steel around my arm. 'I shall teach you a lesson.'

I followed her without protesting because I knew if I protested it would only make things worse. As we reached the guest room she almost threw me inside and I stumbled forward but managed to not fall this time.

Pierre looked up from his teacup with a questioning look on his face.

‘I am sorry to disturb you Your highness but this woman...’ Jade spoke pointing at me ‘has humiliated His Highness. She threw hot tea at him and didn’t even apologize properly.’

Pierre put his cup down and shifted his gaze to me as if looking for answers. I just kept my face straight because I knew better than to defend myself. I had been a royalty myself and I knew if a servant defended themselves the punishment got only worse.

Pierres face gradually turned red. ‘I apologize for her behavior. I will punish her accordingly.’ He said.

‘With your permission Your Highness but we would like to punish her ourselves.’

Pierre didn’t seem too happy about it but he nodded. ‘You have my permission.’ He said.

After being dragged into another room Jade pushed me down to my knees and told me to stay like that until she said otherwise. I just obeyed as I didn’t want to make the situation worse or maybe because I didn’t care anymore.

Jade paced back and forth in the room restlessly. ‘Once His Highness arrives and decides your punishment I’ll be happy to teach you some manners.’

I kept my silence with only seemed to annoy her further. Maybe she was expecting me to beg and cry for forgiveness, and maybe I would if I thought she would forgive me but I knew better. People like her didn’t forgive. They only wanted people to beg so that they could feel powerful and I would not give that to her. Unfortunately.

Suddenly the door opened and someone walked inside. I could only see the lower part of a beautiful dress from where I was sitting.

‘Where is Alexander?’ The woman who walked inside spoke.

‘His Highness is meeting with the king, Your Highness.’ Jade replied.

So my savior, soon to be punisher's name was Alexander. And this woman was probably his sister, since she was calling him by his name. I had heard that she was a beauty but I didn't dare to look up and see for myself.

‘Alright then, I want you to come with me.’ The woman said then turned walking away without waiting for a reply.

‘Of course Your Highness.’ Jade called and hurried to the door. Before closing it she turned back to me. ‘Stay right where you are and don't move. I'll be back soon.’

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For a while I did as she told me but then I got tired and decided to stand up. What could happen? I was getting punished already anyway.

While stretching my now rigid limbs I looked around the room and the first thing I noticed was the large bed with the red silken sheets. Sleeping on the floor for such a long time I wanted to remember how it felt like to sleep in a bed. I let my fingers slide over the silken sheets, I had really forgotten how soft and smooth it was. Sitting down carefully I sank into the soft mattress. I really had to try this bed so I lay down and decided to rest for a little while but as tired as I was I soon fell into a deep slumber.

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

Chapter 71: Vol2 Chapter 11

Lucian tried to pay attention to what his brother was saying but his mind kept drifting back her, the maid who had spilled tea on him. For some strange reason he had felt a sting of pain when Jade had slapped her and when her eyes welled with tears, anger filled his chest. But why he couldn't understand. He certainly didn't know her and he couldn't say he felt attracted to her. Or did he?

She didn't look attractive to him. She was too thin for his taste, almost as if she had been starved. Her hair was short and ragged and her complexion looked rather unhealthy. She had dark spots under her eyes and her lips were chapped, yet he hadn't been able to stop himself from staring at her. Something about her drew him in. Was it the innocence in her big beautiful chocolate eyes? Or was he intrigued by the way she kept her calm even though she was going to get punished? Either Way, he couldn't stop thinking about her.

What was her name he wondered but then scolded himself for being distracted by a simple woman when he came here with an important mission. He was here to get revenge not women.

Traveling to Osakar he had disguised himself as their king Alexander and with some help from Nora and Julian he got hold of all the information he needed. Julian had put Alexander to sleep and Nora hid his body with a spell. Lucian didn't think it would be that easy but he soon realized that witches could do much more than he had thought. The question was could he trust Julian and his sister?

As his mind went back to the present Pierre was still talking, trying to make a great impression and Lucian just couldn't bear to listen anymore. Maybe now was the time to use some of his devilish tricks he thought amused. Going inside his brother's head he manipulated him into thinking that he was done talking.

‘Alright then. I’ll leave you to rest and we will talk about the details tomorrow.’ Pierre said.

Lucian smiled inwardly. Maybe it wasn’t that bad to be whatever he was after all.

On his way back to the room that was arranged for him Lucian came across Levi. He was playing with other kids and they were chasing each other through the halls. Lucian felt a stain of guilt watching him, knowing that his happiness would soon come to an end and that he would be the reason. These were the times he didn’t feel too excited about his revenge.

You can find the rest of this content on the platform.

Lucian took one last look at Levi’s smiling face and imprinted it on his mind, then he continued further and buried his guilt deep inside his heart.

Once he reached the room his guards stayed behind as he walked inside. Lucian had expected to find the maid on her knees and Jade walking around her in circles while making threats, but nor was Jade in the room and nor was the maid on her knees. Confused Lucian walked further in and was astonished to find the maid sleeping on his bed, comfortably. Lucian stared in shock, this woman was either very brave or very foolish.

Instead of waking her up and scolding her, he found himself staring once again. She looked so innocent and fragile laying in his large bed and he found himself wanting to touch her. He shook his head.

No!

He couldn’t be distracted now when he came here with a clear purpose. Just as he was about to wake her up she stirred in her sleep and opened her eyes slowly. She blinked several times before rubbing her eyes and

then, still unaware of his presence she put her arms over her head and stretched. Halfway through her stretch she took notice of him and froze in place. He wanted to laugh at how funny she looked but kept a serious face. Once she came out of her state of shock she rolled off the bed quickly and stood on the other end. Her eyes darted around the room looking everywhere except at him.

‘Your Highness...I...’ She swallowed hard, ‘I...I was just...I didn’t mean to fall asleep...I...apologize.’

She rubbed her hands together nervously still avoiding looking at him. When he said nothing she raised her gaze slowly, looking directly into his eyes. For a moment it felt like she could see through him, through his disguise and deep into his soul. Her eyes held so many emotions that it was overwhelming yet he couldn’t look away. There was a magnetic power in her gaze that had him spellbound and he found himself strolling toward her. As she saw him walk closer her eyes widened in fear but she didn’t back away and he didn’t stop until he stood a breath away from her.

Up close he found her even more beautiful and she smelled of honey and coconut, a very familiar scent that evoked a hunger in him he never felt before. Without realizing he raised his hand and put his fingers lightly on her cheek. She squirmed at the contact but as his fingers caressed her soft skin her eyes slowly fluttered closed and her lips parted slightly. Something stirred to life inside of him and he was in no control of his body anymore. His was unaware of his actions as his arm slid around her waist and drew her body close to his. Even though his mind screamed at him to stop he leaned closer and buried his face into the crook of her neck. He inhaled deeply, letting her sweet scent intoxicate his mind. How would she taste? He thought. How would she taste if she smelled so good?

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As if she knew what he was about to do she tilted her head back and grabbed onto his arms. He buried his fingers into her hair and then slowly flicked his tongue over her neck. A sweet sound of pleasure escaped her lips that set fire to the hunger he was already feeling. Pushing her into the wall behind he held her in place with his body while trailing kisses up her neck and jaw. She jerked against him, wanting more. He pushed harder into her and then captured her lips with his. Heat exploded inside of him at the taste of her, a taste that made him wild yet the familiarity of it comforted him, calmed him. He thought he was going to devour her but instead, he kissed her softly, touched her slowly, as if he wanted to comfort her as well. The warmth of her body welcomed him, enveloped him in a world of passion, desire, and love.

Love ?!

Startled he pushed himself away from her and shivered at coldness her absence brought.

‘Who are you?’ He asked.

She looked up slowly, her cheeks flushed and her eyes still hooded with desire.

‘Who are you?’ She breathed as she fixed her gaze on him.

She was brave indeed, but he felt as if there was more to her question from the way she was looking at him.

Moving from her place she started walking toward him, her gaze never leaving his until she stood a breath away. Her eyes slowly welled with tears ‘Who are you?’ She asked again and he could hear the desperation in her voice.

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She put one hand on his chest ‘Please...’ Her voice cracked as a tear fell down her cheek. Lucian got suddenly confused. Why was she crying all of a sudden ?

‘Please...’ She begged again. Lucian didn’t know what she was begging for but seeing her cry felt like a knife twisting in his heart. Without thinking, he wrapped his arms around her but that seemed to have made things worse as she suddenly burst into tears at his gesture. Her whole body shook while she cried and Lucian froze in place unsure of what to do.

Then he remembered he could go inside her head to find out why she was crying. Blocking everything else away he focused on her thoughts but he heard...nothing. He tried again but still, he heard nothing. Maybe her thoughts were a mess since she was crying he thought.

Grabbing her arms he pulled her away from his hold.

‘Why are you crying ?’ He asked.

A thousand emotions crossed her eyes at his question and for awhile she just looked at him, her expression slowly turning to confusion.

‘Who are you ?’

‘You may call me Your Highness.’ He said confused at her question.

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She shook her head as if denying his answer.

‘And you ? Who are you ?’ He asked.

She gazed up, anger flashed through her eyes as she gazed into his. 'I am your wife.'

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

Chapter 72: Vol2 Chapter 12

Who are you ?

That was the question Roshan asked himself as he stared at his reflection. He didn't recognize himself anymore. He was thinking way too much, caring way too much that he began to worry. Worrying was not his thing either. What was wrong with him these days ? Since he met the Viking princess he had been unable to think of anything else but her.

Every day since she left Roshan had watched her, spending her days alone in her room where her brother had locked her up. He had found a suitable husband for her and would keep her locked up until she got married. For some reason, the idea of her getting married and belonging to someone else made him uneasy. He didn't even know the woman so why did he care ? He had more important things to do right now, like finding Irene's mother.

Irene had collapsed since the day she found out about her son's death and she didn't wake up since then. Lucifer tried everything but nothing seemed to work and now her mother was her only hope. But the witch was impossible to find and Roshan didn't look forward to meeting her.

Droshts were no joke when it came to power. They could draw energy from nature, such as the sun and the moon, and even other witches and that makes their power limitless. On top of that, they despised demons, so he was basically going on a suicide mission. But Irene had saved his life once so he owed that to her.

‘Where are you going?’

As usual, his friend looked very neat as he walked into the room. He wore a white shirt and black trousers, and his blonde hair was still wet from the shower but combed back elegantly. His angelic looks could make any woman lose her breath.

Roshan remembered the old days when he and his friend used to party a lot, get into fights and trouble, get themselves surrounded by beautiful women and spend each day in a different place. Those were the days Enoch used to enjoy life, smile and laugh, but since the tragic event in his life Roshan hadn't seen his friend smile even once.

‘I am going on a witch hunt.’ Roshan replied.

‘I thought you were going to save the ice princess.’ Enoch said as he settled down on the couch.

‘And why would you think that?’

‘Because you like her.’

‘I don't.’ Roshan denied.

Enoch narrowed his gaze. ‘You are a fool. You have a chance to be with the woman you like....., some of us never got a chance.’

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A sad expression settled over his face and Roshan knew that his friend was recalling painful memories.

Roshan left Enoch alone in the room. He knew there was nothing he could do to lighten his friend's mood anyway. Walking down the way the

hall he turned into mist and teleported himself to the underworld where a lower rank of demons liked to dwell.

‘My Lord!’ Uzil was already waiting upon his arrival.

‘Any information?’

‘No, but... Lucifer was here. I think he wants to find the witch himself.’ Uzil whispered.

No wonder it was very quiet today. Lucifer must have terrified them with his presence.

‘Do you want me to continue looking?’

‘Never mind.’ Roshan said. If Lucifer couldn’t find her then nobody could, and if he found her it would be one hell of a battle. Lucifer would be at a disadvantage though, since she is the mother of his mate.

Roshan dismissed Uzil and continued to search on his own. By now he knew he wouldn’t be able to find the witch, but he just wanted to keep himself occupied so that he wouldn’t think about Klara. Not that it worked. The more he fought the urge to think about her the more he thought about her and the more frustrated he became. Before he knew he found himself in her room watching her from a corner. As usual, she was reading a book while laying on her stomach with elbows resting on a pillow and her feet swinging in the air.

He shouldn’t be doing this. He was invading her privacy, but then again when did he care about such things? Anyway, this was the last time he was coming here, he would not come here again he promised himself. A promise he’d made many times before including the last time he came and yet today he was here.

Just as he was about to leave he heard footsteps outside her room and soon after her brother barged inside. Klara ignored her brother and kept reading without looking up, even once.

‘Get ready. You are getting married tomorrow.’ He said.

Klara continued to ignore him.

Rasmus sighed then turned to the servants. ‘Make sure to get her ready.’ He said calmly before leaving. As soon as the door closed behind him Klaras head fell into the pillow and her shoulders began to tremble.

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She was crying. Roshan was surprised, she never cried before, not when her brother had yelled at her, not when he had locked her up and ignored her for several days, not even when he denied her to meet her sister and here now she was crying. She must have endured a lot and reached her limit.

Roshan felt the sudden urge to scoop her into his arms and comfort her, but before doing something he would regret he teleported back home. He needed to stop this madness. She was getting married and he was not the type to commit. He liked to be with a different woman every time but now thinking about it, he hadn’t been with a woman for a while. Maybe that was the reason he was acting strange he thought. Yes, he should go and satisfy his needs. He was a demon after all and demons are known to be warmblooded.

‘My lady, please. You should get ready now. It’s your wedding tomorrow.’ The maids begged looking anxious. They would be in trouble if they didn’t prepare her.

Klara didn't want her maids to suffer but she was suffering herself. She had been locked for days without seeing anyone but her maids. Her brother wouldn't even let her meet Astrid. How cruel.

At first, Klara had been patient thinking her brother would soon give in and forgive her, but no. He was really marrying her off without her consent. She knew he would punish her severely for betraying him but she never thought he would go this far.

No! She would not get married against her will. She had always imagined herself getting married to someone she loved and have a fairytale wedding just like the ones she reads in the books, but after getting her heart broken she had given up those dreams. That didn't mean though she would get married to just anyone.

'I want to be alone.' Klara said.

The maids looked at her pleading but they didn't dare to defy her so they left. Klara looked around the room. She needed to do something but what? She couldn't escape as her brother had the place heavily guarded, especially around her room.

Klara never felt as helpless as she did now. Thinking got her nowhere as she was still clueless as what to do. If there was a chance to escape it would be on her wedding day but that would be too much of a risk.

Klara stomped her feet on the ground like a little child frustrated that she could not come up with a plan.

'What should I do?' She buried her face in her hands.

'Come with me.'

Startled Klara jumped out of the chair as a scream erupted from her throat but the sound got soon muffled by a hand grabbing the back of her head and another covering her mouth.

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‘Shh...I am here to help.’

Klara was just about to use her fighting skills when she found herself looking into a pair of mesmerizing Hazel eyes that held her captive with just a glance. She knew all too well who they belonged to but that didn't stop her kneeling him in the stomach and then punching him in the face.

How did he get into her room? She should scream for help now but she didn't.

Roshan stumbled backward then rubbed his jaw.

‘Ouch... you really know how to greet someone. I am fine thank you.’ He said sarcastically as he stood straight and looked at her with amus.e.m.e.nt.

She had punched him really hard but only she seemed to be in pain.

‘How did you get in?’ she whispered then guessed that it had to do something with the witch.

‘Do you want to escape or not?’ he asked ignoring her question.

He came here to help her escape. Why?

‘Did Irene ask you to help me?’

‘No princess. I am here of my own will.’

‘Why?’ she asked. What did he want from her? He had to want something, why would he help her otherwise.

‘I’ll just leave if you don’t want my help.’ he said turning around.

Klara panicked. ‘Wait!’

Even though she didn’t trust him she didn’t want to be left here. Once he left she knew she would not get another chance to escape. She would just let him help her out of here and once she was outside she would escape from him as well.

Great idea, she thought proud of herself.

‘I am coming with you.’

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

Chapter 73: Vol2 Chapter 13

‘I am your wife.’

I was shocked by my own words as if I didn’t say them myself but got possessed by someone else. Even though the man in front of me looked nothing like Lucian, every nerve in my body told me it was him. His voice, his scent, the way he had kissed me and how he made my heart race and my body tingle. It had to be Lucian, but the way he was looking at me now as if I was a complete stranger broke my heart. Maybe it wasn’t him after all, but why was my gut telling me otherwise.

No, Lucian would never pretend like he didn’t know me which means that I had just kissed another man. that

Good lord, what had I done? I took a step back, angry that he had kissed me and that I had kissed him back. Angry that he made me feel the way Lucian did. I could not feel this way about anyone else. I shouldn't!

'Excuse me?' He said with a frown.

More tears fell down my cheek. I wanted to beg him again. Beg him to tell me that he was Lucian, beg him to hold me again so that I would feel safe. But he wasn't Lucian. Lucian would never hurt me like this, he would never just watch me cry.

I really must be desperate to kiss another man, to even let myself believe that he was my husband. Embarrassed I ran out of the room. I knew I would be in big trouble later but right now I didn't care. I went to the storeroom where I sleep at night and just cried and cried while hoping for Lothaire to appear out of nowhere. All I wanted right now was to leave this place.

The day went by with me working to death and crying in between and dreading Jades arrival. I had escaped my punishment after all, but Jade never came and now it was almost midnight and I was preparing to get some sleep. My eyes had become so swollen from all the crying that I could barely keep them open. Closing my eyes I somehow wished for the sun to never rise again.

Lucian turned back and forth in bed unable to sleep. He was still thinking about her, the woman who made him feel... he wasn't sure what it was he felt. He closed his eyes once again and tried to take her out of his mind but he couldn't. Whether his eyes were open or closed, her face was the only thing he saw. The image of her pained expression and her teary eyes made his heart tighten in an uncomfortable way. And her voice kept repeating in his head.

'I am your wife'.

Did Alexander have a hidden wife? A mistress? But then why didn't she say anything the first time they met?

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Lucian sighed in frustration. What was he doing? He should stop pondering about her and go have some fun. Making himself invisible he went to his brother's room. Pierre was going back and forth, waiting for someone it seemed. As he heard the creaking sound of the door opening he stopped in his tracks and waited for the person to come in. Lucian felt suddenly uneasy when he realized it was her brother had been waiting for.

Why was his brother anxiously waiting for a maid?

'Come here!' he ordered when she hesitated at the door.

Lucian didn't like the way his brother was talking to her.

'I said come here, Hazel!'

Hazel? Suddenly Lucian felt some pain in his chest and his head began to throb.

'You have been crying.' Pierre pointed.

Hazel shook her head. 'I haven't.' she lied.

'Why don't you come to me? I'll not let you cry.' He said softening his voice.

Lucian got confused. Was Pierre interested in this maid? Sure his brother loved women but he never fooled around with maids. He found them dirty and ugly.

Maybe this woman was not merely a woman. She had made him feel things and maybe she did the same with his brother.

Hazel shook her head denying him. Too brave for her own good Lucian thought.

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‘I am done waiting’. Pierre said pulling her to his chest. He grabbed her hair and tried to kiss her but Hazel turned her head and pushed him away.

‘Stop!’

‘No, you stop!’ He yelled grabbing her again before she could run and then throwing her on the bed. Placing himself on top of her he pinned her hands down and tried to kiss her again.

Lucian clenched his fists as anger build inside of him. He got so furious he could feel his demon taking control over his body. This was not good, he was going to get himself exposed but he couldn’t stop himself from doing something. Using his prenatal power he put the lights out then pushed his brother off Hazel with such force that he fell off the bed.

Pierre groaned in pain and Hazel took the chance to run away.

‘Catch her!’ Pierre screamed to the guards who stood outside the door.

One of the guards came in to help Pierre while the other chased after Hazel. Lucian cursed under his breath. Before the guard could catch her he exterminated every light source in the castle.

The guard stopped halfway startled by the sudden darkness.

Lucian who could see clearly in the dark grabbed Hazel's arm. 'Come with me.' He said as if she would trust him. At first, she got afraid and tried to pull her arm away then as if realizing something she followed him quietly. Lucian led her to his hideout spot, a place only he knew about. It was an underground place located in his personal garden.

As they arrived at the place Lucian used his powers again to light the candles.

Looking around Lucian noticed that everything was just as he had left it which meant that the place was still undiscovered. This was where he used to hide when he wanted to be alone, or when he was hurting, or healing, or when he was afraid that his demon would take control over him. He had never brought anyone here before. Why did he bring her?

Lucian turned to Hazel, 'Are you ali...'

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He stopped when he found her staring at him frightfully. 'How did you know about this place?' she asked.

Surprised by the question Lucian didn't know how to answer it. He hadn't thought about it before he brought her here.

'This place...' She began confused. 'it's under our garden...' Her voice was low as if she was speaking to herself.

Slowly she looked up with eyes wide as if she realized something then she frowned. 'Why do you look like this?'

Lucian was confused about what she meant by that. She moved even closer to him then lift her hand slowly to touch his face. As her fingertips caressed his cheek warmth spread through him and he forgot for a moment what she had asked.

'I wasn't wrong.' She breathed. 'I knew it was you.'

She cupped his face with both her hand as tears filled her eyes. 'I have been waiting for so long...I thought...I thought you were...you would never come back.' She wrapped her arms around him tightly and began crying.

Why was this woman crying all the time? Lucian pulled away from her hold.

'Listen...' He began to warn her but the rest of the words died in his throat when he saw the hurt in her eyes. She looked tormented.

'You don't have...' Her voice cracked. 'to pretend anymore.'

Lucian felt uneasy and his head began to throb in pain again. He could barely think anymore.

'You can stay here if you want...' He said trying to leave with unsteady feet.

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This woman was making him nervous, uncomfortable, and...and scared.

She grabbed his arm before he could leave. 'Lucian!'

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

Chapter 74: Vol2 Chapter 14

The world went suddenly still around Lucian and the only thing he could hear was his name echoing through the silence. He wasn't sure if he heard it right or if it was all in his head. How could she know his name? His real name.

Slowly he turned around, his heart beating erratically inside his chest. Hazel still held onto his arm and her eyes swirled with so many emotions and unanswered questions. Lucian had his own unanswered questions. Who was this woman and how did she know his name?

'My name is Alexander.' Lucian tried to correct her but she shook her head. She didn't believe him.

'No...no...' a tear fell down her cheek 'you are Lucian...my husband.'

Husband? Lucian laughed nervously.

'Alright, it's enough.' He said pulling his arm away and turning around to leave but Hazel stopped him again by suddenly wrapping her arm around his waist from behind.

Lucian froze in place shocked by her action. 'Please don't leave me again.' she cried. 'I know it's you, why did you save me otherwise? Why did you kiss me?'

Why? The question lingered in the air and as he couldn't figure out why he acted that way he slowly became angry.

'You know I have been waiting for you. I prayed everyday that you would come back so don't tell me you didn't come back for me.'

Lucian felt suddenly strange. All this time he had wanted to come back here and even though he convinced himself that it was because he wanted revenge deep down he knew there was something else. Something he was afraid to discover and this woman...she terrified him.

Tearing himself forcefully away from her 'Listen, I am not your husband and I know nothing of what you are talking about. I would have helped anyone in your situation but if you don't want any help you are free to go.'

Hazel looked at him more closely as if trying to figure him out. 'I don't know why you are doing this but you are hurting me. Please stop.'

The way she begged him to stop making his heart ache. He shook his head getting angrier for the way she made him feel. She was nothing to him, he didn't care about her. Turning his back he left without a word.

On his way back to the room his anger only increased and by the time he reached the room he was boiling over. Grabbing a chair he threw it across the room and then he took his anger out on every single piece of furniture.

When there was nothing else to break he sat down on the floor feeling defeated. He had been angry before but never this much and he was not the type to break or throw things. Seeing this side of himself appalled him. What was happening to him? Why was acting this way.

Jade suddenly barged into the room and was about to say something when she lay eyes on the mess he made. She drew in a sharp breath 'Not again.'

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Clearly Alexander liked to make a mess as well.

‘Your highness...what happened this time?’ She asked.

When he didn’t reply she ordered some maids to clean up. Meanwhile Lucian calmed down and tried to figure out how things turned this way. He felt though he knew nothing and understood nothing and he was too tired to try and figure it out on his own, so when everyone left he summoned Julian.

Julian appeared just like that, out of thin air. ‘Your highness.’ He bowed deeply.

Lucian wasn’t sure what to ask him and he didn’t trust him either.

‘Julian?’

‘Yes your highness?’

‘Is it possible for someone to see through my disguise?’

‘No Your Highness. Even I can’t see through...unless you want me to.’

Lucian thought for a moment. Could it be that without knowing he had wanted her to see him? And even if she saw the real him, how could she know him when he didn’t know her? She had even called him her husband.

‘Is something wrong?’ Julian asked.

‘Was I married?’ Lucian asked wondering why he even asked such a question.

He would know if he was married but he felt as if some pieces of his memory were gone. Not that Julian could help him. The royal army belonged to the king so they didn’t know much about what went on in the

castle. Besides every prince married at least four or five times so it would be difficult to keep track of all the women.

Julian frowned. 'You don't remember?' He seemed to think for awhile. 'I know you married once. She was a princess from Maebeth.'

He was married?! How could he not remember?

'Did...did she also...die?'

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Julian gazed down. 'I am sorry, Your Highness'

Lucian suddenly felt a lump in his throat. Even though he couldn't remember her but the thought of her dying in the hands of his brother made him furious.

'Why didn't you tell me earlier?'

Julian looked guilty. 'I didn't know you cared for her.'

Lucian couldn't blame him. Not many princes cared about their wives or mistresses. But Lucian did. Even if he didn't remember her his heart felt heavy. Too heavy that he had a hard time breathing.

'Are you alright, Your Highness.' Julian looked concerned.

'I want to be alone.' His voice was resolute.

Julian retreated without a word then disappeared.

Lucian lay down on the bed holding his chest. What was this pain he was feeling and why couldn't he remember his wife? Everytime he tried to

remember his head throbbed so painfully it made his eyes water, until he gave up and went to sleep.

That night he had a dream, about her, his wife. She was walking around their garden in a beautiful white dress and with the smile of an angel. Walking among the flowers she looked like a flower herself, a white rose, pure and beautiful. Suddenly she turned to him, the smile gone from her face, replaced by a look of sadness.

She reached her hand toward him. 'Don't leave me, Lucian.' Her voice was the saddest sound he had ever heard.

Lucian's hand reached for hers but her fingers slipped through his and suddenly she was falling.

'No! No!' Lucian woke up his heart pounding inside his chest and sweat dripping from his forehead. He looked around. He was still in bed, but the dream had felt so real. He

could still feel the touch of her hand.

His wife, he must have loved her but then why couldn't he remember her. He couldn't even remember her face from the dream.

'Your highness.' Jade was already in the room gazing at him with a look of concern.

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'What is it now?' Lucian didn't want to deal with anyone at this moment.

She hesitated for a while then began with her tattling.

‘Can you believe it? The maid that I was about to punish disappeared. They have been looking for her the whole night but they didn’t find her anywhere.’

Lucian had almost forgotten about her. She had said that she was his wife but his wife was dead and he felt guilty for even worrying about this maid when he should avenge his dead wife.

Lucian decided to forget about her and focus on his revenge but even as the day went by and he sat in front of his brother all he could think about was her. She was still in that cold place and had spent the whole night and the morning after without any food. She must be hungry and freezing he thought slightly worried but then shook his head.

This time he was determined not to care. He continued his day listening to his brother’s nonsense until the sun went down, then he went back to his room and went to bed as quickly as he could. As he lay down he realized that he hadn’t done anything productive the whole day, he didn’t even think once about his revenge, then what was he thinking about?

In the back of his mind, she was still there trying to swim to the surface. What has this woman done to him? Maybe she was a witch because she had truly bewitched him. What Lucian couldn’t understand is why she would put herself in such danger. She knew that defying his brother would mean death. She probably had some tricks under her sleeves he thought therefore he shouldn’t care.

My stomach growled once again but more than the hunger the cold was killing me. My toes and fingers went almost numb. I shivered as I waited and waited for Lucian to come.

I knew he would come just as I knew he was my husband. Everything couldn't have been a coincidence. The way he smelled, that spicy scent I could never forget and the way he made me feel, but when I became certain that he was Lucian was when he had saved me.

Lucian had told me once that he could control fire and when he saved me suddenly all the lights were gone, and of all the places he brought me here. A hidden place in our garden. I remembered that it was dark inside the room at first but then suddenly the candles were lit. It reminded me of the time he saved me from those men who tried to r.a.p.e me. He had burned them alive. A frightening sight indeed but what made me confused was why he was denying that it was him ?

I couldn't think further as my teeth began to chatter because of the cold and more parts of my body became numb. Was Lucian really going to let me die here ? My face hardened and I couldn't focus anymore because of the pain. Everything became a blur then.... suddenly I heard the creaking sound of the door opening.

Lucian. I tried to lift my head to look but I couldn't.

'Hazel!'

I heard footsteps rushing toward me then suddenly Lucian scooped me into his arms. His body was so warm against my cold one that I almost sighed in relief.

'Hazel!'

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It had been such a long time I heard him call my name. It warmed me up from the inside.

‘I am so sorry.’ His voice was thick with guilt and worry. He pulled me even closer and wrapped me in a blanket. I closed my eyes relieved that I was safe now and then there was no pain anymore, no worry only darkness and I wasn’t scared anymore.

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

Chapter 75: Vol2 Chapter 15

‘Where are we going?’ Klara asked as she followed Roshan through the dark woods.

‘You will see once we get there.’ He said.

Late at night, in the woods, alone without a weapon and with a man who could fight ten men on his own was maybe not a great idea after all.

Klaras began to calculate all the possible ways she could defend herself if he ever tried to do anything.

‘What did you do to the guards?’ she asked.

While they were escaping she noticed that all the guards lay unmoving on the ground.

‘I put them to sleep.’ He said simply

‘How? I thought you couldn’t use magic.’

‘No...but I sang them a lullaby.’

Even though Klara couldn’t see him clearly in the darkness she knew he had a smirk in his face.

Not wanting to be mocked anymore she continued in silence. Meanwhile, she tried to find the perfect opportunity to escape but it was so dark she was afraid to leave Roshan's side. Once the sun rises she would escape she thought to herself.

‘Here.’ Roshan said as he came to a halt and turned to her.

Klara looked around. Where? She could see nothing but trees and darkness.

Suddenly he crossed the distance between them, wrapped his arm around her waist and pulled her to his body. Before Klara could push him away she felt the ground underneath her feet open and then suddenly she was falling. A cry escaped her lips and she held onto Roshan for dear life.

Klara couldn't understand what was happening but she just wanted it to end. Or maybe not, because falling this far she would probably die by the end of it. Good lord, she was dying.

‘I wouldn't let you die... yet.’

‘Huh.’ Klara shot her eyes open and found herself pressed against Roshan's body. She would have pushed him if she wasn't the one holding him so tightly. Slowly letting her hands fall she took a few steps back relieved that she could feel the ground underneath her feet again, then she looked around studying her surroundings. Wait! She knew this place. It was the place Irene had brought her and Hazel before.

‘Shall we.’ Roshan motioned for her to go in.

Klara hesitated for a moment but then walked inside.

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‘Where is Irene?’ She would feel a lot safer if a woman was here.

‘She is not here.’ He said shortly. Opening a door he led her into a room.

‘You can stay here.’ He said.

Stay? Even though Klara didn’t know where to go, thinking of staying here with Roshan alone sent a shiver down her spine. There was just something about him that frightened her and made her feel unsafe. He had that dark aura that spoke of danger and that spellbinding look. She felt afraid to look into his eyes, it was as if he could see unravel her deepest darkest secrets of she did.

His lips curved slightly as if he could read her thoughts.

Klara cleared her throat ‘You said you were not a witch?’

‘I am not.’

‘Then how did you bring us here out of nowhere?’ She asked.

‘Well, there are some benefits to having a friend who is a witch.’ He explained.

Klara couldn’t follow since he was speaking in riddles. ‘Anyway, I don’t plan on staying here.’

No! She couldn’t stay alone with a man, but where would she go? She had no frien...Hazel?

No, Hazel would be uncomfortable to have her. Klara herself would be uncomfortable as she didn’t want to see Lucian again. It would make her effort of forgetting him all go to waste.

‘Then do you have somewhere else to go?’ He asked raising one brow.

No, she didn’t. As if he could sense her fear, ‘Don’t worry, I don’t eat humans.’ He assured showing his perfect white teeth with slightly longer and pointed canines.

Klara felt disturbed, even more at the way he referred to humans as if he wasn’t one himself.

‘Then I’ll leave you to rest.’ He said using a more polite tone before he left and closed the door behind him.

Klara suddenly panicked. What if he locked her inside?

Turning around she hurried out of the room.

Roshan who was almost halfway through the hall turned around. ‘Is something wrong?’ He asked.

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‘I am hungry.’ She said and it wasn’t a lie, but that wasn’t the main reason she wanted to eat. She needed a weapon to defend herself and in the kitchen she could find many useful things.

Roshan turned around and for a moment she thought he was going to ignore her and leave before he said ‘Follow me.’

Klara followed him eagerly as he led the way to a dining room. No, this is not where she wanted to be.

‘Sit and I’ll bring something.’

‘No need. I can follow you, maybe I can help.’

Roshan raised a brow. ‘Help? I am sure you have never even cut a vegetable in your life, princess.’

‘No. But I have cut people. Vegetables can not be more difficult.’ She said confidently.

Roshan shook his head with a smile. ‘Fine then. Follow me.’

This time he took her to the kitchen. ‘What do you want to eat?’

‘Just something simple.’ Klara shrugged.

Roshan put a salad, a cucumber, an onion, tomatoes and pepper in front of her. ‘Cut these.’ he said handing her a knife.

Klara stared at the vegetable in front of her wondering which one she should start with. Grabbing the cucumber, because it seemed the easiest one, she started to cut it into round shapes.

‘Cut them into small squares.’ Roshan instructed.

Klara became confused. How was she supposed to cut this round-shaped thing into small squares.

‘You can cut this.’ She said putting it aside. ‘I will cut this.’ She said picking the onion. Klara began to cut it into round shaped as well.

‘You need to cut that into strips.’ He interrupted her again.

Strips? Klara tried to figure out how to cut it into strips but ended up cutting it into all kinds of different shapes.

Roshan shook his head looking at the mess she created. 'You see, princess. To cut people you don't need skills but for vegetables, you need skills and...you just don't have it.'

He took the knife from her. 'Now let me show how it's done.'

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Klara studied him closely and was fascinated by how fast and precise he cut the vegetables. He cut them into all kinds of different shapes and then mixing them together he poured everything into a bowl. He even added a few other things like olives, white cheese, corn, and lastly some flavor.

In the end it looked delicious and Klara could wait but have a taste. She had never seen salad look so tasty before.

'What do you say princess?' Roshan asked proudly.

'It looks tasty.' She smiled.

They sat at the table in the dining room and she started eating. It even tasted better than it looked. Roshan had even prepared some chicken to eat with. As she was eating she didn't even realize that Roshan was studying her all the time or that she forgot to take something from the kitchen to protect herself. When she was full she felt really tired. She hadn't slept the whole night after all.

'Do you want me to show you back to your room?'

Suddenly Klara panicked remembering she didn't take a knife from the kitchen. She had been so distracted with Roshan and his vegetables. She looked at the food knife on the table. It wasn't sharp but it would do for now she thought.

‘Yes.’ She said and slowly hid the knife as he stood up to take her back to the room.

‘So...when is Irene coming back.’ She asked on their way back.

‘Not anytime soon.’

Klara nodded. She didn’t feel the least bit safe with Roshan but she had nowhere to go. Only tonight then tomorrow she would leave she thought.

Once they reached the room ‘Good night.’ He said and left without waiting for her to say anything back.

As he walked away Klara realized that the smirk he usually had on his face had been absent. He had looked serious this whole time. She wondered what happened.

The room was big and the bed comfortable yet Klara couldn’t sleep despite being very tired. She kept hearing weird noises or was it whispers she wasn’t sure. Sometimes she would feel as if someone was in the room, watching her silently.

Wrapping the sheets around her tightly and she shut her eyes. She was probably imagining all these things because she was away from home and she didn’t feel safe in this place. She would rather sleep in the woods. At least she knew what to expect there.

The more she tried to ignore the noises the more clear they became and suddenly she heard a cry. Someone was crying loudly. Klara was unsure whether to stay in the room or go and see where the noise was coming from. At last, she decided to go and check. Taking the knife under her pillow she walked out of the room. Following the sound, she came to a closed door. Now she could hear that the noise came from a woman.

Klara thought it was the saddest cry she had ever heard and wanted to see who was so sad that they would be crying like this. Slowly she opened the door and peeked her head inside. There a woman sat on the bed, her long black hair covered her face and she cried with her arms wrapped around herself. It looked like she was trying to stop herself from crying but couldn't.

As if sensing Klara's presence the woman stopped crying and lifted her head slowly.

A gasp escaped Klaras lips

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Irene ?!

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

Chapter 76: Vol2 Chapter 16

Klara was surprised to find Irene like this. She barely recognized her. Irene looked frightening. She was pale, her hair was ragged and her face was covered in tears, but that's not what frightened Klara. It was her eyes. Irene's eyes looked dead, as if her soul had left her body. She stared at Klara yet it seemed she wasn't looking at her, but right through her.

Klara wondered what happened so she slowly walked inside. 'Irene ?' she called hesitantly.

When she got no reply she approached Irene slowly. 'Is something wrong ?'

A single tear ran down her cheek. 'He is dead!' She said her voice void of any emotion.

‘Who is dead?’ Klara asked confused.

‘My son.’ It was almost a whisper.

Irene had a son? Klara didn’t know and she didn’t know how to console Irene either.

Suddenly Irene shifted her gaze and looked right at Klara. The look in her eyes sent a shiver down Klara’s spine.

‘You...’ She said and Klara realized she was in danger even though she didn’t know what wrong she did.

‘You said you loved him...but you didn’t save him.’ Irene hastily got out of bed and began strolling toward Klara slowly.

Klara took a few steps back frightened by the crazy look in Irene’s eyes. She looked like she wanted to destroy the world. Klara was of course a fighter but she knew she didn’t stand a chance with Irene. The woman was a witch after all.

‘Now... who will save you?’ She said threateningly.

Turning around Klara ran toward the door, grabbing the handle she wanted to leave quickly but suddenly the door shut by an invisible force and Klara couldn’t open it. Panic kicked in and she reached for the knife that would probably not help, but again some invisible force knocked it out of her hand and it flew across the room. Swiftly Klara’s eyes searched for something in the room she could use to defend herself but before she could even move Irene grabbed her by the neck and pinned her to the wall.

Klara tried to kick, push, or even punch but neither could her legs move nor her arms. How would she defend herself if she couldn’t even use her

limbs? She could only use her mouth, maybe she should talk some sense into Irene's head but she could barely breathe as Irene tightened her grip, even more, squeezing all the air out of Klara's lungs.

'All of us said we loved him but none of us could save him. None! We all deserve to die.'

Was she going to die like this? And her family wouldn't even know. No, she refused to die.

'You refuse?!' Irene asked. She could read her thoughts? 'Alright then...I will make you suffer first.' Then suddenly Klara felt her body get thrown across the room. She braced herself for the pain to come as she hit the wall then fell on a table that tumbled over and she fell further to the floor.

Klara rolled on the floor in pain while gasping for air. She had to get away and tried to get up despite the pain when Irene kicked her in the stomach and she fell back with a cry.

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'I will kill everyone who claimed to love him, everyone and then I'll join you. Do you know why?' She asked. 'Because I loved him the most yet I did nothing...nothing.'

This was not good. Klara could hear the anger and despair in Irene's voice. If she didn't get away Irene would kill her for sure.

'Oh right. Before I kill myself I have to kill mother as well. I'll kill her!' She screamed.

While Irene was speaking to herself Klara tried to crawl away but soon Irene grabbed her by the hair and pulled her up, bringing both their faces

close to each other. 'You want to live princess? While letting the man you love die?'

Klara was confused. Who was Irene talking about? She had only ever loved one man and it was Lucian.

'Yes. I am talking about Lucian. He is dead!' She yelled pushing her down again.

Klara fell. 'Lucian is dead?'

'Yes.'

'No!' Klara shook her head. 'No, no!' No she was probably talking about another Lucian.

'You can deny it all you want it but it won't bring him back from the dead.' Irene grabbed Klara by the hair again.

Klara took notice of a vase that lay on the table nearby. She grabbed it quickly and smashed it on Irene's head. She expected Irene to fall down but she still stood straight as blood poured from her head and down her face.

Suddenly she laughed, something that shocked Klara. 'Come on! Hit me some more!' Irene said.

Klara was confused.

'I said come on!' Irene yelled then Klara punched her face causing Irene's lip to burst.

'Is that all you got?' Irene asked with a smirk. 'You are not giving me a choice but to show you how.' She said and slapped Klara across the face.

Klara had been slapped before, even by strong men but it never hurt like this. Her whole head was throbbing in pain and she lost her balance and fell. Irene Placed herself on top of her and was about to land another slap when someone spoke.

‘Stop!’

Roshan! Klara felt a sudden relief.

New _ chapters are published here:

‘Don’t interfere! I am warning you!’ Irene said with a deadly tone.

‘Don’t touch her. I am warning you!’ He spoke with that same deadly tone.

She intended to ignore him when someone called her name. ‘Irene!’

This voice sent a chill down Klara’s spine. She wanted to see who the voice belonged to but she kept her gaze fixated on Irene.

‘What are you doing?’

Irene slowly let her hand fall as the crazy look in her eyes turned into one of confusion and sadness. The man quickly came to her side and pulled her up and away from Klara then he wrapped his arms around her. ‘It’s alright.’ He whispered.

Klara didn’t spare a moment to look at the man and tried to quickly get up and away but Roshan already scooped her up in his arms and carried her away. Klara felt embarrassed but didn’t protest as she was in too much pain to walk herself.

Roshan tried to stay calm as he carried Klara to his room. He was shocked and angry, he had never seen Irene act this way before. He shouldn't have left Klara alone here. If he had come a bit late she could have been dead. The possibility of losing her easily made him feel vulnerable and he hated it.

He slowly placed her on his bed and she flinched in pain. Her beautiful face was now covered with bruises and her clothes soaked in her own blood. Roshan clenched his fists, seeing her like this made him angry. If it was someone else who made her like this they would be dead long ago, but it was Irene. He knew she was grieving the loss of her son and blaming herself for not saving him.

‘Stay here.’ He said and left to bring an aid kit.

As he returned he found Klara curled up in his bed, her arms wrapped around her waist. For the first time, he didn't see the tough woman he was used to seeing. She looked startled and scared and he could understand that. Roshan put the kit on the nightstand and then carefully sat down next to her.

He waited patiently for her to sit up then reached for her face. She flinched back.

‘I am not going to hurt you.’ He assured then slowly removed the hair from her face and tucked it behind her ear. As he treated her wounds she didn't even complain once even though it was probably a bit painful.

Roshan knew that not only was her face bruised but her body as well. Knowing that she wouldn't let him help her treat those wounds he gave the aid kit and a clean dress.

‘What happened to Lucian?’ She asked abruptly.

Roshan was taken aback for a moment. He had almost forgotten that she was in love with Lucian and telling her that the man she loved was dead, was not something he wanted to do at this moment.

Klaras eyes welled with tears. 'He is not dead right? She was referring to someone else, right?' A tear fell down her cheek and she quickly wiped it away with the back of her hand.

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Roshan couldn't bring himself to tell her so he kept quiet. Maybe his silence would speak for itself.

'Please...please tell me he is not dead. Plea...ase.' She began to cry hysterically.

Her whole body shook as she buried her face in her hands. Roshan wanted to comfort her but he didn't know how. Even if he knew why would he want to comfort her when she was crying for another man? Turning around he left her alone thinking that she would calm down eventually, but he was wrong.

She kept crying the whole night until she was exhausted and fell asleep almost at sunrise.

'How is she?' Lucifer asked taking a seat in the garden where Roshan was taking a short nap after listening to Klara's cry the whole night.

'She just fell asleep.'

'You care for her.' Lucifer pointed. 'I didn't think someone as promiscuous as you would care for someone.'

‘Well...if Lucifer himself could care for someone then anyone can care for someone. By the way...how did Irene wake up? Did you find her mother?’

‘No. I just found her awake.’ Lucifer said thoughtfully.

‘What is it?’ Roshan asked.

‘I have been thinking. Maybe...Lucian is alive.’

‘Why would you think so?’

‘Demons cannot die unless killed by other supernatural creatures. Why would Lucian be an exception?’

‘Because he is not entirely Demon.’ Roshan said as a matter of fact.

‘True but he could have died and come back to life, just like Irene.’

Irene had died after giving birth to Lucian but she had come back to life because she had demon blood in her system. When she came back to life she had become partly Demon. Lucian was already partly demon which meant that when he died his demon side could have saved him and he awakened was a fully Demon. But then again Demons could track other Demons so why couldn't they find him, Roshan wondered.

It meant that he was either dead or maybe even though he awakened as a fully Demon he still had his witch powers. A deadly combination indeed and this deadly combination would not be found unless he wanted to be found.

‘There is one way to finding Lucian if he is alive.’ As a Demon himself Roshan knew Demons were very protective and possessive of their mates.

This content is taken from

‘How?’

‘Hazel.’

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

Chapter 77: Vol2 Chapter 17

Lucian looked at the woman in his arms. She looked almost dead. What if she had died? He couldn't understand why he was being so cruel to her.

Quickly he wrapped her in the blankets he brought and then lifting her head slightly he tried to make her drink some water. She couldn't drink much as she was half-conscious and seemed to slowly drift away.

He tried to wake her up. ‘Hazel, look at me.’ But her eyes slowly fluttered down and she lost consciousness completely.

With a sigh, Lucian placed her carefully on the bed then added a few more blankets. He put fire everywhere he could then tried to warm her up by rubbing her hands and feet. While rubbing her feet a memory flashed through his mind.

In his memory there was a woman, he was washing her feet while she watched him shyly. He tried to see her face but the memory disappeared as quickly as it came.

Lucian tried to remember some more but as usual, every time he tried to remember his head throbbed so painfully it felt like it was going to burst. Ignoring the memories he tried to focus on Hazel. She was in this state

because of him so he was responsible for her. He kept rubbing her hands and feet until she woke up.

Slowly Hazel opened her eyes and the first thing she said was... 'Lucian.'

'I am here.' He said instinctively and drew her into his arms. Right now he didn't care if he exposed himself and ruined his plan, all he wanted to do was protect this woman and make her feel safe. He didn't even care to ask himself why anymore. The sense of protectiveness he felt was too strong that nothing else seemed to matter.

'How are you feeling?' He asked.

'I am fine now.' She smiled a faint smile. 'I knew you would come for me.'

Since she already knew his name he wanted to ask how. 'How do you know my name?'

She rubbed her eyes then stared at him with a questioning look.

'How I know your name? How could I not, Lucian? Are you asking because you really don't know?'

Lucian nodded. Hazel's expression turned serious and she used the little strength she had left to sit up. Lucian helped her while trying to hear her thoughts but he heard nothing. There was only silence. Why couldn't he hear her thoughts? Could it be that she wasn't a normal human because he could hear other people's thoughts clearly? Maybe he shouldn't trust her yet.

'Do you not know...who I am?' She asked carefully as if afraid to hear the answer.

‘I don’t.’

‘Do you really....not remember me?’

Lucian shook his head.

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Hazel’s shoulders fell in disappointment. ‘I thought you came for me. But you came for revenge right? That’s why you look like this?’

Lucian sighed not wanting to tell her the truth.

‘I don’t understand. Then why did you kiss me?’ She touched her lips probably recalling the memories. Lucian himself has not been able to forget the taste of her lips and he knew he could never forget.

‘And save me?’ She continued. If he hadn’t saved her he wouldn’t be in this situation but strangely he didn’t regret saving her at all. He knew if he went back in time he would save her again.

‘You still haven’t answered how you know my name.’ Ignoring her questions.

‘I know your name because you are my husband.’ She said calmly.

Lucian stood up hastily annoyed that she was still lying to him. ‘My wife is dead.’

Now it was Hazel’s time to stand up hastily. She looked as angry as he was. ‘Who told you that? How could I be dead when I am standing right in front of you.’

‘Stop! You are not my wife.’

‘I am.’

‘I would not forget her.’

‘You did Lucian. You forgot me when I have been waiting for you here everyday, enduring every torture that came my way just to see you once again.’ She almost yelled frustrated.

I was so angry and frustrated. Just a moment ago I had been so relieved and happy to find that Lucian was alive and that he admitted that it was him just find out later that didn’t remember me or maybe he just didn’t want to. Why ?!

Why was he doing this to me ? This was worse than all the tortures I went through put together.

‘I have been thinking of you everyday, worrying, praying for your safety. I missed you everyday, don’t tell me you didn’t.’

‘Stop!’ He yelled taking a step back then holding his head with both his hands as if he was in pain.

‘I thought you were dead. Do you know what I went through believing that?’ My eyes teared up again. Speaking of it opened up new wounds. ‘Lucian...do you really not remember me?’ I asked again hoping everytime the answer would be different but he kept shaking his head and backing away from me. ‘Do you not remember telling me you loved me?’

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‘Please stop!’ He backed away until he hit the wall behind him.

‘Do you not remember holding me or kissing me?’

He shook his head violently.

‘Do you not remember sleeping next to me while holding me in your arms?’

‘Stop!’ He fell on his knees then fisted his hair. ‘Stop!’ His voice trembled as if he was fighting himself.

‘Lucian?’ He didn’t seem well. His body was shaking in a way that reminded me of when he had kissed me for the first time. ‘Are you alright?’

As I neared him he suddenly screamed then started to punch the ground.

‘Stop!’ I screamed terrified. Running to him I grabbed both his hands to stop him from hurting himself.

‘Why are you doing this?’ His hands were soaked in blood. Looking at his face he was pale and his skin glistened with sweat.

‘I can’t make it stop. Please...make it stop.’ He said grabbing his hair again. Was his head hurting?

‘Lucian...’ I was confused as to what to do so I just wrapped my arms around him. As soon as our bodies made contact I saw a terrifying image.

It was Lucian. He was in a dark place, his body covered in wounds and blood. As more blood seeped from his wounds he seemed to die a slow painful death, but someone clearly wanted his death to be more painful. Suddenly some liquor was poured over him and I saw a glimpse of a match then everything went up in flames. An agonizing scream erupted from Lucian’s throat as his body burned in that dark place.

Oh God! Startled I pushed Lucian away breaking the contact between us. What was that? Did he die like that? I shuddered then looked at Lucian who was still trembling. Good Lord. What had Lucian done to deserve this?

‘Oh Lucian...’ I hugged him again instinctively but then the images came back. He was still in that dark, his skin and most of his flesh had burned away but he could heal. I was happy to see him alive but only for a short moment because seeing his progress of healing was more painful than seeing his death. During the night his flesh would heal but as soon as the sun went up he would burn anew and his wounds would open again. Many days he would go through the agony of healing then burning again and it would never seem to end.

Then I saw him trying to crawl out of what seemed like a well but he had no strength so he would fall back again and wait for the day to come and for the sun to burn him once again.

My heart tightened inside my chest upon seeing these images and rage filled my chest.

‘Oh, Lucian...’ I cried holding him tightly. ‘I wish I could make it stop, but it’s over now. You are safe now.’ But he only kept trembling.

I grabbed his face. ‘Lucian look at me.’

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He shook his head. ‘I can’t.’

‘You can. Look at me Lucian.’

He slowly looked up and into my eyes. ‘You are here, with me. Let’s leave this place Lucian. Let’s forget about revenge and live happily together. I want nothing else.’

I didn't want him to hurt anymore. I didn't want to lose him again. Even though I wanted to punish those who tortured him but his safety was more important to me.

He grabbed my wrists removing my hands from his face. 'Why? Why would I leave with you?' He asked.

'Because...because...I love you Lucian, I love you so much. I never told you before and that's what I regretted the most. Now all I want is...'

'Stop. Please stop.' The more I spoke the more he seemed to be hurting. I couldn't understand why but I didn't want to hurt him anymore.

Suddenly he stood up and hurried toward the door as if he was scared of me.

'Will you come back?' I asked.

'Eat the food and keep yourself warm.' He said then left without looking back.

Even though he claimed to not know me he still cared. That would be enough for now. That he was alive would be enough for now.

But would he be alright? He seemed to be hurting very much and it wasn't just because I saw his memories but I could feel it. I could feel his pain and something else that I quite couldn't understand.

Since I was starving and cold I decided to do as he said. I ate the food he brought then wrapped myself in the blankets to keep myself warm. The place had no windows so I had no clue what time it was but it felt like a whole day or maybe a whole night had passed already. I just wanted to see Lucian again, make sure he was safe. After seeing what had happened to him, all the torture I went through seemed nothing compared

to his. All that pain must still be haunting him. He had already gone through enough pain in his life, I didn't want him to go through more pain. I had to convince him to leave this place with me before it was too late.

The question was how?

Suddenly I shivered even though I was wrapped in warm blankets. It wasn't cold but there was someone in the room.

'Hazel.'

I looked up at the devil himself. 'Lothaire, I have been waiting for you.'

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

Chapter 78: Vol2 Chapter 18

'Lucian is alive.'

Lothaire didn't seem as surprised as I had expected him to be, almost as if he had suspected Lucian to be alive.

'Where is he?' He asked calmly.

'I am not sure but he is here in the palace and he doesn't look like himself.' and act like himself.

‘He is in disguise...’ Lothaire said thoughtfully. ‘Then how did you recognize him?’

‘I just did.’ I shrugged. I didn’t know how to explain it.

Lothaire crossed the distance between us then slowly removed the hair from my neck. ‘It’s the mating mark.’ He mumbled.

I had almost forgotten about the mark. I wondered if it had anything to do with me being able to see Lucian’s memories.

‘He doesn’t remember me,’ I said.

Lothaire took a step back studying me with his cold eyes.

‘Or maybe he is pretending...’ I said unsure.

‘He would not.’

My heart sank. If he was not pretending then he really did forget me.

‘Why?’ Why did he forget me? ‘How?’ How could he forget me?

‘I am not sure why or how. Maybe Irene knows.’

Irene! She would be so happy to know that her son was alive. I wanted to see her and tell her quickly but then I remembered how angry I was with her and Lothaire, especially now after having seen everything that happened to Lucian, their son.

How could they not have done anything to help him? How could they have just watched him go through all that and let him die?

I wasn't a parent myself but I knew that I would do anything in my power to save the people I love, even if it meant that I would die myself.

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'I should go and tell Irene. Do you want to come?' He asked.

I shook my head. 'No. I will wait for Lucian.'

Lothaire nodded. 'Alright then.'

'Lothaire?'

'Yes.'

'Why did you not help him?... Even if you and Irene were cursed and could possibly die but a parent would rather die than let their child go through what Lucian did. Am I wrong?'

'You don't know me.' He said.

'I don't, but I know Irene. She doesn't look like the kind of mother who would watch her son go through all that.' I felt as if there was something they weren't telling me.

Lothaire sighed and his cold eyes softened. He took my hand in his, I was surprised by the coldness of his touch, then placed something on my palm. 'Thank you for taking care of him.' He said then he was gone.

I looked at the silver pendant in the shape of a moon in my hand. Not only was it beautiful but it seemed magical somehow. It reminded me of Irene, beautiful in a magical way.

As soon as he walked into his room Lucian fell to his knees. Afraid that someone would see him like this he closed the door despite the pain he was in. Tears and sweat ran down his face as he tried to crawl to the bathroom. He needed cold water to stop this excruciating pain, but he couldn't even crawl. It felt like his whole body had been beaten and every movement would cause him to groan in pain. Grabbing the corners of tables and chairs Lucian tried to push himself further but gave up eventually and just lay there waiting for the pain to end.

He should be used to this by now since it happened every night but this kind of pain was impossible to get used to. Besides he was confused as to why it happened to him now when it usually happened at night. Would he have to endure this torture on the day as well ?

Why ?!

Slowly the pain turned into an icy numbness. His heartbeat decreased and it became hard to breathe. He embraced himself for the pain that was coming because he knew the worst part had only started. Usually, he only lasted ten minutes in the worst part of the pain and then slowly black would fill the edges of his vision and he would gradually fall into a sea of darkness.

In that sea of darkness, Lucian always tried to swim to the surface but to no avail. He would drown over and over again until he gave up, but this time something was different. There was a source of light from a distance.

Lucian tried to swim once again but now toward the light and as he swam he found himself in his personal garden. Surprised as to how he got there he looked around.

There...in the middle of the garden, she sat on a white swing, swinging back and forth while reading a book. As if sensing his presence she looked up from her book and smiled.

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‘Lucian.’

His name never sounded as good as when she called him. Lucian held his breath at the sight of her. Never had someone looked so beautiful in his eyes.

She stood up and opened her arms to embrace him. ‘Come.’ She smiled and he couldn’t resist her call but as he moved toward her he realized that she was still far away from him. It was as if he couldn’t reach her no matter how fast his legs moved. He realized that she was just like the light he could never reach. It only blinded him making it even more difficult to see where he was going. He felt lost and strangely he wanted to go back to the darkness that he usually despised.

That’s where you belong he heard a voice say before he shot his eyes open and found himself in his room. Lucian let out a deep breath relieved that it was only a dream.

It was midnight and the only thing Lucian could hear was some night guards talking outside and the snoring of some people. Jade was half sleeping outside his room so Lucian decided to use another way out. He needed some fresh air without getting disturbed so he teleported himself outside the castle. This time he disguised himself as a commoner and went wherever his feet took him. He tried to not think about anything and just enjoy his walk but he couldn’t.

His mind was occupied with thoughts of Hazel. He could not stop thinking about her even for a second. He wanted to be near her again and let her hold him in the protective and loving way she held him before but could he really trust her? If he did he would have to take her word for being his wife.

Could she really be his wife? Could that be the reason everything about her felt so familiar and comforting? Could that be the reason he wanted to protect her, hold her, kiss her and make her his own?

No. He could not think like this. She could not be his wife. She was just a maid, unprotected in this evil place, probably mistreated and tortured many times before and taken advantage of while he was....he was...doing what? And when he finally came back he didn't even recognize her while she had been waiting all this time.

No. She could not be his wife. He refused to believe it. He would not....he would not let her get hurt while he was dreaming of a normal peaceful life. He would not be so ignorant...would he?

His head throbbed again. No no, he had just gone through this pain why was it starting again? He took a deep breath and tried not to think of Hazel and calm down. She seemed to somehow be the source of his pain. Afraid that he would lose consciousness again outside in nowhere he teleported himself back to his room.

With a loud sigh, he fell back on his bed. Even though he was really tired he knew there was no use of going to sleep, because the nightmares were there, waiting for him to just close his eyes. As he lay there staring at the ceiling he felt something strange, a presence in the room. Sitting up he looked around but found no one, still, he knew someone was here.

Standing up he strained his ears and focused his vision, getting himself ready to fight.

‘Who is there?’ Lucian asked using an authoritative tone.

Silence.... yet Lucian was sure someone was there. He was not a fool to ignore his instincts.

‘Show yourself!’

After a short moment of silence slowly a woman appeared out of thin air. She stood in front of him a few feet away in a green gown that matched her beautiful eyes. Her raven black hair cascaded down her shoulder in elegant waves that stopped right above her waist and her skin was unblemished and radiant. Lucian had never seen such a woman before, she was tall and beautiful, and had a commanding presence.

‘Who are you?’ He asked.

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The woman just stared at him, her eyes slowly welling with tears. Lucian found himself utterly confused. Why was every woman crying at the sight of him?

‘I asked who you are? And how did you get in here?’

The woman only kept staring at him while so many emotions were written all over her face. Pain, sorrow, guilt but also relief and joy. She walked closer to him as tears strolled down her face.

What was this situation? He should call the guards but he knew it was useless as this woman could disappear just the way she had appeared.

Feeling uncomfortable by her closeness Lucian was about to take a few steps back when she suddenly wrapped her arms around him. Stunned Lucian froze in place.

What was this feeling ?

Even though Lucian was shocked by the sudden hug he felt strangely safe. Her warmth soothed and comforted him. He felt as though all the weight he had carried all those years on his shoulders had been lifted away and he could suddenly breathe. His body and mind relaxed and a strange feeling of peace brought tears to his eyes. He wanted to cry in her arms and he wanted her to comfort him but shocked by his own thoughts he pushed her away and took a few steps back.

‘Leave!’ He shook overwhelmed by his own emotions.

He wanted her to leave, she scared him but at the same time, he wanted to know who she was as well.

‘I am sorry.’ The woman cried.

He was tired of these crying women who came to him and added to his confusion. He was already suffering enough, what did they want ?

‘Who are you ? Why did you come here ?’ He said angry and frustrated.

The woman cried even more. ‘I am sorry.’

‘Don’t be sorry and just tell me who you are and what you want.’

‘I...I am...’ Her voice cracked and she shook her head. ‘I am sorry.’ She repeated.

‘Don’t...’ Lucian began to yell but she was already gone.

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Chapter 79: Vol2 Chapter 19

Roshan had just come out of the tub and was still n.a.k.e.d when Lucifer appeared out of nowhere.

‘And you could not wait until I got dressed.’ He said grabbing a towel and wrapping it around his waist.

Lucifer seemed stressed and maybe even...scared. Roshan had never seen him like this before. He was walking back and forth and then abruptly he stopped.

‘Lucian is alive.’ He breathed.

Roshan paused. ‘Alive? How? I can still not sense him.’

‘I don’t know how he does it but he better keep doing it now that the curse is broken, or else...’ Lucifer clenched his fists.

Or else the demons would try to kill him now that the curse was not protecting him anymore. The curse didn’t only keep Irene and Lucifer

from meeting their son but every other demon as well, and since Lucian was half-witch he was basically an enemy.

Witches and demons never mixed well and while witches protected their kind no matter what demons never took risks, even with their own kind. Anyone who could be a threat needed to be wiped away and quickly, especially if they had anything to do with witches.

‘Roshan, as soon as you sense Lucian I want you to summon everyone and if anyone shows a rebellious behavior get rid of them.’

Roshan nodded. He could sense Lucifer’s uneasiness.

Once Lucifer wanted to kill his own son, not because he hated him but because he knew he would suffer a lot and wanted to save him from that. He knew that being the son of the devil and a witch would never allow him to live a normal peaceful life and that both witches and demons would try to eliminate him. But while hesitating to kill his own son Irene’s mother was able to put a curse preventing any demon to come near Lucian.

Roshan wasn’t sure if Lucifer was happy to see his son alive or if he regretted hesitating, causing his son to live in loneliness and torture while he himself was unable to do anything..

‘Have you told Irene yet?’ Roshan asked.

‘Yes, but I shouldn’t have.’

Irene had probably not been able to keep herself from seeing her son which probably added to his confusion.

‘Maybe you want to tell your human friend that he is alive.’ Lucifer noted before leaving.

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Human friend? Klara was anything but a friend.

Since she found out about Lucian's death she had been in a bad state. Sometimes she would deny his death and say that she was going to find him and sometimes she would not leave her room and would just cry for the whole day.

There were some other days that she would not cry but then she wouldn't leave her room either, or eat or drink. She really made him confused and sometimes he wondered why he even brought her here and caused all this trouble for himself.

Today he found her laying on the bed being very quiet.

'Good morning.'

She still lay unmoving on the bed. 'Don't you know how to knock?' She asked in a flat tone.

He did knock but she never seemed to hear his knocking.

'Or maybe you lost your hearing.' He stated.

She sat up hastily and glared at him with annoyance.

'You could knock louder. It's not of good behavior to enter a lady's room without permission.'

Good behavior? And him? Roshan fought the urge to laugh. He was actually at his best behavior right now or else she would have found herself in his bed. N.a.k.e.d.

‘Princess, you are in no position to teach me good behavior. You have been in my home for almost a week, eating and drinking for free without contributing to anything.’

Her face turned red with embarrassment and she looked down at her hands.

‘I...I..’ Roshan knew she wanted to apologize but she was too stubborn. ‘What do you want me to do?’ She asked raising her chin again.

‘How about taking a bath, changing and combing your hair first?’ She looked like a mess.

Her cheeks flushed again. ‘I will if you leave.’

The latest _episodes are on _the website.

Klara looked herself in the mirror. She had never looked like this before, she looked like the homeless people she sometimes saw on the streets. What happened to her? What happened to the strong woman she was? Was she just going to believe what people told her or was she going to find out the truth herself?

She better find out herself before grieving someone who was probably not even dead. Lucian could not be dead.

Deciding that she was going to leave this place today to go and find Lucian she went to the bathroom. Klara was surprised to find that someone had already prepared a bath. It was probably Roshan she thought.

Why was he taking care of her so much?

He had let her stay, given her food and clothes without asking for anything in return. Still, she didn't trust him. He had that look in his eyes that told her he wanted something but she wasn't sure what it was.

Klara got into the hot water and cleaned herself then she slid into a new dress that Roshan had prepared for her as well before walking out and into her room. There she dried her hair with a towel while wondering where she could find a comb. She didn't want to risk leaving the room and getting almost killed again.

While contemplating what to do someone knocked on the door and soon Roshan walked inside.

He had a comb in his hand. This man was something else, Klara thought to herself. She had to be careful.

'Your hair is a mess.' He said handing her the comb.

Klara took the comb, ignoring him she went to the mirror and started to comb her hair. It was more difficult than she had thought. It was all tangled up.

'You seem to need help.' He pointed

'I am fine.' She said but before she was done with the sentence he already stood behind her staring at her through the mirror. Klara's heart jumped to her throat but she swallowed it.

'I could still help.' He said in a low voice leaning right next to her ear.

Klara froze in place as he reached for the comb in her hand, which she just let slide through her fingers. Then he slowly began to comb her hair. Why was she not protesting?

As he combed her hair his fingertips would sometimes touch her neck and she would feel the heat creep into her skin. His closeness made her imagine things she normally wouldn't, like taking a step back and letting him wrap his arms around her, or leaning her head back onto his shoulder and letting him kiss her neck. She wondered what it would feel like, to let a man have her, to let him kiss her and caress her. Her body shivered in sudden want. If she didn't distance herself from this man she would end up doing something she would regret.

The latest episodes are on the website.

Taking a few steps away from him she turned around. 'I think it fine now. Thank you.'

Roshan smiled and something about his smile told her he knew the effect he had on her.

'Why do you do this?' She asked crossing her arms over her chest.

'Do what?' He said innocently.

'Helping me. What do you want in return?'

A mischievous smile crept to his face. 'You know what I want.' He said in a way that made her heart skip a beat.

'No, I don't know.' She said trying not to sound nervous.

'You know, you just want me to say it out loud.' He said slowly strolling toward her 'or maybe you want me to show you.'

Klara backed away until she collided with the dresser behind her. Roshan crossed the distance between them then placed his hands on the dresser on each side of her body trapping her between his arms. Klara's mind

went blank as he leaned closer and spoke next to her ear. ‘I want to please you.’ He said as his hot breath caressed her skin.

A shiver went down her spine. Please her? How?

Roshan chuckled. Leaning back he looked into her eyes. ‘If you are really curious....’ He whispered letting his fingers brush the skin on her face, ‘then close your eyes.’

Klara felt as though she was under some spell that she couldn’t resist so she closed her eyes despite knowing what was coming next.

Roshan leaned in, bringing his lips close to hers. This was so unlike him. He never used his powers to seduce a woman, not that he needed to but this woman was tempting him too much. With her wet hair and bare shoulders, she was provoking the demon inside of him. Still, he shouldn’t manipulate her, he didn’t want to. He wanted her willingly so he took a few steps back and left her mind and thoughts alone.

Klara opened her eyes and looked at Roshan confused. What was wrong with her? She was just about to let him kiss her, to let an unknown man kiss her. No. She needed to make it clear that she was not interested in him, at all.

‘Listen...’ She began.

‘I know.’ He cut her off. ‘You plan on escaping tonight, you don’t need to. Lucian is alive.’

New chapters are published here:

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

Chapter 80: Vol2 Chapter 20

‘Your highness, let me bring a physician.’

Lucian shook his head and Jade’s frown deepened.

‘But your highness, your fever is not going down I have to do something.’

‘Listen to me Jade. I don’t need nor do I want help. I just want to be alone.’

Jade was about to protest but Lucian cut her off. ‘It’s an order, and don’t tell my sister.’

Lucian had no energy to deal with Alexander’s sister. He was already in enough pain. Why he was so sick he couldn’t understand but he couldn’t just lay here. He came here for a reason, for revenge, but got so distracted and now he was even more confused. Who was the woman that hugged him and why did she make him feel the way he did.

Despite knowing that she would only be a distraction Lucian wanted to meet her again. He had so many questions to ask.

Lucian pushed himself out of the bed with a groan. His whole body ached, then he summoned Julian with a spell that he had learned.

Julian appeared so quietly as if he had always been there in his room.

‘Your highness, you don’t seem well. He said upon seeing his face.

‘Any news from outside?’ Lucian ignored his remark. He had no reason or energy to explain his condition.

‘Well the citizens are not very impressed with their new king, in fact, many of them dislike him, especially the poor since he raised the taxes for them. This will be to your advantage. We have now spread some

rumors that you might be alive and people seem to respond well, they have hope that you might be a better ruler than your brother.’

‘Good.’ Now he only needed to get rid of his brother but getting rid of him was not enough for Lucian. He wanted to torture him, to make his life so miserable that he would want to end it himself. He would make him beg, he would make him wish that he was already dead.

But first, he would pay him a visit.

Lucian boiled with anger upon seeing his brother sitting comfortably on the throne while ordering some servants around proudly. He didn’t deserve to sit on that chair or have that crown on his head. He didn’t deserve to order people around and fill his stomach while his people were starving.

‘Oh look who is here. Come in.’ He said standing up from his seat. ‘How is your stay here?’

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Lucian walked inside while he spoke. ‘I like it very much.’ He faked a smile.

They made their way to a table and sat down. Pierre ordered a maid to bring some snacks and then turned back to him.

‘I heard you were looking for some maid who caused you some trouble?’

‘Oh...’ Pierre waved dismissively with his hand. ‘It’s just some servant who needed to be punished, but we have found her so everything is fine.’ He said.

Found her? Lucian wanted to laugh. His brother still lied easily.

‘How is the wedding preparation going?’

‘Her Highness is very specific, she wants the wedding to be extravagant and I want her to be satisfied, of course.’

Alexander’s sister was spoiled and arrogant. She and Pierre deserved each other Lucian thought.

‘But I am a little worried...’ Lucian began, ‘I heard your brother is alive.’

Pierre was about to take a sip from his wine but paused.

‘Which one?’ He asked.

‘The youngest one.’

Pierre laughed, almost nervously.

‘Oh...I can assure you all of my brothers are dead. People just like to gossip.’

‘If you say so...then we have no problem.’

Updated _at

Pierre narrowed his gaze. ‘You look pale.’ He pointed.

‘Yes, I haven’t been out much lately, which I usually do. I should go out for a while.’

‘Yes of course. We have beautiful places here in Decresh. I could arrange for someone to show you around.’ Pierre offered.

‘It’s alright. I will be fine by myself.’

As Lucian left his brother alone he sensed that his brother was nervous and confused. He even called for the guards that killed Lucian to make sure he was dead.

❖❖❖What did you do with the body?’ He asked.

‘We threw him in an empty well and burned it. He could not have lived through that, Your Highness.’ They assured him.

‘Of course not.’ Pierre said with a smug look on his face. He was relieved again, but that would only last for a short while.

As soon as the sun set Lucian took the first step toward his plan. He found one of the guards who burned his body and followed him to somewhere quiet where he was wanted to pee. Just as he was about to pull his trousers down he felt someone standing behind him. He froze in place, who was this, he was sure no one had followed him. He slowly reached for the dagger in his pocket and then turned to swing the dagger but it only cut through thin air.

No one was there. The soldier frowned. He was sure he felt someone standing behind him. He looked around carefully but not a soul was around. Maybe he had too many drinks he thought and proceeded to pee. When he was done he pulled up his pant and when he turned he almost walked into someone.

His heart jumped up to his throat and he was about to curse whoever it was when he saw what he thought he would never see.

No, it could not be possible. Right in front of him stood someone who was supposed to be dead, someone who could not be alive. This had to be a dream.

‘It’s not a dream, but I sure will make it a nightmare.’ Lucian’s lips curved into an evil smile.

The soldier still stood frozen. Adrenaline rushed through his veins but still, he couldn’t move. The horror made him completely paralyzed and soon he couldn’t even stand still so he fell to his knees. This couldn’t be true but it felt so real.

Lucian looked at the soldier in front of him. All the blood had drained from his face and he shook in fear. ‘Yo..yo..your high...ness.’ He stuttered when he finally could speak. He reached his hand to touch him as if to make sure it wasn’t imagination or a dream and when he ensured that it was indeed real he began to shake his head in refusal.

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‘Im...impossible.’ He said crawling backward.

Lucian took a few steps toward him and the soldier kept crawling backward until the cement wall behind him blocked his way.

‘Pl...please. I did nothing wrong. I...I just did what...what I was ordered.’ He said shaking in fear. ‘Please...I will do whatever you want. Just...don’t kill me.’ He said throwing himself at Lucian’s feet.

Lucian had no intention of killing him...yet. ‘Yes, you will. You will go and tell Pierre that I am coming for him. Tell him to be prepared.’

Pierre was enjoying his time with his women, or maybe not much. Hazel kept coming to his mind and he wondered where she could be hiding. Why he was so obsessed with her he couldn’t understand but the more

she resisted him the more he wanted her. He was determined to make her his.

‘Are you not enjoying yourself, Your Highness.’ One of his mistresses Kayla spoke next to his ear as her hands slid down his chest.

‘No, I am not. You should all leave!’ He said standing up and pulling up his robe. They looked at him confused for a while but then left quietly.

He was in a bad mood although he couldn’t understand why. He had everything, he had money, power and beautiful women, lots of them. He couldn’t be feeling down because of one worthless woman whom his brother had already used. No, he would not let himself feel down because of her.

Pouring some wine into his glass he was about to sit down and relax when suddenly someone knocked loudly on the door. ‘I need to speak to you, Your Highness. It’s important.’

Had they found Hazel?

‘Come in!’ Pierre called.

One of his guards David barged into the room, panting, looking like he had seen a ghost. ‘Your highness...’ He looked like he was going faint anytime.

‘What is it?’

‘I...I...’ He tried to catch his breath. ‘I just saw His highness Lucian. He is alive.’

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Married To The Devil's Son (WN)

Chapter 81: Vol2 Chapter 21

‘What nonsense are you saying?’

‘I swear Your Highness. I saw him with my two own eyes.’ David shook as if remembering what he had seen.

Fear crept its way slowly into Pierre’s heart. Lucian could not be alive. He had made sure that his brother was not breathing before letting the guards take him away.

‘You said you burned him.’ Pierre accused.

‘I...I did.’ David said his eyes widening in realization and fear at what he had done. ‘He will not spare my life.’ He said more to himself.

The horror on David’s face was so real that it made Pierre wonder how his brother could have survived all that? Was he really the devil’s son?

He chuckled darkly. That was ridiculous. David must have been feeling guilty that he started imagining things.

‘Just leave.’ He said waving with his hand.

David stared at him for a short while then with a low voice, as if he was scared that someone would hear him he said ‘He is coming for you. He told me to tell you to be prepared.’

A frown settled on Pierre’s face and heart began to pump in fear. ‘Stop talking nonsense and Leave!’ He yelled.

Lucian could not be alive and even if he was he couldn’t have entered the castle without anyone noticing. Everyone here knew what he looked like.

Pierre took a deep breath to calm himself down. He had nothing to be scared of yet he put more guards outside his room before he went to sleep.

Lucian watched his brother turning back and forth in his bed while unable to sleep. This was only the beginning. Pierre would have many more sleepless nights.

‘Hazel.’

I jumped at the sound of Irene’s voice. Turning around I found her standing in the middle of the room with shoulders dropped. Her once gorgeous face looked unhealthy and her once vibrant eyes looked dead.

‘Irene.’

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‘I know you probably don’t want to see me but I couldn’t help myself from coming to see you.’ She rubbed her hands together nervously. ‘I wanted to tell you everything but I couldn’t because of the curse. Now I guess you already know.’

She was speaking of being Lucian’s mother.

‘Yes I know.’

As she looked more closely at me a frown settled on her face. ‘Oh...’ She breathed. ‘Who did this to you?’ She said crossing the distance between us and grabbing my shoulders to look more closely. Her sad face turned into one of anger, as if she wanted to punish whoever hurt me.

‘Yes, I want to.’ She said and I could hear the anger in her voice. My once closest friend, my only friend turned out to be Lucian’s mother. I still couldn’t digest that fact.

Irene’s expression turned into one of sadness again upon hearing my thoughts. ‘I am sorry.’ She apologized. ‘I know you are angry with me but I can’t let you stay here. You have to come with me.’

I shook my head. ‘I want to see Lucian. He needs me.’

‘It’s dangerous to stay here and Lucian doesn’t remember yo..’ Before she could finish the sentence she stopped herself and looked at me apologetically

‘So he is really not pretending?’ I asked feeling my heart break into a thousand pieces.

‘No... but don’t worry. He will remember you.’

I felt my eyes tear up. ‘And if he doesn’t?’

‘He will.’ She assured.

‘Why doesn’t he remember me?’ I heard my voice crack. No, I was not going to cry again.

‘He probably feels to much guilt that it’s painful for him to remember.’ Now her eyes teared up.

‘Guilt? Why?’

‘Because he feels that he failed to protect you. He feels guilty for leaving you behind in the hands of his enemies. He probably imagined many

times before he died what would happen to you once he left and it was too painful for him, so he suppressed all his memories that includes you.'

Oh, Lucian. I didn't know he was in so much pain. I needed to make him see that I was just fine.

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'I want to see him, Irene. Please take me to him.' I was almost crying.

Irene sighed. 'He can hurt you right now.'

'No, he won't.'

Irene sighed. 'Alright, come with me.'

Lucian was half asleep when he heard the door to his room open quietly and someone sneaking inside. He slowly reached for the dagger under his pillow making himself ready as the person's footsteps neared, but then suddenly Lucian stiffened. He recognized this scent, the scent of honey and coconut, the scent of Hazel.

What was she doing here and how did she get in?

Putting the dagger back he pretended to be asleep. Hazel walked closer, he could feel her leaning over him and then slowly she sat down on the bed next to him. After that it was quiet for a while and then he felt her fingers on his face, removing the hair from his face and tucking it behind his ear.

'Lucian.' She whispered his name but he kept his eyes closed. 'You have gone through a lot and I could do nothing to help you.' She ran her

fingers through his hair. 'I don't want you to hurt anymore. I wish you could come with me and leave all this behind. We could live happily together and forget about the hurt and the pain.' It was silent for a moment. 'Is that possible?' She then asked. She seemed to ask herself more than him.

Slowly she leaned even closer to him and Lucian wondered what she was about to do before he felt her lips on his forehead. 'I love you.' She whispered and then stood up to leave.

Lucian panicked for an unknown reason and grabbed her wrist to prevent her from leaving. Hazel gasped startled but then looked back at him. 'You are awake.' She looked shocked and scared.

Lucian looked up at her. 'Don't leave.' He said to his surprise which seemed to surprise her as well. She was a little reluctant but then decided to stay with him. He made someplace for her on the bed next to him and she lay down carefully. There they lay face to face looking at each other, both a bit confused by what they were doing.

'How did you get in here?' he asked breaking the silence.

'You're guards are sleeping.' She whispered.

'Why did you come here?'

'I wanted to see you.'

Why he wanted to ask but then again he knew what she would say, because he was her husband. He felt as though he was, since he felt way too comfortable with her.

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From what he had learned, he was only married once and to a princess from Maebeth whom his brother would never keep alive. This woman was alive and she could not be human. She had been able to see through his disguise and he could not read her thoughts like other humans. She was something else and she probably wanted something from him. What he didn't know but there was one way to find out, to keep her close to him and play along with her. Eventually, she would show her true colors.

'I am dirty, and your bed is clean.' She said when it became too quiet.

'It's alright. Get some sleep.' He said then closed his eyes and before he knew he was already asleep.

Lucian woke up feeling refreshed. It had been so long since he had a good sleep and without a nightmare. He wondered what went different this time, but that's when he noticed Hazel sleeping next to him. Was she the reason? How could he have fallen asleep and even felt comfortable next to a woman he suspected to be his enemy?

Lucian stared at Hazel's relaxed face as she was asleep. She looked so innocent that he had a hard time believing she could be anyone's enemy at all. He reached for her face, feeling her now bruised skin under his fingers. He felt a sudden urge to punish whoever did this to her. Caring for someone he didn't even know made him feel even more upset.

'Hazel.' What am I supposed to do with you?

Hazel opened her eyes slowly as if she had heard her name being called. After blinking several times she looked at him and smiled. That smile, that annoying yet beautiful smile tugged at his heart in strange ways.

Lucian got hastily out of bed, irritated by his own feelings. Hazel sat up and looked at him with a hurt expression that she tried to hide.

‘You can use the bathroom to clean up.’ He said as an excuse to be without her for a moment, to collect his thoughts.

‘Thank you.’ She smiled getting out of bed and then tiptoed to the bathroom.

Lucian let out a deep breath once she was out of sight. This woman was doing things to his mind and body. What was wrong with him? He had seen much more beautiful women than her and still not felt the way she made him feel. He paced back and forth in the room trying to calm his nerves down, but his demon was being rebellious again.

I thought we made peace, he told his demon as if his demon was someone other than himself. His demon was only a name for his dark side, the evil inside of him, the anger, the wickedness, the frustration and of course the l.u.s.t and hunger. The will to manipulate and to seduce was usually what his demon enjoyed the most and usually that side of him, his demon was stronger than his good side.

‘Lucian.’

Hazel’s voice interrupted his fight with his demon but as he turned around and laid eyes on her he knew there was no going back.

Hazel was standing in front of him, wet and with nothing but a small towel wrapped around her body.

‘I couldn’t put my dirty clothes back on.’ She said completely innocent.

Lucian slowly strolled toward her fully aware that he had let his demon win. Hazel didn't step away and there was no fear in her eyes this time as he grabbed her face softly.

You can find the rest of this content on the platform.

'Good.' He breathed. 'I want you n.a.k.e.d.'

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

Chapter 82: Vol2 Chapter 22

It felt so refreshing to get clean and the hot water was very soothing, but I couldn't spend the whole day here even though I wanted to. Washing the soap off I began to dry myself with a clean towel that I found. I was surprised by how many bruises I found on my body while drying myself. I must look awful I thought.

Once I was dry I looked around for something to wear, but there was nothing. That meant that I had to walk out with only a towel. I didn't want Lucian to see my bruised body and cause him even more guilt, but since I had no other option I walked out of the bathroom and into the chamber.

There I found Lucian pacing back and forth looking disturbed and in deep thoughts that he didn't even notice my presence.

'Lucian.' I called carefully.

Lucian stopped in his tracks and slowly turned around. His eyes widened in surprise.

'I couldn't put my dirty clothes back on,' I said explaining why I was half-n.a.k.e.d.

He stood completely still and looking appalled for a short while but then slowly something flickered in his eyes and his gaze darkened. I don't know what happened but suddenly he was standing right in front of me, so close I could smell his addictive scent.

'Good.' He said grabbing my chin gently and lifting my head so that I was looking into his eyes. Then he leaned closer, 'I want you n.a.k.e.d.' He said in a deep husky voice that made my heart race. It had been so long since I felt this way and I just wanted him to kiss me, and do much more.

As if knowing what I was thinking he grabbed the back of my head and devoured my mouth. I sighed into his mouth at the sudden pleasure that I felt and wrapped my arms around his neck. His kiss was hot, persistent, and hungry making my legs wobble in weakness and my breath hitch.

I pushed him away slightly just to catch my breath but he held me in place and continued kissing down my jaw and further down to my neck. I shut my eyes and threw my head back feeling his hot mouth nip and suck its way up to my mouth again. This time he slid his tongue inside and the taste of him made all rational thoughts leave my mind. All I wanted was to feel him, taste him. Yes, this time I was the one that wanted him n.a.k.e.d.

I tugged at the strap on his robe to take it off but he suddenly grabbed my wrists and broke the kiss.

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'Wait.' He breathed heavily holding my wrists in a steel grip.

'I don't want to wait anymore. I want you.' I need you.

I sounded like a desperate woman, or maybe I was but I didn't care. It wasn't a sin to want your husband.

Slowly he let go of my wrists and I thought he was going to leave, but instead, he took off his robe. It felt strange to look at his bare body, and now thinking about it even his face. Even though I knew he was Lucian it would be strange to be with him looking like this. I wanted to be with him looking like himself.

‘I want to see you.’ I said.

He looked at me for a while, ‘more?’ He asked then began to open the buttons on his pants.

‘No, I don’t mean like that.’ I almost panicked despite having seen him completely n.a.k.e.d. ‘I mean I want to see the real you, I want to see Lucian.’

Suddenly something clicked in Lucian’s head. Wait! Was Hazel seducing him on purpose just to make him expose himself? But what would she get out of it? Still, he shouldn’t trust her, he knew he shouldn’t, not after everything he went through, but it was too late to convince himself. He already trusted her. Those innocent eyes of her told him he could trust her, told him that she would never do anything to hurt him. As he looked into those eyes he saw a reflection of his own feelings, pain, guilt and a deep longing to be together.

Yes, he wanted this woman. Not just today but everyday. He knew he was being insane but it didn’t matter anymore. Everything felt right with her, it felt as if she was made for him. Made to make him feel safe, to make him feel loved and happy and forget about all the pain even if it was for a short while.

‘Is it important?’ He asked.

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She nodded. ‘Yes. I want to feel you and not somebody else.’

Lucian let his disguise fall off and watched Hazel’s expression carefully. She looked at him surprised for a long while that he became concerned.

‘Is something wrong?’

Hazel shook her head violently still her eyes wide. ‘No...no. You just...you just look more beautiful than I remember.’

Lucian couldn’t help the smile that crept to his face. To be called beautiful by this particular woman made him happy.

Then suddenly Hazel frowned and extended her hand to touch his hair. ‘Your hair. You cut your hair?’ she said shocked.

‘Yes.’

‘This short?!’ She almost sounded upset.

Why did Lucian suddenly feel as if he was being scolded? She had just said that he was beautiful, did she change her mind? He knew that he had cut more than half his hair and now it was only a bit past his shoulders but he hoped that she wouldn’t dislike it.

‘You don’t like it?’ He asked.

She tilted her head slightly and looked at him with amusement. ‘You look good in whatever. I was just a little surprised.’ She smiled at him.

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That smile again made him lose track of his thoughts. He slid one arm around her waist and pulled her against him. He didn't want to talk anymore. He wanted her, and he wanted her now.

'Do you still want me?' He asked.

She nodded blushing.

'But we have to do this quietly. You can't make a sound.'

Lucian could hear Hazel's heart race inside her chest. Hell, even his heart was racing at the thought of not making a sound. He was already imagining Hazel biting her lip and digging her nails into his shoulders to stifle a m.o.a.n and he imagined himself teasing her until she couldn't stay quiet anymore.

'I can't promise.' Hazel said with a heavy breath.

'You have to.' He said sliding his hand up her bare leg while pressing his lips to her neck.

The thought of her promising him and then making her break her promise was very tempting.

Why did he want to play this sly game with her so badly?

'Alright.' She sighed wrapping her arms around him.

'Alright, what?' He asked kissing up her jaw.

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'I...I promise.'

Good, he thought. Because now he wanted to play a game with her. How long would it take him to make her break her promise?

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

Chapter 83: Vol2 Chapter 23

I could not make a sound? Good lord!

Why did the thought of it arouse a fluttering feeling to my stomach?

Lucian drew his lips from mine and looked at me worriedly.

‘Are you sure you want this?’ He asked. ‘If you don’t want to I’m not going to force you.’

I was confused. Had I done something to make him believe I didn’t want to? I thought I sounded desperate.

‘You are trembling and you seem stressed.’ He explained.

‘Oh...’ Yes I was stressed, stressed to have him. It was like I couldn’t wait. ‘I am trembling in need Lucian. I need you.’ I assured him not the least embarrassed.

Lucian’s eyes darkened and he took my mouth with his in a wild kiss. His hands roamed the sides of my body, down my back, over my bottom and then grabbing my thighs he lifted me up. Taking the hint I wrapped my legs around his waist and he carried toward the bed without taking his lips away from mine. There he lay me down gently and pulled away.

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A sigh of frustration escaped my lips at the absence of his closeness. He looked down at me where I lay between his legs, his eyes studying me with curiosity. I could still not believe my eyes everytime I saw at him. I had always thought he looked too good to be true but now looking at him he took my breath away. I couldn't quite put my finger on what exactly changed about his appearance, he just seemed overall different.

Slowly he hovered over me, using one arm to support his weight while the other hand went to graze my thigh. He leaned in and placed soft quick kisses on my lips teasingly until I couldn't control myself anymore. Reaching up, I grasped his hair and brought his face closer to mine, seeking his mouth, wanting more of the sweet taste of his lips.

His lips curved into a smile at my desperation before he gave in and kissed me in the same desperate need that I was feeling. His lips moved with greed, nipping and sucking, making me shudder with want. My hands reached for him feeling his body, clutching at the muscles on his arms and back. The feel of his bare skin made me wish that I was n.a.k.e.d, I wanted feel his skin moving against mine.

Lucians kisses moved down my jaw trailing his tongue over my earlobe. A sigh escaped my lips and my body shuddered involuntarily.

'You like that?' He murmured in my ear.

I shivered again and nodded.

'What about this?' He asked and kissed right under my ear. That was my weak spot. How did he know? Did he remember?

But the thoughts fled my head as quickly as heat spread through my body. My breath came out in shallow pants as he continued to torture me with his tongue. I tilted my head back and arched against him while feeling his

hand trailing down my chest and then swiftly removing the towel from my body.

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Cold air hit my skin before Lucian's warm body pressed against mine. I bit my lip and fought hard not to make a sound at the feel of his bare skin against mine.

Lucian's body tensed for a moment before he drew back. I opened my eyes quickly afraid that he had changed his mind and decided to leave but we locked eyes all I saw was a burning hunger. Yes, his eyes seemed to burn, literally. The flames in them seemed wild, as if they wanted to consume me.

My heart began to race as his gaze swept over my body. His jaw tensed and the flames in his eyes seemed to burn hotter. This time I didn't feel shy at all under his gaze, I just wish he would touch me while watching me.

Touching is an understatement of the things he did to me. He did all kinds of wicked things a man could do to a woman, just like he had promised. Not making any sounds while every part of your body was being explored was not only difficult but impossible. I was writhing, squirming, trembling, and begging.

'Shhh...' He said leaning down and brushing his lips lightly against mine. 'I haven't started yet.'

What?! My head began to spin, lost in pleasures I never felt before, until I cried out.

Panting and trembling I opened my eyes. I was about to tell I needed a moment when I took notice of the confused look on his face.

‘Is something wrong?’ I asked breathlessly. I was still recovering.

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His gaze moved to my neck, searching, and then his eyes slowly widened with realization.

‘We did this before? And...and I bit you? Right?’

As he spoke I realized his teeth had grown again, now looking like fangs.

He seemed disgusted and confused. Maybe even hurt.

I caught my breath and then sat up. I took his face in my hands and gazed into his eyes. ‘You are different Lucian and I always liked you that way. You will slowly and eventually remember everything. Until then I will be here for you.’ I smiled. ‘I am not going anywhere?’

‘You are not scared?’ He asked.

I shook my head. ‘You would never hurt me and you know it deep down. You might not remember me but you feel me the way I felt you even though you were disguised as someone else.’

His gaze softened. The disgusted look left his face but still, he seemed confused.

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‘Are you really my wife?’

The way he asked pained me. He sounded desperate for answers. I hated to see him like this. Lost like a child, with no memories, with no one by his side. There is me of course. I would always be by his side. Only if he

knew. Now all I could see in his eyes were loneliness, sadness and desperation. If only, if only I could take away some of his pain.

‘Until you remember I will be whatever you want me to be.’

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

Chapter 84: Vol2 Chapter 24

Klara hadn't believed Roshan when he'd told her that Lucian was alive but then she saw Irene crying with happiness and sadness at the same time after meeting her son she was assured that Lucian was indeed alive. She had cried as well, in relief, together with Irene. That day had felt like forever.

Now she was sitting in the garden, alone, thinking of what to do next. She could not stay here forever, she didn't want to feel like a burden.

‘You are not a burden and you can stay here as long as you want.’ Suddenly Irene spoke from nearby as though she had been there the whole time.

Klara turned her head slightly and found Irene strolling toward her looking like her usual self, beautiful and elegant at the same time.

‘You can hear my thoughts.’ Klara asked surprised.

‘Don't be so surprised. I told you I was a witch.’ Irene smiled and came to sit next to her on the bench.

‘Why are you so nice to me?’ Klara asked. ‘I was not very nice to your son and his wife.’

Irene smiled. 'You loved my son despite sensing that he was different. How were you not nice to him?'

Klara looked down at her hands. There were things that Irene didn't know. Things like how she forced Lucian and threatened Hazel. She wasn't proud of those things.

'I know those things.' Irene said surprising her again. 'Sometimes love can make us do crazy things. What matters is that you helped them in the end and... I actually enjoyed your fight with Hazel.' She laughed. 'You are a strong and determined woman who goes after what she really wants. Not many have that courage.'

Klara was confused. Irene liked her despite knowing everything? This woman really amazed her.

'As I said, you can stay here as long as you want.'

'I might never find somewhere to go.' Klara said realizing the gravity of her own words. What if she really never found somewhere to go?

'I doubt that.' Irene smiled, her eyes swirling with the knowledge of something that Klara couldn't understand. Then swiftly she stood up 'I'll see you at dinner.' She said and left.

Klara sat alone again, her thoughts drifting away to Lucian. Was he alright? Was Hazel alright? Klara knew that if Hazel got hurt then that would hurt Lucian and she didn't want him to hurt because that would hurt her.

And then slowly her thoughts drifted to Astrid. Her sister must be so worried right now. Klara felt guilty for being the troublemaker. She

always put her sister in difficult situations and made her worry. She really was good for nothing.

With sunken shoulders, Klara stood up to walk back to her room when she took notice of Roshan standing two steps away. She had almost walked into him if she hadn't looked up.

'God, you scared me. Don't you know how to keep a distance?'

Again his lips curved into that wicked smile that annoyed her so much. She had tried her best to avoid him these last few days but it was difficult since she was living in his house. Everytime he spoke to her she found herself blushing, everytime he looked into her eyes she found herself losing track of her thoughts and stuttering, and everytime he smiled like that she found herself wanting to slap him and kiss him at the same time. He was just plain annoying.

'Why? Do I make you nervous?' He asked.

'Nervous?' She laughed nervously. 'You don't make me feel anything.'

This _content is taken from

'Is that why you are avoiding looking at me?'

Klara lifted her chin and looked directly into his eyes. The way he looked back at her made her heart skip a beat. Why did he have to look so good? It would have been easier to hate him if he didn't.

'I am looking at you now.' She said challengingly. 'Now if you will excuse me.' She pushed past his shoulder but he grabbed her wrist preventing her from leaving.

Klara was about to jerk her hand away when he said. 'I can take you to your sister.'

How did he know? Klara turned back, 'I thought you couldn't read my thoughts.'

'I cannot...well, most of the time. Anyway, do you want to go and see your sister or not?'

Klara nodded, suddenly excited and happy. This time she didn't bother to ask how, they would probably go through some gate or the ground might open and swallow them. Anyway, she didn't care. She just wanted to see her sister.

He pulled at her wrist and drew her into his arms. 'Close your eyes.' He said and Klara complied. She shut her eyes tightly and wrapped her arms around him in a steel grip embracing herself for whatever was coming, but nothing happened. She just felt some weird sensation go through her body before Roshan told her to open her eyes again.

Klara opened her eyes and realized that she was in Astrid's room, already.

'Oh...that was fast.' She breathed but risky. What if Astrid or some maids had been in here?

'I made sure no one was here before we came.' He explained. 'Stay here, I will bring your sister.❖❖❖'

Klara panicked and grabbed his arm to stop him. 'How? They will see you if you leave here.'

'Don't worry. I have some tricks under my sleeve.' He winked then left.

Klara waited and waited, getting more anxious for every minute that passed by. What if Roshan got caught? What if he was in trouble because of her?

Just when she decided to leave and look for him the door to the room opened and Astrid entered. At first she didn't notice her but as she walked further in she almost stumbled back at the sight of Klara. Her eyes widened in shock.

'Klara? How...? Are you alright?'

Klara didn't reply. She just went and hugged her sister. 'I miss you.'

'I missed you to.' Astrid said wrapping her arms around her tightly. 'I was so worried. I thought something happened to you. Where did you go?'

'I am sorry for making you worry, but I'm alright. I'm staying with a friend.'

Astrid took a step back and looked at her sister skeptically. 'What friend? I didn't know you had friends.' She whispered with tears in her eyes.

'There is someone.' Klara smiled.

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'Did that friend bring you here?' Astrid asked.

Klara nodded.

'Can you trust that person?'

'Yes, don't worry.'

Astrid sighed not entirely satisfied. ‘Rasmus will calm down eventually so make sure to come back. Until then be careful.’ She said.

‘I will.’

After talking for awhile it was time for Klara to go back. She kissed and hugged her sister tightly, telling her not to worry.

‘Now, my friend is waiting outside. I need your clothes.’

Astrid undressed and gave her dress to Klara and then they said goodbye again before Klara went to look for Roshan where they decided to meet. Now she could walk without hiding since everyone thought that she was Astrid, the benefits of being Identical twins she thought with a smile.

Klara hurried to the castle’s rooftop where Roshan was already waiting.

‘I am sorry I took so long.’ She said breathlessly after walking up all the stairs.

‘It’s alright.’

Roshan took them back home without asking anything and Klara was relieved. She didn’t feel like talking after seeing how worried her sister was. She wondered if she would ever be able to go back home and live with her siblings again. She missed them so much, especially Astrid.

Klara turned in bed and shut her eyes. Everything would be alright she told herself and tried to sleep but as much as she tried she couldn’t.

This time her thoughts drifted to Roshan. Why was he helping her and even taking her to see her sister? And if he wasn’t a witch then what was he?

Klara couldn't quite figure him out, or what he wanted and that bothered her, even more than the bruises that covered her body and hurt everytime she turned in bed. The whole sleeping experience was painful and bothersome so she decided to go out instead.

She wrapped her shoulders in a scarf and went to sit in the garden.

'Couldn't sleep?'

Roshan. He always seemed to appear out of nowhere.

'No.'

He sat down opposite her, again wearing all black. She wondered what he would look like in other colors.

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'Is something bothering you?' He asked in a soft tone that made her want to tell him everything.

'No, I am just not tired.' She looked at him, his expression was soft, almost worried.

The wind blew some strands of his hair onto his face which he removed by running his finger through his hair. The more closely Klara looked at him the more impossibly beautiful he seemed, yet he had that dark aura that surrounded him, warning her of something unknown.

'I thought you would be relieved now that you have met your sister and know that Lucian is alive.'

Yes, she should be more relieved but she wasn't. She had met her sister but she didn't know if they would ever be together again. And Lucian,

yes he was alive but he could never be hers. She hoped that he was at least happy with Hazel. He deserved it after everything.

‘Why did you love him?’ Roshan asked suddenly. Klara knew he was talking about Lucian.

At first, Klara liked Lucian because he had saved her, not just once but twice and then she liked him because he respected her and didn’t treat her as just a body but as a human being. He showed her that he was a man who kept his word and protected and cared for other people. The opposite of what all the rumors said about him.

Klara had thought that she would like him less when she found out that he was married but as she saw his loyalty and love to his wife she liked him even more. Men like him were rare and difficult to find, therefore she had decided to become his second wife.

But slowly as she tried to convince him she realized that she was miserable. She went to bed every night feeling like the villain in the books she usually reads. The villain who tries to come in between the hero and the heroine. Klara didn’t want to be the villain. She didn’t want to go to bed feeling guilty and mean. She didn’t want to be selfish or greedy. She knew she had to let him go, not just for his sake but for herself as well. Deep down she knew she wouldn’t be happy after ruining someone else’s happiness.

Then the day came, when Lucian finally agreed to marry her and she hadn’t felt happy as she had expected, instead she felt strange and guilty. That made her realize that she indeed couldn’t live with making the person she loved unhappy. How could that be called love? That was just her own greed. Yet, she had persisted for awhile because she couldn’t imagine her life without him until she couldn’t anymore. His heart already belonged to someone else, there was no meaning in just keeping

his body so she let him go. She even helped him escape and after that even went to save his wife.

She smiled at her craziness. Irene was right. Love does indeed make us do crazy things. It had been very painful to let him go and she had felt very sad and empty but at least she was at peace with herself. She had felt proud of something she had done after such a long time.

Maybe loving someone isn't always fighting for them, sometimes letting them go is also a way of loving and that she learned the hard way.

'He seemed like someone who needed love.' Klara shrugged.

Roshan just looked at her, his eyes focused as though he was trying to read her.

'By the way, thank you for taking me to see my sister.' She smiled.

Something in the way he looked at her change. He made her nervous.

'What?' She asked.

'I haven't seen you smile before. You look beautiful that way.'

Klara felt her cheeks burn. 'Thank you.' She said shyly, but then quickly tried to change the topic. 'But you still haven't told me what you are? You said you are not a witch and I know you are no ordinary man, then...?'

'Then what?' He raised a brow.

'Then what are you? And don't try to lie to me or make things up.' She warned.

'If I don't, I don't think you can handle the truth.'

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‘Try me.’ She challenged.

Roshan watched her silently for a while. ‘I am a demon.’

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

Chapter 85: Vol2 Chapter 25

I lay in bed with Lucian while watching the clouds outside the window. He was sleeping while I was trying to figure out what the clouds looked like. One of them looked like a butterfly while the other looked like a scared ghost.

A scared ghost? That was funny but I didn't laugh or smile.

When I was younger, every time I felt sad I would watch the clouds. They would move, mix together and look like some funny creature that would make me laugh. I guess it didn't work anymore. Despite being happy that I was finally with Lucian I was still sad somehow.

Earlier he had told me to tell him everything, but as I started telling him I saw too much guilt and pain in his eyes, so I stopped.

‘Why did you stop? Tell me.’ He said.

‘Lucian, me telling you everything won't help you at all. It will only add to your confusion. It's better that you take your time and remember on your own. I will help you.’

He looked at me hesitantly for awhile. ‘Alright, but just tell me one thing.’

I nodded.

‘What do I mean to you?’

I was surprised by the question. Of everything he could ask, of everything he probably wondered, I was surprised that he asked that particular question. Even if he didn’t remember he still cared. He cared about whether he meant something to me or not.

‘You mean everything to me. I loved you even when I hated you. I trusted you even when I doubted you. I was scared of you yet I felt the safest with you. It doesn’t make sense right? But then again nothing made ever sense with you. Even when I disliked you, doubted you and feared you I still fell in love with you. Do you know why?’

He just looked at me. ‘Because you are Lucian, man of light, my light. You have brought so much brightness into my life that I was unable to see anything else. I could just see your light and your love and I can still see it now.’

A tear fell down his cheek and I wiped it away with my thumb. I didn’t realize that I was crying too before he wiped a tear away from my face as well. Then he drew me into his arms and hugged me tightly.

‘I am sorry I can’t remember.’

‘It’s alright.’ Maybe it was for the better. I feared that if he remembered he wouldn’t forgive himself. Still, some part of me, the selfish part of me wished that he would remember. I didn’t want to be the only one remembering all the precious moments we had together.

He drew me closer and as I lay in his arms he had gone to sleep quickly as if he hadn’t had any sleep for days. And there I lay watching the clouds, happy and sad at the same time until he woke up again.

He squinted his eyes at me, 'How long did I sleep?'

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'Not very long.' I smiled. 'You seemed really tired?'

He nodded. 'I have been unable to sleep since...' He stopped as if he was about to say something he shouldn't. '...for a long time.' He then proceeded. 'But strangely everytime you are with me I am able to sleep well.'

'I am glad.' I smiled.

'Hazel, it's not safe for you here. I will find a way to take you out of here.'

'You don't have too. I can leave myself, but...but can't you come with me? I don't want to lose you again.'

I knew he wouldn't agree but it was worth trying.

'There are things I need to take care of.' He said.

'Do you really have to? Can't you just forget everything and start anew with me?'

He put his hand on my cheek and caressed it with his thumb. 'I wish I could. But I feel like going crazy if I don't punish anyone.'

I could see it in his eyes. Anger, betrayal, guilt, pain and vengeance. I should let him do what he wants if that gives him even the tiniest bit of relief, so I just nodded. 'Alright.'

'But how will you leave?'

‘There are people I trust that can take me out of here.’

‘Are you sure you can trust them?’ He asked.

I nodded.

‘Then why didn’t you leave before?’

I was waiting for you, I wanted to say but that would only add to his guilt.

‘I couldn’t reach them but now I can.’ I lied.

Pierre was losing his mind these days. First, the guard had told him he had seen Lucian then several other guards and maids thought that they had seen Lucian and now the whole kingdom was talking about how his brother could be alive.

But it wasn’t only the talking that had been bothering him, it was the nightmares as well. He had dreamt of Lucian, towering over his sleeping body, putting his hands around his neck and strangling him. The dream would feel so real, that when he woke up in the morning his neck would feel sore and he would find fingerprints on it.

He was probably just being paranoid, but even tonight as he tried to sleep he could feel someone in his room, hiding in the darkness and waiting until he fell asleep so that it could harm him. He began to sweat and his heart thumped inside his chest. He wanted to call the guards inside but he was afraid that rumors about him being scared of the darkness would spread in the castle. A king could not show fear so he swallowed the

lump in his throat and curled in bed shaking and waiting for the night to end.

‘Your highness. Are you ill? You don’t seem well.’ A maid asked the next morning as she helped him get dressed.

Pierre slapped her across the face. ‘I am fine.’ He yelled. ‘Stop talking and do your work.’

He was boiling over. He was supposed to get married and strengthen his position as a king, not have sleepless nights because of some baseless rumors. He needed to get married soon so he went to meet Alexander to set a date for the marriage.

Alexander was sitting at the table in the dining room, having his Lunch. When Pierre walked inside everyone stood up and bowed except for Alexander. He continued to eat without even looking up.

There was something about Alexander that Pierre didn’t like much. He seemed very arrogant.

‘I hope you are enjoying your lunch.’ Pierre said to get his attention.

Alexander put his fork and knife down slowly on each side of the plate then grabbed the napkin and wiped his mouth.

‘I am.’ He looked up and then he arched one brow. ‘You don’t look well.’

‘I am fine. Thank you for your concern.’

‘Oh...I am very concerned. I keep hearing rumors about your brother, that he might be alive. How can I let you marry my sister with such rumors circulating?’

Pierre cursed inwardly. He needed this marriage and these rumors were ruining all his plans. 'I thought you were a man who didn't care about rumors?' Pierre said.

'You thought right. But this is about your brother you see, the one who is said to be the devil's son. By the way..., I am really curious. Why do they call him that?'

Pierre tried to think, but he couldn't remember exactly when people started to call his brother the devil's son. When he was little he just remembered his father warning him to play with Lucian and when he got older he just hated his brother. He always seemed to get all the attention whether it was from soldiers because of his fighting skills or from women because of his looks. Even his own wives and mistresses couldn't help but stare at him everytime he walked into a room.

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He hated that man and he couldn't count how many times he wished his brother was dead. But everytime he and his father sent him to war, hoping that he would never come back they always got disappointed. Not did he just come back but he came back with victory and as a hero. People seemed to like him despite fearing him and despite the rumors. He couldn't stand that man and his guts.

'You know people just want something to gossip about.'

'Don't underestimate gossip. It can cause a lot of damage.' Alexander said standing up. 'You need to take care of this mess before the marriage and if your brother is really alive then...'

'He is not.' Pierre cut off anger building inside.

‘I wouldn’t be so sure if I was you.’ Alexander threw the napkin on the table then strode out of the room.

Lucian, that man, why was he still hunting him? Why could he just never disappear?!

Why?! Why?!

Grabbing the table cloth he threw everything off the table, his face turning red with fury. Some guards and maids came running into the room witnessing the mess he caused.

‘I will kill whoever talks about Lucian. Do you understand?!’ He yelled.

They nodded.

He turned to the guards. ‘Behead anyone who talks about him!’ He said before stomping out of the room.

As he walked through the halls everyone looked at him as if he was crazed. They kept whispering and staring. He wanted to kill all of them but he would just prove that he was indeed deranged.

He went inside his room and found his wife Elsa there. ‘Get out. I need to be alone.’

‘Your highness, I need to tell you something.’

‘Not now. Leave!’

‘It’s Levi.’

Pierre stopped. ‘What about him?’

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‘He says he saw his uncle. Lucian.’

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

Chapter 86: Vol2 Chapter 26

After messing around with Pierre for a while Lucian went back to his chamber. He had hoped to find Hazel even though they had agreed that she would leave while he was gone.

Lucian sighed disappointedly. He knew it wasn't safe for her to stay, yet a part of him still hoped that he would find her here because he already missed her. What had she done to him?

The air still carried her scent and he could vividly remember the warmth and softness of her body. The taste of her lips still lingered on his tongue and her sweet moans echoed in his ears. If she had still been here he would have pinned her to his bed again and this time he would have completed his task, but where was she right now?

Was she safe? Maybe he shouldn't have let her go. While pondering he noticed something on his pillow. It looked like a letter. He grabbed it and opened it.

It was from Hazel.

[Dear husband.

I haven't left for good, I'll come back for you. Until then be safe and don't worry about me. I am somewhere safe.

I'll miss you.

Your wife.]

Wife? The word echoed in his mind.

This is for slapping me wife. Are you planning on seducing me wife?
Are you taunting me wife? No need to shy away wife. I'll be back wife.

He remembered saying those words. Those random memories, he tried to connect them together but he didn't succeed. One thing was sure, he had a wife and he loved her very much. If Hazel was his wife, he wasn't very sure, or maybe he didn't want to believe it.

Lucian burned the letter so that no one would find it then went to continue with his torture. He had nothing better to do anyway. Making himself invisible he teleported to Pierre's room.

Pierre was getting ready for sleep and Lucian liked this part of the torture the most. He loved to see how his brother turned back and forth in his bed, with sweat running down his face and his heart thumping inside his chest. Tonight he wanted to scare him a little bit more so he walked near his bed making sounds with his footsteps.

Pierre's heart jumped inside his chest and he sat up quickly and looked around the room with wide eyes. 'Who is there?' He whispered with a trembling voice.

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When no one replied he looked around one last time and then slowly lay down again. He shut his eyes tightly and mumbled a few prayers.

Lucian waited till he calmed down before he could scare him again. He was enjoying this more than he should. He was so bent on scaring his

brother and having his revenge that he even got Levi involved which he regretted already. Lucian wanted to keep Levi out of this fight.

When Pierre calmed down a bit Lucian went on with his mission. This time he moved a chair slightly so that it would make a creaking sound. Pierre shot his eyes open once again and his heart escalated but he didn't look around this time. He was too terrified. Lucian went ahead and touched him lightly on the back, so lightly that he would only think that someone was behind him.

Pierre stiffened then held onto his sheets tightly. He was fighting the urge to call for help. Lucian listened to his thoughts. His brother was trying to convince himself that it was all in his imagination and that he shouldn't be scared because Lucian was dead. He made sure of it. Maybe his men were trying to mess with him? But how? They got locked somewhere, or did someone escape?

Lucian froze for a moment. His men were alive? He never thought his brother would keep them alive for this long. He needed to find them, Pierre was already planning on killing them all tomorrow.

Lucian hurried to the dungeon where he thought that he might find them. He tried to listen or recognize their scent but it was dead quiet and the stench was too much to bear, especially for his sensitive sense of smell. Now there was only one way to find them, to look through every cell.

He had to get them out tonight.

Lucian started to search every cell until he found Oliver. Oliver lay on the ground looking scrawny and lifeless but Lucian knew he was alive because he could hear his breathing.

He walked closer and was horrified to see his condition. He had almost no clothes and no meat on his bones.

‘Oliver.’ He shook him slightly.

Oliver slowly opened his eyes but it was too dark so he could probably not see him.

‘It’s me, Lucian. I’ll get you out of here.’

It took him a moment to put the pieces together.

‘Your Highness?’ He breathed.

‘Yes, it’s me.’

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Oliver stretched his hand and tried to follow where the sound came from. Lucian took his hand ‘I am here.’ He said.

Oliver’s eyes widened and searched in the darkness. ‘Your Highness. Is that really you?’

‘Yes.’

‘Is it...how..?’ He was in disbelief.

‘Where are the others?’ Lucian asked. He didn’t have much time.

‘The others?’ Oliver was confused and shocked. Lucian could understand why, so he gave him a moment to gather his thoughts. ‘I really don’t know. They separated us.’ He finally spoke.

‘Alright. I will look for them and come back to you.’ Lucian said and stood up to leave but Oliver held his arm.

‘Your highness. This time I really hope this is not a dream. I...I really hope that you have survived and... and if you haven’t and came to see me in my dream then I hope you are in a good place.’

Oliver had always been caring and soft-spoken but this time his words affected Lucian deeply. His need for revenge increased and he couldn’t wait to bring hell on earth for his brother.

‘It’s not a dream and I am not in a good place right now, neither are you. Wait for me and I’ll take you out of here.’

Oliver nodded and Lucian hurried to find the rest of his men. He found several of them including Lincoln who surprised him with a hug.

Lucian held his breath because of the stench then cleared his throat uncomfortable by Lincoln’s sudden reaction. Lincoln never acted on his feelings and he would think that Oliver would be the one to hug him rather than Lincoln.

Lincoln drew back immediately surprised by his own reaction as well. ‘I thought I would never see you again. How did you...?’

‘I’ll explain everything later. Follow me.’

Lucian broke the lock on the cell with his hands and was thankful that it was dark so that no one could see then he took Lincoln to where he gathered the other and told him to wait.

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‘I’ll find the rest.’ He said.

‘I’ll help.’ Lincoln spoke.

‘It’s too dark, you can’t see. Just stay here.’

Another person who surprised Lucian was Callum. In contrast to the others he didn't seem very surprised, in fact, it seemed as though he was waiting for him.

'Your highness, I am glad you are safe.' He said sounding like his usual self. His condition seemed better than the other but then again he was known for his stamina.

Lucian was glad to see that most of his men survived and they seemed glad to see him even though they were very confused and shocked at the same time. He could see that they had a lot of questions but didn't dare to ask him anything.

Many of them were wounded and starved and could probably not walk without help but still, he had to get them out.

'Your Highness, there are guards everywhere and as you can see we can barely walk let alone fight. We will get caught.' A young soldier said.

'I took care of the guards. You only need to worry about getting out so help each other and I'll help you till the gate.'

'What about you?' Oliver asked.

'I have to stay.'

'But it's not safe here. We can't leave you alone.' Lincoln protested.

'There is nothing you can do for me now in your condition. So I want you to leave and regain your strength. That's how you can help me.'

'We will come back for you Your Highness.'

'You better.'

You can find the rest of this content on the platform.

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

Chapter 87: Vol2 Chapter 27

Klara sat in her room, thinking back of what Roshan had told her.

‘I am a demon.’

A demon? Klara had laughed even though he had sounded serious. ‘If you are a demon than I am an angel.’

‘I would believe you if you told me.’ He said.

The way he had looked at her back then had made her unable to breathe. How could he say such words? Words that made her heart race and her body tingle. Words that made her cheeks burn and her breath hitch. Maybe he was a demon after all, slowly seducing her into the path of sin.

No! She needed to stay far away from him or else she might end up doing something she would regret.

‘Klara?’ Irene peeked her head from behind the door. Had Klara become deaf or did the people in this house not know how to knock on the door.

‘Come in.’

Irene opened the door further but she didn’t step inside. ‘I just wanted to say that Hazel is here, in case you want to greet her.’

Hazel? Klara stood up immediately and turned to the door. ‘Where is she?’

‘This way.’ Irene said leading the way.

Halfway Klara started to question herself as to why she was so excited to meet Hazel. She never liked that woman so why ?

No, she wasn’t excited, she just wanted to make sure that Hazel was safe for Lucian’s sake.

‘No need to convince yourself otherwise. I think you like Hazel.’ Irene said.

‘This is rude. My thoughts are private.’ Klara said annoyed.

‘Not if I can hear them.’ Irene mocked.

People in this house liked to mock Klara realized.

As they walked into a room the first thing Klara noticed was the woman sitting at the edge of the bed. As the woman turned Klara realized that it was Hazel. How ?

Hazel’s almost unrecognizable face lit with a smile.

‘Klara. You are here ?’ She stood up.

Klara took a closer look and her stomach clenched. Who had done this to her ? Hazel’s hair was ragged, her clothes torn and she looked thin, unhealthy thin and her arms were covered with bruises.

‘Good lord, who did this to you ?’

‘I am alright.’ Hazel smiled. ‘What happened to you ?’

Klara still had a few visible bruises on her face from her fight with Irene whose face now turned into one of guilt. Irene had apologized a hundred times and taken care of her but Klara knew she still felt guilty.

‘Nothing much. You know I fight a lot.’

Hazel nodded.

‘I’ll bring something to eat. Klara, would you mind helping her change?’ Irene asked.

‘I can change myself.’ Hazel said quickly.

‘I don’t think you can even walk. I’ll help you.’ Klara insisted.

Irene left to bring some food while Klara prepared a bath and brought some new clothes. When she walked back into the room Hazel had already undressed, her body was covered with even more bruises and a few scars. Klara couldn’t imagine what Hazel could have gone through.

Hazel quickly wrapped herself in a towel when she took notice of Klara then smiled. ‘You don’t need to look so worried.’ She said.

‘I am not, but you should be. As soon as you recover I am going to teach you how to fight and defend yourself.’

‘I look forward to that.’

Once Hazel took a bath and got dressed they sat at the dining table with Irene and ate in silence. Everyone seemed to be lost in their own thoughts and for a moment Klara wished that she had Irene’s ability so that she could know what they were thinking.

‘You are probably tired so get some sleep.’ Irene told Hazel once they were done eating.

Klara had many questions to ask Hazel but seeing her conditions she decided to wait. It would probably bring back painful memories, she thought.

On her way back to her room she wondered where Roshan was since she hadn’t seen him the whole day.

Wait! Why would she want to see him? She shook her head, she was losing her mind. As she entered her room her thoughts went back to Hazel. That woman must have gone through hell. Klara wanted to comfort her but at the same time slap her for her stupidity. Why didn’t she come with Lothaire earlier?

With a sigh, she began to untie her dress when someone suddenly cleared their throat. Turning around Klara found Roshan standing behind her with his arms behind his back.

Klara was sure that the room had been empty when she entered and that she had locked the door behind her, so when and how did he come inside?

‘How...?’ She began.

‘I would tell you if you would believe me but you don’t even believe what I told you last night.’

‘Well, it’s not a believable thing you said.’

‘Nevermind, would you like to have a glass of wine with me?’ He had been hiding a bottle of wine and two glasses behind his back.

Klara looked at the bottle in his hand. It had been so long since she had some mine so she thought it couldn't hurt to have some. Or maybe it was just an excuse to be with Roshan a little longer.

Before she could say anything Roshan already put the glasses and the table and began to pour some into each glass. 'It doesn't hurt to have some, besides I am sure you have many questions so why not ask them while having a taste.' He put the bottle down then motioned toward the chair.

Klara went and sat down and so did he.

'I'll just have a taste.' She said. She didn't want to get intoxicated.

'Suit yourself.'

Klara grabbed the glass and took a sip but as the taste filled her mouth she realized she might have a little bit more than just a taste.

'Do you like it?'

Klara nodded. 'Yes. It tastes really expensive.'

'It is.' He took a sip as well but his eyes stayed focused on her. His gaze was so intense that she looked down quickly.

'Don't look at me like that.' She said embarrassed.

'How?'

He asked putting his glass down slowly.

'Like...like...I don't know.'

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He seemed amused. 'I think you do.'

Klara looked up and met his gaze. Those Hazel eyes promised her things, things she didn't know but wanted to. What was he telling her with those eyes?

She wasn't very shy but the way he looked at her always made her blush.

Feeling nervous she gulped down the rest of the wine in her glass.

'I thought you would only have a taste?' He raised a brow.

A taste? Her gaze fell on his lips for a moment but she looked away quickly.

Roshan chuckled which embarrassed her even more.

'Want some more?' He asked.

Klara looked at the bottle again. She wanted to say no but the wine tasted so good and made her feel relaxed. Without saying anything she reached her glass out and Roshan poured some more into it.

'So you won't tell me what you really are?' She asked.

'I told you what I really am.'

'A demon?' Klara said raising a brow in suspicion.

'Yes.'

Klara sighed. 'How do you expect me to believe that?'

‘Think about it.’ He said ‘You do feel that I am different and I can do things normal people can’t. So if I am not a witch than what am I?’

Was she really going to believe that he was a demon ?

‘If you are a demon than how can you look like this ? Like a normal human being ?’

‘This is not how I actually look. This is just how I appear to others.’

‘Then how do you actually look ?’

He took another sip then put his glass down before looking her in the eyes. ‘Once you really deep down believe that I am a demon you might see what I really look like.’

‘Can’t I see before that ?’ She asked.

‘Only if I show you but I don’t want to.’

‘Why ?’

He narrowed his gaze. ‘It’s not a pretty sight and you might never forget it.’

Klara was getting frustrated. How did he expect her to believe him if he wasn’t going to show her ? Or maybe he was just messing around with. She gulped the second glass down then reached for a third one.

‘You shouldn’t drink so fast. Take it slowly.’ He said while pouring her some more-

Klara tried to drink slowly but she didn’t know when she finished the third one and now reached for the bottle. Was this actually helping her ?

Then why did she suddenly miss Astrid and even Rasmus? She missed her home so much. Would she ever be able to go back?

What would happen to her now? She couldn't be living like this.

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Klara reached for the bottle for the fifth time or was it the sixth she didn't know but Roshan took it out of her reach.

'I think you had enough.' He said.

This annoying man. Why was he denying her a drink?

'Just one more.' She said.

Wait, why did she sound so strange?

Strange woman, Roshan thought. She had said that she would only have a taste but she almost drank the whole bottle. He had wanted to stop her earlier but she had looked so sad and so lost in her own thoughts.

'You are annoying.' She said apparently drunk. 'You..'. She pointed 'You were the one who suggested to have a drink.'

'Yes, a drink. Not the whole bottle.'

Her cheeks were flushed and she looked at him as though she wanted to fight him.

'I need more.' She said stubbornly.

‘No.’

Standing up hastily she tried to reach for the bottle in his hand but lost her balance. Roshan quickly grabbed her by the waist with one arm while still holding the bottle with the other before she fell.

Klara looked up at him, at first startled but then slowly her lips curved into a smile. ‘You always hold me like this.’ She slurred.

‘Oh well...’ he let go of her and was about to take a step back when she wrapped her arms around him.

‘I am not complaining.’ She said holding him tight. Roshan could feel her full breasts pressing against his chest and her rich scent filled his senses. He needed to get away from her before he did something stupid while she was in this vulnerable state.

‘I’ll let you get some rest.’ He said trying to withdraw from her hold but she tightened her hold around him.

‘Don’t you want me?’ She asked looking at him with a sad expression.

If she only knew, Roshan thought. Her mere presence had been torturing him all these days and he hadn’t been able to think of anything but her.

‘You don’t find me desirable as well?’

As well? Who didn’t find this woman desirable? Oh...she was probably talking about Lucian. Roshan felt jealousy stab him like a knife. She was still heartbroken.

‘You are very desirable.’ He assured her.

Her arms slowly and sloppily went around his neck. 'Would you kiss me then?'

Klara brought her face so close to his that he could feel her hot breath on his mouth. It took every amount of self-restraint for him to not grab her by the hair and kiss her right there and then.

'Klara I...'

'You don't want me?'

God, she was torturing him.

'Would you make me your woman?'

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Roshan stiffened. He knew this had nothing to do with him. He knew she was being like this because of Lucian and the alcohol but still.

'You don't say that to a demon.'

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

Chapter 88: Vol2 Chapter 28

Klara woke up feeling a bit disorientated. How and when she got into her bed, she couldn't quite remember. She wasn't even wearing her nightgown, which was strange because she always changed before going to sleep.

Not thinking further about it she went to freshen up. Once back into her room she changed into a new dress and began to comb her hair. What happened last night? She remembered drinking with Roshan, having one

glass more of the delicious wine, but after that, she just couldn't recall anything. She got probably wasted.

Foolish girl. You were only supposed to have a taste, she scolded herself.

Once she got ready she left the room and headed to the garden where Irene liked to serve tea every morning, but once she arrived only Hazel was seated there.

'Good morning.' Klara greeted.

'Good morning.' Hazel smiled.

Klara sat down and poured some tea for herself. 'Did you sleep well?'

Why was she asking as if she cared? But then she kept remembering all the bruises she saw and wondered if Hazel could even lay down without being in pain.

'Yes I did. You?'

'Well if you are not complaining then I can't say otherwise.' She shrugged.

Hazel just smiled.

'I heard why you are here. I am sorry it turned out like this and I am forever grateful to you for saving and helping me.'

'I am actually regretting it right now.' Klara joked.

Hazel chuckled.

'Is...is Lucian alright?'

Hazel nodded. ‘Yes.’

Klara looked down at her tea feeling suddenly strange in this situation but then she decided to say what she was really feeling so that she could get closure and put everything behind her.

‘Hazel. I Don’t want to pretend as if nothing happened anymore. Yes, I liked Lucian, I mean I still do but I just... I am not trying to get him anymore. I know I wasn’t the nicest person to you and what I did was wrong but I was hurt and angry. Angry because...while I was waiting he got married to someone else. Hurt because he was the only person I ever liked but he couldn’t be mine. Yes, I was selfish, I grew up learning to never give up but eventually, I did because I wanted him to be happy and I wasn’t the person who made him happy.’

Klara felt her heart ache at the last sentence.

‘What I am trying to say is...’ She continued. ‘Is that Lucian belongs to you and I am not trying to change that...I just...’

‘I know.’ Hazel cut off. ‘I have actually tried to put myself in your shoes. What if I liked someone very much and he suddenly showed up with a wife. What would I do? How would I feel? It’s not like I could stop liking him suddenly just because he got married. I would probably be as angry as you were and project my anger onto someone else. It’s understandable, you don’t have to explain anything. I don’t have any hard feelings for you.’

Klara nodded a bit relieved that Hazel was understanding. Unlike her, Klara grew up using her fists instead of her mouth so she wasn’t very good at explaining herself. This was actually the first time she had a long conversation with a woman other than her sister and it felt good.

‘I can really understand why Lucian loves you.’ Klara smiled.

‘You are not so bad yourself.’ Hazel said with a smug look on her face.

‘Oh really?’ Klara pretended to be surprised and Hazel chuckled. ‘By the way, where are the others?’

Hazel shrugged. ‘Irene said she had somewhere to be and the others, I am not sure.’

Klara sighed. ‘You know, I am tired of just staying here. I want to go out for awhile. Want to join?’

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‘I am not sure. What if we don’t find our way back?’ She looked at the gate and just then it opened and Irene walked inside. ‘Well Irene is here, she could go with us.’ Hazel suggested.

‘What are you two chattering about?’ Irene said as she neared.

‘Nothing. We just...I mean I wondered if we could go outside for awhile?’

‘No darling it’s very da...’ She stopped as if changing her mind.

‘Actually you might want to with us somewhere.’

‘Us?’

‘Yes, me and Hazel.’

‘Where are we going?’ Hazel asked.

‘Lucian released his men but they have a hard time reaching home safely.’

Hazel stood up quickly. 'Well, then we have to help them.'

'Yes. Are you ready to leave now?' Irene asked.

Hazel nodded.

'I am coming with you.' Klara said.

'Let's go then.'

Klara packed some food while Hazel went to fetch some water and Irene brought a few medical kits. When everything was packed Irene used her magic to transport them to where they could find the soldiers.

Klara gasped upon her arrival where the men were resting somewhere in the woods. Many were injured but most of them looked starved, their bodies only skin and boned. These men needed something to eat.

'Your highness.' They noticed Hazel who was standing in the same place, frozen in shock. Then slowly her face turned into one of anger and concern but she tried her best to hide it.

'Oliver.' She breathed looking at a young soldier who seemed to be in a very bad condition.

They all stood up and bowed.

'Your highness, what brings you here?' They were all surprised.

'Lucian....sent me here to help you.' Hazel stuttered.

They all looked at each other, probably wondering why Lucian would do that. Send his own wife to help them.

The one that Klara recognized as Lincoln looked at her questioningly but he didn't ask what she was doing there.

'You don't have to stand up, sit down. I got some food for you.' She said and hurried to give everyone something to eat.

They looked happy and thanked her. Irene had already begun to tend to someone and Klara went to help. She went to a soldier who seemed to have hurt his leg.

'Can I look at it?' She asked kneeling down.

He looked at her surprised. 'I am fine.' He said.

'It doesn't look like it. Let me take a look.' She said.

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He just nodded with large eyes.

Klara looked at the wound on his leg. It was from a sword she could tell but fortunately, it wasn't deep so there was no danger there. She just needed to keep it from getting infected so she began to clean it.

The man seemed uncomfortable and Klara understood that he knew who she was and having a princess kneel down and clean his wound could be distressing. When she was done cleaning she wrapped his wound with a piece of fabric.

'It's done.' She said.

'Thank you.' He breathed.

Klara went on to the next one and realized she knew this man, she just didn't know his name.

‘Princess Klara, I didn’t think I would see you again.’ He said. He seemed to be in a slightly better condition than the others despite having more injuries she realized.

‘And you are?’

‘Callum, My Lady, and I am alright. I think the others need more help.’

Klara looked around. No one seemed to be as badly injured as him and most of them only needed food.

‘I’ll help you first.’ She said and then without waiting for him to protest she began her task.

He didn’t say anything else and got occupied with watching Hazel as she helped the others.

‘You don’t seem happy to see her.’ Klara said.

He averted his gaze and looked at Klara. ‘I thought Her Highness was dead.’ He got silent for a moment and inhaled deeply. ‘And even though I am very relieved to see her, I can see she has been through a lot.’

He was talking about the bruises and probably about how thin Hazel became.

Guards and maids without knowing usually got attached to the one they served the most and even though Callum was one of Lucians men, Klara could see that he was more attached to Hazel.

‘She is strong, so she is probably fine now.’ Klara assured him.

‘May I ask why you are here, My Lady?’

‘It’s a long story.’ Klara replied.

He just nodded but then took notice of Irene. She was hard to miss and all the men seemed to have their eyes on her. They weren’t just looking, they were ogling and drooling.

‘Who is she?’ Callum asked staring at her.

Lucian’s mother, Klara thought with a shiver. And a witch by the way.

Klara still had a hard time digesting that fact. It would probably take her awhile and she still had many unanswered questions on why everyone thought Lucian’s mother was dead, when she was very much alive.

‘Just a friend.’ Klara shrugged. ‘I am done now.’

‘Thank you.’ He said.

Standing up she looked for anyone else who might need help but to her surprise Irene was very quick and took care of all those who were injured.

‘I think we are done.’ Irene said brushing dirt off her dress.

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‘Yes,’ Klara said and then they both looked at Hazel who took her time to speak to everyone and make sure they were alright.

‘She has a pure heart.’ Irene said watching.

Klara nodded in agreement. ‘She just needs to use her brain sometimes.’

Irene chuckled. ‘You are funny.’

Klara left to look for water to wash her hands with. As she found a bottle and grabbed it some pieces of her memory from last night came back. She remembered pouring more and more wine into her glass and drinking until she was wasted and then...Roshan..no, no, no!

She shook her head violently as her memory slowly came back. What had she done? How could she? No! God help her, she wished the earth would swallow her right then.

How would she ever be able to face him again and why did she even ask those questions?

‘Is everything alright?’ Hazel startled her. ‘Your face is red.’

‘No, nothing is alright.’ She said waving with her arms, making the water splash everywhere. ‘I am so stupid.’

‘What happened?’ Hazel asked worriedly.

‘I asked him to kiss me. Why?!’ She yelled.

Everyone who was busy eating their food now looked at them but Klara was too embarrassed to notice. ‘Why would I do something like that? I even asked him to make me his woman?’ Klara wanted to die of embarrassment. No, she just wanted to die.

‘Well,’ Hazel began trying to give her a sign that everyone was looking and that she needed to calm down. ‘Talk slowly. Who is he?’

He? He was an annoying man who made her feel things and do things she shouldn’t. How would she face him now? He would see her as a woman desperate for love or maybe even worse, s.e.x.

‘Klara?’

‘Yes!’

Hazel looked at her with a frown. ‘What’s wrong?’

‘Nothing. Nothing is wrong.’ Klara said to embarrassed to even tell anyone. Walking passed a confused Hazel she went to sit down near a tree alone. She tried to come up with ways to avoid Roshan or explain herself as to why she acted that way, but nothing she came up with seemed logical.

‘Maybe I can help?’ Irene came twirling with a mischievous smile. Of course she listened to her thoughts. So annoying.

‘How?’ Klara asked. ‘Will you erase his memory or something?’

Irene laughed. ‘No. Memories are precious and shouldn’t be erased.’

‘Then?’

‘I was thinking that you could pretend as if you still don’t remember or...’

‘Or?’ Klara strained her ears.

‘Or you could act as if it’s not a big deal.’

‘It is a big deal. My life is over Irene.’

That seemed to only entertain her more.

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‘Then it’s option number one I guess.’

Married To The Devil's Son (WN)

Chapter 89: Vol2 Chapter 29

It was late and Pierre should have gone to sleep but instead, he decided to drink. Sleep was not something he looked forward to these days especially with Lucian hunting him in his dreams, or more correctly his nightmares. Everyone around him were only making things worse by talking about Lucian all the time. Now even his own son claimed to have seen Lucian. Levi was probably just affected by the rumors as he himself was.

His brother could not be alive. He would not allow it.

‘Your Highness.’ A guard barged inside Pierres chamber. Pierre who was about to pour some liquor into his glass stopped halfway and turned to the guard.

‘Didn’t I say that I don’t want to be disturbed?’ He asked outraged.

‘Your highness, prince Lucians men are gone.’

Pierre stood up with such force that the chair fell backward.

‘What do you mean gone?!’ He asked.

The guard shook in fear. ‘They escaped.’

‘How can they escape?’ Pierre yelled.

‘I think someone helped them.’ The guard said looking terrified.

‘Are you telling me now that my dead brother came back to life and helped them escape?’

Didn't sound logical but Pierre knew something wasn't right. There was someone who was trying to frighten him and he would find the bastard and make him leave this world in the most painful way.

The guard stood there shaking in fear. 'I am not sure but someone or...something helped them out.'

Something?

'And where are those who were supposed to guard the place?'

The guard shook even more as if he had seen something that terrified him to death and his face turned pale. 'They are gone. We can't find them.'

Pierre smashed the bottle on the ground making the glass shred into a thousand pieces. 'I want you to find them and bring them alive or I'll deliver your corpse to your family. Do you understand?!' Pierre tried to hide his fear with anger.

The guard nodded and hurried away. Pierre fell back on his chair feeling defeated. Maybe his brother was alive. It would explain how Hazel disappeared and now even his soldiers. But how was that possible? Could Lucian really be the devil's son?

'Your Highness, everything is ready. The rumors worked and people are now waiting for your return. To speed up the process we even spread rumors that Pierre is not mentally well to be ruling a kingdom and now the royal army are getting concerned. General Black has decided to visit to see if it's all rumors or not. That's when you need to strike and use your mind games on your brother.' Julian explained.

'I don't need to do much. Pierre is already losing his mind.'

Pierre had become aggressive since he found out that Lucian's men had escaped. He had been killing his own men, beating the maids, never sleeping and only drinking. Lucian didn't think it would be this easy to make his brother lose his sanity. Everyone in the palace were already talking about his condition and it wouldn't take long before people outside knew as well.

'Good. General Black is a very powerful man. He is the one who leads the royal army and everyone in the army is very faithful to him. He is the one to impress. Once he loses hope in Pierre I'll introduce you to him.'

Lucian nodded.

'And yes, don't try to use your tricks on him. Some people are just immune to it.'

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'Why?'

'I am not sure.' Julian shrugged.

Would that explain why he couldn't read Hazel's thoughts?

Suddenly the door to his room swung open and Alexander's annoying sister stepped inside

'Alexander! I can't marry that...that man.' She said with a wrinkled nose.

'Which man?' Lucian asked with the purpose to annoy her.

'Oh come on! You know who I am talking about. Pierre!'

'And why don't you want to marry him?'

‘Because he is insane and no one likes him. You know I want to marry a charming man.’ She said crossing her arms and lifting her chin.

‘Alright then. Pack your things. You can leave tomorrow with Jade. I need to stay here a few more days and take care of a few things.’

She looked at him surprised. ‘Really?’

He nodded. ‘Oh god, thank you.’ She said looking up but then back at him. ‘I’ll go pack my things. Don’t change your mind.’ Then she left quickly.

Julian appeared again. ‘I’ll send her brother once she is home.’

The plan was to manipulate her brother into thinking that he was here and therefore he would never know that he had been gone for days.

‘I’ll see you tomorrow. Have a good night.’ He said and vanished again.

Alone again, Lucian wondered if his men reached home safely and since he had nothing to do for now he decided to go and look for them. He could of course teleport but then many questions of how he got there would arise so he decided to ride.

The first place he rode to was Lincoln’s home and his wife almost died in shock when she opened the door and found him standing on the other end.

‘Yo..your highness?’ She reached her hand out to touch him and he took her hand in his. ‘You are alive.’

From the way he surprised her Lucian knew that Lincoln was not home yet. ‘Yes, and so is your husband. He will be home soon.’

Her eyes widened. ‘He is alive?’

Lucian nodded and her eyes teared up. 'Is...is he alright. When will he be home?' Her voice broke several times as she spoke.

'Very soon. Take good care of him.' Lucian said

She nodded.

'I have to go now. Take good care of yourself as well.'

'You too. I am glad you are alive.'

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Lucian was surprised that she wasn't mad at him for almost getting her husband killed. Now he had to make sure that Lincoln and all his other men got home safely. Waving goodbye he climbed his horse and rode away to find his men. They had to be somewhere close.

Lucian sharpened his senses to see if he could hear them or smell them, but instead he heard something else. Someone or something was following him. He looked behind him but saw nothing.

Lucian rode faster through the woods but then suddenly the horse stopped and reared causing Lucian to almost fall. Lucian tightened his hold tried to take control over the horse but it kept rearing wildly until he fell off and the horse rode away on its own. Lucian lay on the ground confused. Something had scared off the horse and Lucian could feel it nearing.

As he stood up many red dots that gleamed in the darkness surrounded him blocking his way everywhere and soon several bodies appeared from the shadows. These bodies did not belong to humans.

These beings were tall, with long limbs and claws. Their skin looked thicker than normal and somehow had a purple undertone to it. As they neared Lucian could see that they had some strange marks on their neck

that looked like chains and they wore several earrings on their pointy ears. As they grimaced he could see fangs hiding behind black lips.

Whatever these creatures were Lucian knew they wanted to hurt him.

One of them lurched trying to claw his face but Lucian was quick enough to reach for his sword and cut its arm off. The creature stumbled backward holding its bleeding arm and the other began to attack viciously.

Lucian was very fast, dodging their attacks he struck at every opportunity until all of them fell dead around him. Or maybe not. Just when he was about to put his sword back they suddenly rose from the ground, their bodies intact as if nothing happened.

How ?!

They just looked at him with crazed eyes, striding toward him. What were these things and what did they want? He would ask them but they didn't seem like the type to communicate with words.

Lucian decided to save himself some trouble and teleported somewhere else but just then he felt something sharp tear the flesh on his back and before he could turn around one of the creatures clawed at his face.

Did they teleport with him?

Blood seeped down his face blurring his vision and anger built inside of him. He would not waste time fighting, he would just burn them. Setting their bodies on fire, he wiped the blood from his face but what he saw shocked him.

The fire got consumed, almost sucked into the creature's skin and the skin color turned from purple to grey. Smoke came out of their nostrils and their eyes turned into a dark red.

They looked more mad than before.

Lucian was utterly confused. Maybe he was in bigger trouble than he thought. These monsters were not dying.

Grabbing his sword he held it in a steel grip. There had to be some way to kill them. He would find their weakness sooner or later.

Just as they were about to attack they got distracted by something. Their bloody red eyes darted around the darkness and they seemed slightly scared.

Lucian could see something moving very fast through the darkness and then suddenly something jumped out of the woods and began fighting the creatures. It looked like a man, holding a dagger in each hand.

Lucian watched stunned. The man, if he was one, was very fast. He struck precisely without missing once and moved with such ease and grace as if fighting was something he was born doing.

This time when the creatures fell to the ground they turned into dust. Lucian was confounded. Who was this man and how did he kill them all and so fast?

Now that he stood still Lucian could take a closer look at him. The man was tall and well built, with black hair that reached his shoulder and tanned skin. His eyes were a mixture of brown and green and they stared at him with curiosity.

‘You should have protected that fine face of yours.’ He said waving his dagger in circular motion.

‘Who are you?’ Lucian asked.

‘Are you asking my name or are you asking if I am a friend or a foe?’

‘I am asking both.’ Lucian said.

‘Human name ? Roshan. Demon name ? Ramiel. Friend or a foe ?
Neither.’

Demon name ?

‘What are you ?’

Roshan or Ramiel grinned, showing long pointed fangs. ‘What do you think I am ?’ He said flipping the daggers between his fingers.

He was a demon. Why wasn’t Lucian very surprised ? In fact, he thought that he might just have found the answers to his questions.

‘And do you know what I am ?’ Lucian asked.

The man with too many names tilted his head to one side and arched a brow. ‘Do you know what you are ?’ He said pointing his dagger at him.

Lucian wasn’t sure yet. Even though he proved to be a witch he felt like a demon. Something inside of him whispered to him everyday that he was a demon.

‘I believe I am demon.’

‘Demons don’t believe they are demons, they know they are demons. It’s inside of you and it reminds you everyday of what you are.’

This man just described what Lucian felt everyday. It meant only one thing, Lucian was indeed a demon. Then what about him being a witch ?

‘These things that you killed...’ Lucian began.

‘Yes, these hideous things were also demons. Different kinds of demons.’ He explained.

Different kind ?

‘And by the way, burning doesn’t work on demons, we are creatures of fire, and when you kill them you need to stab their spine. That’s the only way they die.’

‘Why are you telling me ? I could kill you.’

The man swung his daggers and put them back in their pockets on each side of his h.i.p.s. ‘You could try.’ He smirked and began to walk away.

The man had confidence. Lucian still had some unanswered question so he followed him.

‘Thank you for saving me...Re..Ro..’

‘Roshan.’ He preferred to be called his human name. Interesting.

‘And you are Lucian.’

‘How do you know that ?’

‘Every demon knows that.’

‘Why ? How ?’

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Roshan came to a halt, then turned to him. ‘Because you are half-witch and we hate witches.’

Married To The Devil's Son (WN)

Chapter 90: Vol2 Chapter 30

Half demon half witch, that's what he was according to Roshan. But his father was neither witch nor demon, then maybe...he wasn't his father at all.

Then who was ?

The devil ?

What if the rumors about him were true after all ? It could be possible. If demons existed and he was one then everything else could be possible as well.

'You said different kind of demons, what did you mean ?'

'Different rank. Demons are either created, turned or born. Those created are the first demons and highest in rank. Those demons offsprings are the born ones and next in rank and the turned ones are lowest in rank. There are other ranks in between but it's a long story.' He explained.

'I want to know.' Lucian said.

Roshan sighed. 'Alright, very short. If you are born your rank depends on if both your parents are created, only one of them, or none. If both are created then you are in a higher rank. If you are turned, your rank depends on who turned you. The more powerful the demon who turned you is the higher rank you are.'

'Which rank are you ?'

'I am a born demon and both my parents are created.'

He was very high in rank. Lucian could actually feel the power that emanated from him.

‘And the devil?’

Roshan came to a halt. ‘What about him?’

‘Does he exist?’

‘He does indeed.’

‘Do you know him?’

Roshan paused for a moment then spoke. ‘Yes.’

‘I want to meet him.’

Irene, Klara and I were back home after helping all the soldiers and providing them with food. The moment I saw them, looking like they did, I really wanted Lucian to punish his brother in the worst way. He didn't deserve mercy after all the inhuman things he did to all of them.

‘Don't be sad. Think positively. At least they are alive.’ Irene said trying to cheer me up.

‘Irene, I really want to punish him.’ I said unable to control my anger.

‘Don't worry. He will get what he deserves. I'll make sure of it now that the curse is broken.’

Right. I almost forgot about the curse.

‘How did it break?’ I asked.

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‘I am not sure. I had always been able to watch Lucian with the help of some magic but one day I just couldn’t see him. I instantly knew something was wrong and just then Lothaire appeared and I could see it on his face. I could see that the thing I dreaded the most had happened. My son had died.’

‘But he is alive.’ I said.

Irene nodded. ‘He died but he came back to life and when he did he changed. That’s why I couldn’t watch him anymore and that’s why I truly believed that he was dead.’

‘Can demons come back to life?’

‘Actually they cannot, but they are very difficult to kill. I guess its because he is a demon and a witch. He has the entity of both which means, when one dies the other one saves.’ She explained.

‘How do you know this?’

‘I am only guessing. It happened to me after all. I died and came back. It’s a long story.’ She said when she saw the confused look on my face.

‘Irene? Lothaire told me the curse would kill you if you tried to save Lucian...’

‘You think I value my life more than my sons happiness and safety?’ She cut me off looking hurt.

‘I didn’t mean...’

‘Yes you did. I know what you think before you even think it.’

‘Alright, I did. Lucian suffered so much and I just don’t understand that you as his mother did nothing because you could die.’ Now I was mad.

‘Yes I could die if I helped him but that’s not why I didn’t. It’s because he could die. My mother knew that if only for a moment I could hold my son I would not regretting dying. Therefore she made the curse a bit more complex. If I ever met Lucian he would die and that was my punishment and if Lothaire ever met Lucian I would die and that was Lothaires punishment. I had several times forced Lothaire to help Lucian but he refused because...’ She had a hard time finishing her sentence because she had been crying while speaking.

‘Because you almost died. He told me. I am sorry Irene. I shouldn’t have said something I knew nothing about.’

‘Do you know what it feels like to...to have your baby taken away from you right after you give birth to him? Do you know what it feels like to see him grow alone, to see him hungry and not be able to feed him, to see him cry and not be able to hug him, to see him get hurt and not...and not be able to protect him. I am sure you don’t. There is no worse torture than that.’ Her tears ran down her face like rivers. ‘I’ll pay back all those who hurt him. I will.’

I felt so guilty for hurting her like this. ‘I am sorry.’

‘Don’t be. You are not the one to be sorry. The ones who hurt him on the other hand will be very sorry.’ She stood up and wiped her tears away. ‘I have something to show you, follow me.’

I followed her silently and she took me to what seemed like a bas.e.m.e.nt. It was dark but with the snap of her finger the room lit up. Somewhere in the back of the bas.e.m.e.nt a man was chained to the

walls, his body covered with bruises and burn marks. His head hung as if he didn't have the strength to hold it up.

'Do you know him?' Irene asked grabbing his hair and turning his head up so that I could see his face.

It was Luke. The one who betrayed us. He opened his eyes trying to look and when he saw me his eyes widened.

'Yo..your highness. Pp...please save me. I...I..' He could barely talk and seemed to be hurting a lot. 'I didn't mean to betray you. Please your highness, I'll do whatever you want.' He begged.

Irene looked at me as if letting me decided what I wanted to do with him. 'It's too late to do something now.' I said remembering what happened to Lucian in that dark well. I could just not forgive him.

'I guess no one will save you.' Irene said letting go of his head. 'Come Hazel.'

'Please your highness. Save me.' He yelled as Irene and I left him behind in the cold and dark bas.e.m.e.nt.

'Don't worry. You won't be alone. I'll make sure to send the devil.' Irene called before closing the door.

Updated_at

After we took a few steps I heard the most agonizing scream.

'He is getting what he deserves.' Irene said simply. 'I would have brought Pierre here but I am sure Lucian wants to punish his brother himself. I didn't want to take that away from him.'

I nodded understanding what she meant. We stopped in front of the guest room where I sleep. It was late but I wasn't sleepy at all.

'Should I serve you my special tea then?' She asked.

Suddenly it hit me. Irene, my maid at first, then my friend and now my mother in law and I was still speaking casually with her and even letting her serve me tea. Oh no.

Irene smiled. 'It's alright my dear. I like that we speak casually and remain friends. I hope you don't start treating me differently.'

How could it be alright? I even talked to her about my problems with Lucian and she taught me how to...seduce him. Good lord. How embarrassing.

Now Irene laughed. 'You worry too much. I am not only your husband's mother I am your friend as well.'

I felt my cheeks burn. It would take a while to get used to the idea that my mother-in-law was my friend as well.

'Go inside I'll bring some tea.' She said opening the door and giving me a slight push before leaving.

I walked inside and found a nightgown on my bed. Irene had everything ready for me as always. I slid into the gown and began to untangle my braided hair when Irene came back. As always her tea smelled wonderful as she put the tray on the table.

'Let me help you.' She said grabbing a brush from the dresser then standing behind me.

'It's alright. I can do it myself.'

‘It’s not the first time I am brushing your hair besides I like doing it so don’t worry.’ She smiled. ‘When I was pregnant even though everyone expected me to give birth to a boy I wanted a girl. I just loved the idea of dressing her up, brushing her hair, talking to her about female things but most of all I wanted to teach her everything. I wanted to make her a strong and wise woman who could be a role model for other women. I wanted to teach her that women could do as much if they are given the opportunity.’

‘If you had a daughter, I am sure she would feel very lucky.’

I would. My mother barely taught me anything. All she did was scold me when she thought I did something unlady like.

‘What happened when you found out it was a boy?’ I asked.

‘To be honest, the last days of my pregnancy I was in a lot of trouble. My mother and the coven had found out that I was pregnant with the devils child so they were planning to kill him as soon as he was born but after begging my mother she decided to put a curse instead. At that moment I was just happy that my child was safe.’

‘So they didn’t know from the beginning?’

‘No. They thought he was the kings child.’

Right. She was married to the king, then how did she meet Lothaire?

‘It’s a long story.’ She said.

‘I would love if you told me the whole story. I am curious.’

‘It will be a long night.’

‘I am not tired.’ I said.

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‘Alright then.’ She put the brush down then took me hand. ‘Come.’

She made us sit on the bed then took both my hands in hers. ‘How about I show you instead?’

‘You could?’ I asked surprised.

She nodded.

‘Yes I want to see.’ I said eager.

‘Then close your eyes.’

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

Chapter 91: Vol2 Chapter 31

I closed my eyes and slowly vivid images appeared.

I saw the back of a girl running. She had long black hair that swayed side to side as she ran greeting and waving to people she passed by. She seemed to know them very well.

‘Good morning uncle Ben.’ She waved to an old man who was just about to open his store.

‘Good morning Nyx.’ He waved back and the girl continued running.

She stopped when she saw a woman trying to pluck some apples from a tree but had a hard time reaching.

‘Good morning, Mrs. Pearl.’

‘Oh, good morning Nyx. Good, you are here. I would need your help to...’

Before she finished her sentence Nyx had already climbed the tree and was now throwing apples down into Mrs. Pearl's basket.

‘It's enough. Thank you dear.’ Mrs. Pearl smiled.

Nyx climbed down. ‘Of course. Anything to have a taste of your apple pie.’ She winked.

Mrs. Pearl laughed. ‘How did you know I would make an apple pie?’

‘What would you need so many apples for otherwise?’

‘Clever girl.’ Mrs. Pearl said clapping Nyx on the shoulder. ‘Come by later and take some pie home with you.’

‘I will. I’ll see you later Mrs. Pearl.’

Nyx continued running and helping a few more people on her way. People in her village seemed to like her a lot. She was vibrant and beautiful, charming everyone around her with her personality.

‘Nyx! Come here!’ A woman called standing at the doorstep to a little house with arms crossed and a displeased look on her face.

The smile that had been on Nyx’s face the whole time disappeared as she walked up to the woman. ‘Mother.’

‘How many times have I told you to not run around like a child. You are going to be a leader and a queen so act like one.’

‘But mother, I told you I don’t want to be a leader or a queen. I want to marry someone I love.’

Her mother turned her heels and walked inside. ‘Selfish as always. Haven’t I told you that the coven comes first and your desires after? The demons are increasing their power and we have to do the same.’

Nyx followed her mother inside. ‘By making me a queen? How is that going to help? It’s not like queens rule.’

Her mother stopped and turned back around. ‘I am not talking about you. I am talking about your son. I saw him in my dream, I saw him become a great ruler. You know what my dreams mean right?’ Her mother asked.

‘Yes. They become true.’ Nyx’s shoulders fell in disappointment.

‘You know that I didn’t go to the king myself and asked him to marry you. He came here on his own after having seen you somewhere. He was

bewitched by your beauty and he isn't bad looking himself.' Her mother tried to cheer her up.

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Nyx had seen him. He did look good and he had seemed like a gentleman but Nyx was used to living freely, and getting married to the King would force her to sit locked in a big castle with people serving her and following her everywhere. It wasn't the King she was opposing, she didn't know him after all, it was the lifestyle of a queen she didn't want.

'Sometimes we have to sacrifice a few things for a bigger purpose.' Her mother explained. 'Now, your wedding is soon so behave yourself.' She returned to her stern self.

Nyx knew that her mother and the coven would not let this opportunity slip away and they would do everything to make her marry the King so she just decided to accept her fate. Maybe God had planned something better for her.

But the day came too soon, when she would be taken away from her home and into a new one. The King had sent a lot of gifts to her family and a carriage for her to be taken home. She said goodbye to her family and then she was on her way to a man she knew nothing about. There was no doubt that she would use her magic if she had to.

Suddenly the carriage stopped on its way and she heard the sound of clinking swords. 'My lady run!' Someone called.

They had been attacked.

Nyx quickly got out of the carriage to help the men but realized they were already dead.

‘Kill her!’ One of the enemies ordered. Nyx gathered her strength to use her magic but to her surprise, she failed. Her magic was not working. She tried again but to no avail. What had her mother done?

The man walking toward her seemed to have changed his mind when he saw her face. ‘It would be a waste to kill her sir.’ He said eyeing her up and down.

The one who gave the command turned around and once he saw her he licked his lips.

‘I think you are right.’ He agreed.

Nyx took a few steps back but the men surrounded her and two of them grabbed each of her arm holding her in place.

Suddenly the sound of a horse galloping from a distance made the men stop in their tracks. A man with a black cloak riding on a white horse came into sight. As he neared Nyx called for help.

‘Shut up!’ The soldier yelled.

When the man was close enough he stopped. Nyx got her hopes up even though she didn’t think a single man could defeat all those armed men.

‘Continue further like you have seen nothing and you will live.’ The commander spoke.

The man in the black cloak that hid most of his face was silent for a moment but then he climbed down the horse and walked up to the commander. ‘Let the Lady go and I’ll spare your life.’ He spoke in an icy tone.

‘Alright then. If you want to die fine by me.’

The soldier was about to draw his sword but the man in the black cloak already snapped his head off. The other men stared with shock and began to hesitate.

‘Someone else who wants to die? I’ll make it quick.’ Just his voice made them tremble in fear. One of them took the courage and moved forward but his arms were shaking.

‘I’ll give you one last chance to leave, with your body intact.’ The man warned.

They looked at each other before retreating carefully and then running away. Something about the man’s presence was too frightening. Nyx could feel it. He was one of her enemies, but why did he save her? Maybe he had other, worse plans for her.

The man removed the cap from his head and Nyx could finally see his face. He was the most beautiful sight she had ever seen, yet frightening. Her mother had told her that demons looked beautiful but she said to not be deceived by their beauty because it was only a mask to hide all the ugliness behind. Even though Nyx knew she couldn’t help but gawk at the man in front of her.

No! He was not a man, he was a demon she reminded herself. A very powerful one and he probably just saved her to kill her in a more painful way.

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‘What do you want?’ She asked.

His expression remained the same. ‘What made you think I want something?’

‘Why did you save me?’

‘You called for help.’ He said simply reminding her.

‘You are a demon.’ She pointed still suspicious of his intentions.

‘The King of demons.’ He corrected.

Nyx froze in place. The King of demons? He was the devil himself.

God! She was in big trouble. What would he do to her? Especially now when her magic was not working. While weighing different options the man turned around and climbed his horse.

He was leaving her?

‘I see your magic is not working. I would take you home but I am sure you don’t trust me.’ He said.

Was this one of his tricks? He was the master of manipulation after all.

‘My magic is working just fine.’ She lied.

‘Alright then.’ He said turning his horse and then riding away.

Nyx was confused. Did he just leave her despite knowing that she was a witch? She shook her head still in disbelief that she had met the devil and he actually let her live. She had a story to tell but first, she needed to figure out how to get home. To her new home.

The sun went down and Nyx had still not found her way to the castle and her magic had still not returned. This was all her mother’s fault. Why would she take her magic away when she had agreed to marry the king. She wouldn’t have agreed if she had planned to escape.

It was getting darker and darker and she was still clueless as to where she was going. She had asked some people for direction but that didn't help at all. This was bad, walking alone at night when she was the kind to attract attention and now some men were already following her. She tried to pick up her steps but they kept following her.

'Hey, you beautiful lady. Why are you running away?' One of them called.

They were close so Nyx began to run afraid.

'Hey! Wait!' They started to chase her.

Just when she rounded a corner someone grabbed her arm and with a pull, a magnetic force swept her away. She knew this feeling and soon she found herself somewhere else, outside an old dark castle.

With the devil.

'I knew you wanted something.' She said afraid backing away from him.

His icy eyes gazed into hers. 'You are right. Maybe I do.' He said taking a step toward her.

She held her arms out to stop him from coming any closer. 'What do you want?' She asked looking around for an escape, as if that would be possible.

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'Your name?'

What?! Nyx wasn't sure if she heard it right.

‘If I tell you my name, will you let me go?’

‘You mean let you go back to the streets where you can get r.a.p.ed.’

‘It’s not like you would do anything less.’ She retorted.

His face that had remained without expression now looked upset.

‘I don’t force myself on anyone.’ He said in a cold tone.

Nyx could see that he got upset by her remark.

‘Fine. Take me home, to my husband and I’ll tell you my name.’

‘Deal.’

In a blink of an eye, she stood in front of another castle she recognized.

This was where the king of Decresh lived, her now husband.

‘How do I know you will leave me here once I tell you my name?’ She asked.

‘We made a deal and I am the devil. I never break my part of the deal.’
He explained.

She shouldn’t believe him but she did. Maybe this was how easily he manipulated people.

‘Nyx. My name is Nyx.’

For a short moment, his expression softened and looked at her in a way that made her shiver for all different reasons. What did he want? It was not her name she was sure.

‘Nyx..’ the way he said her name made her heart flutter. ‘ If you ever want to make a deal, just call me.’

‘And what should I call you?’ She asked.

‘You know my name. Everyone does.’

He took her hand and kissed her knuckles. His lips were cold yet heat spread through her body.

‘Good night, Nyx.’ And then he vanished into thin air.

‘What happened? Why did you stop?’ I had just begun to enjoy the story when the pictures suddenly disappeared.

I looked at Irene who looked like she had seen a ghost. ‘What is wrong?’ I asked concerned.

‘He is here.’ She said. ‘My son is here.’

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

Chapter 92: Vol2 Chapter 32

Lucian and Roshan arrived in front of a white mansion that loomed behind a big iron gate. The gate opened by itself and Roshan stepped inside. Lucian followed him silently until they arrived at the front door.

‘Are you sure you want to meet Lucifer?’ Roshan asked turning to him.

‘Anything I should know before walking inside?’ Lucian asked in turn.

Roshan paused for a moment as if contemplating what to say. ‘Nothing I can summarize.’ He said then opened the door and led the way.

They walked through long empty halls with some strange paintings on the wall. Even the ceiling was painted with some dark, strange yet mysterious figures that sometimes seemed to be looking at him. They walked past several doors till Roshan stopped in front of one. This door was different from the others that were only plain white. This one was made of old wooden with some shapes and symbols carved into it. Just like the gate the door opened by itself and Roshan gestured for him to go inside first this time.

Lucian took a moment before stepping inside, feeling a bit nervous as he looked around the big empty room. No one was there so he turned to Roshan but he was already gone and the door suddenly shut by itself.

‘You came to see me?’ Suddenly a cold voice spoke.

Lucian recognized this voice and as he turned back around he recognized the man standing in front of him as well. It was the silver-haired man in his dreams. This time he could see him clearly. He had the coldest blue eyes Lucian had ever seen and the palest skin. It complemented his hair in a strange way, but what caught his attention the most was the man’s facial features. They were a mixture of feminine and masculine, angelic and devilish that it made you gawk in fascination yet keep a distance in fear.

Could he be the devil?

Yes. Lucian could feel his dark powerful energy.

‘Yes,’ Lucian began nervously. ‘We have met before I believe.’

‘We have.’ The man spoke taking a few steps forward.

This man or the devil had come to meet him before. Why ?

‘I am Lucian. The seventh prince of Decresh... who is believed to be dead now and before that people believed me to be the devil’s son.’

The devil just looked at him with no expression on his face. Lucian didn’t know what to say next so he just decided to get to the point. What he was about to ask made no sense but after everything he went through he truly believed that everything could be possible.

‘Are you my father ?’ He said the words quickly as if he didn’t want to hear what he was saying himself.

Lucian had at least expected the devil to be a bit surprised but he wasn’t. Instead, he was quiet for what felt like hours before he replied.

‘Yes.’

Yes. The word echoed in Lucian’s mind. He had decided on his way here to not be surprised by whatever happened but he felt as though someone punched him in the gut. He felt sick, angry and confused but most of all betrayed.

The man who was claiming to be his father stood there indifferent to the whole situation. There wasn’t even a tiny bit of emotion on his face.

‘Why...why would I believe you ?’ Lucian asked.

‘You wouldn’t be here if you didn’t believe it already.’ The man stated.

It was true. If the devil was his father it would explain everything that had happened to him so far. It would explain his powers, it would explain why his father, the king hated him so much and it would explain

the dark side of him, that he usually called his demon without knowing why. Everything would make sense, yet nothing made sense right now.

Why did he grow up with someone other than his father? Why did he have to endure all these years of confusion and loneliness?

Somehow Lucian knew the answer. His father didn't want him, and here he was, looking for him like an idiot and spoiling his peace.

No one wanted him. Nor his real father nor his fake father.

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'It's true I didn't want you but your mother did. She wants you very much.'

Lucian got even more confused. 'My mother?'

Why didn't he think about it? If his father turned out to be the devil than his mother could very much be alive.

'Yes, your mother. Her name is Nyx and she would very much like to meet you.'

'My mother...wants...' Lucian's mind became a fog and his head began to throb in pain.

A part of him wanted to meet his mother, but the other part of him, the angry part didn't want to. All those years he had spent alone and none of his parents bothered to see him so why would he want to see them now?

'I asked what I wanted to ask. Now if you will excuse me I have somewhere to be.' Lucian said before turning to leave.

The devil didn't try to stop him and Lucian expected nothing less. He couldn't say that he didn't feel hurt or disappointed though.

As he walked through the halls a part of him hoped his father would come after him and at least explain why he abandoned him but he knew that wouldn't happen. No one wanted him.

No one.

'Lucian.'

Unexpectedly a woman stood in the hall, a few feet away from him. Lucian thought he recognized her. Those green eyes, just like last time looked at him with such pain and sadness, it pained him for some odd reason.

'Lucian.' She called again carefully taking a few steps forward.

Her gaze fell on his hands and her face twisted. Lucian looked down at his hands. He hadn't realized that his nails had grown and because he fisted his hands they had cut through his palms and blood dripped down creating a pool beneath them. It didn't pain him at all but it seemed to pain her.

'Who are you?' he asked.

Somehow he knew who she was. Her long raven black hair that looked just like his,

her pale unblemished skin, her sharp nose, and those prominent cheekbones and jawline. She looked a lot like him or more correctly he looked like her.

Mother?

He hoped not. He didn't have the strength to meet his mother yet.

'You are hurting yourself.' The woman spoke looking pained.

Lucian ignored her and since she didn't answer his question he didn't bother to ask her again. Why would he? If she was his mother she didn't bother to raise him so he shouldn't care.

Lucian ignored the blood that dripped down his hands as he walked past the woman in the hall. There was a look of anguish on her face as he passed by her but it didn't stop him from continuing further.

'Lucian.'

This time he stopped in his tracks. This voice, this scent...it was Hazel. He heard quick steps behind him and then she grabbed his hand.

'What have you done?' She said looking at his hands worriedly.

Lucian stared at her confused. What was she doing here?

You can find the rest of this content on the platform.

'Hazel...what are you...'

'Come.' She cut him off and began to drag him.

Lucian followed trying to understand what was happening. Hazel, the woman who claimed to be his wife was staying with those who claimed to be his parents.

How did she know them when even he didn't know them?

‘Hazel, what’s happening?’ He asked as she sat him down on a chair in some room. He knew she was about to bring something for his wounds but he grabbed her wrist to stop her from leaving.

‘I need to treat your wounds.’ She said with a deep frown.

‘They are already healing, no need. What are you doing here?’ He repeated holding her carefully as to not cut her as well.

Pulling her arms away she crouched in front of him placing her hands on his knees. ‘Lucian...’ She began looking into his eyes. ‘That woman...she is your...’

‘Don’t.’ He cut her off. He didn’t want to know who she was, he didn’t care. ‘I don’t want you staying here with them. Come with me.’

Lucian didn’t trust them. Yes, maybe they were his parents but what kind of parents he didn’t know.

Hazel just looked at him and this time he really wished he could read her mind. ‘Alright.’ She finally replied with a faint smile.

As he left his parents behind Lucian wondered why Hazel followed him so obediently. She was quiet and very thoughtful on their way to somewhere. Lucian wasn’t quite sure where to take her, but taking her back to the castle was not an option.

He looked at the sky. The sun was going to rise again soon and he would meet Julian who would take him to the royal army. He could just bring Hazel with him.

‘Do you want to rest for awhile?’ He asked her.

She nodded and they sat down near a tree. He could actually use his powers to take them whatever he wanted, the problem was he didn't know where so keeping her by his side wherever he was would be safest, or maybe not.

Hazel was still silent as they sat down and it made him uncomfortable since he was sure she wanted to say something.

'Alright, what is it?' He asked.

She looked at him surprised. 'Nothing.'

'Hazel.' He said sternly to make her speak up.

'You don't want to hear it, so I won't say it until you want to.' She explained.

It was about his parents, he knew and he really didn't want to hear it but it was getting very uncomfortable.

'I want to hear it.' He lied.

Hazel looked at him hesitantly for a while. 'Your parents...they...they didn't abandon you. They have their reasons, maybe you should hear them out.' She said flinching as if expecting him to explode on her.

'Reasons? My father looked me in the eye and told me he didn't want me and my mother...I...I thought she was dead all this time. You don't know how that feels.'

No, she could possibly not know. As a child when his brothers were loved and cared for he had no one.

No one ever sang him lullabies or read him stories, no one ever hugged him when he had a bad dream, or run to him when he got hurt while playing. All those years of confusion about who he was or what he was, all those years of self-hate and loneliness, all those years of crying alone with no one to soothe his pain, would it be erased by some explanation? No, he didn't think so.

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Why an explanation now? When he was an a.d.u.l.t and could take care of himself. They weren't there when he truly needed them, now there was nothing they could do. The damage was already done and everytime he looked back at his childhood there was nothing pleasant that he could see.

Hazel moved so that she was sitting in front of him and between his legs. She grabbed his face in her hands gently and made him look at her. 'I can't imagine how it feels, but you never have to feel alone again. I will always be here for you. I will always want you.'

'You don't know that.' He said.

'That is the only thing I know.' She smiled.

Lucian reached for her face letting his fingers glide of her cheek and lips. This woman affected him in someway he couldn't explain and at this moment he would believe and do anything she said. She had truly hypnotized him.

'What have you done to me?' His voice became suddenly low and he could feel his heart accelerating, or was it hers? He wasn't sure.

‘Nothing yet.’ She breathed as her gaze fell on his lips and before he knew their lips melted together.

This kiss was nothing like the one before, it wasn’t driven by l.u.s.t. This kiss was an expression of love, a deep connection, a mutual yearning of each other. It was heavenly, sweet, and tender, fading away all his pain and worries.

As he kissed her ever so softly and deeply never wanting to let go of her, he got a salty taste in his mouth. Pulling away slightly he realized that she was crying.

‘Is something wrong?’ He asked grabbing her face gently.

Hazel shook her head while looking down.

‘Hazel.’ He made her look at him. ‘What is wrong? Tell me.’ He spoke softly.

‘I can see it. Sometimes when I touch you I can see your pain and what you have been through.’ She cried. ‘I could see when you were in that well and...’

‘Shh...’ He put a finger on her lips. ‘Don’t think about it.’

Lucian was surprised and confused. How could she see that? He didn’t want her to see anything of it. All the pain he went through in that dark well he could only imagine how horrifying it must look.

‘I am in no pain. Not when I am with you, except when you cry. That pains me.’ He wiped away the tears from her face and she wiped away some herself.

‘I am sorry. I should have killed him. I wanted to avenge you but I failed.’

Lucian’s heart froze for a moment. Hazel had tried to kill his brother ?

He grabbed her chin and made her look at him. ‘Hazel, don’t ever do that again. Ever.’

Hazel nodded. ‘I am sorry. I know he is your brother but he is so cruel.’

Lucian sighed and drew her into his arms hugging her tightly. She misunderstood him. ‘It’s not about that. I just don’t want you to get blood on your hands. I don’t want you to experience what it feels like to kill someone. Let me do all the dirty work.’

She pulled back slightly. ‘But I want to help.’

Lucian thought for a moment. ‘Well, you can.’ He said.

‘How?’ She asked eagerly.

Lucian smiled to himself, she was too adorable at this moment.

How ?

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Kiss me he wanted to say but refrained from it.

To his surprise, Hazel leaned in and pressed her lips to his.

Did he say that out loud ? It didn’t matter, he was already lost in the heat.

Married To The Devil's Son (WN)

Chapter 93: Vol2 Chapter 33

Klara's mind had been unable to rest since she came back home. All she could think about was what she had said to Roshan. Why would she do something so stupid She couldn't comprehend.

'Idiot.' She called herself and slapped her forehead then fell back on the bed. She stared at the ceiling wondering what to do to avoid an awkward encounter with Roshan. Maybe she should pretend like she didn't remember anything.

Yes, she would pretend like everything was normal and act as if nothing has ever happened. Staying locked in her room out of fear of meeting Roshan made her feel muffled so she decided to go out. Opening the door she slowly peeked her outside checking both sides before stepping out.

This is stupid Klara. You can't avoid someone in their own home.

As she walked down the stairs she came across Lothaire. His usually serious face now seemed upset. She usually greeted him when they crossed paths but as they locked eyes this time the words died in her throat. His angry eyes were frightening. Klara wondered what angered him so much.

Continuing further she decided to check on Irene. Maybe they had a fight she thought. Making her way to Irene's room she knocked on the door carefully but no one answered. She knocked again but it was still quite.

'She is not here.'

Klara's heart skipped a beat. Oh no, he was here. She turned around slowly and tried to keep a straight face but as soon as she saw those sensual lips curved into a smile she knew she was in trouble.

'Then where is she?' She asked trying to keep her cool.

'If you hadn't been locked in your room the whole day you would know.'
He pointed.

God, he was so annoying yet so...

She stopped herself before getting any bad ideas. 'I wasn't locked in my room. I was just resting.'

'Or maybe avoiding me...' He added.

'Why would I?'

'Why would you not? If I were you I would avoid me.' Klara felt as though there was another meaning to his words.

'I am not scared of you.' She said.

He took a step toward her while holding her in place with his gaze.

He leaned closer, 'You should be. You don't know the things I want to do to you.' He spoke in a low husky tone that made her insides quiver.

Klara couldn't bring herself to say anything this time.

'Not as bold as last night I see.' Roshan drawled.

Last night. Klara felt heat creep to her face as she remembered begging him to kiss her. She was supposed to pretend like she didn't remember but her expression probably exposed her already.

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She took a step back. 'Don't you know how to keep a distance?'

'Says the person who was throwing herself in my arms last night.'

This time she got angry. 'I wasn't... I mean in my right mind. I have no desire to be in your arms or even near you.' She clenched her fists.

He tilted his head to one side, 'That's sad. I would have shown you the pleasures of this world.'

'I doubt that.'

'If you let me, I'll get rid of your doubts.'

The way he looked at her at that moment made her feel weak in the knees. For a short moment, she wondered what he would show her but she quickly dismissed the thought. If she stayed a bit longer her she might think of even worse things.

Without saying a word she walked past him and went outside. The cold air made her cool down a bit. This man, what was he doing to her?

Looking behind she was thankful that he didn't follow her. Carefully she sat down on a bench. How was she supposed to live like this? In the same house as a man that made her imagine things that is forbidden for a maiden like her. She had to find some other place to stay but she wouldn't be able to find anything if she only stayed in this place.

Her gaze fell on the iron gate. Yes, she needed to leave for a while and see the life outside.

The iron gate was heavy and hard to push open but at last, she succeeded. Now if she only had a horse it would be much easier to get acquainted with the area but unfortunately, she had to walk.

Despite having been walking for a good while Klara still didn't come across a house, a market, or anywhere she could find people. She had been walking alone among trees and bushes and looking ahead it seemed like she wouldn't meet anyone soon. Why did they live so far from the city and the people Klara wondered, and would she be able to find her way back?

She touched her chest to see if she was still wearing the necklace Irene gave her and she was. Now she didn't have to worry about not finding her way back.

Klara walked through the woods but she seemed to get nowhere and soon she was becoming tired. Just as she was about to give up and sit down somewhere she heard some footsteps. Finally someone. Maybe she was nearing the city or a village and she could ask for direction.

Klara looked to where the sound came from and saw a man walking from a distance. 'Excuse me, ❖❖ She called approaching the man but froze in place when he turned and looked at her.

What on earth? This man looked frightening. His skin was too pale, almost turning blue or maybe purple and his lips were black. Klara thought that maybe he was just sick and tried to not be intimidated despite the crazed look in his eyes.

'What is a young beautiful lady like you doing here alone in the woods?' He asked looking her up and down.

‘I am...’ She abruptly stopped when she felt someone behind her. Turning around she realized that she was surrounded by strange-looking men. They all had those black lips. One of them even had a black tongue as he licked his lips while scanning her body.

‘Zul, what a nice meal you have found us.’ One of them spoke.

Klara’s legs trembled when she realized that they had pointed teeth while speaking of her as a meal.

‘Not nice brother. Delicious.’ The one behind her corrected him.

You can find the rest of this content on the platform.

Oh god, were they going to eat her?

They encircled her, closing in on her slowly.

Their eyes turned red and Klara had to blink several times to make sure she wasn’t losing her mind. Adrenaline flooded through her veins making her heart beat harder and faster as if it wanted to jump out of her chest. Her eyes widened with fear and she wanted to run but her legs refused. She knew she couldn’t just stand there if she wanted to live. She had to do something.

The necklace. Klara reached for it but it wasn’t around her neck. Her heart pumped even faster realizing the danger she was in, adrenaline kicked in harder and she turned around hastily punching the one behind her in the face then kneeing him in the stomach. When he doubled over in pain she pushed past him and ran as fast as she could without looking back.

She ran so fast she stumbled and fell but picked herself up quickly and continued running. Suddenly out of nowhere someone appeared in front

of her but it was too late to stop herself from running into him and falling back.

She groaned in pain and looked up.

How ?!

It was the scary man from earlier. Soon all of them surrounded her again. Klara couldn't understand what was happening but she was in big trouble.

'You cannot run from us, darling and you don't need to. We are going to take good care of you.' He said with an unsettling smile that showed his ugly teeth.

Whatever these things were they seemed dangerous. She reached for her neck again hoping to find the necklace but she truly lost it. Why did she have to lose it now ?

The man or whatever he was crouched to her level and Klara crawled back instinctively. Up close he looked even scarier. His skin looked thicker than normal and his ears were slightly pointed. His neck was covered with marks that looked like chains strangling him. He grabbed her leg with his clawed hand and pulled her toward him.

Klara screamed and kicked. 'Let go of me!' but he was too strong. Suddenly another one came from behind and grabbing her wrists he pinned her hands down. She screamed louder and fought harder but they only laughed.

'I said let go of me now. You won't be happy when my friends find out what you have done.'

They laughed again. 'And who are you friends?' One of them asked.

‘My brother is the King of Gatrish.’

They paused for a moment than one of them spoke. ‘A princess as well. What a treat.’

‘My friend is a witch.’ Klara hurried to say.

They wrinkled their face with what looked like disgust. ‘We ain’t afraid of witches darling. I hope your friend comes to find you then we will take care of her as well.’ He smirked. ‘Now we will take care of you first.’ He reached for her dress.

‘You touch me and I will make sure that you can never use your hand again.’ She threatened even though she was scared to death. Inside she begging for someone to come and save her and the first person she thought of was Roshan. But without the necklace he wasn’t going to be able to know she was in trouble.

Suddenly all of them let go of her and were swiftly on their feet. Klara got confused.

‘Lord Ramiel. What brings you here?’ One of them asked in a respectful tone yet there was fear in his eyes as he looked behind her.

Klara turned to look at the person that made them look down in fear.

‘Roshan!’ She could hear the relief in her own voice. She wanted to cry, or run to him and hug him for coming to save her.

The man looked surprised. ‘I am sorry my Lord. I didn’t know she was yours or I wouldn’t hurt her.’ He said looking regretful and terrified.

Roshan turned his gaze to Klara. 'Who said she is mine?'

The man looked confused and so was Klara. Of course, she wasn't his but it seemed like he was telling them that they could do whatever they wanted with her.

She gave him a questioning look and he gave her an amused one. What was he doing?

'I am sorry my Lord I didn't ask. Is she yours?' He corrected himself.

'Only if she says she is mine.' Roshan replied.

Now they all turned to her waiting for an answer. Klara got a feeling that if she said she wasn't his then she could be in trouble.

Standing up she faced Roshan. 'What happens if I say I am not?'

'Then Zul seems to like you very much.' He said speaking of the man who just tried to eat her or r.a.p.e her, she wasn't sure.

She shook in fear. Why did these beings call him their lord? They had red eyes and fangs and claws and...a shiver went down her spine. Was Roshan one of them?

Suddenly she became much more afraid. She looked between the man and Roshan and even though the man looked scarier, Roshan seemed more dangerous. She knew he was because all of them seemed to fear him. Was she safer with him?

'I wouldn't dare if she is yours, My Lord.' Zul spoke.

'But she isn't.' He said sounding somehow disappointed.

Klara panicked. Was he going to leave her here with these things ?

‘I am.❖❖❖ She hurried to say. ‘I am his.’

The scary men looked at each other in fear then they went down on their knees. ‘I am sorry My Lady. Please forgive us.’

Klara knew from the way they acted that Roshan was a powerful man, if he was one, to begin with, and powerful men were scary. They did as they pleased and maybe Roshan had worse plans for her. He did warn her after all.

Suddenly she felt as if she did a great mistake by saying that she was his. That meant something but she wasn’t sure what.

She turned to Roshan and the look in his eyes told her there was no going back. He was going to make her his whether she liked it or not.

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

Chapter 94: Vol2 Chapter 34

‘Where are we?’ Klara asked when Roshan teleported them to somewhere she didn’t recognize.

It looked like it was inside a castle or a big mansion. Klara panicked. Did he bring her here to finally do whatever he had planned to do with her

from the beginning? She was sure it was something she wouldn't like, not after what she had seen and what she believed he was.

A demon.

He had been speaking the truth this whole time and she had thought that he was only frightening her. He had said that she wouldn't want to see what he looked like. Did he look like those men?

'Well, you said you were mine so I brought you home.' He said simply.

'I only said that to save myself. I don't belong to anyone.'

'Now you are!' He said with an authoritative tone that sent chills down her spine.

Klara began to feel afraid of him.

'My Lord.' A man dressed in servant clothes suddenly stood beside them.

'Your father wants to see you.'

'I'll be there,' Roshan said while never looking away from Klara.

The man disappeared just, like that, into thin air. Klara felt her head spin. The things she had seen today were too much and she felt as though she was falling which maybe she was. Because she felt Roshan's arm around her waist.

'Are you alright?' He shook her slightly.

Klara looked into his worried eyes. Was he really worried about her? Or did he just want her alive so that he could possess her? What did demons do with humans by the way?

‘Klara.’ He whispered her name. She realized that he never called her by her name. He usually called her princess. ‘I want you to trust me. Just do as I say and you will be safe.’

Trust him? How? She just found out that he was a demon. Actually not. He had told her, she just didn’t believe him. Maybe now she should, it’s not like she had a choice. He could kill her easily if she disobeyed or maybe possess her.

Once she could stand steadily on her own he let go of her but grabbed her hand instead. He led the way through some large halls until they walked into what looked like a huge dining room. At the end of the large dining table sat a man she couldn’t see clearly because it was too far, but she could see that he wore luxurious clothes and had long silky black hair. The man stood up and started walking toward them. Once he was near enough Klara could see how much he resembled Roshan. The same bone-structure, skin tone, eye color, and even the same facial expression she noticed when he raised a brow questioningly.

‘A blonde? I see your taste has changed son.’ He said looking at Klara.

Updated _at

‘Father. I need to explain.’ Roshan began but his father held up a hand to stop him from speaking any further.

The man was strikingly beautiful just like Roshan but what caught Klara of guard was that he didn’t seem old enough to be Roshan’s father. In fact, they seemed to be just the same age. That had to do something with them being demons she thought and felt her head spin again.

Roshan put his hand lightly on her back.

‘I know the human is not yours but you stopped another one from claiming her.’ His father pointed.

‘It was against her will. He wasn’t planning on manipulating her and then erasing her memory. He was enjoying the torture. If I remember correctly that is not how we do things.’ Roshan said.

Manipulate? Erase memory? Klara’s hands turned cold and her throat felt dry.

‘Very protective I see.’ His father’s lips curved into a slight smile, then he turned his gaze to Klara and she felt her heart skip a beat.

‘And who are you young lady?’ he asked.

Even though he had that frightening aura she decided to not be intimidated. ‘I am Klara Alriksson, daughter of Alrik the first and sister of King Rasmus.’ She said and was glad her voice didn’t shake.

‘You are the warrior princess.’ He said thoughtfully. ‘Fascinating. Beautiful and brave.’

‘Thank you.’ Klara forced herself to smile.

‘But what is a princess doing here? If I may ask.’

Klara froze. She hadn’t thought about it before splurting out that she was a princess. She looked at Roshan for some help.

‘Father, she is tired and in shock right now. I’ll show her to a room.’

‘Yes of course.’ Roshan’s father nodded then turned to Klara. ‘Feel at home.’

Roshan led Klara out with one hand on her back, still. She followed him obediently not wanting to stay a minute longer with his father. If she thought Roshan was dangerous than his father was deadly dangerous.

Roshan took her up a few stairs then led her inside a room before closing the door. Klara was still in shock, her mind still trying to process everything that just happened.

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She felt Roshan's hand caressing her back gently. 'You don't have to be scared. I won't let anyone hurt you.' He spoke gently and she felt his hot breath in her hair.

Klara turned to him, his face was close to hers, his eyes staring deep into her own. Why did she believe this man? She shouldn't. Was it because he had been honest with her from the beginning? Still.

'You said I should be scared of you.' She reminded.

Roshan put his hand on the nape of her neck, tracing her jawline with his thumb.

'I am not a good person. I would never hurt you physically but I might manipulate you, take advantage of you or use you. That's hurting you in some way I believe.'

'Why are you telling me this?' She asked.

'Because I don't want to do those things, I just might not be able to stop myself everytime.'

Klara wondered what would happen if he couldn't stop himself. How would he take advantage of her? What would he manipulate her to do? A

shiver went down her spine. The thought that he could easily do whatever he wanted with her scared her, but only slightly. Strange.

‘You are scared of me now.’ He frowned sensing her fear.

‘I should be more scared than I am.’ She said honestly.

He let go of her and took a step back. ‘Take some rest.’ He said.

‘I want to go home.’ She suddenly blurted. Maybe she was more scared and shocked than she thought. Demons existing and walking among them was not an easy thing to digest.

Roshan’s frown deepened and he seemed somehow hurt.

‘Is that really what you want?’ He asked.

Klara nodded.

Roshan felt a sting of pain in his heart. He didn’t like to see her so shaken up but it was somehow his fault. He should have known that she wouldn’t take it well, no humans did. Knowing that dangerous creatures existing among them made them never feel safe again. He knew she needed time to process things, she had seen too much in one day and to his surprise, she hadn’t fainted. Now he wondered if he would be selfish and force her to stay here with him or let her go. The right thing would be to let her go but he didn’t want to. No he wouldn’t let her go, he would make her stay whether she liked it or not.

To his surprise, he took her hand and drew her into his embrace. Maybe he wasn’t as selfish as he thought and he cursed himself for that. He knew he would regret it later but he hated to see her so frightened.

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Klara was surprised when they arrived at the top of her brother's castle. He knew she had expected him to deny her and maybe that's why he didn't. He wanted to prove her wrong. Even though they arrived she didn't let go of him and held him tightly and so did he. He didn't want to let go, how could he when it felt as though she was made to be in his arms.

She looked up at him her eyes swirling with many unanswered questions and unwanted feelings. He knew she felt something for him but she didn't want to.

'Will you be alright here? With your brother.'

'I am not sure.' She said worriedly. 'But I can't be running forever.'

She felt Roshan's arm loosen around her waist and panicked. Why she wasn't sure. A part of her felt empty when he let her go and she began to doubt her decision of wanting to come back home. But she knew she had to.

'I see you have lost your necklace.' He said reaching around his neck. He was wearing one himself but he took it off and placed it around her neck. 'This works the same way. If you need me I'll be here.'

Why? Why was he doing all this for her? She had been trying so hard to not feel anything for him but he wasn't helping. She wasn't ready to fall in love again. Not after all the pain, she went through. And what would it mean to fall in love with a demon?

'I won't be needing you. I am with my family now.' She said.

He gave her a faint smile but she had a feeling that he got deeply hurt by her words.

Why do you always have to be so harsh with your words Klara, she scolded herself.

‘I am really thankful for everything.’ She hurried to say. ‘I never thanked you before. I guess I am not a good person either.’

He put one hand lightly on her cheek. ❖❖ You are wonderful, Klara.’ This was the second time he said her name and it made her heart flutter.

She had just a moment ago been scared and confused but now all was forgotten as she looked into his eyes. She didn’t want him to go. She wanted him to stay, to hold her, and kiss her. Yes, it wouldn’t hurt with a kiss.

Slowly Roshans hand slid to the back of her neck and the other went around her waist. He drew her into his arms, his eyes looking at her intensely, taking her breath away. Did he know what she wanted or was this him manipulating her?

All her thoughts escaped to the back of her mind when she felt his hot breath tickle her face. Her heart fluttered again and then ever so lightly he brushed his lips against hers. Klara felt heady with desire. Her mind was not in its right place anymore but her body seemed to be just right where it was. In Roshan’s arms.

Roshan leaned closer and their noses collided before their lips locked in a fiery passionate kiss. Klara tiptoed and wrapped her arms around him as heat flooded her being. She had never felt anything like this before. His lips were soft and warm and his kiss slow and sensual. It made her feel as though she was walking on air but soon she was back on the ground.

Their lips parted and Klara felt a strange longing. She almost wanted to scold him for stopping. It wasn’t enough, she couldn’t get enough. She looked at Roshan and felt her cheeks burn at the way he looked back at

her, as though he wanted to devour her. God, she wanted him as bad but he was leaving now and she should let him leave.

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‘Take care, princess.’ He said.

Klara nodded. ‘You too.’ She smiled and just like that he was gone.

Klara remained standing there for awhile before walking inside to meet her family.

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

Chapter 95: Vol2 Chapter 35

I sat up on the bed and looked around. Where was I? The last thing I remembered was sleeping next to Lucian in the woods and now I woke up in a strange room. Before I could dwell further on it Lucian walked inside.

‘Good morning.’ He smiled.

‘Good morning. Where are we?’ I asked.

He came and sat next to me on the bed. Then he took my hand in his before looking deeply into my eyes.

‘We are in the royal army camp. Things are going to get difficult and ugly from now on.’ He explained.

He was going to dethrone Pierre. But would the royal army help him? I got suddenly concerned.

‘Will they help you?’

‘Yes.’ He said with confidence. ‘And If they don’t I’ll do it myself.’

A war. Again. I just wanted to live peacefully with Lucian but after everything he went through and those who betrayed and tortured him, they deserved to get punished.

A knock on the door made us both turn and soon a man in a military attire entered the room.

‘Your Highness. General Black is ready to meet you.’ He said.

Lucian turned back to me. ‘Rest and I’ll come back.’ He said.

‘I’ll come with you.’ I insisted.

He looked at me for a while then nodded.

General Black sat laid back in his chair, watching some of his men fighting with their swords. Once the soldier informed our presence General Black tore his gaze from the fight and turned to us. His eyes widened as he stood up slowly from his seat and approached us.

‘Your Highness. It’s really true that you are alive.’ He spoke.

‘I am and you know what that means.’

General Black frowned. ‘Yes I do. You want the crown.’

‘Yes and I need your army by my side.’

Alright. This was too straightforward I thought.

General Black shook his head. 'I am glad that you are alive but unfortunately I can't help you.'

'Why?' I suddenly blurted.

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He turned his gaze to me with a confused look on his face then turned to Lucian.

'This is my wife, Hazel.' Lucian explained.

My heart stopped for short while. He said I was his wife. He believed me!

General Black turned back to me. 'Your Highness, with all due respect this is a political matter and I don't think you understand.' He said.

'Then explain to me.' I demanded.

'Well...' He looked between me and Lucian. 'King Pierre has many powerful allies. He could gather them all to defeat my army. Why would I let my men die in vain?'

'Pierre won't be able to gather his allies because I have the seal.' Lucian explained.

I could see that general Black got even more surprised but he didn't ask any further questions.

'The people of this kingdom are suffering. Your father was a great ruler, your brother isn't. I am not sure if you will be a great ruler either.' He explained.

‘There is only one way to find out.’ Lucian said. ‘Are you willing to take that risk?’

‘Don’t disappoint me.’ general Black warned.

I was glad that he had agreed to help and they sat outside for awhile speaking and planning on what to do next while I watched the men fighting with their swords.

My thoughts wandered to Klara. She had promised me to teach me how to fight but would I ever meet her again? I had hoped she would teach me some things about politics as well. I didn’t want to be someone who distributed with nothing. I wanted to be useful.

People admired Klara. They called her the warrior princess. Not only brave but beautiful and smart as well. She wasn’t only the leader of their army but she was also politically active, especially in matters of war. She was an impressive woman indeed. I couldn’t say that I didn’t envy her.

Then my thoughts drifted further to Irene. I wondered if she was alright after meeting Lucian but probably not. I just wanted Lucian to reunite with his parents but I knew it would take a lot of time and work. Deep wounds didn’t heal fast and even when they did, they left a scar.

Lucian was busy the whole day planning with general Black and took only lunch and dinner breaks. I was shown to a guest room, the room that I had woken up in earlier and I stayed there alone pondering about a lot of things. Nothing seemed to be right just yet. I didn’t know where Lucian and I were in our relationship and if he remembered me although he seemed to not have remembered. I thought of ways to reunite Lucian with his parents and worried about Lucian’s plan to take the throne. I didn’t want to lose him again.

While pondering on many things I went to the garden right behind the room and decided to spend some time there while waiting for Lucian. I was surprised when I found a swing just right next to a big tree. It reminded me of the white swing in our own garden except this one was a bit smaller and it was grey instead of white. I lay down on it and began to swing back and forth while recalling good memories and smiling to myself.

‘What makes you smile so?’ Suddenly Lucian was towering over me where I lay on the swing.

I just looked up at him for a while wondering how he still looked perfect after such a long day.

‘I was recalling good memories,’ I said.

‘Tell me about them.’ He urged.

I swung my legs down to make some place for him and he sat down.

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‘You won’t believe it, but I was once just like today laying on a swing and smiling to myself when someone asked me the question you just asked.’

‘And...that person is me?’ He asked raising a brow.

‘Yes.’ I nodded. ‘The white swing in our garden was my favorite place to kill some time. I miss it.’

He looked at me thoughtful for a while. ‘You will get it back. I’ll get it back for you.’ He said in a serious tone.

‘For us.’ I corrected.

‘Yes. For us.’

‘I wish to sit there with you every afternoon.’ I said entwining my fingers with his.

He stared at our entwined hands for a while. ‘And I wish to grant that wish.’ He smiled.

I snuggled up against him and he put his arm around me. We sat there for awhile until I fell asleep.

The next morning I woke up in bed but I was still laying in Lucian’s arm. From the way he breathed, I knew he was sleeping peacefully. I remained laying in his arms for a while but then I heard a strange sound coming from the garden. Carefully I slid away from Lucian’s arms and got out of bed before making my way to the garden.

I opened the door slowly as to not wake Lucian and then peeked outside. There, on the grey swing Irene sat comfortably looking around. I stepped outside and carefully closed the door behind me.

‘Irene.’ I whispered to grab her attention.

She turned her head. ‘Hazel. I am sorry I woke you up.’ She said getting up from the swing.

‘You didn’t. I was awake. How are you?’

‘I am alright.’ She shrugged but I could see she wasn’t. ‘How about you?’

‘I am fine and so is Lucian.’ I knew that she wanted to know how he was.

She nodded. 'I just...I don't know why I am here. I...I don't want to confuse him anymore. I want him to be happy but I am only hurting him. Maybe I should stay away.'

'No! Don't! He is hurting because he has been alone for many years but that doesn't mean that he wants you to stay away. You have to fight for him.' I said.

She looked down at her hands. 'I don't know if I have the right to do that. I am not a good mother.'

'You are and even if you are not you can be. For Lucian's sake.'

She nodded again.

'And...I want to know everything Irene. Could you continue with your story? Maybe if I know the whole story I can help better.' I explained.

'Yes. But some other time. Lucian might wakeup now.'

'Alright.'

We looked at each other for a while and then she reached inside the arm of her dress. 'I have something for you.' She said taking out a small book. 'I know you are bored on your stay here so you can read this meanwhile.'

'Oh, thank you.' I said.

She reached her hand inside again. This time she took out a wooden flute. 'And I know you like to play this.'

‘Good lord. How did you know?’ I reached for it and grabbed it carefully.
‘It has been so long since I played this.’

‘Do tell me if there is anything else you need. I have to leave now but I’ll come back.’

‘I will and thank you.’

And then as usual she vanished into thin air. I stared at the empty place she had just been standing on. I knew I would never get used to this.

Lucian woke up after having the most harmonious sleep. He always slept well when Hazel was near but as he looked to his left she wasn’t there. He sat up on the bed and looked around. Where had she gone?

Getting out of bed he began to dress when he heard a sound coming from the garden. It sounded like someone playing an instrument. Curious he went to the door and opened it carefully. Looking outside he found Hazel sitting on the swing playing the flute. The sound was beautiful and very familiar to his ears. It made him feel a kind of way he couldn’t explain.

Lucian kept standing there, staring at her while she played. She looked much healthier now and her beauty seemed to come through. Her skin was less bruised and her hair fell down her shoulders in shiny waves. The little weight she gained took away the unhealthy appearance and enhanced her curves. When the wind blew her hair onto her face, she closed her eyes. She seemed lost in the sound and soon he was lost as well.

He didn’t know where he was but suddenly he got caught by a sweet sound. It was Hazel playing the flute. Lucian had never seen her looking this beautiful. She was wearing a white wedding dress adorned with golden jewelry. Her beautiful reddish-brown hair was combed back and

held in place with golden hairpins, and her cheeks and lips were painted. Her long lashes fell over her cheeks as her eyes were closed while she played the flute. Once she opened her eyes she stared directly into his and he felt his heart skip a beat.

Then he remembered the first time she said his name. The warmth that had spread throughout his body and the first time their lips touched. He remembered a thousand lights surrounding them.

He remembered her arms around his waist while they rode, around his neck while they kissed and around him while he died. He remembered her tears and her laugh and all the conversations they had, but most of all he remembered confessing his love for her. And together with the memory came the feeling. This woman was his wife and he loved her more than anything in the world. Yet, he didn't recognize her. How could he not?

Unaware he took a step back into the room.

Hazel. His wife.

How could he forget her? The only person who cared for him, the only person who knew the real him yet still loved him. How could he do this to her? Suddenly his throat felt dry and his head throbbed in pain.

Rage and guilt filled his chest. He felt useless and unworthy. He felt disgusted with himself. He was used to hating himself but the self-hatred he felt now was like nothing he felt before. He wanted to disappear, the pain he felt was too much for him to endure.

'Lucian, you are awake.' Suddenly Hazel was inside the room. Before he could think she crossed the distance between them and wrapped her arms around him. He wanted to hug her back and cry but he didn't deserve to be comforted.

He didn't deserve her at all. He felt too dirty to hug her back as if he would stain her with his dirt.

After awhile Hazel drew back and gazed at him with a worried look on her face. 'Is something wrong?' She asked.

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

Chapter 96: Vol2 Chapter 36

'Is something wrong?'

Lucian forced back his anger and tears. He didn't want to make her worry anymore.

He shook his head. 'No, nothing is wrong. I just remembered that I have to be somewhere.'

She nodded. 'I understand.'

No she didn't. Even he couldn't understand.

'I'll be back, wife.' He forced himself to smile.

'I'll be waiting.' She smiled back.

Leaving Hazel behind Lucian took his horse and rode far away. He didn't know where he was going but he just needed some air. Or maybe a lot of air. The pain and the tears were choking him and he felt like screaming out loud.

Once he neared a cliff he stopped and looked down. Beneath the cliff was a river. Lucian stared at it empty for a while wondering what it would feel like if he jumped. Would the water wash away his pain ?

He climbed down the horse and sat at the edge of the cliff. He felt empty as he listened to the flowing water but soon tears began to fall down his cheeks. He couldn't hold it in anymore so he let it all out.

Irene stood behind a tree and watched her son cry alone. When she found out that he had regained his memory, she had followed him afraid he would do something stupid. But here he was, alone and in tears. She could feel his pain and wanted to take it all away. Unable to just watch she went to him and ever so lightly she put one hand on his shoulder.

Lucian didn't react. He probably knew she was there all the time and that he didn't bother to look told her how much pain he was in. She crouched to his level and wrapped her arms around him and began to stroke his back. Oh, how long she had waited to hold him, and now he was finally in her arms. She had expected him to pull away but he didn't. He just kept crying.

Irene wanted to tell him that it wasn't his fault but she knew he wouldn't listen so she just held him until he calmed down.

'Lucian. I can take away your pain if you let me.' She said once he calmed down.

He shook his head. 'I don't deserve it.'

She grabbed his face gently in her hands and made him look at her. 'You do. You deserve all the happiness in this world.'

He just looked at her for a while. His eyes swollen and red from the crying.

‘Why did you leave me?’ He suddenly asked.

Irene could see the desperation in his eyes but she could also see that he was losing hope. The flames in them seemed to die away slowly and that made her heart ache. She would not let him give up.

‘I never did. I would never leave you. You were taken away from me.’ She explained.

He looked at her as if trying to figure out if she was telling the truth. She wouldn’t blame him if he didn’t believe her.

Slowly he grabbed her wrists and removed her hands from his face then he stood up. ‘What is your name?’ He asked.

Irene was glad that he at least asked her questions and didn’t ignore her entirely.

‘My name is Nyx.’ She said standing up.

Lucian stared at the woman in front of him. He couldn’t ignore his resemblance to her. She was indeed his mother and when she had hugged him earlier he never felt anything like it before. But even if she was his mother he didn’t know her and it felt strange somehow to let her hug him.

Confused about the whole situation he turned away from her and climbed his horse, then without looking back he rode away.

Nyx. He repeated her name in his mind. His mother’s name was Nyx. Lucian had heard the name once even though his father or to be more correct the King had forbidden anyone to speak about her.

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Riding fast through the woods Lucian pushed away his thoughts about his mother to the back of his mind. Now he had more important things to focus on, like punishing his brother.

Pierre will wish that he was dead.

Once Lucian arrived at the camp Julian met him halfway.

‘Your highness. I have been looking for you.’

Lucian jumped down from the horse.

‘What happened?’ He asked.

‘I have brought your men and...your wife has been looking for you.’

Lucian walked past Julian and made his way to the guest room. As soon as he walked inside Hazel jumped up from her seat with a fearful look on her face.

‘Lucian.’ She ran to him and enveloped him in a tight hug.

‘What happened?’ He asked putting his arms around her.

‘Where did you go? You made me so worried. I thought...’ She drew back and looked at him with teary eyes. ‘I thought you left me.’

He grabbed her face. ‘Why would you think so?’ and then it hit him. She knew that he regained his memory.

‘Why didn’t you tell me that you remembered?’

‘How did you know?’ He asked.

‘You called me wife. You used to call me that all the time.’ She explained as tears fell down her cheeks.

‘I’ll never leave you unless you tell me.’ He ensured her.

No, he wouldn’t. Even though he didn’t deserve her he would stay by her side if that’s what she wanted. He would do anything for her even if it caused him pain.

‘You know I would never tell you that. So don’t you dare leave me, even if I tell you don’t ever leave me. Promise me Lucian.’

‘I promise.’ He said wiping away her tears.

Just when she was about to say something a knock on the door interrupted them. Hazel wiped away her tears. ‘Your men are here.’ She informed.

‘Come in.’ Lucian called.

Julian was the first to enter the room and he motioned for the rest to come inside. Lucian’s men came in one by one and Lucian took a closer look at them. They looked much healthier and stronger than last time.

‘Your highness.’ They all bowed at once.

‘I am glad you are safe.’ Lucian began. ‘But we are going to war soon and those of you who are still injured or recovering don’t have to participate.’

‘We are all participating Your highness.’ Lincoln spoke.

Lucian skimmed through everyone’s faces to see if anyone was objecting to what Lincoln said.

‘Alright then. You will be provided with weapons and we are leaving tonight.’

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They all nodded.

‘Anum, I want you to make sure that no maids or servants get hurt. Lincoln, I want you to escort princess Elsa and Levi to somewhere safe. Anywhere for now, we will discuss the details later. Declan and Ky you can escort all the females out of the castle, the rest can guide the royal army since you are familiar with the passages inside the castle.’ Lucian explained.

Hazel grabbed his arm as if wanting to say something. ‘Lydia and Ylva’ She said concerned.

Lucian knew how much Hazel cared for them. ‘Oliver, I want you to make sure that Hazel’s handmaids are safe.’

‘I will.’ He said with a nod.

‘You may all leave except for Callum.’

Everyone bowed one last time and left except for Callum. Lucian turned to Hazel. ‘I want you to stay by his side.’ He said speaking of Callum.

He looked like the strongest one of them at the moment and he wanted Hazel to be in good hands.

Hazel nodded and then he turned to Callum. ‘You know what you have to do.’ He said and Callum nodded.

‘Good, you may leave now.’

Lucian couldn't wait until he got his hands on his brother.

The rest of the day passed by with preparing for battle. Lucian went around and gave instructions together with General black. Once all their plan came together they prepared for departure.

Lucian went to his room and was slipping into his armor when he sensed that he had company.

'Your highness.' Someone spoke in a mocking tone.

Lucian turned and found Roshan standing only a few feet away. He was wearing a long black coat with a black shirt and trousers underneath. His hair was tied back in a half ponytail revealing his sculpted face. As usual, he had that mischievous smirk on his face while his hands rested in his pockets.

'What are you doing here?' Lucian asked while fastening his belt.

'I came here to hunt some demons and you are good bait.'

'Are they still after me?'

Roshan had told him that the demons wanted him dead.

'Not only them but some witched are after you as well. The witches are just more careful and they don't like fights.' Roshan explained.

Demons and witches were after him. Lucian sighed, he could never get rest.

'Why are you hunting demons? You are one of them.' Lucian asked.

'Let's just say that I am indebted to someone and I like to pay my debts.'

‘Have my...Nyx sent you?’ Lucian asked.

‘No, your mother didn’t send me but your father did.’

His father?

‘I don’t need your help.’ Lucian hurried to say.

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‘In fact you do. You can’t fight an army of humans, demons and witches by yourself. Maybe in the future when you learn your powers.’

‘And you can fight them all?’ Lucian raised a brow.

Roshan made his way to the hand chair in the room and sat down. He swung one leg over the other.

‘I am a demon slayer. I have been assassinating demons for centuries, I can do it in my sleep now. Humans are like bugs to me. I don’t even need to fight them but the witches,’ He shook his head, ‘those creatures are complicated. Maybe you can take care of them.’

Lucian didn’t want his fathers help. His father had shown him clearly that he didn’t care.

‘Or maybe your witch friend can take care of them.’ Roshan said nodding toward the door and just then Julian barged inside.

‘Your Highness...’ He stopped halfway when his gaze landed on Roshan.

Roshan waved his hand nonchalantly. ‘Hello.’

‘He is a demon.’ Julian warned putting his hand on his sword.

‘I know.’ Lucian said calmly.

‘You didn’t tell me you were on the demons side.’ Julian said accusingly.

‘I am not. But I am not on the witches’ side either. I am guessing they want me dead.’

‘I’ll take care of my people.’ Julian said harshly while glaring at Roshan.

‘Good.’

‘Very good.’ Roshan added then turned to Lucian. ‘He knows you are the devil’s son.’ He said surprised.

When Lucian found out that witches and demons didn’t mix well he had told Julian that he was indeed the devil’s son just like the rumors. Julian hadn’t been very surprised and wanted to still help him get the throne.

‘How do you know he won’t try to kill you?’ Roshan asked.

‘How do I know you won’t try to kill him?’ Julian replied instead of Lucian.

‘Because...’ Roshan paused as if hesitating. ‘His father, the devil and my uncle would kill me.’

Wait! Now it was Lucians time to pause whatever he was doing.

This man was his cousin? But they looked nothing like each other.

‘And you expect me to believe you?’ Julian asked.

Roshan stood up from his seat. 'I expect nothing. But you can expect to die by my hands if you try anything stupid.' He warned flicking a dagger between his fingers. 'I'll see you.' He then told Lucian before disappearing.

Julian turned to Lucian. 'That man is dangerous. He is a very high-rank demon.'

'Don't worry. He is not here to hurt me.' Lucian assured still dazed. 'Is everything ready?'

'Yes.'

'Good.' Now it was time to give Pierre what he deserved.