

*MARRIED TO THE
DEVIL'S SON

And

RETURN OF THE
DEVIL'S SON

Compiled by

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*Title - Married to the devils son

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filled

Summary

The story is all about a princess who have been indoor all her life and once she came off age she was married to a prince rumored to be the devils son.. Would this marriage work? Is this truly he devils son? Why is he called the devils son?

Well all this you will find out as you read on...

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Chapter 1: Chapter 1

My entire life, I had been preparing for this day. I always knew that I was never going to be able to choose whom to marry because I am a woman and a princess. I don't have the right to choose. Hell, I don't have any rights at all. My opinions and feelings don't matter to anyone, not even my own family.

In fact, my father sees me as a tool to gain more power, to create an

alliance with the Kingdom of Decresh - a very powerful Kingdom - by marrying me off to one of their princes.

"For a prince and princess, the kingdom comes first," Father said.

"Your desire for something comes after."

Yeah right, it could for a prince, but not for Princess. If a prince married for alliance and didn't like his wife he could just marry another. Usually, most of them had several wives and mistresses, but for a princess the story was different. There's nothing she can do. She just had to please her husband and watch as he marries other women when he gets bored with her. I felt my blood boil, but now was not the time to get angry.

Leaving all the bad thoughts behind me, I studied myself in the mirror. My maids had spent hours preparing me, making me look more beautiful than I was. I was wearing a white and golden

dress, my brown hair was combed back beautifully with golden hairpins in the shapes of flowers and leaves. The makeup was perfect, the only problem was the jewelry. They were beautiful but heavy, now that I was wearing a lot of them. I was already feeling weak because of nervousness, or was it fear? I didn't know, but I was feeling sick. There was a knot in my stomach that refused to go away no matter how hard I tried to calm down.

"My lady, don't you like the dress?" Lydia asked.

Lydia and Ylva, my handmaids, have been taking care of me since I was a little girl. They were the only ones I could talk to. I would miss them once I left.

"No, I love it. It's beautiful." I tried to smile but failed.

Lydia could see the fear on my face.

"Everything will be alright," She told

me. "Don't listen to the rumors, they are nothing but just that. Maybe your husband is a nice man," She tried to sound positive but I could hear the doubt in her voice.

Not that I believed the rumors, but they did affect me. I wasn't scared because people said that he was the devil's son, they couldn't be speaking literally. They were probably referring to his personality, that he maybe was a liar, a tempter, a murderer, manipulative or that he was just pure evil and that's what scared me.

A knock on the door interrupted my thoughts, and shortly after a court lady came in.

"My lady, it's time." She informed.

I descended the stairs, careful not to fall or stumble, but it was hard with the long dress and the heavy jewelry. I was relieved when there were only a few steps left, but just then I

stepped on my dress and stumbled forward, almost falling before a strong arm came around my waist and saved me ruining myself on my wedding day.

Straightening myself I looked up to see who it was. Who had dared to touch a princess like that? Not that I minded, I was just curious.

Looking up, my eyes met a pair of golden eyes. No, wait! Not golden, they had the color of flames or the lava from a volcano. I had never seen eyes like that before.

"Are you alright My Lady?" Asked the man in front of me with a frown.

If I had knots in my stomach before, now suddenly I had butterflies as I gazed into his eyes.

Who was this man? I had never seen him before. He was tall, broad-shouldered and his thick raven black hair fell over his shoulders down to his waist.

You could tell from the clothes that he was royalty. Could he be one of the royalties who came to attend my wedding?

"Yes, yes... I am... I am fine My Lord." I replied.

"My Lady," He bowed elegantly before turning around and leaving.

"That's one good looking man." Ylva pointed as I stared at his back while he walked away.

Yes, I thought to myself. Very good-looking but I was getting married and didn't have the luxury to look at other men.

"Shall we?" I asked but Lydia and Ylva were too occupied to hear what I said. They kept following him with their gaze until he was out of sight. 1

I snapped my finger in front of their face to wake them up. "Yes, yes, My lady. Let's go." They hurried to say.

1

The ceremony would begin with a greeting exchange between the bride and the groom and their families. I gave the guard a nod, and he informed my presence, then motioned for me to enter.

Lydia and Ylva gave me a reassuring smile before I left them behind to walk inside. Now I was all on my own.

Taking a deep breath, I strode into the hall carefully, and immediately all heads turned to look at me. I walked with my head high but kept my gaze low, only looking at the floor until I reached the throne where my father was sitting with my mother next to him. While greeting them, I felt my legs tremble.

Mother smiled at me nervously but my father just gestured for me to sit down at a table nearby. He was unbothered by the fact that he was marrying me off to a prince rumored to be the devil's son.

Ignoring my father I smiled at my mother then went to my seat. I could feel everyone's eyes on me, some stared at me with pity and others with repulsion as if it was my fault I was getting married to whoever I was getting married to. They should blame my father not me.

After a while, the guard informed the groom's presence and everyone turned their attention from me to the door. The room went quiet as the guests waited for the groom to enter. I, on the other hand, looked down quickly and rubbed my hands together nervously as I felt the knots in my stomach return. I wanted to look up, but I was afraid.

What if I didn't like what I saw? What if the rumors were true? Would he have red eyes and long nails and maybe even black horns on his head? Don't be ridiculous, I told myself and decided to take a look.

Slowly I glanced at the door as my heart hammered inside my chest and almost gasped when the groom entered.

Wait!

This was the man from earlier with the golden eyes. He couldn't be the groom, could he?

The guests stared at him surprised as well and began to whisper hysterically into each other's ears. They must have been expecting someone with black horns to enter the room and not some tall, elegant looking man.

Not the least bothered by the whispers or stares he walked gracefully toward my father, taking each step with confidence.

"Your Majesty," he said bowing slightly.

I dropped my jaw, so did the guests. No one bowed slightly to the king. This man was truly fearless and being disrespectful toward my father. I

already got a bad feeling about him. Not because I thought my father deserved any kind of respect but because he was so daring with his actions already.

He must have noticed people's reactions; it was so obvious, but he didn't seem to care. My father, on the other hand, didn't react, he just gestured toward me.

As I saw him turn to me I looked down quickly, then heard the clicking sound of his footsteps as he neared before sitting on the other end of the table, facing me.

He didn't utter a word. Wasn't he supposed to greet me or at least tell me his name? I don't think father ever told me his name but I don't think I gave him the chance either. I had fought and cried the day father told me he was marrying me off to some stranger, but my father was stubborn and had already made up his mind.

"Today I gather us to celebrate my daughter's wedding to the prince of the Decresh," Father spoke once everyone was seated. He raised his golden wine cup, "Let the ceremony begin, and enjoy yourselves."

People clapped while dancers and musicians walked in to entertain the guests. People seemed to enjoy themselves. I, of course, couldn't see since I was supposed to keep my gaze down, because 'that's what a lady should do'. Well then, I hate being a lady.

"Don't you like the music?" He finally asked breaking the awkward silence. I peeked through my long lashes, but once I gazed into his eyes, it was hard to look away. They were captivating.

"I do Your Highness," I replied.

"What do you have in store for the tea ceremony? "

Oh no! The tea ceremony! That was the traditional part of the royal wedding where the bride has to show one of her talents to entertain the guests and impress the groom. Hell with impressing. I didn't want to impress anyone, especially not this man.

"It is a surprise, Your Highness," I said, sending him a staged smile.

I was sitting in a chair in the middle of the room, everyone's attention directed at me. It was time for the tea ceremony. The guests would sit and enjoy their tea while I would have to entertain them.

I took up my flute before lightly putting it on my lips and started playing. Soon my nervousness disappeared. I loved playing the flute, loved the sound of it. Closing my eyes, I let the sound take me far away, to a peaceful place. Now and then I would hear some people praising me through my haze and then they applauded when I

was done.

Opening my eyes, I found him staring directly at me. He wasn't applauding but there was a hint of a smile on his face.

Now it was time for the gift exchange. We exchanged our gifts, and then it was time for me to go to my new home. The knot in my stomach returned with such intensity that I felt like throwing up.

Mother came up to me while father spoke to my husband. Husband? The word sounded strange in my head. She took my hands in hers. "Everything will be fine," she said, "just remember what I told you".

Yes, I remembered very clearly our mother and daughter talk. To be a good wife, to listen to your husband and to not make him angry.

"Yes, I will," I said, enveloping her in a tight hug. I wasn't supposed to,

but right now I didn't care because I might never see her again.

The carriage was waiting outside. The prince, or should I say, my husband led the way. I looked behind me one last time and found Lydia and Ylva standing on the balcony, their cheeks wet with tears.

"I will miss you too," I whispered.

Married To The Devils Son.

Chapter 2: Chapter 2

We rode home in silence. I hated it because it made me nervous, and gave me time to think of what was waiting once we arrived. The wedding consummation. I had never even touched a man before, father made sure of that, and now I would... I shook my head. You're scaring yourself, I scolded myself. Maybe he would spare me tonight if he had someone else to be with.

"Your Highness?"

"Yes?"

"Do you have another wife, Your Highness?" I asked.

I shouldn't have. It was none of my business. Mother had told me to be careful not to ask a prince such questions, but I didn't care. I needed to know what was waiting for me once we reached home. 1

He turned his gaze to me and narrowed his eyes. Did he get angry?

"No, I don't." He answered slowly.

I was surprised that I felt relieved when I shouldn't have. This would only mean that I would have to spend the night with him. I shivered at the thought.

"But I have many mistresses." He finished.

Oh, of course. Why didn't I think about it? He was an attractive man and

a prince. I wanted to curse, but he suddenly laughed.

"You don't seem to like that," He drawled.

Why would I? But I couldn't say that, indeed.

"It's not for me to like or dislike, Your Highness," I stated simply.

He didn't say anything to that.

I wondered what his name would be.

"Your Highness?"

"You may call me Lucian when we are alone".

Lucian. I repeated the name in my head. I liked the sound of it.

After a while, the carriage stopped, and then a guard informed us that we had arrived. Lucian stepped out of the carriage and offered me his hand. I took it, and he helped me down.

The castle was grand and the garden

even more Luxurious, with green bushes and colorful flowers. The castle was made of ivory walls and several tall, square towers. The towers were connected by large bridges and small windows covered its walls along with gaps for archery and artillery.

There was a big fountain in the middle of the garden surrounded by grass and bushes in all kinds of shapes.

Different range of flowers were symmetrically scattered across the garden. It was truly a beautiful sight.

"Lucian?" someone called and I turned my head to see who.

Four men in royal robes approached us from a distance.

"We came to welcome you and your bride," One of them spoke as they neared.

"Is that so?" Lucian asked.

"Of course, we are brothers after all!" The other behind him smirked.

Brothers?

"Why don't you and your bride join us for dinner?" He suggested. "We would like take a closer look at your bride," and then he shot me a glance.

Lucian walked up to his brother, standing only a few inches away from him. It looked like he was trying to intimidate him which clearly worked because suddenly his brother's guards grabbed their weapons as if ready to attack.

Lucians guards reached for their weapons as well and there was suddenly tension in the air.

What was happening? I thought they were brothers or did I hear wrong?

"Thank you brother, but I must decline," Lucian said in a polite tone, that didn't match the menacing look in his eyes.

Turning his back to his brother, he took my hand, gripping it hard he

dragged me through the halls of the castle. He was angry.

"Won't we greet your parents, Your Highness?" I asked.

Lucian came to a halt and his grip on my hand loosened. "My mother is dead," he said his voice void of any emotion, "and the King, do not worry about him, he does not matter," he added then started walking again, only this time he didn't drag me.

As we strode through the halls with Lucian still holding my hand two maids appeared in front of us.

"Your Highness," they greeted with a bow. "With your permission, we would like to prepare Her Highness." They inquired.

Prepare me for what? Preparing is what I have been doing my entire life.

At first, Lucian didn't let go of my hand, but when the maids gave him a pleading look he released me and left

without a word.

The maids motioned for me to follow them and led me to a dressing room where they helped me get out of my wedding dress and slip into a beautiful white nightgown with its matching robe, both made of silk. They took out the pins in my hair and let it fall in waves. After putting some scents onto my skin, they served me tea.

"What's this?" I asked.

"It's a herb tea that will help you relax and decrease the pain, Your Highness."

"What pain?" I said, but then realized what they were talking about.

They must have seen the horror on my face because I could see pity on theirs. Why did they pity me? Was he going to be rough with me? Well, he didn't seem like the gentle type from the way he gripped my wrist earlier.

It was as if his hand was made of steel.

"I don't need it," I said and stood up straight. "Just take me to the chamber".

They hesitated but then followed my orders and led me to our private chamber where they sat me down on the bed. Adjusting my hair and gown they took one last look to see if everything was perfect.

"We will inform His Highness that you are ready," they informed and left.

The worst scenarios appeared in my head and my heart pounded so hard in my chest that it was getting difficult to breathe. My hands started to sweat and my head began to spin. I waited for what seemed like hours but was likely just minutes.

After the long wait, the door finally opened and Lucian stepped inside. Closing the door behind him he just

stood there for a while, studying me with those odd eyes of his before approaching me slowly.

"Aren't you tired?" he asked standing a few steps away.

"I am, Your Highness."

"Lucian," he corrected.

"Lucian," I repeated, in barely a whisper.

"Then we should go to sleep," he said and lay down on the bed next to where I sat. "I am tired too."

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Lucian looked at the woman in front of him. She looked so frightened. He wondered if she was scared for the obvious reasons, or if she was scared because she had heard the rumors about him.

Either way, he didn't blame her. Most people feared him, even his own father. He never dared to look his son in the

eyes. Lucian always wondered what he had done to make his father fear him.

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He always knew that he was different. He had even scared himself when he was a little boy, when he had discovered what he could do.

When he, for the first time, moved an object with just a thought, or when he had wished his brother could burn, and then suddenly his brothers' clothes were on fire. Everyone rushing to help him get out of the flaming clothes.

That day he had been terrified.

Running to his room he had cried in a corner, wishing he could talk to someone about it. But who? His father feared and hated him; he would just scare him even more, and his mother was dead. He wondered how she would react.

His brothers used to play with him at first, but then when they got older and started their training, they

noticed he was faster, stronger and a better fighter. He was also a very skilled swordsman; his teachers always praised him. But his brothers, they mocked him, telling him to stop cheating. 'Cheating is what the Devil does,' they would say.

The maids had mixed feelings about him. They were as attracted to him as they were scared. Some of them liked the thrill, the danger. The young ones would give him seductive glances, but the older maids would warn them. 'Be careful,' they would say, 'tempting people and making them sin is what he does.' Some would listen some wouldn't.

The only people who didn't fear him or hate him were his men. His soldiers. They were tough men who didn't believe in rumors. They respected him. Still, they weren't his family; he could only talk business with them.

Lucian looked at the woman now laying beside him. The woman who was his

family now. She was laying so far out on the edge he was afraid she would fall from the bed. She didn't even move, she was so stiff. Even though he told her to sleep, he could still hear her heart beating wildly inside her chest.

She had surprised him earlier with her bold questions. He liked her so far; she amused him. Lucian remembered the look on her face when he told her that he had mistresses. She was probably the jealous type. I guess I like jealous, he thought, smiling to himself. And when she played the flute, and when she had whispered his name.

Now she was as timid as a rabbit. That, he didn't like.

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Chapter 3: Chapter 3

That night I had a dream. I was running, terrified. I was running for my life, and something was chasing me.

Something dark. Something with intent to kill. I couldn't see it but I could feel its presence. It wanted me. It was hungry and angry and it wouldn't stop hunting me until it caught me. I ran so fast that I stumbled on my own feet and fell. It was close now; it would catch me.

A dark figure slowly appeared from the shadows. It had red eyes and horns. Black horns, curling like the devils. It stretched its hands toward me. I could see its nails that looked more like claws. They were coming closer. I shrieked a high, panicked sound. It had caught me, and now it was shaking me.

"My Lady! My Lady!" a gentle voice urged. I shot my eyes open with a gasp and found Lucian looming over me.

"You're ok," He assured, brushing something away from my face. "It was just a dream."

I was panting and sweat dripped down

my face. I was scared and confused. Lucian pulled me to his chest. He held me in his arms and stroke my hair.

"It's alright." He whispered softly.
"Relax and sleep." 1

Eventually, as I lay in his arms, my heartbeat returned to a steady rhythm and I fell asleep once again.

When I woke up a few maids were already in the room but there was no sign of Lucian. I remembered last night while the maids helped me get prepared. I was surprised at the fact that I was still untouched. He hadn't even tried. He must have been tired from the long journey, but tonight there was no escape. Maybe I should talk to him and tell him that I wasn't ready yet, I thought. The question was how.

I got out of the bed and the maids helped me bathe and get dressed.

"His Highness wants you to join him

for breakfast, My Lady," One of the maids informed when she was done with my hair.

"Lead the way," I said.

The maid led me to the garden just outside the room. There Lucian was standing with his back toward me and his arms crossed behind his back.

"Your Highness?"

He turned around and I couldn't understand why my heart skipped a beat.

"My Lady, did you have a good night's sleep?"

"I did, Your Highness. How about you?" He probably didn't, but it felt courteous to ask. I must have disturbed him with my dream.

"I have slept well. Do you mind having breakfast with me?" I didn't expect him to be so polite.

"I would love to," I answered with a smile.

The breakfast smelled and looked delicious. There were several dishes and their food wasn't much different from ours back home. But because of the knots in my stomach that still refused to go away, I couldn't eat much. Instead, I would glance at the garden now and then. It was beautiful. There was a gorgeous range of flowers; roses, daisies, daffodils.

Carved hedges depicted strange shapes all around the space.

We had a beautiful garden back home too, but it was nothing compared to this.

Suddenly Lucian stood up from his seat and walked over to me, holding his hand out for me to grasp.

"Walk with me," he said and I blushed. He must have noticed me ogling the garden, but how could I not. Back home I rarely went outside because of my fathers' strict rules and now I was walking through the most beautiful

garden I have ever seen.

"You never go out?" he asked, with a curious expression.

"No, my father would not allow it."

"So you have always been at home?"

"Yes," was my short reply.

"Well, you can walk around here anytime. It's our personal garden" He said with a charming smile.

"Really?" My voice was colored with excitement and surprise. He nodded.

After walking for a while in silence, I decided now was the best time to bring up the consummation.

"Your Highness?"

"Yes?"

"About the wedding consummation, I...I'm not ready yet." I looked down quickly, afraid to meet his gaze. My heart pounded in my ears as I waited for an answer.

A laugh, an angry exclamation, anything.

"I know, it's alright," he said gently. I looked up in surprise and breathed out in relief.

"I could just go to one of my mistresses to satisfy my needs." He added.

The smile on my face died and I clenched my fists. Why was I getting angry? He could go wherever he wanted and fool around with whoever he wanted. He could go to hell. Suddenly he laughed. What was so funny?

"If you don't want me to go, then tell me." He said leaning closer.

"I don't want you to go" I repeated.

Shocked at my own outburst, I put a hand over my mouth. He laughed again.

Eventually, he stopped laughing.

"Hazel," he said stepping closer and gazing into my eyes.

He knew my name.

Of course. Men got always more informed about their spouses than women. Unfair.

"I promise you one thing and I will stand by my word. I will treat you well." He then took my hand in his and kissed my knuckles, his flaming eyes never leaving mine. My heart fluttered inside my chest.

Dropping my hand, "I have to go, make yourself at home." He said before walking away.

**

A maid showed me around. The castle had several quarters. Every prince and his family had their own quarters and their own household staff, including servants, cooks, and guards. I had already looked around our personal garden and I especially liked the white swing with a ceiling, surrounded by white and pink roses in a half-

circle.

We then went through the halls that led to several smaller halls. The smaller halls had several doors that led to different rooms. One hall led to the kitchen, the pantry, and the storeroom.

Another hall led to the guest room and the dining room, and another one led to the library and study. There were several other halls, but we went through the hall that led to our private chamber and the bathrooms.

Inside our chamber, there were doors that led to other rooms. The maid opened one of them and I went inside. It was the dressing room from yesterday.

"This is the boudoir. It's your personal room when you want to be alone, My Lady." She explained.

"His Highness has one too." She continued gesturing to the door at the

other end of the room. I decided to take a look once the maid left but the door was locked. Why did he lock his room?

As I walked out of the chamber, a little boy bumped into my leg and fell backward. He stood up quickly. "I am sorry, My Lady," he said, wide-eyed.

"It's Alright" I smiled. He had short blonde hair and his big brown eyes stared innocently at her. "Who are you?"

"I am Prince Pierre's son. My name is Levi, My lady." I couldn't help but smile at his cuteness. "I am looking for uncle Lucian." He called him by his first name. They must be very close I thought.

"His Highness is not here," I said with a gentle smile. "Do you want to leave a message for him? I am his wife."

"Can I wait for him here?" He asked

with a hopeful look in his eyes.

"Yes, of course. Come," I said and led him to the garden. "I am having lunch soon; are you hungry?"

He nodded.

"Sit down," I urged. The maids served us lunch - including baked potatoes and grilled chicken with vegetables.

"Please don't tell my father I have been here, My Lady." He pleaded.

"Father doesn't like me being here."

"Why not?" I asked curiously.

"He says Uncle Lucian is a bad man."

Bad man? Why would his brother say something like that about him?

"Then why don't you listen to your father? Why don't you stay away?" I asked, treading carefully.

"Because I like being with uncle Lucian. He is nice to me even though he's not nice anymore." He said timidly.

"Why not?"

"I don't know, he just tells me I shouldn't be here, he tells me to go away." He looked hurt.

"What about the rest of your uncles? Why don't you accompany them?"

"I just like uncle Lucian."

"Levi!" someone shouted and shortly after a woman barged in. The maids behind her wore an apologetic look on their face.

I stood up from my seat, and the woman looked me up and down.

"Mother," Levi said stiffly, standing up.

"Come here!" She ordered, and he walked up to her. She put a hand on his shoulder. "I told you not to come here," She scolded him. "Go now."

Levi left running away quickly. Poor child, I thought.

The woman then turned to me. "I am

Princess Elsa, the Crown Prince's first wife," She said straightening her shoulders and neck as if challenging me with her superiority.

"It's nice to meet you, Princess Elsa. I am Princess Hazel," I replied courteously, trying my best to not offend her. I didn't want conflict this early on.

"My son won't disturb you anymore," she said, with finality. "Feel free to visit if you ever feel alone, my quarter is next to yours."

"Maybe I will," I said, and then she turned around elegantly with a high chin and left.

After having my lunch I went to the white swing in the garden and lay down while looking up the sky. I had many questions and thoughts that bothered me. Why would Lucian's brother say something like that about him?

Yesterday, they looked as though they were willing to attack each other. I

remembered the menacing look in Lucian's eyes, so different from the soft look he gave me today when he kissed my hand.

My heart fluttered at the memory.

"What makes you smile so?" A familiar voice came from nearby.

"Your Highness." I inclined my head. He had surprised me. I moved over to create a space for him on the seat. He took a seat beside me and put one arm over the seatback.

"How was your day?"

"It was fine Your Highness...I mean Lucian." I corrected myself.

He just smiled.

"Your nephew was here," I added.

His only reply was a short 'hmm'.

"He said his father wouldn't be happy to know he was here."

"Yes, my brothers don't like me,"

Lucian replied, devoid of emotion.

"Why?"

"Haven't you heard the rumors? that I'm the 'devil's son.'"

"But you're not...?" I trailed off, confused.

He just looked at me for a while before finally replying; "I don't know."

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Chapter 4: Chapter 4

All princes and their first wives were invited to have dinner with the King. When we arrived, the King welcomed us and we greeted him in turn, then we greeted one another amongst ourselves. While the princes chatted and laughed, except Lucian, the princesses just glared at each other. There was some kind of hostility between them.

Lucian didn't go up to his brothers, he just stood beside me. None of them

seemed to care about him, either. He had told me earlier that they didn't like him because he was the devil's son. I wondered if they really believed that kind of blasphemy.

And why did he say that he didn't know if he actually was the devil's son? I was confused.

Before my head imploded with questions, dinner was served and we sat down in our assigned places. Each prince sat beside his wife. The Crown Prince was sitting next to the King, they were talking about something animatedly, waving their hands around wildly. His wife Elsa looked at me now and then. I wondered if she had any problem with me. But I had to admit she was a beauty. Possibly the most beautiful of all the princesses, with her curly blonde hair and sky blue eyes.

Lucian and I ate our dinner in silence; he seemed uncomfortable as though he was forced to be here.

A guard came in and whispered something into the King's ear and shortly after the king stood up from his seat. "I have a few things to take care of, but enjoy your dinner." He said guardedly, and with that, he left.

As soon as the King left the Crown Prince rose from his seat holding his wine glass delicately in one hand and a spoon on the other. He tapped the spoon on the glass to grab everyone's attention.

"First, we shall welcome our little brother's bride," he began, "and then.." he continued, clearly not fit to form complete sentences in his intoxicated state.

"And then," the prince next to him picked up where his brother had left off. "We shall tell embarrassing stories about our little brother to his bride."

Lucian's brothers laughed. They may have been speaking of this as a joke,

but something was off. Their laughs weren't genuine and sounded evil to my ears. I could feel Lucian shifting uncomfortably beside me.

The Crown Prince walked along with the table and stood behind the prince and his wife who were sitting in front of us.

"You must have heard the rumor about our brother, about him being the son of the devil. What do you think about that?" He asked, cruel mirth clear in his tone. I could see Lucian clenching his fists under the table.

"It's as you said Your highness, just a rumor" I replied. I didn't know why I defended Lucian, but I felt a strange protectiveness over him.

The crown prince sent me a scrutinizing glare, but he wasn't willing to give up. He was probably thinking of other ways to insult his brother. He had no right!

"So you don't believe them?" He looked at me skeptically.

"Should I, Your Highness?" I said in a challenging tone, mock sweetness coloring my voice.

Clearly, the crown prince was not succeeding with his insults so he got some help from his brother sitting in front of us.

"Even his mother didn't want him after she gave birth to him," he added.

I couldn't believe my ears. How could he say something so cruel to his own brother?

Beside me, Lucian's entire body tensed up, ready to spring at the brother sending cruel taunts to the both of us. I quickly reached out under the table and gently laid my hand atop his, willing him to stop and consider his actions.

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Lucian stilled. He raised his incredulous gaze up to my eyes, clearly surprised by my contact. I gave him a reassuring smile, and by intuition, I could tell he had calmed down significantly. Turning to his brothers, I was furious. I hadn't known Lucian for that long, and I hadn't chosen to be married to him, but now he was my husband and I couldn't change that. I had only one option: to make this marriage work.

His brother looked at me, calculating. He must have guessed what I was thinking.

"Well, I hope he treats you well," he said slowly, backing off.

"Well is an understatement of how he treats me," I said stiffly and his brothers sent me a disappointed look.

Lucian intertwined his fingers with

mine under the table, as though he approved of me defending him.

For his entire life, no one has ever stood up for him like this beautiful woman had done today. This woman, his wife who barely knew him, had surprised him with her touch and melted his heart with her words and smile. She hadn't believed the rumors about him, that even he sometimes believed about himself.

Once they arrived at their chamber Lucian noticed that Hazel had a frown on her face.

"Is everything alright?" He asked.

"Yes," She said her gaze slowly turning to the window. "Can I go outside to the garden?"

Lucian noticed that she liked being outside, so he decided to take her not only outside the room but outside the castle. Her eyes twinkled when he told

her about it.

In the courtyard stood the stables, and he led her inside to show her his own horse, a beautiful chestnut with a white star on his flank.

"Can you ride?" He asked her.

"No" she replied, embarrassed.

"Then you should ride with me." He suggested.

Hazel nodded.

Lucian helped her up and she sat behind him on the horse. "Hold on."

She seemed to hesitate, but then ever so slowly she put her arms around his waist and held him lightly, almost not touching. But as soon as they started riding, her grip tightened, pressing her soft and warm body against his back.

"Is it too fast?"

"No," she replied but her tight hold around his waist said otherwise.

Either way, he didn't slow down; he liked the feeling of her arms around him.

Married To The Devils Son

Chapter 5: Chapter 5

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

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

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

unfortunately, his father still treated him like a stranger.

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

"Hazel!!"

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

"What happened?"

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

Her dress was torn and her knee bleeding.

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

Lucian aided me in getting off the horse, but as soon as I shifted my weight onto my leg, my knee started to ache. Not wanting to draw attention, I didn't say anything, but Lucian must have known, because he put his strong arms behind my knees and my back, and

lifted me with ease.

"What are you doing?" I asked
embarrassed.

"Carrying you," He stated simply.

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

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

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

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

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

Upon arrival at our chambers, he put
me down on the bed gently as a maid

came in with things to clean the wound. He took the kit from her and dismissed her shortly. Taking a seat beside me on the bed, he lifted my dress up above my knee.

"Uh...it's fine I can clean it myself." I stuttered nervously.

"Just sit still," He ordered.

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

A burning pain interrupted my thoughts and I hissed.

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

I bit my lower lip because the burning was too much and I didn't want to complain. As if sensing my pain he

paused and then blew on my wound. When his hot breath touching my skin made me shiver and curl my toes.

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

"Feel better?" He asked.

"Yes," I whispered, "thank you."

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

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

"No, I can manage," I said.

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

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

the dim light.

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

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

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

I felt him shift on the bed and stiffened.

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

"Yes?" I struggled to keep my voice neutral.

"Turn around!" he said with a

commanding voice. I found myself turning around to face him.

"I promised to treat you well; you don't have to be afraid."

"I am not," I whispered.

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

"Goodnight," he finally said.

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

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

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

and secure feeling it gave.

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

"What is it?" I asked, sitting as well.

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

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

I quickly put my robe on and went after him.

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

"Your Highness," they said and bowed.

"What is the problem?" Lucian asked.

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

"What do you have there?" Lucian asked.

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

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

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

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

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

Stealing was of course not okay, but I

didn't think anyone should die for it. I hoped Lucian would have mercy on them.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"What's your name?" I asked her.

"Lisa, Your Highness," she said meekly.

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

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

"Do you promise me?" I repeated.

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

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

"Now everyone can go back to work," I

said relieved that the situation ended well.

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

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

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

"Let's get back to bed."

Married To The Devils Son.

Chapter 6: Chapter 6

His voice, his scent, the warmth of his body, all filled my senses and made me unable to think clearly. Before I knew he was carrying me to

our chamber, and then laid me down on the bed. Bed? Wait, no!

He lay down next to me and when I tried to get up, he put an arm around my shoulders and held me down.

"Lay still and let me hold you," he said, taking his arm away from my shoulders and putting them around my waist instead.

"Why? "

"Because I like holding you and you like it when I do that" he replied.

"And how would you know?" I said, a teasing lilt to my voice.

"What? You don't like it?" I was afraid that if I said I liked it he would want to take it to the next level, but I didn't want to lie either.

"It's... alright," I said cautiously, a shy smile making its way to my face. He grabbed my chin and made me turn around to face him.

"Is my touch just alright?"

He let go of my chin and traced with his fingers down my neck and up my shoulder, removing my robe from one side. My pulse quickened and my skin tingled where he had touched. He leaned closer.

"I don't think so," he whispered.

"You... you promised not to do anything," I said.

"No, I didn't. I promised to treat you well." Oh god! That was true. He never promised to not consume the wedding and who knows what treating well means to him. I pulled myself away from his grasp and climbed down from the bed.

Clearing my throat "I am hungry," I said, "Aren't you?"

He smiled a devilish smile "Oh, I am very hungry" he said scanning me with eyes that showed hunger for something other than food. My heart skipped a beat, but I ignored it.

"Then we should go and eat," I said, turning around and walking away before he could say anything.

Lucian tried to ignore the burning need in his body and tried to focus on eating his breakfast. He glanced at his wife the same time she glanced at him. Their eyes met and she looked down quickly, her cheeks turning a light pink. He wanted to reach for her from across the table but stood up from his seat instead.

"I have some work to do," he said and strode out of the room before he lost control.

What was wrong with him? Why was his body burning and his heart beating in his ears? He had never felt like this before.

He came a bit late to the meeting with his father and brothers. His father didn't bother to look at him, and his

brothers shot him angry glances. He took a seat and listened to how his father planned to take over other kingdoms. His greed had no end.

"That's all for today. I expect all of you to fulfill your duties," the king said, looking at each of his sons except Lucian, he then walked out of the room.

His brothers turned to him most of them looking angry and irritated while Pierre had a smirk on his face. He was the cruelest.

"Your wife seems very fond of you," Pierre said. Lucian knew his brother was trying to pick a fight with him, as usual, so he ignored him, walking away. Pierre grabbed him by the shoulder to stop him from going.

"I am talking to you, Lucian! Don't you dare ignore me. I am the crown prince, and in the future, I will be your king so you should be careful to get on my bad side."

Lucian chuckled darkly. "As if I am already not on your bad side," he said "and you know what? Even when you become a king, you will never become my king."

His brother laughed "I will become your king and when I do," he leaned closer, "I will get rid of you and make your beautiful wife my concubine."

That was what finally tipped Lucian over the edge. He punched and kicked Pierre before his other brothers got involved and tried to hold him, but to no avail. He was too angry and nothing could stop him now. He sat atop his brother and started punching him, the rest of his brothers unable to hold him away. He was too strong for them. He took some time to knock down some of them before he continued with his punching. Guards came into the room and grabbed his arms.

"Hold him down for me," one of his

brothers said. Even though they were many they had a hard time holding him down.

"What are you doing?" Someone yelled from the door. Everyone froze.

"Your Highness, we were just..."

"Enough!" It was the king "You are not children anymore, and you dare to fight? Prepare for your punishment."

"Your Highness." A maid came running to the garden. "His Highness is in trouble."

"What trouble?" I asked, worried.

"He is getting whipped."

"What?" I shrieked in panic. What on earth could he have done?

We ran through the hall to the main garden. Several men were handcuffed on their knees, leather whips repeatedly being brought down across their backs. I looked for Lucian, and my heart dropped at the sight of him. He was

handcuffed too, although he still stood, unlike the other men. His shirt was torn to rags with blood steadily soaking through it. One whip landed on his back, and I almost screamed but he didn't make a sound. He didn't even grimace. He was staring at something. I looked to see his brothers standing on the other side and watching.

"He is a prince. Why is he getting whipped?"

"His highness didn't accept someone to get his punishment," the maid explained. "He had a fight with his brothers."

I looked back at Lucian. While the other men were almost falling to their knees he was still standing steadily. It was as if the whipping didn't affect him at all, but I knew it did. He just didn't want to give his brothers the satisfaction of seeing him get hurt. Another whip landed on his back and I felt a hand grasp my

wrist.

"Your Highness, you shouldn't get involved. It was the king's order." I didn't realize that I was trying to get to him.

Please God, make this stop.

God must have heard my prayers because they started to uncuff his hands. As soon as they uncuffed him, he fell on his knees. I ran toward him, but some guards got to him before me and helped him up.

Once we reached the chamber he pushed the guards away. "Leave!"

"But Your Highness you need..."

"I. said. leave!" he shouted savagely, and the guards hurried away. He sat down on the bed.

"You should leave too," he said lowering his voice.

"Then who will clean your wounds? Now take off what remains of your shirt

and lay on your stomach," I ordered, grabbing a bowl of water and a piece of the cloth that the maid had brought, but he didn't move.

"Do you need help?" I said grabbing his shirt to help him get out of it. He grabbed my wrist to stop me.

"I told you to go," he said with clenched teeth.

"I don't want to. How can I leave when you're hurting?"

"I'm not, so leave."

"No, I won't" I insisted stubbornly, then everything happened in a second. He grabbed me by the neck and pinned me to the wall, his face only an inch from mine. His eyes not golden anymore, the flames in them burning with intensity.

"Don't make me break my promise," he growled.

Married To The Devils Son

Chapter 7: Chapter 7

"You are not the only one who wants to treat someone well," I said, ignoring the pain his grip caused. He looked at me for a while. The flames in his eyes slowly dying and their color becoming golden again. He let go of my neck and looked down as if regretting what he had just done.

"You should... take your shirt off," I said.

Walking back to the bed, he ripped his shirt open, showing a perfectly toned stomach and chest. The muscles in his arm twitched as he lay down on the bed.

"Are you just going to stare?" he asked. Embarrassed I hurried to the bed, sat down, and started cleaning his wounds.

This was horrible. The wounds seemed deep and they would probably leave scars on his back. It must have hurt a lot. Was his family always so cruel to

him? And I had thought my family were too cruel. I wondered what his childhood was like. Was he always like this? Rejected by his family, bullied and punished? He must have been so lonely.

"Why are you crying?" A tear fell down my cheek. Am I crying? Why? He sat up, facing me. "What is it?" he asked softly.

"Why did you take the punishment?"

"Because I can't let someone else get punished for what I did," he said, wiping a tear away from my cheek.

"Why did you even fight in the first place? Look what happened to you now. It must hurt a lot and you will get a lot of scars. I don't like seeing you get hit and I don't like your brothers." I said more tears falling down my cheeks. I hated this, it wasn't right.

"Are you crying for my sake now? You

really confuse me, one time you are scared of me and the other one you cry because I am hurt, even though I hurt you just now."

To be honest, I was confused myself, but I just didn't like to see him like this.

"Hazel," he said, adopting a softer tone and wiping away more tears with his thumb "What are you doing to me?"

"What?" I said, confused but he grabbed my waist and pulled me down on the bed with him on top of me. He laid so our bodies were perfectly aligned, but most of his weight was held by his arms as to not crush me.

He leaned closer as if to kiss me, and I shut my eyes tightly and pressed my lips into a thin line. I don't know why I reacted that way, but instead of feeling his lips on mine, I felt them on my neck. My body went rigid, surprised by the heat that blossomed inside of me at the feeling of his

lips on my skin.

When he kissed right under my ear, a moan escaped my lips and I dig my fingers into his back. He hissed in pain but continued kissing me in the same place. I felt wetness on my fingers. Blood. His wounds. I put my hands on his chest and pushed him away lightly.

"Is something wrong?" he asked.

"I..I never finished cleaning your wounds," I said.

"You don't have to. It doesn't hurt anymore," he said, pressing his lips on my neck again making me all dizzy. "Just let me have you." 1

"Lucian.." I tried to push him away again but he grabbed my wrists and pinned them down. I started panicking. He was losing control. What if he doesn't listen to me? As if sensing my fear he stopped and let go of my wrists. He sat up on the bed, looking

hurt. "You can continue," he said softly.

After I finished cleaning his wounds in silence, I walked out of the chamber to let him rest. The guards were waiting outside and looked terribly worried.

"His Highness is fine," I told them and then walked away. I went to the garden and sat on the swing. Even though I was outside in the cold breeze, I still felt hot. I touched my neck where he had kissed me. I didn't know that a kiss could affect someone so much. Ylva and Lydia would sometimes tell me about their passionate night with their husband, how only a touch could make them weak and wild. I always loved hearing their crazy stories. If it weren't for them, I would have been so lonely.

I don't know how long I was sitting, immersed in my own memories, but eventually, the sound of footsteps

nearby broke my reverie.

"Lucian? What are you doing here? You are supposed to rest," I scolded.

"I'm fine," he said, sitting down next to me. "It felt uncomfortable to sleep in the bloody sheets so I told the maids to clean them. Why are you looking sad?"

"I'm not."

"Is it because I hurt you?" He inquired. I didn't know what to say.

I was a bit hurt that he hurt me, but I didn't want him to feel guilty now that he was already hurting.

"I am sorry," he said with a slight grimace. By the way, he said it, I could tell it was something he didn't often say.

"It's alright. I wasn't sad because of you. It's just that sometimes when I am alone I miss my maids. Anyways, you should go back to bed. I am sure the

maid is done." I stood up.

"It's fine. I won't be sleeping here tonight, I have somewhere else to be," he said as he too rose from his chair.

"Somewhere else to be at night? When you are hurt? You are not thinking of going to your brothers fighting again are you?"

He chuckled "If I am, what will you do to stop me?" I knew he was playing around.

"I think.." he said, walking around me and standing behind me "I should go and spend some time with my mistress," he whispered near my ear. A sudden rage filled me. This may be a joke to him, but not to me. I walked away from him, ignoring him as he called after me.

I went to my personal room and shut the door, waiting for him to come after me and say something, but he never came. He didn't come the whole

night. I knew it would be like this, but I had just hoped he would be different, I thought he would be different, but he wasn't. He was just like any other man.

As I tried to sleep, I heard someone call my name. I sat up in the deathly silence, trying to hear the imperceptible noise again. It came again, but then I realized with a jolt that it was coming from inside my head. It was Lucian.

Married To The Devil's Son

Chapter 8: Chapter 8

"Hazel! Hazel!" Lucian called, his voice filled with pain and agony. Was he in pain? No, he couldn't be. I couldn't be hearing this, but I heard my name again "Hazel". Maybe all this wasn't in my head, maybe he was calling for me. I climbed down from the bed, put my robe on, and stalked out of the room.

"Where is His Highness?" I asked two guards walking through the hall.

"I am sorry Your Highness, but we can't tell you. He doesn't want to be disturbed."

Disturbed? So I would disturb him?

Of course, he was having fun with his mistress, and here I am worried about him for nothing. I decided not to worry or care anymore and went back to bed.

Opening my eyes with a yawn I scanned my surroundings. Lucian was sitting in front of the mirror and a maid was combing his hair. Her fingers caressed his cheek and neck when she tried to gather some strands of his hair. I could see that she didn't touch him accidentally, she was doing it on purpose. Disturbed by her action I climbed down from the bed.

When she saw my reflection in the mirror she turned around. "Good

morning, Your Highness," she said, bowing deeply.

"Good morning," I said although I had the urge to ignore her but being rude was just not my thing. "I will help His Highness; you may leave." She glanced at Lucian, waiting for him to give her a sign that she could leave, but he didn't move a muscle. Hesitating, she walked out of the room.

I went up to Lucian and stood behind him, staring at his reflection. He didn't look back at me or greet me like he does every morning. He just stared down at the book he held in his hand. Why was he behaving like this?

"Won't you comb my hair since you dismissed the maid?" He asked, still looking at the book. I got the urge to pull his hair and mess it up. Maybe I should. He deserves it for the way he was treating me right now.

"Of course," I said with the softest voice I could muster. I knew how to

fix hair and many other things that princesses usually don't have to know, because I was often bored, and I would tell Lydia and Ylva to teach me.

The thing is I wasn't planning on fixing his hair but playing with it. I took the brush and started brushing his hair. It was softer and thicker than my own. How could a man have such beautiful hair? It was not the time for admiring, it was time for messing around I reminded myself. I made a few braids here and there, not caring how they looked.

"I am done," I said eagerly waiting to see his reaction. He closed the book and looked at his reflection. He frowned as I fought the urge to laugh. There was one braid in the middle, three on one side, and two on the other side. The braid in the middle is what made him look funniest. I couldn't hold it in anymore and let loose a loud peal of laughter.

Lucian got up from his seat, a serious look on his face as he turned around. He grabbed my arm and yanked me close.

"Are you playing with me now wife? You shouldn't play with fire; you will get burned," he said with a low voice. He was intimidating but he chuckled when he saw the terrified look on my face.

"No need to be scared, wife. I am just joking. Do you think you are the only one who can play around?" I pushed him away.

"That wasn't funny."

"Then is this funny?" he asked, pointing at his head and I couldn't help but laugh again.

"You shouldn't be laughing at me when your hair looks like that," he said pointing at my head. I looked myself in the mirror and gasped. I was so angry and occupied with him I didn't even look at myself. My hair looked like a bird's nest. I tried to

straighten it with my hands before Lucian wrapped his arms around my waist from behind and hugged me to him.

"Still, you look beautiful," he said near my ear, "and I like the sound of your laughter. It's the first time I've heard you laugh." I wanted to give in. I wanted him to hold me and hear all those sweet things, but no. I couldn't just forget how coldly he had treated me last night. Breaking away from his hold, I crossed my arms, a defiant look on my face.

"Did you have fun last night?"

"Did you?" he asked, irritating me even further. "You seem so reluctant to sleep in the same bed as me, so I bet you slept comfortably last night." Comfortably? When he was with another woman?

"You are cruel," I said and stalked out of the room into my personal room and closed the door. This time he at least came after me.

"Hazel, open the door," he said, knocking loudly. I ignored him and decided to dress up without help.

"Hazel? I said open the door." Who cares what you say? I thought, slipping out of my nightgown.

Looking around for something to do other than open the door, I decided to take a bath, so I

went into my personal bathroom. A hot bath was always prepared every morning. Taking off my towel, I slid into the hot water just as I heard something break. Footsteps ensued. I quickly pressed my knees to my chest and wrapped my arms around my legs as Lucian walked in.

"What are you doing? How can you just walk in like that?"

"You don't leave when I am talking to you," he said flatly.

"You can do what you want, so why can't I?" I snapped. He walked closer

to the bathtub and stared down at me. I felt so vulnerable. He crouched down and grabbed a strand of my wet hair in his hand. Something about the way he moved scared me. It was different as if something about him changed.

"Because you don't have the power to do so," he said. Even his voice terrified me at this moment, but I wasn't going to show it.

"What will you do? Beat me? Kill me?" I taunted, trying my best to mask my fear with arrogance.

He leaned in close to my face "How about I burn you?"

Married To The Devil's Son

Chapter 9: Chapter 9

A shiver went down my spine. The way he said it and the look in his eyes told me he was serious.

"Why are you shocked? If I can beat you and kill you then why not burn

you? "

My throat went dry and I couldn't bring myself to say something. Sighing, he stood up and left without a word.

I didn't see him for the rest of the day. He didn't come for breakfast or lunch and when it was time for dinner I asked one of the guards where he was.

"His Highness went on a business journey, he won't return until tomorrow," He explained.

Even if he was angry, he should have told me. Yet another night I slept alone, but instead of feeling relieved, I felt lonely.

When I woke up in the morning the first thing that came to my mind was Lucian. Was he still on his journey or had he already arrived?

"Has his highness come yet?" I asked the maid while she combed my hair.

"No your highness" I sighed in

disappointment. What if he was still angry and decided not to come?

A knock on the door made me jump out of my chair. Lucian!! Maybe a maid has come to inform his arrival but no one opened the door. Strange.

"Come in," I said and the door opened.

"Who are you?" I heard the maid ask. I turned my head and gasped.

"Lydia!! Ylva!!" I yelled running and hugging them like a little girl

"My lady please you shouldn't hug us" Ylva pleaded but I Ignored her.

"What are you doing here? How did you get here?"

"His highness brought us here," Lydia said. Lucian did? "He seems to really care for you" Suddenly I felt bad for fighting with him.

"But it's not allowed. How did father allow that?" I asked confused.

"We really don't know my lady." I

wondered what Lucian did to make father let him take his maids. It's something that is never allowed. Anyways I was very happy that I wasn't alone anymore. Dismissing my maid I sat with Lydia and Ylva and told them everything that happened since I came here.

"So you are still a virgin?" Ylva asked shocked. "He must be a nice man if he agreed to wait." He is, sometimes. I didn't tell them about the part where he said he would burn me. I was still confused about what he meant by that.

When it was time for lunch I went to the dining room expecting Lucian to be waiting there but he wasn't. Was he avoiding me? I just lost my appetite.

"Where is his highness?" I asked a guard feeling like a desperate wife asking for her husband all the time.

"His highness is in his study and don't want to be disturbed." Ignoring

him I went to the study. I opened the door and walked in without knocking. Nobody was inside as I walked in and looked around. My eyes landed on a letter on his desk. Out of curiosity, I opened it but there were only a few words written on it.

'Watch your back. Death is coming.'

MARRIED TO THE DEVIL'S SON

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Chapter 9

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A shiver went down my spine. The way he said it and the look in his eyes told me he was serious.

"Why are you shocked? If I can beat you and kill you then why not burn you? "

My throat went dry and I couldn't

bring myself to say something. Sighing, he stood up and left without a word.

I didn't see him for the rest of the day. He didn't come for breakfast or lunch and when it was time for dinner I asked one of the guards where he was.

"His Highness went on a business journey, he won't return until tomorrow," He explained.

Even if he was angry, he should have told me. Yet another night I slept alone, but instead of feeling relieved I felt lonely.

When I woke up in the morning the first thing that came to my mind was Lucian. Was he still on his journey or had he already arrived?

"Has his highness come yet?" I asked the maid while she combed my hair.

"No your highness" I sighed in disappointment. What if he was still angry and decided not to come?

A knock on the door made me jump out of my chair. Lucian!! Maybe a maid has come to inform his arrival but no one opened the door. Strange.

"Come in" I said and the door opened.

"Who are you?" I heard the maid ask. I turned my head and gasped.

"Lydia!! Ylva!!" I yelled running and hugging them like a little girl

"My lady please you shouldn't hug us" Ylva pleaded but I Ignored her.

"What are you doing here? How did you get here?"

"His highness brought us here" Lydia said. Lucian did? "He seems to really care for you" Suddenly I felt bad for fighting with him.

"But it's not allowed. How did father allow that?" I asked confused.

"We really don't know my lady." I wondered what Lucian did to make father let him take his maids. It's a

something that is never allowed. Anyways I was very happy that I wasn't alone anymore. Dismissing my maid I sat with Lydia and Ylva and told them everything that happened since I came here.

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'Watch your back. Death is coming.'

Married To The Devil's Son

Chapter 10: Chapter 10

Watch you back. Death is coming.

Is this note written with blood? Oh, God.

"What are you doing here?" suddenly Lucian was in the study.

"What is this note?" I asked.

"It's nothing," he said taking it from me and putting it back.

"Is someone threatening you or is it a joke?" I asked worriedly.

"It's nothing you need to worry about," he said grabbing my wrist and dragging me out of the study. He had a

worried look on his face which told me that there was definitely something going on.

"Did you like my present?" he asked before I could ask any further questions.

"Yes, but why? I thought you were angry with me"

"I was and I still am," he said leading the way to the dining room "sit down and let's eat."

I did as he said. He had that aura that signaled danger again. He sat opposite me and when our eyes met I could see flames in them, they weren't calm. Something was definitely different about him, maybe there is something to the rumors.

"How did you bring Lydia and Ylva?" I really wanted to know. Palace maids were never supposed to leave the palace since they can spill secrets of the palace. Once you enter the palace

there is no way out, so he couldn't have bought them. He looked up from his plate and stared at me for a while.

"I told the king.... that I would kill you otherwise," he said calmly. I choked on my food. Coughing and breathing for air my hand grabbed the glass of water. Drinking the water slowly I could finally breathe.

Lucian studied Hazel and waited to see the fear in her eyes even though he hoped she wouldn't fear him but to his disappointment she did. She looked scared and confused. He was already pissed that she just two days ago thought that he would kill her or beat her just because she didn't listen to him and now she looked at him as if he really would kill her. Maybe he was wrong when he thought she would be different. He didn't even know why he went through all trouble to bring her maids.

" I said that because it was the only way to bring them. You don't really think I would kill you, do you?" he said trying hard to control his anger and frustration.

"Then why did you say that you would burn me?" she asked.

"Because...that's what you think about me. You think I am a beast who beats and kills people then you would think that I can burn them as well right?" he said standing up from his seat and hitting the table with his fist which made her jump from her seat and stare at him in shock and fear. He hated that look in her eyes so he strode out of the room not wanting to see her anymore.

Inside his study, he stared at the note.

Watch you back death is coming.

No one would dare play such jokes with him except his brothers. Taking the

note he went straight to his brother's quarter. Walking through the halls his brother's guards looked at him with fear and hatred, but that didn't affect him as much as Hazel's fear of him did. Strange he was used to being feared but his wife's fear made him angry.

The young maids stared at him with excitement. He could hear their giggles and whispers.

"He is so tall, so handsome."

"His hair is so beautiful, so are his eyes."

"But he is mine."

"You wish."

"Yes, I wish I worked for him. I would work all day in the kitchen and all night in his bedroom."

And then they giggled. What they didn't know was that he could hear everything they were saying. Reaching

the main hall two guards blocked his way.

"Your highness, how can we help you?" they asked politely.

"How about moving out of my way?"

"We can't your highness. We are not allowed to let anyone in"

"Then tell the crown prince to come out and talk to me or I will get in no matter what."

They looked at each other " I am sorry, Your Highness."

"So am I," he said, and before they could think he elbowed one in the stomach and kneed him in the face. The other one tried to swing at him but dodging the swing he went behind him grabbing his neck he hit the guards head on the wall. Leaving the guards on the ground he went on to find his brother. He was not in his study. He grabbed a maid walking through the hall by the arm.

"Where is Pierre?" he hissed.

"His highness is sleeping in his chamber," she replied scared. Letting go of her he made his way to the chamber and swung the door open just to find his brother having fun with a woman.

"What the...." his brother began to yell but stopped when he saw it was Lucian. The half-naked woman brought the sheets up to cover herself.

"Oh brother what a pleasant surprise," Pierre said with a fake tone "You just came on time, how about we share this beautiful lady?" he said caressing the woman's cheek. Her eyes traveled up his body to his face and she gave him an approving smile.

"That's kind of you but this is not so kind," Lucian said holding up the note. Pierre got up from the bed to take a closer look at the note.

"What makes you think I wrote this?"

Pierre asked.

"If it's not you then you should know which one of your brothers wrote this"

"And your brothers too" he corrected "I know that no one of them would play such a joke, we are not kids anymore Lucian"

"You better be sure" Lucian threatened.

"It seems you have yet another foe" his brother smirked.

Married To The Devil's Son

Chapter 11: Chapter 11

I sat on the bed waiting for Lucian to come after eating dinner without him yet another night. There were a lot of things we needed to talk about but I didn't want to fight with him again.

Because that's what you think about me. You think I am a beast who beats and kills people then you would think that I can burn them as well right?

His voice echoed in my head. I never

thought of him as a beast I just thought that he was different. He looked hurt before walking out of the dining room as if he didn't want to see me again and I wondered if he really wouldn't come. Would I have to sleep alone again? I didn't even get the chance to thank him for bringing Lydia and Ylva.

I decided not to sleep alone and go look for him. I looked everywhere but couldn't find him. Where could he be?

"Do you know where I can find his highness?" I asked a guard.

"He is in the barn, Your highness."

I made my way to the barn where I found Lucian feeding his horse. It was dark inside and the only light came from the full moon. As if sensing my presence he looked around until his eyes landed on me.

"I was looking for you," I said walking closer to him.

"Why?" he asked clapping his horse.

"It's just that we have been fighting a lot lately and we never spend time together...I never see you these days and I just...I just.."

"You just what?" he said taking a step closer.

"I just want to spend time with you"

"Why?"

"What do you mean by why?" I said frustrated at his questions.

Grabbing my arm he pulled me closer.

"Why means why? why do you want to spend time with me? do you like me? do you miss me? do you want me? you're not scared anymore? that I might kill you, beat you, or burn you?" I could hear the hurt in his voice. 1

"Yes, you scare me sometimes but you treat me well too."

He didn't seem satisfied with my answer but his eyes softened and he

let go of my arm " It's late you should go to sleep, I will stay here for a while" he finally said.

"I will stay with you" I insisted.

He opened his mouth to protest but said nothing turning his attention to his horse. I sat down on a haystack nearby where I could still see him and talk to him.

"Thank you for bringing my maids," I said but got no response. I tried to come up with something to talk about while my eyes studied him in the darkness. He looked different as if he belonged to the darkness or was part of it.

"Do you want to go for a ride?" he suddenly asked.

"Yes," I said excited but we were wearing our royal clothes. As if reading my thoughts "there is knitwear right there" he said pointing to the corner of the barn. I saw nothing

because it was too dark but walking closer I saw them. How could he see them from far away? Or maybe he already knew they were there. 2

I turned around to ask where I would change but walked almost into his chest.

"You scared me."

"I am sorry. I just thought you would need help getting out of your dress" he explained.

"You don't expect me to change here?"

"Why not? No one is here and it's dark" he smirked. It was true. I couldn't see him clearly.

"I can manage myself"

"Alright, just call for me if you need help," he said and left.

I looked around to see that he wasn't nearby and began to undress, but yes it was really hard to untangle the ropes on the back of my dress and my

arms began to hurt.

"Are you sure you don't need help?" Lucian's voice came from behind as he walked closer. "Let me help you" he said and started to untie the back of my dress without waiting for a reply. Now and then his hand would touch my bare skin while untying " I will wait for you outside" he said when he was done.

The clothes were a bit too big for me but it didn't bother me. Lucian was waiting outside with his horse when I came out of the barn.

"Is there any particular place you want to go?" he asked.

"Anywhere is fine," I said.

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He helped me up on the horse and we rode off in the night. I have never

felt so free before. We went to the market and walked among common people and I was so fascinated by the whole thing because I had never been to a market before and never walked among common people. Then we rode into the woods.

"What are we doing here?" I asked.

"I want to show you something," he said and after a while, we came to a place in the woods where many small yellow lights were flying over the whole place.

"What is this?" I asked while Lucian helped me down.

"It's fireflies. Do you know why they glow?"

"No"

"It's to attract mates or prey." He explained.

I looked at them fascinated. I never knew these things existed.

"They are beautiful," I said.

"Not as much as you are," he said walking right behind me.

I stopped and turned around. Our eyes met and like every time I look into his eyes I felt a force pulling me toward him, making me forget everything else. I wondered if he knew what kind of effect his eyes had on me.

"Your eyes are burning" I whispered when I could finally speak.

He grabbed the back of my head, pulling my face close to his. I could feel his warm breath on my face and butterflies in my stomach.

"Not only are my eyes burning, my whole body is burning with need Hazel," he says as his gaze travels down to my lips.

I open my mouth to fill my lungs with air and my ears get flooded by the pounding sound of my heart. He slowly leans in and presses his lips on mine.

The touch is soft and gentle but as soon as our lips touch he pushes me away and takes two long steps back.

Married To The Devil's Son.

Chapter 12: Chapter 12

What just happened? Only a taste of her lips and he could feel his demon wanting to come out. He only felt like that when he was really angry, then his demon would come out to punish whoever enraged him. As time went he had learned to control his anger and keep the demon in check. It has been a long time since his demon wanted to come out so why now?

Take her! She is yours. She belongs to you. The voice inside his head commanded.

"Is something wrong?" Hazel asked confused as she walked closer to him.

"Don't come close!" he almost yelled wrapping his arms around his body. He could see hurt in her eyes but he

didn't want to hurt her like the time he set his brother on fire. Every time his demon wanted out he did bad things.

Hazel turned around and started to walk away. She was probably angry which he could understand but how could he explain when he himself could not understand. He couldn't even go after her, he needed to calm down his demon first.

Tears filled my eyes as I walked away. It was my first kiss and he was acting as if it was disgusting. If he didn't like it he could at least hide it. He didn't have to be so rude. I didn't know where I was going but I didn't care. As I walked further into the woods it became darker and darker, feeling scared I turned around to walk back but couldn't find the way. God, I was lost and it was dark. I yelled Lucian's name several times but got no answer.

Always being a sheltered child and never being alone I was petrified and started to panic. Running around in the woods I tried to find my way back without any success. Tired I sat next to a tree. Where was Lucian now when I needed him?

"Hazel!" I turned my head to the side. Lucian was walking toward me "I was looking for you."

"Really? I thought you would be happy if I got lost and you wouldn't have to see me again" I snapped resentfully.

As if he didn't hear me "let's go home" he said.

Standing up "What if I don't want to?" I know I was being childish but I was angry and just wanted an apology or an explanation.

He shot me a hard glare "You better listen to me or you won't like what I will do to you," he muttered under his breath. He was trembling as he spoke.

Was he that angry?

"Fine, you better explain to me once we are home."

When we arrived at our chamber I crossed my arms over my chest. "So explain!" I demanded.

"Explain what?"

"Why you are behaving rudely and threateng me by saying that I won't like what you will do to me. What will you do?" I asked in a challenging tone.

Surely he wouldn't beat me, kill me or burn. So what would he do? starve me? Lock me in somewhere?

He looked at me and I saw a glint in his eyes.

"Maybe you will like what I will do to you," he said crossing the distance between us and backing me against the wall.

A devilish smile appeared on his face as he placed his hands above my head

on the wall and caged me against it with his much larger body. His spicy scent was like a drug coming off him stronger than before, intoxicating me.

"I want to kiss you, to part your lips with my tongue and slide inside your mouth. I want to pin your naked body underneath mine and feel you tremble while I do all kinds of wicked things a man can possibly do to a woman. I want to hear soft moans of pleasure escape your beautiful lips" he said tracing his thumb over my lips. My breath caught in my throat as he leaned down and brushed his lips against my ear "I want to feel heat radiate from your body."

Lord, I was already aroused by his words and I couldn't breathe. I needed to get away but I felt weak in the knees so I put my hands on his chest to push him away which made him chuckle.

"Why are you doing the opposite of

what your body wants?" he asked. I don't know myself I just want to breathe. Maybe I am scared even though I am excited, Maybe I am not ready even though my legs are trembling.

"Fine," he exhales as he lets me push him away "soon you will let me do all these things to you and more." He was behaving differently. Never has he approached me like this before, so straightforward. He was always slow and careful giving me time to think and breathe.

"I'll sleep in my room tonight otherwise I can't promise to behave myself," he said as he walked to his room. "Goodnight wife" and with that, he closed the door leaving me alone.

I lay down on the bed trying to sleep but couldn't. He said he was burning with need so why did he push me away? Then he acted cold, then he told me he wanted to kiss me and do wicked things to me. I was really confused. After a

while, I fell asleep.

"My lady, my lady wake up" I heard Ylvas voice.

"Let me sleep," I muttered in a sleepy voice.

"My lady please I need to prepare you and you have slept too long. You are not a child anymore you are a married woman."

"Did she wake up?" what seemed like Lydia's voice asked.

"No. I have been trying to wake her for a while."

I heard the door open and then it became quiet.

Finally!!!

"Leave us. I will wake her up" a deep voice spoke. After a few seconds, a spicy scent invaded my senses and I felt fingers remove the hair from my face placing it behind my ear.

"Hazel..."

"I want to sleep some more" I cut him off.

"You couldn't sleep last night," he seemed to be speaking to himself. "I didn't mean to scare you." 1

You didn't scare me. You made me want you then you hurt me then you made me angry and then aroused. God! I never felt so many emotions in one night before.

"But I meant everything I said" he continued "I do want you and you will eventually admit you want me too"

Married To The Devils Son.

Chapter 13: Chapter 13

I lay in the bathtub as Lydia washed my hair after Lucian had left to let me sleep some more. I knew she wanted to ask something but didn't know if she should, so she was silent.

"He kissed me," I said. Her eyes sparkled.

"Really? Finally!" she said, "How did it feel?"

"It felt..." I remembered when our lips touched the warmth that spread through my body and when our lips separated the emptiness and coldness that came with it. I wanted more, "It felt good," I said.

"But you just kissed nothing more?" she asked.

"No, "

"Don't worry there will be more," she said.

"Lydia? "

"Yes, my lady, "

"How does the first time feel?" I asked. She sensed that I was worried it would hurt and that I wouldn't like it. Just the thought of being naked in front of a man made my cheeks burn.

"Don't worry. I am sure his highness will be gentle since he seems to care

for you" she said reassuring me "trust me, no man would have waited so long for the woman to agree. He would have taken you whether you liked it. I was actually worried for you my lady but now that I got to see his highness I am sure he is a good man and will take good care of you."

Everything she said was true. He never denied me anything and treated me well. I should be more understanding toward him and try to get close to him, but why am I afraid? Am I afraid of him? Or afraid of myself around him? It's like I don't have control over my body and mind around him, and his gaze and scent make me feel things I have never felt before.

"And you have to admit your husband is one very good looking man. I can see how the maids drool over him," she smiled "he must have a lot of mistresses," she continued but regretted it when she realized what

she had said.

"I am sorry" she whispered with sad eyes, "I didn't mean to..."

"It's fine "I cut her off "It's not like I don't know". This was just my fate as a woman.

After the bath, Ylva came in and helped me dress up. I really missed the way she dressed me and made my hair. She knew my taste and what suited me best so she would always make me look beautiful, but this time she made me look even more beautiful.

"What is the special occasion today?" I asked.

"Nothing my lady. You should always look your best since you have such a good-looking husband," she said, winking at me.

"Thank you," I said as another maid walked in.

"Her highness? where would you like to

eat your breakfast?" she asked.

"In the garden" it was my favorite place. Nodding, she walked away. I stood up from my seat to look myself closer in the mirror. I was wearing a wine red dress with long loose sleeves but bare shoulder. It was tight around the waist and up, but loose from the waist down. It had beautiful white patterns on the chest and at the end of the sleeves.

My hair was divided into two half. A straight lower half and a curlier upper half held up by silver hairpins.

"You are amazing, Ylva," I said satisfied with how I looked.

"As long as you are happy, my lady," she smiled.

I went to the garden where breakfast had been served.

"Has Luc..I mean his highness had breakfast?" I asked the maid.

"No, her highness. His highness went to meet the crown prince. The king is unwell," she said. If the king is unwell, I should go too, I thought.

I knew that the quarter next to ours was the crown prince's quarters, so I went over. As I walked in Levi came running to me "My lady" he said with a smile "thank you for the meal last time I never got to thank you." He is such a sweet kid and well behaved. Crouching down to his level, "You are welcome. How old are you?" I asked.

"I am ten. My lady?" his expression suddenly changed.

"Yes "

"Please protect uncle Lucian"

"Why?" I asked curiously.

"Because if the king dies, my father will kill all my uncles." My heart stopped. I knew that to become a king, a prince has to kill all his brothers or exile them. Unfortunately, most of

them or almost all killed their brother to eliminate all kinds of threat to the throne. I never liked that idea, but I never thought much of it. Now that Lucian was involved, I felt scared and worried and absolutely hated the idea. How can brothers kill each other?

"My lady" a dark manly voice came from behind. Standing up, I turned around. A soldier who seemed to be a higher rank according to his clothes, maybe a general stood there.

"How can I help you?" he asked.

"I am looking for the crown prince and his highness Lucian" I said.

"The princes have gone to visit the king and I am sorry but no one else is allowed to visit," he said politely. I had a feeling that I have seen him before.

"Have we met before?" I asked.

"Yes, my lady. I am one of his

highness Lucian's men" he explained, "I brought you here on your wedding day." If he was one of Lucian's men and Lucian wasn't here, what was he doing here? Did he follow me?

"Are you following me?" I asked.

"I apologize, but it's my duty to keep you safe" he said with his deep voice. Was the situation that bad?

"I am commander Lincoln, please let me escort you back, my lady. It's not safe for you to be here."

Lincoln escorted me back to our quarters where many soldiers were gathered, some of them walking back and forth and some speaking in a serious tone. Of the situations were definitely very bad. "Are you sure his highness is fine?" I asked Lincoln.

"Don't worry my lady, I am sure he is fine," he assured.

"Lincoln!" a man called from behind. Turning around I found a young man

with long blonde hair and blue eyes walking toward us. He was wearing a military attire and had a smile on his face. Walking closer he looked even much younger maybe seventeen or eighteen.

"My lady" he said and bowed, then he turned to Lincoln and they hugged each other.

"I am glad you are back" Lincoln said.

"Yeah so am I. It's such a pain to be with the other princes, I am happy to be back here and hopefully I will stay here with prince Lucian forever once the king dies" he said simply.

"Be careful" Lincoln warned "he is not dead yet."

"But his condition is very bad. He will either die tomorrow or the day after." I gasped and their gazes turned toward me. Lincoln cleared his throat "This is princess Hazel prince Lucian's wife" he said introducing me.

"I guessed that" the young man said
scratching his neck shyly

and his eyes still avoiding me "I am
Oliver. I apologize for my way of
speaking. I can't keep my mouth shut"
he admitted.

"What happens if the king dies?" I
asked still worried about that fact

"Nothing much" Oliver said shrugging
his shoulders as if it was not much of
a problem" we will fight for prince
Lucian to take the throne" he smiled.

"It's not that easy" Lincoln said
while my eyes landed on Lucian walking
from far away. He was also wearing a
military attire with a sword on his
left side. He looked taller, stronger,
and even more dangerous wearing these
clothes. His footsteps made a clicking
sound that echoed through the hallway
while his hair got blown away by the
wind showing an expressionless face.

"Your highness" Oliver smiled as

Lucian walked closer and stood in front of us.

"Good, you are back alive," Lucian said patting Oliver's shoulder

"Lincoln I will talk to you later but now I need to speak with my wife for a moment," he said as he turned his gaze to me. The men left us alone.

Lucians took some steps back as his gaze traveled down by body and up again. He tilted his head a bit as his eyes glittered with amusement. "Did you dress up for me wife?" 2

Oh God. I had forgotten how Ylva made me look. Was it too much? Maybe I overdid it.

Walking closer he grabbed my chin lifting my head slightly he gazed into my eyes "you look so beautiful you make me forget all of my worries"

Married To The Devil's Son.

Chapter 14: Chapter 14

Lucian gazed down at Hazel as she blushed, and he couldn't help but bring his hand up and caress her pink cheek with his thumb. Heavens knew how much he wanted to lean down and kiss her. She was tempting him with this red dress and her bare neck and shoulders. He had been surprised and relieved that he hadn't forced himself on her last night when his demon was in control. Seems that his demon craves Hazel as much as he does the only difference is that his demon doesn't care about Hazel's feelings while Lucian does.

"Are you alright? I heard that the king is unwell" she asked worried. He had almost forgotten the big problem he had to deal with when he saw her.

"Hazel, I want you to pack some clothes, we will leave the castle". He didn't want for Hazel to stay another minute here. The king could die anytime and he knew that he would be

the one to be attacked first, since his brothers hated him. Hazel looked confused at him "I will explain everything on the way" he said "now hurry!".

Once Hazel left Lincoln approached him "Your highness the horses are ready".

"Did oliver get information on what by brother's plan to do?" Lucian asked.

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"Yes, your highness. The crown prince is planning on attacking you first once the king dies and he has already pinned your brothers against each other, so that they kill each other and his job becomes easier,". That sounded just like Pierre. Lucian had already expected that from his brother.

"What did he tell them?"

"That I don't know your highness. But your brothers have already begun to travel to gather their allies to help them get the crown. You should do that as well." That would be the difficult part since not many would want to be his allies and help him because of the rumors about him.

As if Lincoln read his thoughts he said "We should start with Maebeth kingdom." His wife's kingdom was a small kingdom that didn't have much power. Even if they agreed to help him, it wouldn't be that much of a help.

Hi us on plus two three four eight zero five five eight eight nine one eight three on watsapp to get added to our group.

Lydia packed a few clothes for me while Ylva helped me get dressed into more comfortable clothes. Both were worried when I told them about the situation. Just to calm them down "everything is going to be alright" I

said even though I myself wasn't sure about that.

I walked out to the garden where Lucian seemed to be busy speaking to some soldiers. I just stood there staring at him. I have never seen him speak much before. He was a man of few words. Until now we never had a conversation that lasted long, and I really wanted our marriage to work.

"My lady" looking to my side, I found a smiling Oliver approaching me. Something about him was different. He didn't look like the usually tough and silent soldier, he looked rather innocent and playful even though he was tall and looked strong.

"Do you prefer a white or a black horse?" he asked. Did he expect me to ride myself? I knew that most princesses know how to ride, it was something a royalty should know but my father never even let me out let alone learn something. I was more a prisoner

than a princess back home.

"She will ride with me" Lucian said suddenly, standing next to me and taking my hand in his. Oliver smiled, a smile that reached his eyes. What was he so happy about?

"Fine" he said shrugging his shoulders.

I placed my arms around Lucian's waist as we rode off. "Hold on tight, we will ride fast" he had told me, but I didn't expect it would be this fast. Even though I thought this was too fast, many soldiers were riding faster than us, slowing down now and then for Lucian to catch up. That's when I realized he was actually riding slow compared to how fast he usually rides.

"You don't have to slow down because of me," I said, "I am fine."

He chuckled, "are you sure?"

"Yes" I replied.

"Fine, then" he said in a challenging

way and suddenly it felt as if I was flying away. The air whipping my face and hair and I got really scared, holding onto Lucian even more. My grip was so hard around his waist I wondered if he could breathe, but he wasn't complaining. Trees, houses, cliffs and lakes were passing by quickly before my eyes and I felt dizzy and sick. I tried to close my eyes and ignore the dizziness and the urge to vomit, but I couldn't fight it for long.

"Please stop" I whispered clutching onto Lucian wondering if he even heard what I said.

Abruptly he stopped, " are you alright?" he asked. I climbed down from the horse fast without any help and ran to the nearest tree, throwing up everything in my stomach. Lucian was already beside me and held my hair away. "Don't.." I began before throwing up again. I didn't want him

to see me like this.

"It's alright" he said, massaging my back with one hand as he still held my hair with the other. I was so embarrassed when I turned around and found that all the soldiers stood there looking at me.

Lucian gave me a handkerchief as one of the guards handed him a bottle of water, which he gave to me as well.

"Drink" he said as I wiped my mouth still embarrassed "you should have told me to slow down."

I took sips of the water while Lucian watched me intently, as if I would collapse anytime.

"I'm fine, let's continue " I smiled. I didn't want the journey to take longer than usual because of me.

Married To The Devil's Son

Chapter 15: Chapter 15

We sat leaning against a tree after

Lucian told his men that we should rest for a while. I knew he was doing it for me.

"Where are we going?" I asked.

"To Maebeth. To your family." He was going to ask my father to help in this war between brothers. "Will you really kill your brothers?" I asked carefully.

"Yes" he said without hesitation. I shivered at the thought.

"Even your nephews?" he clenched his jaw and closed his eyes, then opened them again.

"I won't have to kill them because my brothers will."

Why? They are just kids. Why kill your family for the throne? That's something I could never understand. Standing up "we should continue" he said. We continued our journey, and I was thankful that Maebeth wasn't far away from Decresh, so we reached there at night, after riding the whole day.

My three brothers were the ones to welcome us. They spoke mostly to Lucian, ignoring me totally. I wasn't expecting more; we were never close. Our family always separated men and women. While men were respected, almost worshipped women were mostly a property that belonged to the men or ready to be sold anytime.

"The king is busy right now but will meet you tomorrow morning. You should eat and rest for now" my brother Harris said as he led us to the guest quarters. Looking at him and the rest of my brothers, I couldn't help but wonder if they would kill each other when father dies.

"What a rude brother you have. It seems you are not close with your brothers either," he said as we entered the guest room.

"True" I said as my gaze landed on the table next to the bed where several food dishes were served covered with

white food cover. I thought I would be hungry but my stomach was still upset from the ride so I didn't feel like eating anything.

"Are you hungry?" I asked, my eyes traveling toward Lucian. He had already taken off his military attire and was left wearing a loose shirt that showed off his chest with a pair of pants. It has been three nights since we slept in the same room, so I felt nervousness take over my senses as I remembered what he had told me last night. He wanted to do wicked things to me. Wicked? I had asked Ylva what wicked means, and she had told me it means devilish, sinful.

"What are you thinking about?" Lucian asked laying on the bed leaning his head on his hand, watching me with those captivating eyes.

"Nothing" I said shaking my head, standing stiffly on the same spot.

"Come here" he said, patting next to

him on the bed. He wants to do sinful things to me. I urged myself to move and took my cloak off, walking to the bed. I lay down on my back next to him hesitantly, looking up at the ceiling to avoid his intense gaze. From the corner of my eyes, I could still see that he was staring at me in a silence that became unbearable.

"Lucian?" He took a deep breath.

"I never liked my name. My brothers used to tease me with it, calling me Lucifer, making my name sound like a curse. Now when you say my name, I like it. You make it sound like a beautiful prayer." I turned to look at him. He had a faint smile on his face, but there was sadness in his golden eyes.

"Your name is beautiful, and it's not a curse. Lucian means 'Man of light'." He looked at me surprised, but then his face became serious.

"I am no man of light," he said, "

there is darkness inside of me."

"Everyone has a bit of darkness inside of them, that's ok because darkness and light can't exist without each other."

"Are you trying to comfort me?" he asked with a smile.

"I am just speaking the truth," I said.

It became silent again, even though I had a thousand questions on my mind. Will you really kill your brothers? What about the note written in blood? Do you like me? But the question that came out of my mouth was, "Why did you agree on waiting to consume the wedding?"

"You feared me and you still are sometimes."

"I don't want to be" I admitted.

"I would never hurt you.. but sometimes... I am not myself."

"What do you mean?"

He lay on his back with a sigh, "I am tired, let's sleep. I will tell you some other time" he said. I wanted to know, but I was exhausted myself as I found it hard to keep my eyes open. Closing my eyes, I let the darkness take over.

I woke up in the morning with Lucian next to me. He was still sleeping on his back, but shirtless. The sheets covered his stomach, but his powerful chest and arms were bare. His raven black hair was spread across the pillow, looking soft and shiny like silk. I took some of his hair in my hand and inhaled his spicy scent that did things to my body I couldn't explain.

My eyes traveled to his face. His eyebrows were thick and perfectly shaped and his eyelashes long and shiny. Now, with his eyes closed, they almost brushed his impressive cheekbones. His nose sharp and hooked

cast a shadow on lips that spoke of sensuality. While his hair was dark as the night his skin was pale as the moon, so smooth it made my fingers itch for a touch. I ran my fingers along the edge of his sharp jawline up to the curve of his lips admiring his good looks when his eyes fluttered open and I stared into them unable to remove my gaze. That's when I realized why I had never studied his face before. His eyes were too captivating to make me notice the rest of his face. They held power and passion, but they also spoke of secrets and pain.

He smiled with his eyes. I removed my hand and glanced away, blushing hard. Even though I couldn't see him, I could feel his smile widen at my reaction.

"No need to shy away wife, I am all yours. You can stare and touch however much you want."

When I said nothing because I was so

embarrassed, he got up from bed and walked toward the table. My eyes landed on his broad muscular drawn-back shoulders as he walked gracefully. He wasn't too muscular but well built and lean. As he walked, he ran his hand through his hair and my heart skipped a beat. Something with the way he walked and moved did strange things to my body. No wonder the maids drooled over him. I had seen his bare upper body before, but he had been soaked in blood back then. Now... wait! The scars! Even though some of his hair was covering his back but I could still see most of it and there were no scars. It's not possible. His wounds were very deep and I am sure they would leave scars, but there were none.

"Wait!" I said before he could slide into his robe. I got up and walked over to him.

"Wait" I repeated, grabbing his arm and making him turn around. I removed

the rest of his hair. No scars, not even a tiny one. His skin looked so smooth, as if he never got whipped, not even once. It's not possible, I thought, shaking my head.

"What is it?" he asked, confused, turning around.

"There are.. no scars. No scars on your back," I breathed in shock, "How?" "Married To The Devils Son.

Chapter 16: Chapter

"Ah, the scars? They healed" he said simply pulling the robe over his shoulders.

"That's impossible, they can't heal that fast and even if they did, they would leave scars," I said still trying to make sense of everything.

"Well, they healed, and they didn't leave any scars," was all he said, "now your father is waiting, I need to get going."

I was still confused as he walked to the bathroom. Not possible was all my brain was telling me.

After taking a bath, dressing up and making my hair with the help of some maids, I was on my way to the dining room. Lucian had already left to not make my father wait. I opened the door to the dining room and walked inside. Father was sitting on the short side of the table as mother and Lucian were sitting opposite each other on the long side of it. As I walked closer, I noticed that no one was eating, and the atmosphere was tense. Lucian's hands were clenched under the table and father's expression told me he was displeased. They didn't even notice that I had walked into the room.

Mother was the first to notice me, so she stood up from her seat and came over to me.

"Darling I missed you so much" she said hugging me but got cut off by

father.

"Teresa! Behave yourself" he said and mother tensed and walked back to her seat. I hated this, they could never act as parents. Father loved to show off his power, and mother was too scared of him to do anything she wanted.

"Hazel! The queen and I need to speak with you alone" he said as he and mother stood up from their seats and started walking to the door that led to the next room. I glanced over at Lucian, who was still sitting as a statue. He looked up and the expression on his face made my heart clench.

"Hurry!" father said, who had already walked into the room. I hurried inside and the door got closed, leaving Lucian alone in the dining room. What was happening? What did he do to Lucian?

Father walked to the center of the

room and turned around with his arms crossed over his chest. "Your husband is asking for my help" he started with a frown "but I can't invest in a war I am going to lose." I couldn't believe my ears. I knew that the kingdom was always his priority, but I thought if his child was in danger he would at least help a little.

"What makes you so sure we will lose?" I asked.

"Your husband has no allies because of the rumors about him, thus his brothers are stronger now" he explained.

"So you will not help even if it means I can die?" I asked slowly becoming impatient.

"That's why you can stay here with us, if you want?" mother said.

"Are you telling me to leave my husband?"

"He can't protect you, you don't need

someone who can't protect you" father insisted. I can't believe this! He was the one who made me get married to Lucian even though he knew of his reputation and without considering my feelings just for power, and now he was telling me to come back.

"And you can't throw me away and take me back whenever you want" I spat.

"Hazel!" mother said with a warning.

"Be careful! You cannot speak to your king like that" father yelled.

"You are not my king anymore. Remember, you sold me to another kingdom for power," I snapped "I am leaving with my husband now. If I die it's fine, I will die with him. I was never treated like a living person here anyway," I said. I never defied my parents. I don't know where I the courage from this time. Turning my back, I strode out of the room.

Lucian was nowhere in the dining room.

Where did he go?

"Seems your husband thinks it's a good idea to leave you here as well" father voice came from behind. I clenched my fists to control the anger that was building up inside of me. How could Lucian leave me here without asking me if I wanted to stay? Ignoring my father, I ran out of the dining room through the halls to the main garden. Everyone was staring at me in shock because it was unladylike to run, but I didn't care. I just hoped that Lucian hadn't left yet and was relieved when I found him outside with his men.

Everyone was gathered with their horses, which only meant they were leaving. Lucian was leaving without me. Angry, I walked toward him. When he saw me he looked surprised, but when he realized I was angry he frowned. I walked closer and slapped him across the face. I heard some gasps coming

from the guards and some of them stared in shock. Lucian ran his fingers through his hair as he looked back at me. A smile crept its way to his face, and I was shocked at his reaction. He should be angry for slapping him, especially in front of everyone, so why was he smiling?

"What is the reason for slapping me wife?" he asked rubbing his cheek as if it hurt even though I was sure it didn't hurt him, not physically anyway.

"Don't call me wife. If I was your wife, you wouldn't have decided to leave me." He looked at me confused.

"I thought you are the one that wanted to stay," he said.

"And what makes you think that way?" I asked. His gaze shifted to something behind me and he clenched his jaw. I looked behind me. Father was standing at the entry looking amused. It was father. He told Lucian I wanted to stay.

Married To The Devils Son

Chapter 17: Chapter 17

We were riding fast through the woods after leaving father disappointed for failing in his mission to make me stay. "Are you sure you want to come with me?" Lucian had asked. "Your life will be in danger." I had decided that I would rather live in danger than live like a dead person, but that wasn't the main reason I didn't want to stay. I didn't want to stay because I wanted to be with Lucian.

"Feeling alright?" Lucian asked after slowing down.

"Yes, I am fine. I think I am getting used to it" I said, slightly exhilarated. "Where are we going?"

"To Gatrish" he replied. Gatrish, a kingdom known for its wars, slavery and prostitution. Their king was a cruel king with a thirst for blood and appetite for women. It is said that he

takes a new wife and a new concubine everyday and that liquor, parties and sex are a part of his daily life and everyone else's living in the kingdom.

"Are you sure it's a good idea to go there?" I asked.

"I know their king. He is the only one who might agree to help," he explained. I could still not get over the fact that he would kill his brothers, even though it was a common thing for princes. I know if he doesn't kill them they would probably kill him: I just wished there would be another way to solve this problem.

I imagine that asking the King of Gatrish for help would just make things worse, even though I didn't know him personally.

We rode the whole day, just taking a few breaks to eat and rest, then we continued riding for the rest of the night. I wondered how Lucian could stay awake. I would fall asleep and

wake up now and then, holding onto him tight, scared not to fall from the horse because I was too tired to stay awake.

This time when I woke up, it was morning. The sun shone brightly, the breeze warmer than last night blew Lucian's soft hair into my face. I pulled my hand away from Lucian's waist and to remove his hair from my face, but had the sudden impulse to smell it. I grabbed it and inhaled. How could he always smell so good?

"Good morning wife" he greeted and I quickly dropped his hair embarrassed.

"Good morning," I whispered back. Looking at my surroundings I noticed that everyone rode slowly. The soldiers chatted and laughed as they rode, not a hint of tiredness showing on their faces, even though they didn't sleep the whole night.

"We have arrived. You will be able to rest soon," he said while we rode over

a bridge that led to a big metal gate with a guard on each side. Lincoln jumped down from his horse and went up to one of the guards. They spoke a few words and then the two guards opened the gate for us to enter. As we entered, I swallowed the lump in my throat. I was not looking forward to meeting this king, and I became even more worried when Lucian and his men were told to leave their weapons in a storeroom before entering the castle.

Lucian did so without hesitation, and his men followed. I just stared at them , wide-eyed. Were they on a death mission? I put my hand on Lucian's arm before entering, giving him a worried and questioning look. He returned with a reassuring smile before following the guard that would show us the way to the bloodthirsty king.

"Prince Lucian has arrived, Your Majesty," the guard informed before opening the door to a room that seemed

to be a room for meetings.

"Draco!" my eyes darted to where the sound came from. A tall man dressed casually stood in the middle of the room, a smile plastered on his face as he walked closer to us.

"Your Majesty," Lucian replied, bowing. Wait? Majesty? I had imagined the king to be a short, ugly bald man over his thirties with dirty teeth. Why? I don't know. Maybe because of his reputation, but this man was tall and seemed to be in his mid-twenties. His dirty blonde shoulder-length hair perfectly matched his sun-kissed skin. If it wasn't for the scar on his face that stretched from his left eyebrow to his right eye, people would drown in his ocean blue eyes. He was good looking.

"Oh, please," the King said, waving with his hand. "I thought we had dropped the formalities." He tipped his head to one side as he noticed me

standing next to Lucian and studied me with his piercing blue eyes.

"This is my wife, Hazel" Lucian introduced. I tried to smile as he walked closer. He took my hand in his and placed a soft kiss on my knuckles.

"It's a pleasure to meet you, Princess," he said, then turned his gaze to Lucian. "I never thought our Draco would marry anytime soon." This was the second time he had called Lucian 'Draco'. I was confused. "But of course, with your looks anything is possible, isn't that right, Princess Hazel?" he asked, looking my way. I froze up, unable to reply. When I didn't respond, he laughed. He made me nervous in a bad way.

"You guys must be hungry and tired; lets eat!"

We were served fried potatoes, eggs, toast, and ham. A basket filled with an assortment of fruit stood in the middle of the table and servants came

in with different kinds of drinks. A servant whispered something into the king's ear and he smiled at us.

"My sisters Astrid and Klara will join us for breakfast. Klara has been dying to meet you since you saved her life." The King said looking at Lucian. Lucian saved the King's sister? Is that why he thought that the king would help us?

"Oh, here they are," he said as two beautiful ladies entered the dining room. They looked just like the king with their long blonde hair and blue eyes and seemed to be around my age.

"This is my sister Astrid," the King said, gesturing to the one with short blonde hair wearing a yellow dress that matched her blonde locks. "and this is Klara." He finished, pointing to the one with longer hair that almost reached to her waist.

She was wearing a blue dress that made her blue eyes stand out even more. So

she was the one Lucian saved? She was stunningly beautiful. I couldn't help but wonder if that was the reason Lucian saved her.

"You know Lucian, and this is his wife Hazel" he said, introducing us in return. Klara's eyes widened as she stared at us, confused, but quickly got over her puzzlement and smiled.

"Welcome. We are happy to have you here" Astrid smiled.

Married To The Devils Son

Chapter 18: Chapter 18

Klara kept glancing Lucian's way as we ate our breakfast, while the King and Lucian spoke informally with each other, which surprised me. The King was willing to help Lucian as they were already speaking of how to win this war. I only feared he would ask for something in exchange. Something bad.

"You should stay here until the King

dies, then we will take action," the King said. As if waiting for someone's death was a daily occurrence.

"Rasmus? can you stop acting like a King at least until we eat our breakfast?" Klara asked.

Rasmus, Klara, Astrid: their names sounded northern.

"Of course" Rasmus smiled at his sister.

"We have a party tonight. I hope you can attend after you have rested," he then said to me and Lucian.

"Of course" Lucian replied.

"Astrid, why don't you take them to a nice room. I am sure they would like to rest."

I was so tired, but as I laid on the bed next to Lucian all I could do was ask questions.

"You seem to know Rasmus pretty well," I began.

"Yes," was all he said before closing his eyes. He lay on his back while I lay on my side, facing him.

"Why does he call you Draco?"

"It's just a nickname" he said shortly. This wasn't working. I couldn't reach through to him. Maybe he was too tired.

"His sisters are beautiful."

He shot his eyes open and looked my way. He looked at me calculatingly for a while before he replied, "Yes, they are."

"How did you save his sister" I asked curiously. I think I saw a brief smile on his face before it disappeared quickly.

"I didn't. I just spared her life. Our kingdoms were at war with each other few years ago and we won by killing most of their men."

"Are you saying she went to fight in a war?" I asked, surprised. She was a

woman, not only that, but a princess, and she went to fight a war?

"Yes, she and her sister. They are warriors and know very well how to fight. After all, their ancestors were Vikings; they have it in their blood." I just listened, fascinated by how these beautiful women could be warriors. I wondered if he was fascinated by them as well. Maybe that's why he spared her life. Maybe he thought she was beautiful. She was at least more beautiful than I was; much more beautiful.

Letting out a sigh, I closed my eyes and tried to sleep, but then I heard Lucian say, "Thank you for coming with me" in a sleepy voice. Opening my eyes, I looked at him. He was asleep.

I shifted in bed for a while, but I couldn't fall asleep. Sitting up, I swung my legs down off the bed and stood up on the neat sapphire blue carpet that covered the ground.

The whole room was decorated in white and different shades of blue. The walls were a light blue while the doors and the window frames were white. The curtains were a beautiful turquoise adorned with blue crystals at the tips and framed the enormous glass windows that showed a clear blue summer sky.

I looked back at Lucian, who was sleeping peacefully on the royal blue satin sheets. He looked more beautiful than ever while asleep. I slid into a simple dress, fixed my hair and put my shoes on before exiting the room.

I walked through the halls, not knowing exactly where I was when I heard female voices I recognized coming from a room. I stopped to listen.

"Klara, there are a thousand men out there who desire you. Just forget about him"

"I know, but no one is like him. I

want him, sister."

"He is married now. Why do you want to be a second wife when you can get any man you want?" Astrid asked, frustration clear in her tone.

"I would rather be with someone I want and become a second wife than be with someone I don't want," Klara said stubbornly.

"He is a man with no position right now. There is no guarantee that he will become the next king of Decresh." A tiny gasp escaped past my lips. Yet it was loud enough for Astrid to hear in the echoing room. They were talking about Lucian.

"Who is there?" Astrid asked as I heard her footsteps coming closer. I quickly hid behind one of the limestone columns in the hall.

"What is it?" Klara asked.

"Nothing. I just thought I heard someone" Astrid said and then I heard

the door close. I peeked from behind the column to make sure they were gone and then quickly got away from there.

I rushed through the halls trying to find my way back to the room. My life had become a mess in only a week.

First, I got married against my will, then before I got to know my mysterious husband a war knocked on the door, then I fought with my parents and now I was in a kingdom ruled by a bloodthirsty king and his sister who wanted my husband.

While looking for a room I found an exit to a garden. I walked out and found some of Lucian's men chatting there. Some were sitting under the roof, away from the sun resting while some were talking about someone. Me.

"Did you see how she slapped him" a guard with brown hair asked imitating me slapping Lucian. He lift his hand and drew it back before landing a fake slap on another guards cheek.

"Behave yourself, Ky," Lincoln said, sitting with his eyes closed, leaning his back on the wall.

"No seriously. She is brave. I like her." he continued, ignoring Lincoln.

"She shouldn't have slapped him in front of everyone. It was disrespectful toward his highness," another one retorted. Oliver laughed, turning around. He saw me standing there and I thought he would say something to make the men know I was there listening to everything, but he kept quiet and let the men continue talking about me.

"She is a good person," someone defended me. It was the brother of Lisa, the maid who stole my golden hairpin. "She genuinely cares for His Highness," he continued.

"That's true," another one said. Oliver smiled a mischievous smile before saying, "My Lady," finally making my presence known and

surprising the guards.

Everyone stood up quickly, "My lady," they said, bowing deeply and then looking at me with fear.

"I apologize for their behavior," Lincoln said, bowing deeply.

"Apologize to Her Highness!" he reprimanded, sending the guards a hard glare.

"It's all right." I smiled. "Everyone is entitled to their own opinion." They all stared at me in surprise, except Lincoln. His face showed no expression.

Married To The Devils Son

Chapter 19: Chapter 19

I laid in the bathtub filled with hot water, thinking about what the guards had said about me. I shouldn't have slapped Lucian in front of his men. It was disrespectful, and still he hadn't got angry with me. He was asleep when I came back to the room, so I asked a

maid to prepare a hot bath for me. The hot water was soothing, relaxing my tense muscles until it felt like a massage and in a moment it made fall into a deep sleep.

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

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

from his gaze or change the fact that he had seen me naked.

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

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

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

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

Two maids walked in just after Lucian

had left. "My lady, we shall help you prepare for the party."

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

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

My eyes scanned the extravagant hall as I walked in. People in fancy clothes, eating, dancing, chatting and

drinking filled the hall, their voices and laughter mixed with the music. A perfectly polished floor, scarlet rugs with matching curtains, dining tables and chairs. Two long tables stood at the back of the room where many different grand dishes and drinks were served.

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

"How do I look?" I asked, gathering some courage. He paused and looked at me. His gaze softened as his eyes traveled the length of my body, lingering a little longer on my breasts before traveling back up to my face.

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

"Honestly" I whispered.

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

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

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

"Thank you, your majesty," I responded.

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

"I never thought fragile women were Draco's type," he smiled.

I never got described as fragile, but a man with sisters who were warriors

would probably think of me as fragile.

"Why do you call him Draco?" I asked, ignoring his remark.

"Do you know what Draco means?" he asked.

"No "

"It means devil. Haven't you heard the legend of Dracula?"

"No" I replied once again.

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

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

"Your king sent Lucian to war with only 500 men against an army with 2000

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

Married To The Devils Song

Chapter 20: Chapter 20

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

The King chuckled, "you're pretty possessive about your husband."

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

"I need to speak with my husband. Will

you excuse me, Your Majesty?" I said.

He gave me a knowing smile and dropped my hand. I rushed through the dancing crowd and proceeded out of the hall.

Where did she take him? Looking through the halls, I couldn't find him and even if I did, what would I do? Men had the privilege of taking other women if they desired to. I hated this unfairness.

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

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

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

"Show me to my room instead." I demanded.

I paced back and forth in my room restlessly as I waited for Lucian. Where was he? What was he doing?

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

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

"Why?" he asked, walking seductively in my direction.

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

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

regain my ability to think straight.

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

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

"That's not true." I attempted to deny.

"Then kiss me."

Lucian studied Hazel's features as they morphed into surprise, but then determination appeared in her chocolate brown eyes. To his disbelief, she crossed the distance between them, wrapped her arms around his neck and pulled him down, crushing his lips on her own. Her plump lips were soft and sweet as they moved against his, but with hesitance, he noted. He could tell by her restrained movement that she was inexperienced.

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

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

He grabbed the arm of her dress, ready to tear it apart; he wanted her naked, her bare skin against his, her legs wrapped around his waist as he lose himself inside of her. She was

tormenting him with her lips and his hands began to shake in self restraint. He didn't want to scare her by tearing her dress like a beast, now that she kissed him purely out of her own will. Lust made his vision black as his inner demon urged to take control over his body.

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

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

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

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

"I... I'm just cold." He lied, but even

his voice was shaky.

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

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

"Lay down." She commanded.

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

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

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

"I'm fine, Hazel. I don't need this."
He protested.

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

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

"I'll sleep after you fall asleep."
She said.

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

After a while he could hear her breathing became steady, so he opened

his eyes and found her in deep slumber. Her head rested on the bed while she still sat on the floor. He climbed down and gathered her in his arms before he carefully placed her on the bed, then he watched her while she slept peacefully. Never in his life had he thought he could fall in love, but now he was slowly falling for this woman; his stubborn and easily jealous wife.

Married To The Devils Son.

Chapter 21: Chapter 21

I panicked. How could I have fallen asleep when Lucian was ill? I quickly placed my hand on Lucian forehead who was still sleeping. No fever. What had made him so ill last night? He seemed fine just before we kissed.

The kiss.

His hand on my back, around my waist, in my hair, pressing body to his, the heat, the tingling sensation. I

brought my hand up to my lips. His lips had been so soft yet so firm, moving against mine till I was breathless. He tasted like spices; hot burning your tongue, yet you came back for more. More... Yes, I wanted more.

I had been willing to give myself to him last night, but slowly his kiss had become sloppy. His arms trembled before his entire body shook. Fear showed in his beautiful eyes, struggle on his face and sweat beads on his forehead. I had seen him like that once before, when we were in the woods, when our lips had touched.

Something told me it had to do with the kiss, but why? 1

Someone knocked on the door. Who could it be this early in the morning?

Lucian swung his legs down from the bed startling me and stalked to the door as if hadn't been sleeping just now. Sometimes he was really strange. He opened the door and then I only

heard whispering sounds before he closed it.

"I need to go" he said, picking up his jacket from the bed and putting it on.

"Where?" I asked, worried.

"I will be back," he said as he left, ignoring my question. What happened that made him so stressed? Was it the bloodthirsty King, or did his father die? Unable to suppress my worry, I quickly got dressed and went looking for him.

It was a lovely day. The sky crystal blue, the sun casting its golden rays on the beautiful garden.

Lucian's men sat in the garden eating their breakfast at a large table. They seemed to have fun, chatting and laughing loudly.

"Good morning, Your Highness," they greeted, standing up and bowing in unison when they took notice of me.

"Good morning." I smiled, my eyes traveling along the table looking for Lincoln. He was not there.

"Are you looking for someone, my lady?" a guard asked.

"Where is Lucian?"

"His Highness went to meet the king," he said. So it was the bloodthirsty king. What did he want?

"May I sit with you?" I asked. They looked at each other with shock and confusion before they started moving around quickly, trying to organize a place for me to sit.

"Of course," a guard said, pulling a chair out for me to sit on. Then, they just sat there, like disciplined children waiting for their teacher to give them a lecture. I could see that I was making them uncomfortable, but I needed some information that only they could give. I decided to go easy on them first.

"Why don't you guys tell me your names?" I suggested. I only recognized Oliver and Ky as the one that imitated me slapping Lucian.

They glanced at each other, exchanging wide-eyed gazes before they presented themselves. The soldier to my left side stood up and introduced himself first.

"My name is Callum Atkinson, My Lady." He bowed before he sat down again and the rest went on introducing themselves: Chad, Declan, Anum, Claus, Danilo and I forgot the rest because they were too many. It didn't matter because I wasn't here to know their names but to know more about Lucian, to know the truth.

"My lady, why would you want to know our names? We are nothing but your servants," one of them asked. I think it was Anum. Lydia and Ylva were my servants as well, but they were the only people who truly cared about me

and I about them.

"You are more than just a servant. You are a human being, a son of someone, a brother, a friend. If you are married, a husband, and if you have children, a father. Stop saying that you are just servants because I am only a princess." A princess who had been locked inside her home by her own parents, who never treated her like their child.

They never played with her, never hugged her, never asked about her opinions or feelings. They treated her like a doll who always had to look perfect and act perfect or 'ladylike' until they find someone they could sell her to. But even then, she was not free. She would remain the doll she was without feelings and without opinions. Her husband would do as he pleased, and she wouldn't be able to do anything about it.

If Lucian decided to take Klara as his

wife, what would I do? What could I do? The guards stared at me, confused by what I said.

"I mean, I am a princess now, but I might be nothing tomorrow," I explained, even though that was not what I meant. Still, it was the truth. Once Lucian's father dies, we would either get killed or live to hide forever, because the chance of Lucian becoming the next king is almost impossible. His brothers were more powerful now because they had many allies. Lucian's only ally was this bloodthirsty king whom I didn't entirely trust.

Why would he fight in a war he would most likely lose?

My thoughts went back to what Rasmus had said about Lucian last night. I didn't want to believe him, but a part of me was suspicious. That's why I was sitting here with his men. I tried to find ways to ask about Lucian without

sounding suspicious, but gave up and asked them directly instead.

"Is it true that Lucian killed hundreds of men on his own during a war?"

Everyone looked up from their plate and seemed to consider what to say before opening their mouths.

"Yes. My Lady. It's war. You either kill or get killed,"

Callum said finally. So it was true? He had participated in many wars, killed many on his own, yet he had no scars on his body, not even a tiny one. Something about Lucian wasn't right, and I intended to find out what it was.

Married To The Devils Son.

Chapter 22: Chapter 22

Beautiful women clad in silk flowed into the room and began to move in rhythm with the music. Lucian watched as the curvy women in front of him

swayed with their hips seductively to get the males' attention. Rasmus who was sitting next to him seemed to enjoy the view while sipping his wine.

"I like that red-haired one. Which one catches your attention?" Rasmus asked.

Lucian's eyes swept over the women twirling around each other wearing almost nothing. Yes, they were beautiful, exotic, but none of them enticed him.

"Hard to decide? You can take two if you want." Rasmus said in amusement when Lucian didn't reply.

Maybe he should. It has been a long time since he took a woman to bed, and that might be the reason his demon was out of control. Taking a woman might calm his demon down a bit so that he could finally be with Hazel.

"I'll take the blonde" Lucian finally decided. Rasmus gave him a knowing smile.

Looking out the window, I watched as the clear blue summer sky transformed into a sea of blackness. The sun got swallowed by the rapidly falling night and the sky got freckled by shimmering stars. It was a beautiful sight.

"My Lady, dinner is served downstairs." A maid informed who had just walked in. Finally, I could meet Lucian after not having seen him for the whole day. As I made my way to the dining room, my heart pounded in my chest with anticipation. Images of our kiss from last night replayed in my head and I had a feeling that more would happen tonight, but to my disappointment the room was empty as I entered. There was no sign of Lucian.

"My lady?" Looking over my shoulder, one of Lucian's guards was standing there.

"His Highness told me to inform you he cannot join you for dinner tonight,"

he said.

"Why? did something happen?" I asked, concerned. These days I always felt anxious, waiting for something bad to happen.

"No, My Lady. He is attending a party the king threw for men only?"

"Oh.." was the only thing I managed to say. Party for men only didn't sound good. The king of Gatrish is known for his parties that include exotic women, sex and liquor. And knowing that Lucian was there made me feel uneasy.

I sat at the large table and tried to enjoy the food and not think about anything else when Astrid and Klara strode into the room.

"We heard that you are dining alone, so we came to accompany you, if that's all right?." Astrid inquired.

"Of course" I smiled. Once they sat down the maids served them dinner as well.

"I hope you are enjoying your stay here even though a lot is going on in your kingdom," Astrid said.

"I am, thank you." I lied. I was hardly enjoying myself, especially with her sister having an interest in my husband. "I heard the king is throwing a party. What is the special occasion?" I asked, trying to get some information.

"Nothing actually. My brother just enjoys his parties and women."

"Yeah, if there is one thing a man can't resist is, it's the body of a beautiful woman," Klara spoke for the first time since she came here.

I had a feeling she was telling me something. It didn't matter. Lucian wouldn't take another woman, would he? If he had done it before he certainly would now.

My stomach churned, and I lost my appetite.

"Thank you for keeping me company. Have a good night." I said standing up from my seat once they were done eating.

As I headed back to my room, my thoughts drifted back to Lucian. I was both anxious and curious to what he was doing. I knew I wouldn't be able to fall asleep, so I decided to take a walk around the castle when I heard giggling sounds coming from around the corner.

Looking around the corner, I found a group of maids standing on stools looking through a window. They were so occupied that they didn't even notice me approaching them. Curious to what made them so engrossed, I stood on an empty stool beside them and peeked through the small window.

The first thing I noticed was the women dancing around each other in circles wearing clothes that cover nothing but their private parts. They

were swaying with their hips and twisting seductively with their bodies to some music that I couldn't hear.

"Oh... they are so beautiful." A maid spoke while never taking her eyes off the dancing women.

My eyes traveled to the back of the room where a group of men were sitting watching the dancers. I recognized the King, who was sitting in the middle with a glass of wine in his hand. He had a smirk on his face and was speaking to someone sitting next to him. Lucian!

Lucian nodded and watched the dancers intently. His gaze was dark and held an emotion I couldn't identify. Now some men were leading a few dancers out of the room.

"Wow.. did you see the woman general Richard chose?" A maid gasped.

"I wonder which one the King will choose," another one said.

"And who is the handsome man sitting next to the King?"

The King stood up from his seat and led a red-haired dancer out of the room, which made a few maid's gasp.

"Oh... he is the prince of Decresh, it is said he is the son of the devil," an old maid said sounding disgusted.

"The devil must be extremely handsome then."

Yeah, Lucian looked extremely handsome sitting there staring at the dancer. I didn't like the way he was looking at them. I didn't like that he was looking at them at all, but that wasn't the worst that could happen, because he was now leading a blonde dancer out of the room.

Married To The Devils Son.

Chapter 23: Chapter 23

Lucian watched as the blonde woman undressed seductively, waiting to get

a reaction from him, but when she got nothing...

"Don't be shy. Maybe... you would like to undress me?" she said as she stalked toward him while eyeing him up and down. "Or maybe I should undress you first" she continued as she tugged at his robe.

He grabbed her arm harshly and gave her a hard glare. Why didn't he like the fact that this woman was trying to undress him when he came here willingly?

"Oh... so you want to do it with clothes on? I get it. Everyone has their own preference." she smiled, trying to lighten his mood.

He let go of her arm and as soon as he did she slid her arm around his neck and pulled him down, pressing her lips to his. She kissed him hungrily, and he kissed her back, but he felt nothing. Why? He pushed her body closer, trying to feel something but

nothing. She didn't taste as sweet as Hazel, didn't smell like her, didn't feel like her. She didn't make his heart beat as fast, or his body burn as hot as Hazel did, and his demon was as silent as the dead.

He was getting frustrated. Why wasn't his body reacting? He ripped her clothes off and pushed her down on the bed. She gasped but seemed satisfied thinking she made him go wild when it was the opposite. Maybe seeing her naked would make him excited, but it didn't. He tried to touch her and kiss her once more, but nothing. This wasn't working.

He was here to feed his demon, but his demon wasn't a bit hungry. Getting up, he grabbed the sheets and covered her body. She stared at him, confused. Then turning around, he stalked toward the door as it was useless to try. No one could make him feel as Hazel did. "Where are you going?" she called

behind him. Ignoring her, he opened the door and walked out.

He walked through the halls confused. What did Hazel do to him that made it impossible for him to desire other women? He used to enjoy his women before his marriage. Now he couldn't even go back to his room because Hazel would be there and having her in the same room without touching her would be difficult.

"You don't need to follow me."

Lincoln who had been following him silently appeared from the shadows.

"Allow me, your highness, it's for your own safety." He said.

Lucian didn't like to be followed, but Lincoln had been doing that since they came here. Apparently, he didn't trust Rasmus, or to be correct, Lincoln trusted no one easily.

"Keep an eye on Hazel instead." Lucian ordered.

"Her highness is under Oliver's protection." Of course, Lincoln always had everything in control.

Lucian continued walking through the halls with Lincoln walking right behind him. He knew Lincoln cared for his safety too much to leave him alone. He remembered the first time he met him. He was eleven back then and Lincoln fifteen.

While the rest of his men feared him at first, Lincoln never showed any kind of fear.

He never questioned Lucian's abilities, and he never reacted when Lucian behaved differently. Sometimes Lucian wondered what Lincoln really thought about him.

"Lincoln?"

"Yes, Your Highness."

"Do you believe me to be the devil's son?"

"It doesn't matter to me, Your Highness."

"That's not what I asked," Lucian said, "and I want you to be honest."

"I am not sure, but I know you are different." No doubt. Lincoln was someone who paid attention to minor details.

"Your Highness?" Lincoln's voice was filled with concern. "I don't like that we can't have our weapons. We can't protect ourselves." Lucian had the urge to laugh. Lincoln was all about safety and protection, and he just wanted the man to relax.

"Relax Lincoln. They have no reason to harm us," and if they did, Lucian would burn them all.

When they reached the main entrance Lucian heard the clinking sound of swords. He went out to the cold night breeze and found Astrid and Klara fighting in the middle of the big

garden.

He watched silently for a while, observing their skills. Astrid was the cautious type, she defended herself a lot from Klaras attacks but ones she attacked she never missed. That was both her strength and weakness.

Klara, on the other hand, was the type to attack. She swung with her sword continuously aiming at different places. On top of that she was quick, but she wasn't very good at protecting herself. One needed to both attack and defend.

Astrid swung her sword at her sister so hard it made her sister's sword slid from her hand. Without giving Klara a chance to recover Astrid swung her sword at her again but Klara was quick and kicked the sword out of her sister's hand. Now none of them had a sword. Klara tried to pick up hers fast, but Astrid has already placed a dagger on her sister's throat.

"I told you many times, you always need to have an extra weapon." Astrid said. Klara removed the hair out of her face and stared at her sister angrily.

"One more time." She breathed.

"No, I am tired. I need some sleep." Astrid said while putting her dagger back and picking up her sword. Turning around, she noticed him standing there for the first time.

"Prince Lucian?" She said surprised, "what brings you here?" Klara got to her feet quickly and adjusted her hair before looking his way.

"I was just passing by when I saw you fight."

"I am better than my sister, right?" she said looking at her sister mockingly.

"That wasn't my best" Klara shot her an angry glare before looking back to Lucian. "Why don't you fight with me?"

She suggested to him.

"He is not wearing clothes suitable for a fight, sister." Astrid said as she looked him up and down.

"All right. How about tomorrow? I will think of what to ask of you when you lose till then." She smirked.

"Don't bother, because I won't."

Married To The Devils Son.

Chapter 24: Chapter 24

Sitting in front of the mirror, a maid combed my hair.

"Your hair is so beautiful," she smiled.

Yeah but unfortunately I wasn't a blonde and my husband seemed to like blondes.

"Thank you" I smiled back.

"My Lady, do you want this dress or this one?" she said holding up two new dresses once she was done with my hair.

"None of them. Pick me a really beautiful dress." I ordered. I would make Lucian regret what he did. I would make him sleepless as he made me. I even wanted to make him cry because even though I didn't want to admit to myself, I cried a little last night.

Oh, how I needed Lydia and Ylva now. The maid picked me a peach-colored dress which suited my hair and skin color perfectly.

I put some paint on my lips and some perfume, then I let my hair down as I looked at myself in the mirror.

Now he would want me, but I wouldn't give in so easily.

Lastly, I put my shoes on and strode out of the room. As I walked through the long hall, I started to lose my confidence. What if he didn't even want me? He could always have another woman. I would always be the one to

lose.

These were the times I hated being a woman.

When I neared the dining room, my heart was pounding so hard in my chest. I knew Lucian was waiting there, and I was both angry and nervous, maybe more angry than nervous.

I slowly opened the door and walked inside. Lucian was sitting at the table and he stared right at me when I entered the room. I forgot to breathe for a moment when his eyes met mine, but I quickly reminded myself how angry and hurt I was. I tried to suppress my angry. It was important to control myself if I wanted to win this war.

"Won't you sit down?" he asked, gesturing to the seat next to him.

Saying nothing, I made my way to the table and down while all while avoiding to meet his gaze.

"Did you have a good night's sleep?" He asked. Of course not, but I am sure you did.

"Yes, I did, Your Highness." I said in a flat tone. He looked at me, surprised.

"Won't you ask me?"

"Did you sleep well, Your highness?" I asked, using the same tone again. He chuckled.

"That's not what I meant. Will you not ask why I never came last night?"

"I don't have any right to ask, Your Highness." He frowned and looked at me, confused.

"Hazel?" he said in a firm but soft voice that sent shivers down my spine. I resisted the urge to look up and meet his gaze.

"Look at me." he demanded. No way I would do that. His eyes were my weakness and I wouldn't show him my

weakness right now.

When I didn't do as he said, he grabbed my chin and lift my head up slightly.

"Look at me, Hazel." He said even softer this time. I couldn't help but look up and gaze into his eyes.

"Is something wrong?" he asked.

"No, Your Highness."

"Don't call me that." He said sounding slightly irritated now. Good. He should be more than that.

"All right." was all I said. He sighed.

"You seem to be in a terrible mood compared to how you dressed." He said as his eyes traveled along my face down to my chest. His gaze felt like a hot iron on my skin.

"I am not hungry, excuse me." I said standing up, ready to get away from there only to make him angry but before I could move he grabbed my arm

and pulled me against the table trapping me between him and it.

"Are you taunting me wife? You dress so beautifully and you smell so good, but you are running away."

"I am not running, I am just not hungry." I said, trying to sound innocent. His eyes got darker.

"But I am." he said slowly, leaning closer. He placed each hand on each side of my body so that I couldn't get away, then he placed his head on the side of my neck. I could feel his hot breath on my skin.

"I can't..." he breathed heavily as his lips brushed against my skin. I tilted my head back, wanting him to kiss every inch of my skin. He leaned even closer, pressing his body to mine as his lips traveled up to my jawline until they brushed mine. A soft brush that made me curl my toes.

"You should stop me." he breathed

before crushing his lips on mine. Yes, I should stop him. Why am I kissing him? How could he kiss me with those lips that had kissed another woman last night? Just thinking about that made me fuming with anger, and I bit his lip.

He pulled away with a hiss and brought his fingers up to his lip. He was bleeding. He wiped the blood with his thumb and then licked his lips.

I hadn't meant to bite him that hard, so I was shocked at first, but then I thought he deserved it. Now come on, get angry. But he just stared at me.

"I am sorry, Your Highness." I said, adding the last part to anger him. He walked closer, his eyes never leaving mine then he traced my lips with his thumb.

"You had a little blood there." he said. What? I felt like he was toying with me so I decided to tell him straight up to go to hell or go back

to that blonde but got interrupted by a knock on the door. Lincoln entered shortly after and when he saw us standing so close to each other "I can come back" he said and turned around quickly.

"What is it Lincoln?" Lucian asked still standing like he did trapping me with both his body and gaze. Lincoln turned around slowly but kept looking down.

"Princess Klara is waiting for you in the garden." He said. Klara? Why was she waiting for him?

"Tell her I am on my way." Lucian said. Lincoln bowed and left.

"What does she want?" I asked.

"I thought you were uninterested?" He smirked. "Follow me if you want to know."

I considered following him for a while, but then just decided I should. I could not let him go alone to meet

Klara when I knew her intentions. If she could do anything to get a married man, I had to do everything to keep my man for myself.

Klara stood in the middle of the garden wearing an armor, but still looking as beautiful as ever. Her blonde hair glowed like the sunlight and her eyes were as blue as the summer sky. Yes, she was absolutely beautiful and blonde, just how Lucian liked his women I guess.

I could see how the soldiers that were gathered in the garden couldn't stop staring at her. Did Lucian find her that beautiful too?

"Good morning princess Hazel and ... Lucian, I am glad you kept your word." She smiled as we neared. In the back of the garden, I could see Astrid sitting comfortably on a chair.

"Don't be too excited," he said in a serious tone and it surprised me they spoke so casually to each other, which

bothered me. Lucian had explained on our way that Klara wanted to have a fight with him. Something seemed suspicious to me.

I sat next to Astrid while Lucian grabbed a sword, ready to fight with Klara.

"I don't know why my sister insists to fight with him. It's clear that he is going to win." Astrid said. Yes, if it was true that he killed hundreds of men on his own, then one woman wouldn't be a problem.

Klara began to swing her sword at Lucian and he was avoiding every swing swiftly without even raising his. At last he raised his sword and blocked one of her attacks. This time he started attacking her and it looked like she had a hard time defending herself. He had a smirk on his face and told her something I couldn't hear.

They fought back and forth and it looked like Lucian was going easy on

her. He didn't even seem to try. I bet he could do this blindfolded. Klara, on the other hand, was panting and her hair got a little messy, but she wasn't willing to give up.

Lucian swung his sword at her and just as she was to block his attack it looked like she changed her mind half ways and Lucian sword cut her on the upper arm. Blood seeped from the wound. It felt as if the time stood still for a while because everyone was quiet and chocked before Astrid rose from her seat and ran to her sister.

Married To The Devils Son.

Chapter 25: Chapter 25 1

I stood there and watched while Lucian examined Klara's arm. I was sure she did it on purpose.

"I am all right." She said blinking with her long lashes, something I noticed she does often in Lucian's presence.

"Are you sure." He asked looking at her wound again. He probably felt guilty, but she was the one that wanted to fight and she was doing all this on purpose. She was doing it to get close to him.

Why do I always have to fight for him? I was tired of it.

Not wanting to see any of it anymore, I decided to leave.

I was hurt, angry, tired. Should I have stayed with my parents? Did I make a mistake by coming here with Lucian? Tears filled my eyes and not wanting anyone to see me cry, I walked faster through the halls. When I got around the corner I bumped into someone and stumbled backwards.

"I am sorry, My Lady, I didn't see you coming." Oliver said, startled.

"It's all right" I said, trying to walk past him as I didn't want him to notice that I was crying. But he did.

"Are you all right, My Lady?" He asked concerned.

"Yes, I am fine." I tried to smile.

"Just tell me and I will kill whoever made you cry." He said. I looked up to see if he was joking but he wasn't which suddenly made me want to laugh.

"It's no one you can kill." I said.

"Is it the king? His sisters?" I shook my head. He seemed to think about who it could be. I could see he was taking this seriously.

"Why don't you just take me outside the castle?" I suggested. His eyes widened.

"It's not safe, My Lady."

"But you are with me." I said.

"I would if we were back home, but there are crazy people in this kingdom. It's not safe outside the castle." He said apologetically.

"Please, no one has to know." I said.

I really needed to get out and do something to make me forget about everything. He sighed after thinking for a while.

"All right, but we won't go far." he said. I gave him a big smile.

"So you won't tell me who made you cry?"

"No." I shook my head as we walked not far away from the castle.

"Are you married?" I asked him.

"Yes, My Lady."

"Do you love your wife?" I didn't want to be prying or make him feel uncomfortable, but I couldn't help but ask.

"Very much, My Lady."

"Would you be with another woman beside her?"

"No, My Lady." He then went silent for a while before saying,

"His Highness cares for you a lot. I have never seen him care so much about anyone."

I guess he put the pieces together.

"We shouldn't go any further. I have no weapons to protect you." Just as he finished his sentence four men appeared from behind the trees holding swords in their hands. It was as if they have been waiting there for us. Oliver placed himself in front of me immediately.

"Run!" he said. I didn't know who these people were, but I could see they were dangerous. I couldn't leave Oliver here, but when he yelled "Run!" louder this time I started running.

I felt guilty for leaving him, especially when I was the one who convinced him to take me out. God, what have I done? Who were these men? Would he be ok? I stopped in my tracks when I remembered he had no weapons. I couldn't just leave him but before I

could think of doing anything, a hand came around my waist and another one covered my face with a piece of clothes. I tried to struggle against the grip and breath for air but a stinging smell filled my nose and slowly my eyelids became heavy and my body went limp.

Opening my eyes slowly, I groaned at the pain in my head.

"My Lady? Are you awake?"

I blinked several times before I could see Oliver tied to a chair.

"Don't worry, I will take us out of here." He said. His clothes were torn and soaked in blood.

"Are you okay?" I said my voice hoarse. My throat burned and felt sore. I needed something to drink, but I was tied to a chair too. I looked around the room, it was empty.

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"Who were those me

n?" I asked as fear crept its way into my mind. Oliver opened his mouth to say something, but the door to the room opened and five men entered.

"I see you are finally awake." one of them said, holding a dagger in his hand. "Let's get straight to business. How much are you willing to pay us young man?" he said, looking at Oliver.

"Let her go and I will pay you an amount you could only dream of." Oliver said. The man laughed.

"No no, you bring us the money then we will let the lady go." the man said.

"No, you let her go, you can keep me and I will bring the money."

"Listen young man, don't tell me what to do. Just do what I say or I will

scar your wife's beautiful face ," he said as he walked behind me and placed the dagger on my cheek.

My heart pounded so hard in my chest, and I never got so scared in my life before.

"Don't touch her!" Oliver said, "trust me you touch a hair in her head and you will regret it." He said in a threatening voice.

Now all of them laughed.

"Ooh I am so scared. Take him and make him bring the money." he ordered the other men.

Two men untied Oliver from the chair, but his arms and legs were still tied, then they dragged him out of the room. Oliver didn't struggle this time, he probably knew it was pointless.

"You are a beauty, by the way." the man said, grabbing my face in his hand. "but you know what? I hate rich people." He continued disgusted.

"Yeah but come on, brother. She is beautiful." the other one said as he eyed my breasts, and I regretted immediately that I wore this dress today. I regretted that I went outside of the castle and I regretted not listening to Oliver, but now was too late. I knew what these men wanted to do to me. I could see it in their lustful gazes.

My head throbbed so hard it was hurting and my heart pounded painfully inside my chest. I felt like throwing up because of fear.

"Money is our priority." the man said.

"Yeah but we can still have fun and get the money." The man looked at me and licked his lips as his arm slid down to my throat and slowly further down. I was screaming inside, but nothing came out of my mouth. Tears filled my eyes as he grabbed my breast and squeezed it.

"Shh don't cry." he said and placed

his finger on my lips. "I hate tears."
Anger took over, and I bit his finger
then screamed as loud as I could for
help, but the other man slapped me
across the face so hard I could taste
blood in my mouth. My sore throat
burned even more from the scream and
my cheek stung so much I wanted to cry.

"Bloody whore!" the one I bit said
looking at his finger. As if it wasn't
enough with one slap he slapped me
again on the same cheek. Then he
grabbed my hair and pulled my head
backward. I had the urge to spit on
his face, but I wouldn't be able to
handle another slap. My face was
already in so much pain.

"I will make you regret that you even
thought of biting me."

Married To The Devils Son.

Chapter 26

The man began to untie my hands and legs.

"Hold her down for me." He yelled.

The other two men grabbed my arms and pulled me down on the cold floor. I began to scream and struggle hysterically. I would rather die than have them me.

"Please stop!! Help me!!" I screamed and every time the man slapped me across the face. I felt no pain this time, just fear, extreme fear.

He ripped my dress open which made me scream so loud it felt as if my throat was bleeding from all the screaming and crying.

God please help me!! Someone help me!!

Suddenly I heard a crushing sound and I couldn't feel the man's heavy weight on me anymore. The hands holding me down were gone and the men were on their feet quickly pulling their daggers out from their pockets.

"Who are you?" I heard one of them say in a shaky voice. I moved my head to see who had come but saw the man that just tried to me on the floor in a pool of blood, his body unmoving. Was he dead?

Yes, he was. His throat was cut with what looked like sharp claws.

My eyes traveled further around the room looking for a threat or an escape but my gaze landed on hands with long and sharp claws. Almost animal like except the hands belonged to a human, they belonged to Lucian. Blood was dripping down his nails and his eyes were red. He looked like the Devil in my nightmares except he didn't have any black horns.

"Who are you?" the man repeated with a louder voice but still his voice trembled. He was probably horrified by the sight in front of him.

"It's pointless to know when you are going to die anyway?" Lucian replied

then suddenly the men were in flames. They were burning as if someone set them on fire but Lucian was still standing in the same place. He hadn't even moved an inch.

Their screams filled the room as they rolled on the floor. The sight was horrifying and my head started to spin.

Lucian turned his gaze toward me. My heart jumped as I gazed into his blood red eyes while I tried to cover myself. As he walked toward me he took his robe off, crushing down he covered me with it. To my surprise I didn't try to run away from him I just let him gather me in his arms. I wasn't scared anymore, strangely I felt safe in this man's arms, this man who could be the devil himself.

"It's alright. You are safe now." he said holding me closer. Sleep now love and before I could think about the voice in my head I fell asleep.

Pain. Pain was the only thing I felt

as I woke up. My head, my face, my throat even my whole body was in pain, especially my arms where the men held me down. Afraid by the memory I looked around for any threat, but I was back in the castle, so I was probably safe.

A bottle of water on the table caught my attention. I needed water. My throat burned and itched and I couldn't take the pain anymore. I made my way to the table quickly ignoring the pain in my body because it was nothing compared to the pain in my throat. I grabbed the bottle of water and emptied it quickly.

Suddenly Oliver came to mind. Was he safe as well? If something happened to him how could I forgive myself. I needed to know so I walked toward the door but stopped suddenly when I walked past the mirror. Taking a few steps back and I stared at my reflection. Dark bruises covered my face, my lips were slightly swollen

and chapped and my hair was ragged.

You are at least safe I consoled myself.

"Are you alright?" I jumped at the sound and looked to where it came from. Lucian stood suddenly in the room with his hands behind his back. He seemed angry and there was an aura of danger around him. How could I not have heard when he came in?

"I.." my voice cracked and my throat burned. I could barely speak so I just nodded. The way he stood reminded me of earlier. His red eyes and nails sharp. He really was the Devil or maybe it was my imagination. But I was sure I saw him, and the men who were suddenly burning, was it his doing?

My head was already hurting but now it hurt even more because of my thinking.

"Oli...ver" I said trying to speak.

"He is alright. Don't worry about him." I sighed in relief. Lucian still

stood on the same place with a frown. I knew he was angry I went outside of the castle and that he wasn't saying anything because of my condition.

Yes, I know I put myself and Oliver in danger and that I made Lucian worry. I know that everything was my fault but it was partly his fault too. If he hadn't gone with that blonde all this would not have happened.

There were just too many emotions including anger and regret that I felt at the moment. I just wanted to disappear. Turning around I was about to go back to bed but before I could take a step Lucian already picked me up.

"I..." I tried to protest but couldn't finish the sentence because of the pain.

"Shhh...no need to say anything." He said while he carefully lay me down on the bed.

"Rest now," he said and I closed my eyes as I didn't want to look anymore. I didn't want to feel or think but my thought wandered back to Lucian standing there with his red eyes as blood dripped down from his long nails. He killed the men.

Lucian fingers traveling down my cheek disrupted my thoughts.

"You scared me today. I have never been so scared in my life before." He whispered. Opening my eyes I looked into his sad and concerned eyes.

"Don't ever make me worry like that again." Why am I not scared of him? Instead, a warm feeling spread through my body as I noticed how worried he had been and that he truly had been scared for me.

Married To The Devils Son.

Chapter 27

Anger boiled inside him upon seeing Hazel's bruised face. He wanted to go

back and burn the bastards all over again and enjoy their screams of pain. He had been so scared and worried when he discovered that Hazel went outside the castle. If she hadn't put as much perfume as she did today he would never have been able to follow her scent and find her.

Never had he let his demon take over completely before, but seeing Hazel get hurt today made his vision red with anger. He would have burned the whole place if Hazel hadn't been there, but he was regretful. Regretful because he had shown the beast he was, the devil he was to Hazel. He hadn't want her to see that side of him but now she did and when she recovers and remembers clearly what happened today she would fear him forever.

Leaving hazel to sleep Lucian made his way to the gatehouse while clenching his fists to suppress the rage he felt. Walking into the guardroom the guards

moved out of his way as they sensed his anger.

Oliver laid on the bed as Lincoln attended to his wounds.

"Your highness" Lincoln said standing up immediately. Oliver, on the other hand, was trying hard to stand up as he was severely injured but Lucian didn't feel any empathy at all. Anger was all he felt at the moment. Anger that Oliver risked Hazel life, he should have known better.

Oliver dropped to his knees in front of Lucian.

"Your Highness, no apology is enough for what I did. I deserve to die." He said looking down. Ky walked into the room with a dagger in his hand. He held the dagger out to Lucian.

Lincoln stood at the corner of the room trying to keep a straight face but Lucian could see a hint of fear in his eyes, and when he took the dagger

from Ky's hands he could hear Lincoln's heart beat faster.

Oliver still kept his head down while blood dripped from his wounds down to the floor. Everyone was waiting for Lucian to kill Oliver. He could even hear the other guards voices outside the room. They were both scared and sad that their friend would leave this world very soon.

Lucian had never killed one of his men before but he never got this angry on one of them either. He remembered how Hazel had been worried about Oliver and that he had said that Oliver was fine. If he killed him now what would he tell Hazel? and what would she think about him? Besides, would his anger disappear by killing one of his men?

Still, he was angry. Angry that oliver had put Hazel's life in danger. Angry because of the pain Hazel had to go through today. He knew that it was

something she wouldn't be able to forget, and angry because she had seen the real him today.

Oliver lift his head up slightly confused by why he was still alive.

"I won't kill you." Lucian said. "But it's not because I forgive you, it's because of my wife and yours." It wasn't entirely true. Even though he was furiously angry with Oliver he didn't think he deserved to die for a mistake, besides looking at his wounds he knew Oliver did try his best to protect Hazel.

Lincoln's shoulders dropped in relief. Oliver looked at him surprised for a moment.

"Your Highness, please let Her Highness know that I am deeply sorry." He said looking ashamed.

"You should do that yourself." Speaking of Hazel he needed to go back before she woke up. Leaving Oliver

behind he left the room but Lincoln was right behind him.

"Did you really think I would kill him?" Lucian asked a little irritated that even Lincoln thought he could kill someone easily.

"If it didn't concern Her Highness I wouldn't think so." He replied. Lincoln was right. Lucian had thought about killing Oliver on his way here but had calmed down and come back to his senses.

"Make sure no one knows about what happened today." Lucian said. Lincoln nodded but kept following him.

"What is it?" Lucian asked irritated.

"Your Highness...your father, the King is dead." he said. Lucian stopped in his tracks.

"I am sorry, Your Highness." Yeah sure he was, but Lucian didn't feel a bit of sorrow. He tried to look for an emotion inside of him but he felt

nothing.

"Something else?" he asked starting to walk again.

"Nathaniel and Peter are at war with each other." His youngest brothers. Lucian knew it was Pierres doing. Lucian could already see his plan. He would make his brother kill each other and when he is left alone take the throne.

"Something else?"

"No your Highness."

"Good, now stop following me." Lucian said. He couldn't think of all the information he got just know. The only thing he could think about now was Hazel.

When he reached the room he was glad that she was still sleeping. Feeling tired himself he laid next to her and listened to her heart beat and her breathing. It somehow calmed him down. He closed his eyes and decided to take

a nap.

A fresh scent of cinnamon and honey woke him up but he didn't open his eyes. He could hear Hazel's heartbeat nearby. She was very close to him, towering over him. Would she touch him again while asleep like last time, he was curious to know. She was leaning even closer now and he instantly stiffened as he realized what she was going to do.

Kiss him.

No! Not now when she was hurt. Not now when some men had already forced themselves on her, he wasn't sure he wouldn't force himself on her too.

Waiting for the kiss he only felt her fingers on his lips. What was she doing? Then he heard a small gasp before she pulled her finger away.

Chapter 28

When I woke up I decided to take a bath. Lucian was sleeping next to me

looking clean and fresh and here I was all dirty.

I prepared a bath myself and rubbed the dirt off my skin and hair till I was satisfied then I grabbed a towel and wrapped myself in it. Walking out and into the room, grabbed a simple gown and slid into it then I dried my hair with the towel. Even though I was all clean I still felt dirty.

My stomach growled. I was hungry since I didn't eat lunch and it was nearly sunset. I wanted to go down and look for something to eat but looking at my reflection I couldn't bring myself to walk outside the room. The bruises on my face and arms looked terrible and they still hurt. Thinking back of what happened made me sick. I was nearly r.a.p.ed, I would have been if Lucian hadn't come in time looking like the Devil.

I went back to bed and studied Lucian while asleep. I didn't know what I was

Looking for but I was looking for something. My eyes traveled to his fingers, no sharp nails. Just normal short clean nails and his eyes had been normal too. But I was sure I didn't imagine what I saw.

Then I remembered something, his lips. I had bitten him this morning which reminded me of his wounds that just had disappeared. Was it the same with his lips. I leaned closer and put my finger on his lip and moved it a little so that I could see better. There was nothing on his lip, not a wound, nothing.

A gasp escaped my mouth. I guess I hadn't believed he was the devil's son entirely until now. I couldn't and didn't want to believe it. He couldn't be what the rumors said he was, the devil's son with red eyes and long nails. He had burned the men alive and he could heal. What else could he do? He opened his eyes slowly which made

my heart jump. I looked into those eyes that had captivated me so much, I looked at the man I was married to, the man that moved my heart, evaded my thoughts and made my body tingle with pleasure. He couldn't be the son of the devil. There was nothing evil in his eyes, in fact, they looked troubled.

"Is everything alright?" he asked.

"Yes" it came out as a whisper. Bringing his hand up he cupped my cheek.

"I am sorry I didn't come earlier." He said sounding really apologetic. How could this man be the devil's son?

"It's alright, I am fine." I really was because it could have gotten much worse.

"Why did you go out? You could have asked me to go with you if you wanted to go." This reminded me that I had been really angry with him for being

with that blonde.

"Lucian?"

"Yes."

"I don't want you to be with someone else. I want you for myself." He looked at me surprised. I was surprised myself. I couldn't believe I told him that especially now when I knew the rumors about him could be true. But that didn't change my feelings.

Lucian was surprised. He already knew she wanted him but hearing her saying that stirred something inside of him, something wild and wicked. He just hoped he had enough self-restraint to not take her here and now.

"Sometimes I feel you want me and sometimes I feel you don't." She said a sadness in her voice that made his heart ache. Did she know that he had been with someone else? Or was she talking about Klara?

"I feel I am not enough for you," she continued.

She was more than enough for him, she was everything to him. Maybe he should tell her the truth about himself, but what if he pushed her away with the truth now that she finally opened up to him.

He sat up on the bed and straightened himself.

"Hazel, I... I." What if she thought he was making excuses to not be with her. She looked at him with disappointed.

"I am hungry." She cut him off and her stomach growled shortly after that. Maybe it was for the best to not tell her, not yet anyway.

"I'll bring you something to eat."

Married To The Devils Son.

Chapter 29

Ouch, my stomach hurt. This time not

because I was hungry but because I had eaten too much. I felt as if my stomach was going to explode. Lucian was sitting in front of me and seemed to be thinking about something, ignoring him I stuffed the rest of the food into my mouth. He probably thought I was eating unlady like but you know what? I didn't care anymore. Since I wasn't enough for him I planned on getting fat, maybe then I would be enough.

Someone knocked on the door.

"My lord, my Lady, princess Klara is here to meet you?" a maid called from outside. I panicked. Why was she here? I didn't want her to see me like this. I looked at Lucian who still had a calm face.

"Tell her to come in?" he said.

"What no, wait?" I said standing up but the door already started to open so I hurried and hid behind the dressing screen. Lucian gave me a

questioning look but then turned his gaze toward Klara who had just entered the room.

"What brings you here?" I peeked from behind the dressing screen.

"I just came to see if you were alright? I heard your father died." The king died? How could I not have known this?

"I am fine. How is your arm?" he asked. She took a few steps closer to him blinking with those lashes again.

"I am alright. Maybe you should go easy on me next time." Next time? There would be no next time.

"I'll keep that in mind." he said.

"My brother is throwing a party tonight. You know how he is. I hope you and your wife can join us?" How could she invite him to a party when his father just died? I wondered how Lucian felt at the moment.

"Sure we will." He said calmly.

"Save me a dance then." She smiled.

"I will," and with that she left. I quickly came out from where I was hiding.

"Your father died and you didn't tell me? And they are throwing a party when you father just died. And what? You are going to dance with her? You know I can't go there looking like this." I said pointing at my bruises. I was so angry and I was yelling.

"You don't have to go if you don't want to?" He said with that annoyingly calm voice again.

"And what? You want to go? So that you can dance with her?"

"That's not what I meant." He protested.

"I don't care what you mean. The fact is that you have many mistresses, that you spend time with other women than

me and that you like blondes. I am not as nearly beautiful as her and you... you can get any woman you want and I don't have any saying in it."

Lucians eyes widened at my confession.

"And I was nearly r.a.p.ed because of you." I added yelling.

Lucian clenched his fists. So all this was his fault. He had hurt her feelings and got her nearly r.a.p.ed. She must despise him now. He felt as if his heart was breaking into a million pieces. He wanted to say something but he stood frozen in the same place.

With the back of her hand she wiped her tears away then she walked into the bathroom and shut the door behind her.

I sat in the bathroom crying for a while before I could calm down. Yes, I was nearly r.a.p.ed because of him, not entirely, but I was saved by him

too. I shouldn't have gotten that angry, he had just lost his father.

Never push your husband away when he is interested in another woman. That's when you need to keep him the closest.

I remembered what Ylva told me. I needed to always look my best and keep my husband interested in me if I wanted him for myself and here I am pushing him away. But i just couldn't help it. I was very emotional at the moment. A lot of unexpected and stressful things have been happening in my life lately and I didn't know how to deal with it.

Wiping my tears I decided to go back to the room and act maturely. I walked out from the bathroom but Lucian was already gone.

"Your highness, the king wants to meet you."

What now? Lucian was not in the mood to meet anyone. His father was dead,

his brothers were in war and his wife was hurt. Could it get worse?

Yes, he knew it would get worse so he needed to keep his calm.

He made his way to the garden where the King wanted to meet him. Rasmus was standing tall and strong with his arms crossed behind his back. His long dirty blonde hair falling smoothly over his shoulders down to his waist. Rasmus reminded him much of himself, the way he walked and stood except he didn't speak like him.

"Draco, here you are" he said a smirk on his face. Lucian didn't smile, he just stood there waiting for Rasmus to get to the point.

"I heard about your father, I am sorry but I am sure you are not." He said.

"Should I? Your Majesty." Lucian asked. Rasmus laughed as he walked closer to Lucian. He looked him in the eyes. If he was trying to intimidate him then

he failed.

"What are you planning on doing now?"
Rasmus asked ignoring his question.

"What do you want in return for
helping me?" Lucian knew that Rasmus
was not the type to do things without
asking for anything in return.

Rasmus sighed looking away as if he
didn't like what he was going to say
then he looked back at Lucian.

"I want you to marry my sister."

**

Married To The Devils Son.

Chapter 30

"Excuse me?" Lucian said unsure of
what Rasmus meant. Why would a king
want his sister to become a second
wife when she was a princess.

"You know that my sister Klara likes
you. I would of course like her to get
married to someone who isn't already

married, but I know she won't accept someone else than you."

"Did she tell you that?"

"No, but I know my sister." Rasmus said. Lucian sighed. He already had enough problems on his plate and know he had to deal with yet another problem.

"I have a meeting to attend, think about what I said carefully." He said looking displeased himself before he left Lucian to stand alone there.

"Your highness, as your personal adviser I suggest you take princess Klara as your second wife." Lincoln said who had been listening to their conversation.

"You need a friend at the moment not another enemy. Besides taking her as your wife will help you even when you become a King, I am sure her highness will understand. "

Lucian wasn't sure about that. Hazel

was already angry with him and he had hurt her enough. He didn't want to anymore. Maybe if he spoke to Klara he might change her mind.

Tonight at the party, he would speak to her.

"My lady, I have brought the books."

"Thank you. You may leave." Placing the books on the table the maid left.

Picking one of the books I started to read but my thoughts wandered to Lucian. What was he doing now? Was he dancing with Klara at the party?

Shutting the book angrily I put it aside. It wasn't keeping me interested enough to forget about Lucian.

Dracula.

I thought I heard the name somewhere. Yes right, the bloodthirsty king had told me the story of Dracula, the man who made a deal with the Devil.

Grabbing the book I looked at its front. It was bound in brown old leather and smelled of dust. I slowly opened it, the pages were cracked and barely holding together. As I looked at the page the first word I read was Draco.

Draco, it was what the bloodthirsty king called Lucian.

Draco is the latin word for Dragon.

Did the king lie to me? Why did he say it meant devil? I continued reading.

The dragon is the largest snake of all snakes and is the...

A spicy scent filled the room and made me look around. Was Lucian here?

Looking around I found no one. Strange. I tried to go back to reading but felt a presence in the room, as if someone was watching me. My heart started to beat faster in fear while my eyes scanned the room ready to run as soon as I found a threat.

"Lucian?... Lucian? Are you here?" I called but got no answer.

Suddenly the door opened and I jumped. Lucian entered the room walking unsteadily. His cheeks were flushed and his lips red. He smelled of wine, no spicy scent.

"Where have you been?" I asked standing up.

He ran his fingers through his hair to remove it from his face then he looked at me.

"At the party...dancing with Klara...incase you wanted details." He said trying to keep his balance. Was he trying to anger me? Strangely I didn't get angry, instead I went to help him.

"Let me help you." I said. I placed his arm on my shoulders and put mine around his waist, then walked him up to bed. As soon as we reached the bed he collapsed on it. I had never seen

him like this before. What had made him drink this much?

He must have been sad because his father died. I guess he did care after all.

"Take this off?" he said trying to get out of his robe.

The royal robes were heavy and uncomfortable to sleep in. Grabbing the robe I helped him get out of it.

"And this too." he said pointing at his shirt. I could see he was wearing nothing underneath.

"You are going to be cold." I said.

"No, it's too hot. "

Opening the buttons on his shirt I helped him take it off as well.

"Now let me help you." Grabbing my waist he pulled me down on the bed.

"Help me with what?" I panicked.

"Taking your clothes off." He stated

simply tugging at my robe.

"No!" I tried to get up but he pinned me down with his body.

"I am sorry wife, but I won't take no for an answer today."

"Lucian! You are not in a right state of mind. You will regret this, now let me go." I urged.

"I already regret it. I regret everything and I keep regretting." He said and went back to trying to take my robe off looking both angry and sad. I was confused.

"Do you regret getting married me?" I asked. How could I worry about this now when he was trying to strip me. He stopped in his tracks and looked at me for a while, then he leaned closer and I thought he was going to kiss me but he collapsed on my body

"Lucian? Lucian?" When I got no answer I carefully pushed him away.

He landed on his back, he had already fallen asleep.

I let my eyes sweep over his half-n.a.k.e.d body before grabbing the sheets and covering him. I just hoped his answer would be no.

Lucian woke up, his head throbbing in pain. So this is how it felt like to have a headache, then he was glad he never had one before. Sitting up he removed the sheets and realized he was wearing nothing on his upper body. Wait! How did he even come here?

Slowly pieces of his memory came back. He remembered drinking too much, Hazel trying to push him away but him telling her he would not take no for an answer.

What had he done to her? His heart started to pound in fear and he became afraid to remember the rest. What if he had hurt her? Just what had he done

to her? This time he tried to remember but he couldn't. He didn't know if he should be relieved or more worried now.

Hazel. Where was she? He had to find her and make sure she was alright.

Making his way to the bathroom he threw the door open. There she was, bathing in flower-scented water while some maids rubbed scented oils into her hair and skin.

Gasping they pulled themselves away as he neared.

"Your Highness." They said and bowed.

Hazel turned around, her eyes widening as she saw him.

"Leave us." He ordered and the maids hurried away.

Hazel pulled her legs to her chest to cover herself as her cheeks flushed red.

"Lucian? What are you doing here?"

He walked closer as his eyes carefully

scanned her body to see if she was hurt. She pulled her legs even closer to her chest and shyly covered her shoulder with her wet hair.

"Are..are you alright?" He asked.

"Huh?" She looked confused. "Yeah, if you could only stop staring." She said as she made an attempt to cover herself once again.

She didn't look hurt and listening to her heartbeat she wasn't scared of him either. He sighed in relief.

"Turn around." She said "I need to get dressed."

"I have already seen you n.a.k.e.d." Her cheeks flushed a bright red. He tried hard not to remember her n.a.k.e.d body, he didn't want to wake his demon.

"Still..." She said stubbornly.

Usually, he would enjoy teasing her at moments like this but he decided not

to this time.

"I'll wait for you outside." He said and left her. At least she wasn't angry with him anymore. Married To The Devils Son.

Chapter 31

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

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

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

"Your Highness the breakfast is

ready." A maid informed looking down as her cheeks turned red.

Really what was wrong with these maids?

"Yes, you may leave."

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

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

"Lucian?"

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

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

maids behaved strangely.

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

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

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

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

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

Hazel stood up and poured some tea for him.

"It will help with your headache." She said.

He picked the cup, from the scent he could tell it was ginger tea. He took a sip, he didn't like the taste but if

it really would help with his headache then he would drink it all.

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

She took a sip of her tea.

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

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

"I am sorry."

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

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

Why? Why did she have to apologize for that? Why was she suddenly nice and not fighting with him anymore? It only

made him feel more guilty for what happened and for what might happen.

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

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

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

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

"I haven't given him an answer yet."

"Why?" He could have said yes. It was a very common and normal thing for men to have many wives and now when he was in a difficult situation were his

marriage could save his life I wondered why he hadn't said yes.

He looked at me confused.

"Aren't you angry?" he asked.

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

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

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

Lucian looked troubled. He didn't even

touch his breakfast. I haven't seen him eat once these last few days.

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

He finally lift his head to look at me.

"He is fine."

"I should go and see him."

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

"But you haven't eaten anything."

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

As I was left alone everything started to sink in.

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

Lucian to myself at least a few years.

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

"I can brush your hair." I suggested standing up.

He looked at me confused.

"If you like."

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

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

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

"Thank you." He smiled and then left quickly.

I just stood there, surprised by the kiss. Why was I behaving like a little

girl? It wasn't the first time we kissed but it still gave me a tingling feeling in my stomach.

There was a knock on the door.

"Come in." I called and shortly after Oliver walked in.

"Oliver."

"Your Highness," he greeted looking down.

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

"I am sorry, I failed to protect you."

"What are you doing?" I said shocked.

"Stand up."

He slowly lift his head looking ashamed.

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

"No! Don't.!" He almost yelled. "It's

my duty to protect you and I failed."

There was no point in arguing with him I thought.

"Alright," I said. "It's your fault but I forgive you if you help me."

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

"Anything you need, I will do it for you."

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

"Your Highness," he looked slightly confused.

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

"How may I help you?" He asked.

"I want you to help me stop His

highness from marrying Klara."

Married To The Devils Son.

Chapter 32

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

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

"Oh...but how can I help you?" he asked.

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

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

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

I hoped he could come up with
something.

"There is only one way to stop this.
It is to change Klaras mind about the

marriage."

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

"How can we change her mind?"

"That...we will have to think about."
He said thoughtful.

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

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

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

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

"I really don't know." He said.

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

"I will." He said and left.

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

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

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

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

"Did you miss me wife?"

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

"How did you come in?" I asked.

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

"I didn't hear you come in."

"That's because you were thinking about me." I tried not to blush.

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

"Not because you miss me?" He added. I could see he was enjoying this. Fine

with me if he wanted to play.

"Did you miss me?" I asked.

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

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

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

"Hmm...I don't know." I said teasingly.
"I need to think."

He smiled devilishly. "Let me help you." He said as he slowly brushed the hair away from my neck. I instantly

knew what he was going to do and I waited in anticipation, then he slowly leaned in and brushed his lips against my neck sending shivers down my spine.

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

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

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

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

"Yes" I breathed. "I miss you."

He pulled away and looked at me. I still felt dizzy from the kisses so I clutched on to him to hold myself up but even my arms felt numb. As if he knew he put his arm around my waist to

help me stand on my feet but it only brought me closer to him. His warmth, his breath and most of all his scent, his spicy scent made me ache for more. I wanted more of his kisses.

"Remember you told me you wanted me for yourself?" He asked.

"Yes" I said as I tried to pull myself together.

"What if that doesn't happen?"

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

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

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

"No."

"But you will eventually say yes?"

He seemed to think for a while. I knew I was putting him in a difficult

position. What man would want to die instead of having a second wife who was as beautiful as Klara.

"Never mind" I said sitting down on the bed.

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

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

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

"There is no need to try." A voice said that send chills down his spine. Lucian looked around trying to find

who the voice belonged to but he saw no one.

"Who are you?" he hissed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

you." He said.

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

"Just who are..."

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

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

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

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

"Hmm...will you give me what I want? That's nice of you. I will think about it then and tell you next time." He

said turning around and walking away.

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

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Married To The Devils Son.

Chapter 33

Yawning I rubbed my eyes as I woke up. Strangely I slept well after such a long time. Could it be because Lucian was sleeping next to me? I looked over at Lucian and found myself admiring his beauty and wondering how someone can look as sinfully beautiful as he did. As usual I could only admire his beauty while his hypnotizing eyes were closed and again my fingers itched to touch him. No, I wouldn't make the mistake of touching him again while he was asleep. I had embarrassed myself enough last time. '

Only his hair. I would only touch his hair I convinced myself and slowly

brought my fingers to touch his hair when he frowned. Was he waking up? His frowned got deeper and he mumbled something looking disturbed. Was he having a nightmare?

"Lucian?" I said carefully and tapped his shoulder but he didn't wake up.

"Who are you?" he hissed in his sleep.

"Lucian! Lucian! Wake up!" I said shaking him slightly.

His eyes shot open and he looked around confused.

"Lucian?"

"How?" he asked panting.

"How what?"

"How did I get here?" he asked sitting up.

"You never left. You were just having a nightmare" I said softly. He shook his head as if he didn't believe me and then looked around confused again. He really needed to wake up.

I grabbed his face gently and made him look at me.

"Lucian... it was only a nightmare." I assured him. He considered what I said for a while then nodded like a lost child. I let go of his face and he lay back on bed with a sigh.

"Do you want to tell me about your dream?"

"No." he said.

I just nodded.

"Don't you have anywhere to go today?" I asked. He looked at me for a while.

"You want me to go?"

"No, it's just that you usually leave early." I said "and in a hurry."

Yes, he needed to leave and find Klara. Today he had to speak to her and solve the issue.

He wouldn't hurt Hazel, he didn't want to. He felt as if they bonded lately and he didn't want to break that bond.

"I'll Leave." he said standing up.

Hazel looked as if she was going to protest but didn't say anything.

Leaving the room he took a bath, quickly got dressed and was ready to leave when a few maids came in with breakfast.

"Won't you have breakfast?" asked Hazel as he was about to leave.

"No." He said and headed for the door when Hazel grabbed his wrist.

"Will you come early then tonight? I want to have dinner with you." All he heard was tonight, want and have. God, he was losing it.

He took a deep breath "Yes, I will." He said and tried to get away fast but she still held his wrist.

"What happened to your wrist?" she asked looking at it. He brought his arm up to take a look. There were red marks on both his wrist as if he had

been tied.

Tied?

He instantly stiffened. It wasn't a dream, he knew it. He had been in that dark room with that strange man.

"Hazel? Are you sure I was here the whole night?" he asked.

"I think so, I never heard you go out. Why?" she asked worried.

"Nothing." He said and tried to smile. He didn't want her to worry.

"I'll see you tonight" He said and left.

"Lincoln?"

"Yes, Your highness."

"Did I ever leave my room last night?" Lucian asked.

"No Your highness. You never left."

Lucian stopped in his tracks. He was sure he had met that strange man but how without leaving the room?

"Is something wrong Your highness?"

"No." He said and continued walking.

"Your highness, have you decided about the marriage yet?"

"I am not going to marry Klara."
Lucian said.

"But Your highness..."

"Don't .." He cut him off. He didn't want to hear about what would happen if he didn't marry Klara. He already knew the risks.

He went to the garden where he guessed she would be training but she was having tea with her sister instead.

"Good morning" he greeted as he neared their table.

"Good morning prince Lucian." Astrid replied with a joyful smile.

Klara put her teacup down and smiled at him as well.

"May I borrow you for a while?" He

said reaching his hand toward her. He could hear her heart speeding up as she took his hand.

"Of course." She smiled then looked at her sister before she followed him.

He led her through the garden until he found a peaceful place where he could speak to her.

"The king suggested I take you as my wife." He began. She looked at him with a shy smile. "But I can't" he said.

The smile disappeared from her face and confusion appeared in her sapphire blue eyes.

"Why?" she asked.

"My wife won't like that." He said simply.

"And you?"

"I wouldn't like that either."

"Why? What is wrong with me?" She asked.

"There is nothing wrong with you. You are perfectly fine but I am happy with my wife and I don't want to change that."

"I don't want you to change that either. I just want to be next to you. Unlike your wife I can be a great support. I know how to fight and I know war strategies and my brother is a king."

He knew what she meant. Yes she would be a great help and he needed it know but Hazel was his priority. He wanted to make her happy.

"I know, but would you really be happy being a second wife?"

"I would be happy as long as I am your wife." She said.

" Lucian...I... I .." Her eyes darted around avoiding his. "I love you."

His eyes widened. That came as a surprised. He knew she liked him, desired him but loved him? He never

thought she would use that word.

"I fell in love with you from the first time you held my hand in that battlefield instead of killing me and I loved you even more when you gave me your sword to protect myself and after that I just kept falling deeper and deeper." She said taking a few steps closer to him.

This wasn't going the way he hoped it would.

"Lucian..." she said taking his hand "I am not telling you to love me. Just have me, half of me, a piece of me, anything, but just have something."

If only Hazel had said so...

He pulled his hand away.

"I am sorry, but I can't." He said. Her eyes hardened.

"And I can't let you go." She said. This was bad. So bad, but he just turned around and walked away.

"My lady, Princess Klara is here to meet you."

Klara was here? Why? I looked myself in the mirror. I had put on some makeup with the help of a maid so the bruises were barely visible today.

"Let her come in?" I said. Shortly after Klara came into the room.

"Good afternoon, princess Hazel." She greeted without a smile.

"Good afternoon" I replied in the same manner. "Please have a seat." I said politely.

"No thank you. I will leave soon. I just came here to tell you that you are very selfish."

"Excuse me?" I said both shocked and confused that she said that to me.

"I know you want your husband for yourself, but if he dies you can't have him at all. It seems you don't care, you are putting him in danger

for selfish reasons."

Alright wait. How could she say that to me?

"And you? Are you not selfish who wants someone who is already married?"

"I fell in love with Lucian before you even met him. I loved him despite the rumors about him. Can you say the same thing? You probably feared him and kept your distance."

I didn't know what to say. She was right, I was afraid but still even if she loved him first he was my husband.

"Besides unlike you I am willing to share him with you. That's because I know he cares about you and I care about him. Would you be able to do that for him? If I was selfish would I do that? " She asked.

"No I wouldn't." She said answering her own question. "I would make him leave you then marry me." She said in a tone that told me she could do that

if she wanted. Chills went down my spine and I stood there unable to reply.

She walked closer and stood right in front of me.

"I can do anything and everything for him. Can you? I can help him become a king, I can fight by his side in a war and when he comes home I can be the woman to comfort him. I can give myself to him body, heart and soul. You..., you can't even give him your body? "

How did she know? And how dare she? I clenched my fist, how I just wanted to slap her.

She smirked.

"Think about it. What is worse? To have your husband dead or share him with me? "

Married to the devils son

Chapter 34

I...I was a bad wife, a useless one. Yes, I never gave anything to Lucian and there was nothing I could give him now either, on top of that because of my selfishness I could cause his death.

Klara was right, I didn't even offer him my body and got angry when he went to someone else. I was indeed selfish. I didn't have the right to be angry when he never got angry with me for not sleeping with him. The only thing I have done so far is being scared or jealous.

What really have I done for him? What great have I done so that I could tell him not to marry someone else because I am good enough? I couldn't say that because I wasn't.

"My lady? Are you alright? You look very pale." The maid who brushed my hair asked.

"I am alright." I said.

"Should I bring dinner? Maybe you are

hungry. "

"No I am fine. I'll go to sleep."

I was running in the middle of the night through the dark woods where I could barely see where I was going, but I didn't care. I had to run if I wanted to survive, if I wanted to see Lucian again.

"Kill her!"

I was running barefoot and my feet were bleeding and hurting but I couldn't stop since I could hear they were close. I had to run faster or they would catch me.

"There she is! Bring her!"

No no no! please!!

I tried to run faster but my feet and lungs gave in and I fell to the ground.

The footsteps were very close and shortly after two hands grabbed my arms and dragged me on the floor.

"Your majesty, I got her." A man said.

"Good" A woman's voice said. "Love? We found her. What should we do with her?"

A tall man appeared from the shadows and put his arm around the woman's waist.

"Do whatever you want with her." He said in a voice that sent chills down my spine. Then he looked at me his eyes burning with what looked like the flames of hellfire.

"Fine kill her!" The woman said as her lips twisted into an evil smile.

The tall man walked toward me and crouched to my level. Grabbing my chin he lifted my head up.

"I am sorry love, but you are not good enough." He whispered before he stood up and turned around to leave.

"Please Lucian, please don't leave me." I called but he didn't even look back.

"Lucian! Lucian!! Please don't leave. Don't leave me."

Suddenly it was day and I was running again. Petrified but not for my life but for someone else's.

"Nooo!!" I screamed as I ran toward Lucian who was sitting on his knees with his hands tied behind his back. He looked at me his eyes filled with hatred. A guard with a sword stood behind him ready to execute him anytime.

"Noo.." I screamed crying and running toward him but someone grabbed me by the arm.

"Let go!" I screamed.

"Stop it!" Klara said holding me still. "It is all your fault, I told you, you would get him killed." As she said the word killed the sound of a sword cutting through flesh and the smell of blood made my heart stop.

"No...no no noooo!!"

Lucian heard Hazel's scream and run to the chamber as fast as he could. He threw the door open and found Hazel sitting on the bed her cheeks wet with tears and eyes wide in fear and confusion.

When she caught sight of him.

"Lucian!" She said breathless and ran toward him enveloping him in a tight hug. He put his arms around her small figure and held her close while he stroke her back.

She began to sob in his arms. She must have had the worst nightmare.

"Shh..It's alright. I am here now." He whispered, but she only hugged him tighter.

"Please don't leave." She cried.

"I won't." He said.

After holding her for a while till she calmed down then he gathered her in his arms and carried her to bed. She

still held on to him as if she was scared he would disappear into thin air. He slowly laid her down on bed and led next to her still holding her in his arms.

He wanted to ask her about her dream but he wanted to give her the chance to tell him first. Or maybe she didn't want to talk about it at all. What had scared her so?

If there was one reason he wanted the crown it would be to give Hazel a good life. He wanted to be able to give her anything she asks for, he wanted to make her smile and love her till she had enough. Otherwise he had no desire to become a king. He actually wanted to try and live freely like a normal man in a small house with his wife and children.

Wake up, kiss his wife and children goodmorning then leave for work and when he comes back tired have dinner with his family while talking about

pleasant thing. Then he would take his children to bed and kiss them goodnight but his wife, he would do more than kissing. He would make love to her all night long.

But he knew none of this would happen. He would either get killed or become a king. And when he grows old while being busy ruling the kingdom his children would fight for the throne and kill each other.

The thought brought great pain to his chest.

He looked at Hazel, she had gone back to sleep breathing peacefully. He listened to her breathing , it always made him calm and slowly he fell asleep as well.

I woke up in morning my cheek pressed against Lucian chest. The sound of his steady heartbeat and the feeling of his arms around me making me want this moment to last forever. Slowly the peace I felt began to fade as memories

of the nightmare from last night came back. It felt like a stab in the heart and I sat up quickly. As if Lucian was never sleeping he sat up right after me.

"Is something wrong?" He asked.

I just shook my head and he drew me into his arms. I had to let him marry Klara. Yes the thought of sharing him with someone else was unbearable but the thought of losing him completely, the thought of causing his death just like in my dream, I shuddered at the memory, that would kill me.

"Lucian?"

"Yes"

"I don't mind you marrying Klara."

Married To The Devils Son.

Chapter 35

Lucian should feel relieved but he didn't. He was bothered, extremely bothered. Why wouldn't Hazel mind if

he married Klara? Didn't she like him anymore?

After she told him she didn't mind she had left him there, confused.

Something was going on with her and he didn't know what. It made him nervous. He sighed in frustration.

"Is something bothering you?" Lincoln asked.

"Any news?" Lucian asked in return ignoring his question. His youngest brothers Peter and Nathaniel died. Peter killed Nathaniel and then Peter got killed by Adam. Some say Adam killed them both.

Pierre might be sly and cruel but Adam was purely evil. He was the one who bullied him the most when they were younger.

"I think Adam is working with Pierre. Pierre must have promised him something." Lucian already knew Pierre was using Adam and as soon as he is

finished with him he could kill him, but Adam was probably thinking that he was the one using Pierre. Lucian knew that Pierre was not the type to trust anyone even if they were trustworthy. Besides, Pierre has the army's support since he is the crown prince and many allies thanks to his many wives. Defeating him wouldn't be easy. In fact, it was almost impossible.

Of course, he could just burn the whole battlefield but then people would be terrified and turn against him. People are scared of what they don't understand and since they already believe he is the son of the devil they would see that as a confirmation of the rumor and try to get rid of him. He couldn't rule a kingdom where everyone was trying to get rid of him. Besides he never tried to burn a whole battlefield before so he didn't know if he was powerful enough to do that.

Lucian sighed again. Maybe he should escape somewhere far with hazel and live a normal life. He wondered if she would agree to it.

"Your Highness, if I may suggest something. I Believe it's best if you marry Klara and take the throne as fast as possible. Many people are suffering and dying because of the war and... and I fear for our families. Your brother is looking for our families to threaten us with them."

Lucian cursed under his breath. Pierre and his dirty tricks. If he escaped with Hazel his men and their families would suffer. He felt conflicted. He had to do something, he had to make a decision, but first, he needed to speak to hazel.

"My lady? Lunch is ready."

"Take it back. I am not hungry." I said laying on the bed. I had been laying there since morning, I felt like doing nothing. It was as if my

body was drained of all energy. I felt lifeless.

"But My lady. You look very pale, you should eat something." She insisted.

"I agree." Lucian's voice said from nearby.

I moved my head and looked up to find him towering over me.

"I am not hungry," I said. He narrowed his gaze then frowned.

"You may leave," He told the maid his eyes never leaving me.

"I came here to eat with you. Are you not hungry?" He then asked.

"No."

"Thirsty?"

"No."

"Do you want me to take you out?" I would usually get excited to go out but I didn't.

"No."

"Do you want me to leave?"

"No."

"Do you want me to make love to you?"

"N..." startled at the question I looked up at him.

"No?" He asked raising an eyebrow.

For some reason, my heart stopped for a moment and I forgot to breathe when he chuckled.

"Don't worry. I don't want to make love to a ghost because that's what you look like right now so you better eat something." He smirked.

Sitting at the table and tried to eat something but felt sick. Nothing tasted good. I could see Lucian wasn't eating much either and had a concerned look on his face. We didn't say much to each other while eating, there was some kind of uncomfortable silence between us.

Suddenly Lucian stretched his arm from

across the table and put his hand on my forehead.

"You don't look well." He said with a slightly worried expression.

"I am alright," I said.

"If you were alright you wouldn't tell me to marry Klara. I still don't understand." He said frowning.

"What is the chance of you winning this war if you don't marry Klara?" I asked instead.

"I don't want to scare you but very little." He said.

"Then you should marry her if you want to win."

"I just want you to be safe. I don't care about the crown."

"If you want me to be safe and if you want to be safe you should marry Klara. I am not saying I like it, I just think it's the right thing to do at this moment." While saying all this I

felt like bursting into tears but I told myself that most men have several wives. It was a normal thing and Lucian would have gotten another wife sooner or later anyway. So why not now if it meant saving his life.

"I already told Klara no." He said and that's when my heart stopped for real. My dream was becoming true. We were in this bloodthirsty king's kingdom, in his home without weapons or any kind of protection and Lucian had said no to his sister. My heart started to beat again but it was beating in my ears this time. It was only a matter of time before the bloodthirsty king spills some blood. Lucian blood.

"Why did you say no?" I asked rising from my seat. He looked at me confused again.

"I thought you would be happy about that."

"Well, I am not. Do you want to die?" I almost yelled. He stood up from his

seat as well.

"I won't die Hazel."

"Yes, you will." I cut him off panic clear in my voice. He slowly walked to my side as if approaching a scared cat.

"You should go back now and tell her yes," I said pointing at the door.

"No, I won't." He said calmly then grabbing my arms he slowly pulled me in for a hug.

"Lucian you should..." I began trying to knock some sense into his head but he cut me off.

"Shh...I won't die I promise," he said stroking my back in a way that calmed me down but in this quiet room I dreadingly waited for the door to swing open with a crushing sound and find the Rasmus standing there with his men behind him and a sword in his hand and just as I imagined I heard the door swing open with a crushing sound.

My heart stopped and I quickly pulled myself from Lucian hold to see death waiting at the door.

Married To The Devils Son.

Chapter 36

Death doesn't knock on the door and waits to get invited. It usually comes unexpected and without permission takes what it came for.

I quickly placed myself in front of Lucian as if I could protect him from what was about to happen, but to my surprise nor did death knock on the door nor did it come. Instead several of Lucians men almost threw themselves in front of our feet.

"Your Highness, we apologize for our rudeness but please help us. The crown prince has taken our families as hostages." One of them said. I looked worriedly at Lucian but he was calm as usual.

"Your Highness, I beg of you to let us

go and save our families." another one pleaded.

Lincoln came into the room looking furious.

"What are you doing?" He yelled at the men. "Get up on your feet and apologize to his highness if you care to live."

"It's alright Lincoln." Lucian said calmly. "You may leave to save your families," he told the men.

I looked surprised at Lucian. He was about to let half of his men go which meant he had almost no protection now against the cruel king. Not that he had any good protection, to begin with.

I didn't expect any less from his cruel brother. Of course, distracting Lucian's men was the perfect way to get to him. Once his men go back to Decresh to save their families Pierre would hunt them down and torture them until they tell him where he can find

Lucian. It was the perfect plan.

Lucians men stared surprised at him as well but then quickly got to their feet and hurried away.

"Your Highness, this is not good," Lincoln said looking very disappointed and worried.

Yes, this was very bad and it would get much worse very soon. My stomach twisted in fear. I needed to do something.

"What will you do now?" I asked Lucian once Lincoln left us alone.

"I don't know." He said pacing back and forth.

"I know," I said. " You need to say yes to Klara."

He looked at me for a while, his eyes piercing into mine before he left the room without a word.

Without waiting I quickly made my way to Klara's room. I had no time to

waste. Now the danger was closer than ever and I needed to take action this time.

"My Lady, princess Hazel is here to see you." The guard outside her room informed. Shortly after the door opened and the guard gestured for me to enter.

Klara was sitting in a chair near the window with a book in her hand. Putting the book on a table nearby she stood up from her seat and smiled as she approached me.

"Welcome, Hazel. You came sooner than I expected." She smiled. She must be enjoying this I thought but I held my head high.

"Are you alright? You don't look well." She asked nonchalantly.

"I know. You, on the other hand, look very beautiful My Lady. I wonder how Lucian was able to turn down your proposal." I said pretending to be

thoughtful

Her eyes hardened.

"Don't worry," I said waving my hand.
" I was the one holding him back but I won't anymore." She needed to know that even if she got Lucian I was the one in control.

She looked stoned for a moment but then smiled.

"You made a good decision Hazel and saved your husband a lot of trouble. Now see what magic I will do for him."

She was mocking me but I didn't care.

"Whatever you do I hope you do it fast. His brothers will find him soon."

"Don't worry. Nobody touches what's mine." She smirked. She was already calling him hers. I clenched my fists to not slap her out of sheer reflex.

Leaving her room I walked through the halls feeling defeated. You did good Hazel, it was the right thing to do,

it was the only thing to do, I tried to console myself. As I was lost in my thoughts I almost bumped into the king.

"Your majesty," I said surprised that I stood so close to him staring into his deep ocean blue eyes.

"My Lady, is all well?" He asked.

"Yes, your majesty."

"Are you sure? Draco didn't seem to be in a good mood." He smiled.

Draco?

"Your majesty? If I am wrong excuse me but doesn't Draco mean dragon and not the devil?" I asked. " I read it somewhere," I added when he narrowed his gaze.

"You are not wrong. But do you know how dragons look like?"

"I read they look like big snakes." I said.

"Who made Adam and Eve eat the forbidden fruit?"

The story of Adam and Eve. I had heard about it even though it was a long time ago. If I remember correctly it was the devil disguised as a snake who made them eat the forbidden fruit. Therefore snakes were associated with the devil or with evil deeds. But I still couldn't understand what the connection between the dragon and the devil was.

"Have you studied the bible, my lady?"

"Not really." I said,

"If you are really curious you should. Especially the Devils story." He smiled.

"Do you really think Lucian is the Devil?" I asked.

"You tell me, you are his wife. I am really curious to know."

"You want my husband to marry princess Klara. Why if I may ask Your Majesty?"

"Why not?"

"She won't be a first wife. Why would you want that for your sister?"

"I don't care about those stupid things. I care about my sister's happiness." He said.

What about mine? Of course, he didn't care about my happiness but was there someone who did?

"By the way, I don't mind you standing so close to me but I am sure your husband wouldn't like that." He smiled and I realized I was still standing very close to him.

I took a few steps back and gave him a meek smile before excusing myself and leaving.

Married To The Devils Son.

Chapter 37

"Who are you?" I asked the maid who made the room look like heaven. It smelled so fresh, like flowers starting to bloom in the spring. I

could also smell the scent of cinnamon tea combined with something else I couldn't tell, but it smelled delicious.

"I am your new maid. My name is Irene My Lady" she said curtising.

"Where is Audrey?" I asked. Audrey was my maid. She was young nice girl whom I liked very much. I didn't want a new maid.

"She has been transferred to Princess Klara quartered, My Lady." The maid said.

Klara. I was tired of hearing her name.

Sighing I took my robe off and sat at the table where the scent of the delicious tea was coming from.

"Would you like some tea, My Lady?" Irene asked. I couldn't say no because I really wanted to taste this tea and see if it tasted as delicious as it smelled.

"Yes," I said. She poured me the tea and handed it to me with a smile.

"It will help you relax, My Lady." She said.

As I was about to drink the tea I got suspicious. I didn't know this maid and she came suddenly and is pouring me some tea. Why did the sudden change of maids happen? Was Klara up to something?

"Would you like me to drink it first?" Irene asked when she noticed my suspicion.

"Yes." I said and handed her the tea. She took a sip and smiled.

"Drink it all." I said. I didn't know why I was being like that but this Irene, there was just something about her that didn't feel quite right.

She emptied the cup and put it down.

"Would you like some now, My Lady?" She asked and I could hear the

amus.e.m.e.nt in her voice.

I tried to look her in the eyes but I couldn't. I don't know why? It was as if her emerald eyes could see through me and into my soul. It was as if she knew my deepest secrets and desires.

She was beautiful but in a different way and her long thick black hair reminded me of Lucians. She looked young but her eyes held some kind of wisdom beyond years.

"No." I said standing up. "You may leave."

The maid left me alone and I paced back and forth in the room trying to come up with a way to help Lucian. Really, I was useless just like Klara said.

"My Lady, Oliver is here to see you." Irene called from outside.

"Let him in." I called back. I hoped he wasn't bringing more bad news.

Oliver walked in fully wearing his military attire.

"My Lady, I am here to deliver a message from His Highness. He left the castle and will be gone for a while."

"Where did he go? How long will he be gone?" I asked.

"I don't know where but he will be gone for a few days." Days? It meant he left Gatrish.

Did he go to Decresh? No, he wouldn't be foolish to do so.

"If there is anything you need just send a word and I'll be here." He said and left.

As if the time refused to move the day went by very slow, with me thinking and worrying too much. It reminded me of my wedding day. I had a knot in my stomach that refused to go away and that's exactly how I was feeling today.

My gaze fell on Irene who was making

the bed. She was beautiful with her dark hair and flawless skin, and those eyes, they were mesmerizing. How come someone as beautiful as her still be working as a maid? The bloodthirsty king should have made her his mistress by now.

"Are you married?" I asked.

"No, My Lady but I am not innocent." I just hoped it wasn't the king who took her innocence.

"Do you have someone you love?" Her lips curved into a smile and her eyes twinkled.

"Yes, I do My lady. Very much." She seemed to be deeply in love.

"But I am sure, My lady is more in love than I am." She added.

"And how would you know?" I asked amused. She stopped making the bed and looked my way.

"I know a lot of things, My Lady." She

said with a serious tone.

"Things like what?"

"You are married but still innocent, My Lady and your husband might take another wife soon and you are worried but you don't know what to do. But I know what you should do." She said.

I felt my cheeks heat because of embarrassment and anger. Who was she trying to fool? It was probably Klara who told her about me being innocent.

"Did Klara tell you this?" I asked my tone harsh.

"No, My Lady." She said not fazed by my harsh tone at all. She put the pillows in place as she was done making the bed then looked at me " Do you want me to comb your hair my lady? "

I noticed that she had the same tone the whole time she spoke and she spoke so confidently. Maids were usually nervous, especially if they were new.

They always spoke a little while being very careful what to say but this woman didn't seem the least nervous or scared.

"If Klara didn't tell you then how did you know?"

"I know you have a birthmark on your inner thigh and that you once fell and almost broke your leg when you tried to escape your home at night."

How did she know that? These were things only I knew and maybe Lydia and Ylva, so how did she know?

"What are you?" I said without thinking. Why did I ask something so strange? Of course, she was a woman what else could she be?

"I think a witch is what you call us, but of course I don't like to call myself that."

"Witch?" I was confused. I had heard that witches do exist but most of them live hiding their identity because

they would be killed if found. If she really was a witch why would she be telling me that?

"Yes My lady."

"Why would you tell me if you really are a witch?"

"As I said before My Lady, I know things and I know I can trust you."

I somehow believed her words, maybe because I had already sensed from the beginning that something about her was different. Her eyes, it was difficult to look into her eyes, it was like being exposed when you looked into them.

"Your hair is beautiful my lady?" she smiled as she brushed my hair. She was even more beautiful when smiling

"Not as nearly as yours." I said.

"You are very kind My Lady."

She helped me get out of my dress and put my nightgown on then she left me

with a good night.

The next day she was already present when I woke up.

"Good morning, My Lady. The bath is ready."

I went through the same routine I did every day. Bathing, putting on new clothes, brushing my hair then eating breakfast. After that, I asked Irene to bring me the bible. I was really curious to know the connection between the devil and the dragon.

Irene came back with the bible and I quickly began to read.

In the Bible, the dragon was the devil and he came to earth to deceive and destroy.

"And the great dragon was cast out, that old serpent, called the Devil, and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world: he was cast out into the earth, and his angels were cast out with him."

"Out of his mouth go burning lamps, and sparks of fire leap out. Out of his nostrils goeth smoke, as out of a seething pot or caldron. His breath kindleth coals, and a flame goeth out of his mouth."

The day I was kidnapped the men were on fire out of nowhere but I had a feeling it was Lucian's doing. I remember the satisfaction in his eyes as he watched them burn. I shivered at the memory. And there was no doubt he slit the other man's throat with his claws since he didn't have any weapons and the voices in my head, and his red eyes, even his normal eyes were different. Still, he couldn't be the devil or his son, could he? Yes, he was extremely frightening sometimes but he wasn't evil.

I closed the Bible and put it aside. Whatever he was it didn't matter I told myself.

Married To The Devils Son.

Chapter 38

Lucian had been gone for four days now and Irene and I got pretty close. She was a very honest person, never scared to say her opinions and I felt some kind of connection with her. It was as if she could understand me and what I was going through. Strange, because I was sure that she couldn't have gone through what I did, although she might have gone through worse.

As days went by I really admired her more and more. She was a beauty with brains, very smart with her words and very graceful with everything else she did. But I was still doubtful and didn't trust her entirely. Not that she did something suspicious, I just wanted to be careful.

Thanks to her the days didn't seem awfully long anymore, we would chat and laugh and unlike many maids, she had a genuine laugh, not a forced one. You could see she laughed because she

wanted to and not because she was scared to offend me.

My thought slowly drifted to Lucian. Even though I liked Irene's company I still missed Lucian.

"His Highness is alright." Irene said pouring me her delicious tea. "He will be back very soon."

I didn't even bother to ask how she knew. She just knew things and they were always true.

"Irene?"

"Yes, My lady?"

"You said you knew what I should do. What should I do?" I asked.

"Let me tell you what Klara will do first." she said taking a seat in front of me.

"When she marries his highness she will try to bear him a child as soon as possible. The wife that gives birth to the king's first son runs the inner

court which means you will lose all your power, furthermore her children will become a threat to yours especially when they get older. What you need to do is to bear his highness a child which means you can't remain innocent anymore."

I never thought that far. Klara wasn't only a threat to me but she would be a threat to my children as well. As if she knew that I was feeling threatened "Don't be bothered by her, My Lady. You have something she doesn't and it is your husband's heart and trust."

Heart? Did Lucian love me? I knew he cared about me a lot and he even told me he wanted me but he never said he loved me.

Oliver came to the garden where we were sitting.

"My Lady, His Highness is coming back tonight." He said. I looked at Irene and she gave me a smile that said I told you.

As the sun went down I got more and more nervous and excited. I had bathed in flower-scented water and washed my hair with scented soaps and oils. Irene brushed my hair and put some paint on my lips, then she brought me a beautiful satin nightgown decorated with lace and made me wear it.

"You look beautiful My Lady." She said looking at me satisfied.

"I...I don't know what to do." I said nervously. She walked closer and took my hands in hers.

"You don't have to do anything when you look this beautiful." She said "You just relax. There is a big chance nothing will happen tonight. His Highness will probably be very tired after such a long journey. I just prepared you in case"

She suddenly looked at the window. "He is here. I leave you now." She said letting go of me. I swallowed nervously as she left me alone.

It felt like hours before I heard the cracking sound of the door opening and shortly after Lucians stood there. Without thinking I ran and enveloped him in a hug surprising myself and him. He wrapped his arms around me as he chuckled.

"I should leave often if I will get hugs like these," he said.

He smelled so good, like spices as usual. Before melting in his embrace and getting lost in his scent I pulled myself away from him. I had almost forgotten how sinfully beautiful he was. His black hair fell gracefully over his broad shoulders as he watched me with those mesmerizing eyes of his, and those lips. I tried not to think of how they felt on mine, or maybe I should.

Slowly a smile curved his lips as he noticed me staring at him.

"Where were you?" I asked trying to

think straight. The smile on his face disappeared.

"Let's not talk about it." He said walking past me and to the bed. He began to take his military attire off.

"I was worried. You have no weapons and you just left." I said. He didn't say anything but he clenched his jaw. He was clearly upset about something so I didn't push any further.

"How do I look?" I asked instead. Irene had made me look seductive but I didn't know if it was working. He stopped in his track and let his eyes sweep over my body quickly as if he couldn't decide whether to look or not before he returned to take his clothes off looking more upset.

"You look beautiful," he said avoiding to look at me. I walked closer but I almost felt him stiffen at my approach so I stopped.

"Didn't you miss me?" I said in barely

a whisper afraid to hear his answer. Why was I asking such questions? It was unlike me.

He closed his eyes and inhaled sharply.

"I did, I am just tired, Hazel." He said sounding slightly irritated. What had I done to make him angry? I was confused. "Will you blow the candles off I need some sleep."

Lucian tried to focus on anything but Hazel laying next to him on the bed. He felt like the worst person on earth every time he disappointed her. But he just couldn't give her what she wanted especially not tonight when his demon was right on the surface. He had killed too many people these last days and seen too much blood and suffering. Yes, he even killed his own brother Adam. He felt both disgusted and dirty, but if he had to kill his brothers to protect Hazel then he would.

Hazel, he clenched his teeth harder. She smelled so good and felt so warm

and soft as he held her in his arms earlier. And her sweet voice, how could he ignore her? He knew that he couldn't avoid her forever but he wanted to be with her at least when his demon was at his best.

As soon as she fell asleep he left the room. Finally, his body could relax and he could breathe. He needed some kind of release, he was on the edge of losing his mind.

While walking through the dark halls he felt someone follow him. Looking back he saw nothing and continued walking. He still felt as if someone was following him. He stopped and looked behind him.

"Whoever you are, show yourself," Lucian said. He heard a chuckle before the figure of a man appeared from the shadows. He was wearing all black making his long silver hair stand out even more. His eyes were as dark as his gaze and his skin so pale he

wondered if this man ever walked in the sun. He looked frightening yet...beautiful.

"We meet again." The man said and Lucian instantly recognized his voice. It was the man from his dream.

Married To The Devils Son.

Chapter 39

"Who are you?" Lucian asked. The man walked closer.

"You should ask what I am instead." He said. The man was tall slightly taller than him and Lucian could feel the power coming from him.

"Are you like me?" Lucian asked remembering the man's claws.

"And what are you?" The man said. That was a good question. Lucian didn't really know what he was. All he knew was that he was different.

"I don't know."

The man narrowed his dark eyes, They

were frightening.

"I am not like you." The man said.

"But I am not here to tell you what I am. If you want to win this war you need to stop being softhearted. You need to do whatever you need to do"

"Why would you care about me winning this war?" Lucian asked.

"I really don't care, I just don't like your brothers." He said.

"Do you know my brothers?"

"Yes." He said with a sigh as if he was tired of all the questions, still, Lucian couldn't stop himself from asking.

"How do you know them? How did you enter the castle?"

"If I can enter your dreams it's not that difficult to enter a castle." He said then looked me up and down and shook his head.

"Tsk, tsk. Don't fight your demon too

much, accept it instead." He smiled then just like that he disappeared into thin air. "Wait!" How did he know about his demon?

"My Lady?" I opened my eyes slowly and looked directly into Irene's. "It's late you should wake up."

I sat up on the bed and yawned while rubbing my eyes. Irene smiled at my action.

"You are like a little cat." she said.

"I like cats." I smiled. " I wish I had one."

I looked to my left. Lucian was gone.

"His Highness was probably tired last night." She said trying to comfort me.

"I don't think he wants me." I said. Even though he had told me he wanted me but every time we kissed he almost got sick and distanced himself from me. Maybe I was just bad at it.

"Of course he wants you. A man would

be blind not to."

"You are just being kind." I said climbing down from the bed and heading to the bathroom.

"You know I am very honest My Lady." Yes she was but she was kind too.

"I just don't know what to do to...to..."

"To seduce a man?" She finished.

"To make him want me." I corrected but that made her laugh.

"It's the same thing My Lady." Yes, Of course.

I took my nightgown off and walked into the hot water.

"Don't worry. I will teach you everything you need, My lady."

I sat on the bed, watched Irene and listened while she gave me advice on what do to all while showing me.

"First, pretend like you are not even

trying to seduce him. So when he comes back sit in front of the mirror and pretend like you are preparing to go to sleep." She sat in front of the mirror and picked up a brush and began to brush her hair.

"Start brushing your hair and putting oils onto your skin. When putting oils on your arms, neck and shoulders do it slowly and make sure he sees you." She removed the hair from her neck and caressed her neck slowly moving down to her shoulder and further down her arm with fluid movements.

"You should even try to lift your dress and put some oil on your legs. Try to talk to him while you do all these things to grab his attention." She said. She put her leg on the footstool the she lift her dress slowly and began to massage her leg. "Like this," She said running her hands up and down her leg. I couldn't help but giggle. Was I really going to

do that?

"Smile while you talk to him and speak in a low voice." She said lowering her voice " and blink with your eyes a few times while you speak."

She looked like a seductress who wasn't even trying to seduce someone. If I did what she was doing I would look clumsy and foolish.

"What should I talk to him about?" I asked.

"Anything pleasant, something that will lighten his mood." I nodded and she went on telling me a few other things I could do if the first things didn't work out.

"If you want to seduce him then you need to seduce his senses, what he sees, hears and smells. If he likes what he sees, hears and smells then he is all yours."

"Irene?"

"Yes, My Lady."

"The person you love, are you together," I asked.

"Yes, My Lady." She smiled.

"Can I meet him sometime?" I was really curious to know the kind of man she fell in love with. Whoever he was, he was lucky to have a beautiful and smart woman like her.

"Of course My Lady. If that's what you want." then she suddenly looked at the door.

"His Highness is on his way I'll leave you alone." She said and left. I really wanted to know how she knew these kinds of things.

After a while, Lucian opened the door and entered while I was still sitting on the bed. I could feel my heart speeding up a little as he ran his fingers through his hair and smiled at me.

"Good morning wife." He seemed to be in a better mood but I was still a bit hurt by his actions last night.

"Good morning."

"Did you have breakfast?" He asked, slowly walking closer. It was actually in the middle of the day, time to eat lunch but I woke up late.

"Yes." I replied. He walked even closer until he stood a bit from where I was sitting. I looked up to meet his gaze as he looked down at me. Would I really be able to seduce this man? I wasn't as seductive or nearly as beautiful as Irene. What if I made a fool of myself?

He put his hand below my ear and caressed my cheek with his thumb.

"Hazel." He said his voice soft and warm like the summer breeze.

"Yes." His thumb traveled to my lips.

"Don't ever think I don't want you,"

He said his voice low. "I do but I am afraid to hurt you."

Something dark flickered through his eyes as he continued "You know I can."

Why was he trying to frighten me?

"But you wouldn't." I said.

He lowered himself until his face was close to mine.

"Yes, I would if was in the mood to do so." He said his breath fanning my face. "So don't ever try and seduce me again because these days I am in the mood to hurt someone."

Now, I wasn't listening to what he was saying because his face was so close, his lips so close that if a leaned in just a bit they would touch mine.

"Are you listening Hazel?"

"No," I whispered surprised by the need I heard in my own voice.

He pulled away and stood straight again. Then he looked at me with a

serious expression.

"Yes, I listened. But you won't hurt me. I know." I said. I don't why he believed he would hurt me.

He looked at me for a while in silence before he spoke.

"I killed Adam. I killed my brother Adam."

Married To The Devils Son.

Chapter 40

I stiffened. I don't know why. I knew he would kill his brothers sooner or later so why was I surprised? Now I understood why he was in such a bad mood last night. He must have been feeling terrible.

"Are you alright?" I asked standing up which brought us even closer to each other.

"Yes, Hazel. I am perfectly fine. I don't even regret it, it is a part of me to kill. Do you know how many

people these hands have killed with ease?" He asked holding up his hands.

" I don't even need weapons to kill. I have killed far more people with my bare hands than a sword."

Why was he doing this? Why was he trying to intimidate me?

"Why are you trying to scare me?"

"I am not." He said grabbing my arms and pulling me closer gently. "I don't want you to be scared. I just want you to be careful."

"Of what?"

His eyes bored into mine.

"Of me. If you ever feel that I am acting different or aggressive then just go far away from me."

Far away? No, I wouldn't. In fact, I wouldn't listen to anything he just said and I would still seduce him tonight.

Lucian could see a mischievousness in

Hazel's eyes. She wasn't taking him seriously and yes, in a normal case he would love to be seduced by her but now, his demon was hungrier and angrier than ever.

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First, he needed to figure out a safe way to be with Hazel.

"Your Highness, Princess Klara is here to meet you." A guard called from the outside.

Lucian exchanges a few looks with Hazel and then let her decide. She looked at him for a moment before she told the guard to let Klara in.

Klara walked in, her face shining with happiness.

"Princess Hazel, Prince Lucian, I hope I am not disturbing you." She said.

Lucian looked at Hazel, "No you are not, please come in." Hazel smiled but he knew it wasn't genuine.

Klara took a few steps forward and her gaze landed on Hazel questioningly.

"I came here to remind you of what we spoke about last time," Klara said carefully.

Lucian got a bad feeling about this and he gave Hazel a questioning look. She looked back at him with pleading eyes and he instantly knew what this was about. She wanted him to marry Klara. He had already been in a very bad mood these days, now he was fuming with anger. He really felt like spilling someone's blood.

Klara sensed the tension between them so she made a move first.

"I have got your weapons." She said and a guard came in with Lucian's weapons. "All your men have got their weapons back too. Is there anything

else you would like me to do?" She was already showing her authority.

Hazel looked at him and he gave her a warning look. He wanted her to be the person to say no but she looked stubbornly at him.

"If you don't mind, I would like to speak to my wife alone." He told Klara.

"Sure," she smiled and left.

He turned to Hazel "What are you doing?"

"Can't you see? You got your weapons back and you can get anything else that you want." She looked down and lowered her voice. " She can give you things I can't."

Seeing her like that turned his anger into something else he couldn't quite describe and he drew her into his arm. He wished he could tell her there was another way out but there wasn't and he could put her life in danger.

"I am alright with you marrying her, " she said looking up at him "as long as you don't give your heart to her."

That wouldn't be a problem. He had already given his heart to Hazel and he wanted to give the rest of him to her and only to her.

He couldn't imagine himself marrying Klara, even his demon hated that thought.

"Will you say yes?"

"I'll think about it," he said but Hazel knew he was basically saying no.

"Lucian!" She said pulling herself away from his embrace. "There is nothing to think about. You marry her or die and leave me alone here with her brother who god knows what he will do to me."

Lucian stopped breathing for a moment as an image of Rasmus having his hands all over Hazel appeared in his head. Anger boiled inside of him, his demon

growled at the thought and he could slowly feel the color of his eyes changing and the sharp pain of when his nails elongated cutting through his flesh. He stormed out of the room before Hazel could see the terrifying him.

"Lucian where are you going?" He could hear her call behind him.

"My Lady, what are you thinking so deeply about?"

"I don't understand. Shouldn't he be happy that I want him to marry Klara?" I asked confused. I had been thinking a lot about it after he left the room looking like he was about to kill someone.

"You should stop thinking My Lady and go to sleep. It is very late."

"I will wait for him."

"He won't come tonight," Irene said.

"How do you know?"

"I just know My Lady." She never quite answered every time I asked her how she knew things. She always said the same thing 'I just know', and she was right, he never came.

The next day I sat with Irene at the garden drinking her delicious tea. Since I started drinking it I felt much calmer and much more fresh and beautiful.

"Do you put something in the tea?" I asked.

"Yes, lots of herbs that are good for the skin, hair and just health in general."

"So you don't put some kind of magic?" I asked lowering my voice. She laughed.

"No, My Lady. I could do that but that wouldn't be a good thing to do. Magic is not a thing to use easily. There are always consequences."

"Ah..." was all I said then my thoughts wandered to Lucian. Where was

he right now?

Lucian inhaled sharply and clenched his fists. He hated what he was about to do.

"Alright. I will marry you if you promise that no harm will come to Hazel."

She looked at him surprised at first but then hurt.

"I would never do anything that would harm you. I know you care about your wife, I will protect her the way you do."

He knew she was being honest but he wondered why she would go so far for him that she would even protect his wife.

"Are you sure this is what you want?" he asked her carefully again.

"Yes," she said without hesitation.

"I will never give my heart to you."

"Life is full of surprises, you never

know." She smiled but he could see she was hurt. He could only hope she would wake up before ruining her life.

"Now that you said yes I have a gift for you." She motioned with her hands and two guards came behind him holding a lifeless body, which they let fall to the ground.

It was the body of his brother Tristan.

"Now you only have Pierre and Mason to worry about."

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Married To The Devils Son.

Chapter 41

"I don't know if I can do this." I said looking myself in the mirror.

"Yes you can My Lady. If you don't do this then princess Klara will."

Irene had made me wear a beautiful white gown with nothing underneath.

"But isn't this too much?"

Irene smiled.

"You are not n.a.k.e.d, My Lady. You are still wearing a dress, just showing a little more than usual to make him want to see the rest." She winked.

I didn't even know if this was a good idea. He had only yesterday warned me to not seduce him, but I wasn't seducing him really. I was just going to brush my hair and put oils on my skin just as I do every night before I go to sleep. The only difference would be that I would be doing it in front of him now, which Irene thought would make him want me.

I was doubtful but Irene was convinced. Well, she knew more about men than I did so I decided to take her advice.

"You don't have to do this if you don't want to." She said putting her hand on my shoulder.

"I do want him. I am just not sure if

he wants me." and that made me scared of wanting him.

"He does want you and if he doesn't, then make him."

Yes, I had to make him want me otherwise Klara would.

"Is he even coming tonight?" I asked.

"Yes, he is." She said with a frown.

"I'll leave you now." On her way, she blew a few more candles off and gave me a reassuring smile before closing the door behind her.

As soon as Lucian walked into the room a wonderful smell penetrated his nostrils. It smelled of roses and fresh air and... Hazel. He looked around. The room was mostly dark, the only light coming from a few lit candles and the full moon that shone outside the window.

His eyes searched the room until they found Hazel who was sitting in front of the mirror brushing her hair. She

stopped for a while and looked at him.

"You came." She smiled.

That smile, that weakness of his, tugged at his heart in strange ways.

"Yes," was the only thing he managed to say and she went on brushing her hair.

She looked more beautiful than ever in the dim light and smelled of honey and coconut. He inhaled deeply, he wanted more, more of her scent, more of her. He wanted to run his hands through her hair, hold her tight, kiss every inch of that honey scented skin. His body urged him forward while his brain screamed at him to turn around and leave before he lost control.

Hazel stopped brushing her hair and looked at him questioningly.

"Lucian?" her voice so sweet, called to him, woke his deepest desires.

"Will you just stand there?" She asked.

No, he wanted to turn back and leave but found himself taking a step forward. Cursing quietly he walked past her and to the bed. He began to take his armor off deciding that he would go to sleep as fast as he could.

"How was your day?" She asked using that same sweet tone.

His gaze traveled back to her. She had her leg up on the footstool and had lifted her dress up above her knee.

Swallowing Lucian quickly turned his gaze away.

"Good." was all he said. He should have asked about her day but he was fighting a battle inside his head, a battle between his body and brain. He could feel how his demon was slowly clawing his way out.

"I have made a new friend." She continued. He could hear the joy in her voice but he got worried. Who could this friend be?

"Who?" He asked turning to her but regretted it immediately. She was now rubbing something into her skin, slowly running her hands up and down her bare leg.

He had warned her. He had warned her not to seduce him, why could she never listen?

"Her name is Irene?" she smiled swinging her legs down and standing up straight.

His eyes scanned the length of her body, taking in every detail. She was wearing a form-fitting white dress that enhanced the curves of her body. The fabric was thin but not revealing, still, he knew she was wearing nothing underneath.

While enjoying the sight he could feel her body warming up under his gaze and her heart began to beat rapidly. She seemed to contemplate whether to approach him or not. God help her and him if she did because now he was

losing all sense. The only thing he could focus on was the deep and raw hunger that rose within him.

I felt my cheeks flush as his gaze moved over me, the intensity in his eyes clearly telling me that he liked what he saw.

Slowly he lifted his gaze to mine and our eyes locked. Heat blazed from the depths of them, warming me from the inside, drawing me to him like gravity and I found myself taking a few steps forward but stopped, afraid he would draw back. But he didn't.

Instead, he stalked toward me, slowly, his eyes never leaving mine and it took all my strength to stand still and not run away or fall on my knees. I don't know what it was about him, about the way he moved or the way he looked at me that made me both frightened and excited at the same time.

I forget to breathe as he neared and

stood right before me, so close I could feel the warmth of his body, wrapping itself around me like a blanket, making me yearn to be in his arms.

As if he knew what I wanted he wrapped his arm around my waist and pulled me close.

"I have waited too long." He said his voice rough with suppressed need. "I can't hold back anymore."

"Then don't" I whispered.

His hold around my waist tightened pressing our bodies together while his free hand grabbed my hair roughly and brought my face dangerously close to his. I closed my eyes waiting for him to kiss me as roughly as he grabbed me, but I felt the softest brush of his lips on mine sending shivers down my spine. Then another soft brush and my breath hitched.

He was making me wait, but I didn't

want to wait. I wanted him, I needed him. I wrapped my arms around his neck but before I could press my lips to his he pulled my hair and tilted my head back.

"Patience wife, I want to savor this moment." He said his tone like a hot wave against my throat.

I clung on to him, unable to stand on my own as his lips skillfully moved over my throat kissing and nibbling. His hands moved down my back, grabbed onto my h.i.p.s and pushed me even harder into his body as if I wasn't close enough. His scent wrapped itself around my mind making me unable to think.

I was lost, drowning in an ocean of pleasure. I felt myself float on air, my feet no longer touching the ground and suddenly I lay on the bed with Lucian on top of me, pinning my hands above my head. Desire and hunger blazed through his eyes and he crashed

his lips on mine. His kiss was raw, intense sending a wave of heat through my body. His hands slipped under my dress and caressed me to heights that were both frightening and arousing.

Lucian's kisses turned from sweetly intense to painfully intense almost bruising my lips. Before I could protest I heard the tearing sound of fabric.

"Lucian..." I began breathlessly as I pushed him away.

"What did you..." the words died in my throat as I looked into his red eyes before he shut them.

"Hazel, leave quickly before I hurt you."

His voice sent chills down my spine and I considered running for a moment but something in me refused to run. Something that heard the pain in his voice.

He opened his eyes and his gaze burned

into mine.

"I said run." He growled.

"No, I don't want to."

"I can't control myself anymore Hazel." He said with clenched teeth as his body shook violently. "You don't want to see me like this."

I had already seen him like this and he hadn't hurt me. He had saved me. I refused to be scared of him, I had no reason to.

Lucian was trying everything in his power to make his body move, take himself as far away from Hazel as possible, but his demon was too strong, too hungry. It had tasted Hazel and it wanted more. He was no longer in control and he feared for Hazel but she wasn't listening to him.

He shut his eyes and fought his demon once more but to no avail.

"Lucian, open your eyes." He felt

Hazel's hand on his cheek.

No! He didn't want her to see him like this but he found himself opening his eyes.

"Look at me." She whispered.

Raising his gaze slowly, he looked into her eyes. It was as if his body listened to her instead of him.

There was no fear in her eyes as he gazed into them, only curiosity and... tenderness. He wasn't used to this. He was used to seeing fear and disgust in people's eyes. To see Hazel look at him the way she did warmed his heart and without thinking, he leaned down and kissed her again. She parted her lips invitingly and wrapped her arms around him.

A familiar feeling he knew as love filled his heart. It warmed him, calmed him and slowly he felt the color of his eyes returning to normal and his nails retracting.

He had no time to think of what was happening as he was consumed by the desire that pulsed through him.

Slowly he drew back

and took his shirt off while studying her face. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes hooded with desire. He could hear the fierce pounding of her heart as her gaze traveled down his bare upper body.

Knowing that she wanted to touch him he took her hand and placed it on his chest. She hesitates for a moment but then her hands slowly began to explore his body.

She ran her hands down his chest, stomach, up his arms and shoulders her eyes showing nothing but admiration as she touched him. Then her fingers traveled down his spine and he groaned with pleasure that burned so deep it was nearly painful.

Although he was in a sweet agony he

waited patiently, letting her satisfy her curiosity and getting acquainted with his body.

When she was done it was his turn.

He pressed his body intimately into hers, holding her down with his h.i.p.s while his lips claimed hers in a kiss. His tongue swept across her lower lip and she writhed beneath him creating a sweet friction that made him groan deep in his throat. Knowing the effect it had on her he repeated the deed and she m.o.a.ned in response.

Taking her dress off smoothly he began to explore her body using his hands, lips, and tongue. He savored the feel and taste of her skin, relished the sound of her m.o.a.n.s.

"Lucian!" She gasped as he grazed his finger down her inner thighs coaxing shivers out of her. He did the same thing again but this time with his tongue making her quiver uncontrollably. He couldn't help but

smile at her reaction as he continued teasing her with his lips and tongue.

"Lucian please..." She said breathless as her hands fisted in his hair bringing his face to hers.

He gave her the kiss she wanted and she kissed him back with a hunger that both surprised him and aroused to an excruciating level. His hand slid between her thighs and she cried out in pleasure as his he touched sensitive, aching flesh.

She was his now and he was going to show her that no other man could pleasure her the way he was going to.

I was mindless, nearly breathless as Lucians hand stroke me slowly, rhythmically making the pressure in the pit of my stomach increase with every stroke. I dig my finger into his hair as the feeling became overwhelming, making my muscles tighten and then a spasm went through my body and my head fell back with a

cry.

I just lay there, my body limp, astonished by what just happened. Whatever it was I didn't want it to end.

"This is just the beginning, wife" Lucian whispered in my ear.

And then the kissing and stroking began and my body was on fire once again.

Lucian grabbed my h.i.p.s and I felt a sharp pain, but it was only brief. Next came the incredible feeling, our skin moving together, the friction igniting a fire that burned to my core.

Yes, I was on fire. A fire that no amount of water could quench.

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Chapter 42

I opened my eyes slowly, unwilling to succ.u.mb the sweet dream I had been having. I realized it wasn't a dream,

as I felt Lucian's arm around my waist, pressing my back against his chest. His legs entwined with mine under the sheets, his breath in my hair, fanning my neck.

It hadn't been a dream. Lucian had made love to me last night in the most sensual, tender manner. I felt my cheeks heat and my body burn anew as I recalled the beautiful memories. It was an experience I had never had before and never thought I would have. Actually, I never thought such an experience could even exist. How could a single kiss make my head spin? A light touch burn my skin?

My heart skipped a beat as I felt Lucian's arm tighten around my waist.

"Lucian? Are you awake?" I whispered.

"Hmm..." he said in a sleepy voice. Then it was quiet for a while. Had he gone back to sleep?

Slowly, I turned around to face him.

His eyes were closed but I knew he was half awake. Maybe he was tired and wanted to continue sleeping, so I kept quiet as to not wake him.

Lord, he was beautiful. Just looking at him made my heart race and my fingers itched to touch him. I let my fingers slide up his shoulder and down his arm feeling the smooth and warm texture of his skin.

"Do that again" he said his voice husky with sleep.

Smiling, I did the same gesture again feeling him shiver slightly under my touch. Then I ran my fingers down his neck, his jaw, his lips, admiring the smoothness. Craving to touch him more, kiss him and hold him.

He grabbed my wrist stopping me, then he opened his eyes.

"Are you done tormenting me, wife?"

"Not yet," I smiled teasingly.

Taking my hand, he kissed my palm then entwined his fingers with mine.

"I have never slept so peacefully before," My heart warmed up at his words. "I wish to sleep with you in my arms every night from now on."

"Every night?"

"Yes, every night." He stated, his eyes boring into mine and suddenly an image of his red eyes from last night appeared in my head.

I had looked into them, into his blood red eyes and still let him make love to me. I should have been scared, should have screamed, or at least asked him what he was, but I had been blind with l.u.s.t.

"Hazel?" He grabbed some strands of my hair and tugged them behind my ear.

"About last night...what you saw...I really don't know how to explain it."

He seemed to think for a while before his eyes slowly became unfocused,

distant. All of a sudden, images of a young boy with black hair and golden eyes appeared in my head.

The boy, who looked to be five years old, was happy as he ran.

"Papa," he shouted with a smile and enveloped his father in a hug. The smile quickly died on his face as he felt his father stiffen and recoil from his touch. He looked up at his father to see him look down at him with disgust. His heart dropped to his stomach. With teary eyes, he watched his father from a distance hugging and kissing his brothers while smiling and laughing, and wondered why he had been treated so differently.

Now the boy was a little older maybe eight. He was sitting at the lunch table with his brothers and father.

"Where is your mother?" one of his brothers asked. The boy looked at the empty chair next to him where his mother was supposed to sit, then he

looked at his brothers who all were sitting next to their mothers.

"His mother is dead son. Leave him alone." The woman who was his mother said.

The golden eyed boy looked down at his hands feeling all alone. He had heard people whisper that he was the reason his mother died. Because she had to give birth to a monster like him.

Indeed he was a monster, at least when he looked himself in the mirror and saw his eyes red and nails sharp like blades. He was terrified by his own image. He hated what he saw so he broke the mirror with a single thought and then sat in the middle of the shattered glass. Tears rolled down his eyes.

With a shaky hand, he grabbed a piece of the broken mirror and placed it on his wrist. Slowly he cut through his flesh but the pain was nothing compared to the one in his chest. He

looked at his wrist, the cut had already healed. If only the wounds in his heart could heal as well.

Why was it so difficult? Why was life so cruel to him? He just wanted to be loved, to be held just once. He wanted someone to tell him he wasn't a monster and that he didn't need to be scared.

But once again he sat in the corner of a dark room, scared, crying in his pillow to stifle the sound. He had almost burned his brother, with just a thought. How was that possible? Maybe he was a monster, who had killed his mother and almost killed his brother today. He deserved to be hated, he deserved to be feared. No wonder his father didn't want him, he had killed his wife and could kill him as well.

The golden eyed boy who was now a teenager had accepted that he was a monster. His heart had become numb from all the pain and loneliness he

had to endure so he shut his feelings down.

He had heard all kinds of bad things about himself. He had heard them so many times that it didn't matter anymore. No one cared and nobody would ever care, so why bother? He isolated himself from everyone else but still, he couldn't be left alone. His brothers would mock him every time they got the opportunity and his father would sometimes barge into his room in an intoxicated state.

"You!" his father would shout, pointing at him while trying to keep his balance. "You have made my life a hell! Why do you have to exist you repulsive thing? Why?!!!"

"Father?"

"Don't! Don't call me that. I am not your father!" he would scream. "And don't look at me with those eyes!!"

His father hated his eyes and so did

he. Some people said his eyes were made from hell fire while others said they were stones from hell. If people looked into them they would sin and eventually go to hell.

"Father? Why do you hate me so much?" the boy asked gathering some courage.

"Hate?" his father laughed. "I don't hate you, I despise you."

"Then why don't you just kill me!" the boy yelled, tears falling down his face.

"I wish I could." his father spat.

Later that night, the boy stood at the top of the castle's tower, looking down. He took a deep breath. He was going to end his miserable life. No more pain, no more loneliness. He closed his eyes. This was the end he thought.

"Nooo!!" Hazel screamed and Lucian came out of his haze.

Startled he looked at her, her cheeks were wet with tears. He realized that she had seen his memories. How?

"Hazel." He reached for her and held her tightly while she cried hysterically against his chest.

"I am sorry you got to see that. I didn't mean to." He said but she just kept crying.

Lucian cursed inwardly. How was she able to see his memories? To see him in pain was the last thing he wanted.

"Hazel?" He whispered her name while gently stroking her back. "That was a long time ago. Yes, I was lonely. My heart had frozen spreading the coldness throughout my whole body. I lived on, enduring until you came into my life."

She slowly stopped crying and looked up at him. He wiped some tears away from her cheeks. It pained him to see her cry.

"You have given me a reason to live. You have brought warmth into my life, making the ice around my heart melt so it could beat again. And now my heart beats and it beats only for you."

She looked at him surprised, blinking a few tears away and then wiping them with the back of her hand. He could hear her heart race inside her chest. She knew what he was going to say and she waited for him in anticipation.

"I love you Hazel. I love you with all my heart."

Then he covered her mouth with his and kissed her til she was breathless.

Married To The Devils Son.

Chapter 43

Lucian watched Hazel in her sleep. He had been watching her for a while now, but he never seemed to get tired. How could he? She was the only thing he ever wanted and now she was his.

He looked out the window, it was almost midday but they were still in bed and Hazel was sleeping. He was relieved that she was safe even though his demon had taken over completely last night. It had scared him but Hazel hadn't been scared. She had still wanted him and for the first time, he hadn't despised his demon. He had accepted it instead and it brought a strange feeling of freedom. No more demon crawling under his skin anymore, rather, he and his demon had become one.

This made him remember the strange man's words. Don't fight your demon too much, accept it instead.

How did the man know that he would find peace if he accepted his demon? Whoever the man was, he wanted to meet him again.

He gazed at his wife again. His foolishly courageous wife. To seduce him even though he had warned her

clearly, it amused him. He traced her cheek with his fingers. She was indeed stubborn, very stubborn he thought. Her eyelashes were still wet from crying and her lips swollen from all the kissing. He should have gone easy on her, but how? He had waited so long. So long to hold her, kiss her, and touch her and now he could do all of that, without the fear of hurting her. Tugging her into his arms, he closed his eyes.

I woke up with a smile on my face. The words I love you echoing in my mind. There has never been a happier moment in my life then that when Lucian, my husband, told me he loved me. The sincerity in which he said the words made all of my doubts and fears disappear.

And then he had kissed me, like never before. His kisses expressing the unspoken words, making me forget everything else than the man holding

me in his arms.

Lucian. He was indeed 'Man of light'. I just wished he could see that and stop believing he was a monster.

The memories I had seen had been so painful. I was able to feel the void in his heart and my heart ached for him. I couldn't imagine how it must have been for him to live like that, all alone, unloved, scared, and confused. How much pain he must have endured, so much that he was willing to take his life. My heart clenched in pain at the thought. He was just a child. How could his own family have treated him like that?

They were the monsters not him.

Looking at him I ran my fingers through his hair. "I'll make you forget." I whispered.

His lips curved into a smile.

"I thought you were asleep." I said.

He opened his eyes.

"I was. Your finger in my hair and your sweet voice woke me up." He trailed his fingers down my cheek.

"Now tell me. What will you make me forget?" He asked.

I shook my head afraid to tell him. Would I be able to make him forget all the bad memories?

"Nothing." I said.

He drew me closer and pressed his lips on my neck while running his finger down my spine. "Tell me."

"I just..." I began trying to keep my voice neutral as it became hard to breathe.

"You just what?" he said nibbling at the sensitive flesh under my ear. I bit my lip to stifle a m.o.a.n.

"I want... to make you forget all the bad memories." I breathed.

He drew back and looked at me, his

eyes filled with love and tenderness.

"Hazel. You make me forget how to breathe, let alone bad memories."

With a smile I snuggled against him, but then my stomach growled.

Lucian chuckled. "We should get something to eat."

No, I didn't want to leave his arms but I wanted to eat something too. We had been laying in bed for too long that we had missed our breakfast and maybe he was hungry as well. I forced myself to sit up then swung legs down. That's when I saw my beautiful white gown on the floor, ripped and torn.

"I am sorry about that." Lucian said running his finger through his hair, innocently.

Wrapping the sheets around me I jingled the bell on the nightstand and a maid came in immediately.

"Bring me Irene." I ordered.

"I am sorry My Lady, but who?"

"Irene. Bring me Irene."

The maid, I think her name was Nora, looked at me confused.

"My Lady, I am sorry but there is no one called Irene."

"Alright. Just bring me the maid who was here last night."

"I was here last night My lady."

Alright, now I was confused.

"No you were not. A maid called Irene was here with me."

The maid looked at me, confusion and fear in her eyes.

"My Lady I have never even heard that name." Her voice quivered.

How was that possible? Irene had been with me all these days.

I stood up. "So are you saying I had been without a maid all these days?" I asked.

She shook her head.

"I was serving you My Lady."

I sighed in frustration and disbelief.

"Little girl. Why don't you call the head maid." Lucian said standing up, the sheets only covering his lower body.

The maid looked down quickly her cheeks turning a bright red. Nodding she left the room.

"What's happening? Who is Irene?"
Lucian asked.

"Irene is my personal maid. She had been here with me all these days and now she is telling me there is no one called Irene."

He frowned. Yes, I was confused too, but then suddenly I got scared. Irene was a witch. What if she had been discovered and burned alive? Or maybe the bloodthirsty king had found her and made her his s.e.x slave? No, no.

I shook my head.

"Is something wrong?" Lucian looked worried.

There was a knock on the door and next an old lady came in.

"My Lady, Your Highness." She bowed deeply. "I am Margaret, the head maid. You called for me. How may I help you?"

I looked over at Lucian.

"Do you happen to know someone called Irene?" He asked.

"No Your Highness. Never heard the name."

"Who had been attending my wife?"

"A maid called Nora had been serving My Lady, Your Highness."

I stared at her in disbelief.

"You may leave." Lucian said and she left.

"She is lying," I told Lucian.

"What makes you think so?"

"I think the king took Irene and told everyone to keep it a secret or maybe they discovered that she is a w.."

"She is what?"

I hesitated for a while then decided to tell him.

"A witch," I whispered.

Lucian blinked several times then laughed.

"A witch?"

"Yes."

"And what makes you think Rasmus took her." He asked.

"Well, he loves women, and she is extremely, extremely beautiful," I said.

"If she really is a witch I think she can take care of herself, and if Rasmus took her, then... you know we can't do anything about it."

Well, it was true. Maybe she could use some magic to save herself. Still, I was worried.

I took a quick bath then joined Lucian for lunch. We both ate in silence and for the first time we both finished everything on the plate.

"I think you regained your appetite." He said.

I had always loved food but had lost my appetite since I came here due to all the stress.

"I don't think I could ever get enough of food." I smiled picking a strawberry from the fruit basket, and taking a bite of it.

Heat flickered in his eyes. "I know I could never get enough of you."

Heat rose to my cheeks at the way he looked at me.

"You shouldn't look at me like that. We just got out of bed." I said.

"I know. Yet I want to take you back there right now."

The intensity in his eyes made me swallow the strawberry without chewing it completely and he laughed.

"We have plenty of time for that, I am in no hurry." He smiled.

The thought of him making love to me again and again made my heart flutter.

Clearing my throat "Lucian, how was I able to see your memories?" I asked.

He thought for a while.

"I really don't know." he said with a frown.

"And you don't know what you are?"

"No."

How confusing and lonely it must have been for him to not know what he is and not be able to tell anyone.

"What happened when you...when you..."

"When I decided to end my life?" He

finished. My heart clenched once more.

"Did you jump?" I asked carefully.

"No, I didn't."

I let out a sigh of relief.

"What made you change your mind?"

"I guess there was just a part of me that refused to be weak. I refused to give up and give my father and brothers the satisfaction of seeing me dead." He explained.

I thought about what would have happened if he had jumped. I would never have met him, and I would never have married him, but most of all I would never have fallen in love with him.

Yes, I loved this man.

I think I felt something for him from the first time I saw him, when I had looked into his golden eyes. I was spellbound since then.

"Do you know your eyes are the first

thing I fell in love with? You shouldn't hate them. They are beautiful."

I could see in his eyes that if the table hadn't stood between us he would have kissed me. Even though I enjoyed the food, I suddenly wished the table hadn't been there.

As if he knew what I was thinking he stood up and walked to my side. Then he reached for my hand and pulled me out of my chair, bringing me closer to him.

"Hazel." The warmth in which he said my name made me want to melt. "Thank you for existing."

He took both my hands in his and kissed my knuckles.

No one has ever thanked me for anything and this man was thanking me for existing. I didn't know what to say or feel.

"No one has ever cared for me so I

never learned how to care for someone. I know I have been a bad husband, avoiding you, hurting you and not being able to protect you. I promise to be a better husband from now on, I promise to cherish you."

I felt tears in my eyes. The truth was, I was the bad one. Yes, he had avoided me and hurt me but now I understood why. He was hurting himself, it must have been so hard for him to avoid me, to live hiding the real him because he was afraid I would hate him just like his family. It must have been hard to live afraid to hurt the person you love.

He had been so alone and I hadn't noticed. Instead, I had distanced myself from him, misunderstood him and denied him his rights as a husband. I know that if it had been any other man he would have used me without my consent and then ignored me for the rest of my life.

But this was Lucian, the man I loved. I must have had a reason to love him and I knew the reason now.

"And I promise to be a better wife."

Married To The Devils Son.

Chapter 44

Lucian left saying he needed to take care of a few things and I just lay in my bed, daydreaming about him. I had Irene to thank for everything that happened. I wished she was here, I felt lonely without her.

Was she alright? What if something really bad is happening to her in this moment and I am just laying here in my bed?

"My Lady?"

Startled I sat up and turned my head.

"Irene!" I almost jumped out bed.

She smiled.

"Where were you? You made me worried."

She looked at me confused.

"You were worried about me?" She asked.

"Yes why not?"

"I am just a maid My Lady?"

"I...I thought we were friends."

Lord, I hated this. I knew that it never worked to be friends with a maid. I had already tried with Lydia and Ylva and they would always say the same 'A Lady and a maid can never be friends'. They were right. I was naive to think that.

How could they see me as a friend when they had to serve me all the time?

"We are if that's what you want, My lady?"

I looked at her surprised and she gave me a smile.

"Could you call me Hazel then?" I asked hopeful.

"Yes, Hazel."

Finally!! After so many years I got a friend. I felt like crying.

"So what happened? I thought something had happened to you. That maybe the bloodthirsty king had taken you."

"No, I am perfectly fine."

"Then why are the maids saying they don't know you?"

She looked around and seemed to contemplate about something.

"Can I tell you a secret now that we are friends?" She asked approaching me.

"Yes,"

"I am not a maid Hazel. I am just a witch."

I blinked a few times confused by what I heard.

"I came here to help you and your husband." She continued.

"Help us? Why?"

"I can't tell you much, but I need you

to believe me."

"Believe you? You just lied about being a maid. I trusted you Irene."

"I am sorry." She said and she looked sorry. "But there was no other way I could have spoken to you. I really need you to believe me."

"Why would I?"

"Because you don't want your husband to die?"

"How do you know Lucian?"

Suddenly a thought popped into my head.

"Is he a witch too?" I whispered and then I thought he couldn't be. Why did I even think of that? Witches didn't have red eyes or did they?

"Your husband... is something very powerful that has never existed before. If he uses his powers in the wrong way he could destroy himself."

"What are you saying?" I asked confused.

Grabbing my arms she sat me down on the edge of the bed.

"Hazel, do you remember I told you magic is not a thing to use easily, that it has consequences?"

"Yes."

"Any power anyone possess has its consequences if misused. Your husband... I don't think his is very familiar with his powers, he really don't know how to use them and he could overuse them and bring destruction upon himself."

"How do you know that?"

"He doesn't even know what he is, do you think he will know how to use his powers?"

I was quite for a moment trying to digest all the information I just got.

"Listen, I am a witch right?"

"Yes."

"Alright. If I try to cast a very

powerful spell and use all my power and overexert myself I could die, if not I would be weak for several days and my enemies would kill me meanwhile I can't protect myself. The same goes for your husband, he needs to use the right amount of power, and to be able to do that he needs to be very familiar with his powers."

I just looked at her, many questions swirling in my head and doubts on whether to believe her or not.

"So your husband must not think that he can fight an whole army himself. He could but that would make him very weak, or worse he could die."

"And what makes you think he will fight a whole army himself?"

"He might have to do that, because of you."

"Because of me?"

"Yes. He is planning on escaping with you. He is not safe outside these

walls. Both his brothers have sent their men everywhere looking for him."

"How do you know that?"

"I got the information from someone I trust."

"So is Lucian a witch or not?"

"Some things I can't tell you." She said. "I need to leave now."

"Wait! Why are you helping my husband?"

Somehow I was afraid to hear the answer. Was she a previous lover of his?

"I was not his lover, Hazel." She said looking amused.

"Can you read my thoughts?"

"Just one of my many talents." She said swirling and then she was gone.

I blinked several times. What had I just seen? She just disappeared in front of my eyes. Impossible.

"Your highness. Please consider your decision." Lincoln begged.

"I have already made up my mind."
Lucian said irritation clear in his voice. He knew Lincoln feared for his life and wanted to protect him but he wished the man would stop begging.

He had promised Hazel to be a better husband so he wasn't going to hurt her anymore.

"Have you prepared everything?"

"Yes Your Highness."

Leaving Lincoln behind Lucian entered Klaras room through the window without anyone noticing him. It was late but he hoped she would be awake, and she was.

She lay on her bed reading a book. He approached her slowly thinking it was stupid of him to do this.

"Klara?"

Startled she sat up on bed "Lucian?"

she looked at him with a questioning look then stood up.

"What are you doing here?" She asked.

Yes, how stupid. What was he doing here? He should just have escaped with Hazel.

Something flickered in her eyes.

"Lucian..." She began a warning in her tone. "I don't know what you think of me but I am not like that."

He knew what she was talking about. She thought he had come here to take her to bed. He couldn't blame her when he had snuck into her room in the middle of the night.

"Klara, I can't marry you. I am sorry that I am changing my decision all the time but this is my last and final decision."

Her eyes widened as she put the pieces together.

"You are escaping aren't you?"

"Yes."

"No," She shook her head "you can't. Then why did you come here to tell me?"

Because he knew how she felt about him. If he just escaped without saying goodbye when he had promised to marry her, he would scar her for life. And he knew how painful it was to live with a scar.

"I am not the right one for you. You will realize the day you find the right one. I have to go now." He said turning around.

"I will scream if you go." She threatened.

"Go ahead."

"Lucian I'm going to scream." Ignoring her he continued toward the window.

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Married To The Devils Son.

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Married To The Devils Son.

Chapter 45

"Are we really escaping?"

"Yes" Lucian said packing a few things.

Oh, lord. Irene was right.

"Lucian," I said grabbing his arms "I know you are doing this for me but I really, really, really don't mind you marrying Klara."

"Do you want me to marry her and then isolate her somewhere?"

That was terrible. No women deserve to be treated that way.

"No."

"Then you don't mind me touching her, kissing her and taking her to bed?" He said frustration clear in his tone.

No. I didn't like that either. Looking at my hands I tried to come up with something to say that made sense, but nothing came to mind. I was confused and scared.

"Listen Hazel." Lucian said taking my hands. "I don't want to marry Klara because I don't want to neglect her. I know how it feels, I have been

neglected my whole life. If I don't ignore her it means I have to be with her, and I don't want that either. I don't want to be with anyone but you."

I never thought about what he wanted. It would be wrong to force him to be with someone he didn't want to. I knew how that felt.

"Alright." I said.

We packed a few things and then sneaked out. Outside we met Lincoln, Oliver and few other of Lucians men.

"Your Highness, the weapons and horses are ready." Lincoln informed.

"Yes. But going outside the gates will be too difficult. The guards are too many, we have to at least distract some of them." Calum explained worriedly.

"Don't worry, soon they will fall asleep," Lincoln assured.

"That's very clever of you Lincoln," A

familiar female voice spoke from nearby "but I am afraid many of our guards are immune to drugs."

Klara? What was she doing here?

Oh god, we got caught. We were as good as dead.

"There is another way out if you follow me." She gestured.

I looked at Lucian skeptically but he just grabbed my arm and nodded toward his men, then we followed Klara.

Why would she help us escape?

"Can we trust her?" I whispered as we followed her into a dark tunnel.

Lucian nodded.

"This tunnel leads to the back of the castle. It was made in case we got attacked so that we could escape." She explained.

As we reached the exit we found that a few guards standing there.

"Don't worry. These are my men." She explained as she saw the questioning looks on our faces.

"They have prepared a few more horses and weapons. You will need them." She continued.

She was helping us escape. Why? She was making me confused.

Klara studied Lucian while he put his weapons in place and prepared his horse. As she looked at him her expression was filled with sorrow and another feeling I didn't want to admit yet.

Turning to me she walked closer.

"Why are you helping us?" I asked before she could say anything.

"I am helping him not you."

"Helping him is helping me." I said.

She narrowed her eyes.

"I am trying to hate you. You are not helping." She said.

"Neither are you."

I think saw her lips twitch a little into a smile.

"This is not the end. I have not given up on him yet." She said folding her arms across her chest.

"I am sure there are many men who like you why Lucian?"

Walking closer she leaned in.

"I don't think you understand, but your husband is one of a kind."

Then taking a few steps back "I trust you will protect him, or I will come for him." She smirked.

"Princess Klara," Lucian said approaching us "thank you for your help."

As she looked at him her eyes softened and for a short moment, I thought she would cry.

"Take care of yourself." She said.

We were riding fast through an empty land and once again I felt dizzy. I thought I had gotten used to this but I guess I didn't.

Lucian slowed down, "Are you alright?" he asked.

"Yes," I breathed, but I wasn't.

Throughout the journey, I fought my urge to vomit as I held on to Lucian until I discovered something. Inhaling Lucian's scent took the nausea away. Grabbing some strands of his hair I kept inhaling his spicy scent until we decided to take a break.

"Lincoln will bring us food." Lucian said as he sat next to me on a cliff while I was watching the sunrise.

It was my first time seeing the sunrise and it was the most beautiful sight. From the corner of my eyes, I could see Lucian watching me.

"Isn't it beautiful?" I nodded toward the sun.

"Very beautiful." He said but he was still looking at me as he said it.

I turned to him. "I am speaking of the sunrise, Lucian."

"I see nothing but you right now."

We just stared into each other's eyes unable to look away until we heard some guards speaking behind us.

Tearing my gaze from his, "Where are we going? What's your plan?" I asked.

"There is only one way out of this mess and to keep you safe. I will kill my brothers."

"But how? You brothers probably have a very high security now because they know they can be attacked any time. I am sure they are prepared for everything." I said.

"I don't know exactly how Hazel, but I will come up with something. First I need to take you to a safe place."

The thoughts of him leaving me and

maybe not coming back sent shivers down my spine.

"No, " I said. "I don't want you to go."

"Hazel, I have to. We can't live running and hiding our whole life."

"But what if something happens to you?"

He smiled.

"Nothing will happen to me." He said cupping my face with one hand. "I can't die now when I know the feeling of having your bare body in my arms."

His eyes burned into mine and heat crept to my face.

"Your Highness, I have brought some food and clothes." Lincoln interrupted us.

Lincoln brought us commoners clothes so that we wouldn't be recognized easily. We changed our clothes, ate some food and then continued our

journey.

Leaving trees and empty lands behind, we came to the city. Getting off the horses we walked among common people till we came to a little village outside the city.

We stood in front of a white house with a brown roof. Lucian had told me that we would go to Lincoln's home, I guessed this was it.

Lincoln entered the house and after a while, he came out with a woman. She seemed to be in her late twenties or early thirties with blonde hair and brown eyes.

"This is my wife Malia, Malia this is His Highness Lucian and His wife Hazel." He introduced.

"It's an honor to meet you, Your Highness." She greeted. "Please come inside."

It was a small house but it was neat and looked comfortable. I could see

Malia glancing at Lucian now and then looking surprised. From the way she looked at him, I knew she hadn't expected him to look the way he did. I couldn't blame her, I never thought he would look like this either before I got married to him.

Lucian and Lincoln spoke to Malia about me staying with her until they took care of things.

"Callum will also stay here in case anything happens," Lincoln explained and Malia nodded.

After giving us lunch Malia took us to a room.

"You have been traveling the whole night, I am sure you need rest." She smiled.

"Thank you." I said and she closed the door behind us.

The bedroom was small, at least for someone like me who was used to having very big bedrooms but it looked nice.

To share such little pace with Lucian brought butterflies to my stomach.

He had already made love to me but I was still behaving like an innocent girl. I needed to stop this.

Looking at Lucian, he was still utterly handsome even when wearing commoners clothes while I probably looked awful. He was wearing a pair of black boots, khaki trousers and a white shirt which he was taking off by now.

Looking at his body I remembered how shamelessly I had touched him without holding back. How smooth his skin had felt, how the muscles on his arms and back had twitched... and his strong neck, I had a sudden urge to place kisses down his neck.

"What are you thinking about wife?"

From the smug look on his face I guessed he knew what I was thinking about.

"Nothing." I blushed.

"And why would nothing make you blush?" He drawled crossing the distance between us.

"Can you hear my thoughts?" I asked.

"No, but I can hear your heart race, your breathing change and your temperature rise."

"You can hear my heartbeat?" I asked surprised.

"Yes, I have sharp senses."

"Oh..." I said trying to digest everything. "What else can you do?"

"I can speak inside your head."

I wasn't very surprised by that. I had heard his voice in my head before.

"What else?"

"I can control fire."

He had burned the men. It was him.

"Now you are scared." He said.

"No, I am not."

He was quiet for awhile "Let's get some rest." Married To The Devils Son.

Chapter 46

Lucian lay facing the other side and I wondered if he was angry with me.

"Are you angry with me?" I asked.

"Why would I be?"

"I don't know" I whispered.

He turned around facing me.

"I am not angry." He said his voice soft.

If he wasn't angry, there was something else he wasn't telling me.

"Will you hold me then while we rest?"

Without waiting he drew me into his arms and after a while, he fell asleep. I was very tired as well after being awake the whole night but I didn't want to sleep since Lucian would leave after we woke up I wanted to be awake and savor the feel of being in his

arms. But I couldn't.

I kept repeating Irene's words in my head and it made my stomach twist in fear. What if something happened to Lucian? What if he never came back? Maybe I should have convinced him to marry Klara.

"You haven't slept?" Lucian asked surprised when he woke up.

"I wasn't very tired." I lied to no avail.

"Hazel, you don't need to worry. I will come back safe." He assured me.

Lucian's men gathered their horses outside, getting ready to leave. Lincoln was speaking to his wife, it looked like he was assuring her he would come back safe but she still looked worried. He gave her a kiss on the cheek and a reassuring smile. Surprisingly I had never seen him smile before. This was the first time and he looked like a different person.

By the way, where was Lucian? Looking around I found him stalking toward me. By the time I realized what he was about to do it was too late and he had already pressed his lips to mine, in front of everyone. On top of that it wasn't a light and quick kiss, but a long and passionate one that knocked all air out of my lungs.

He drew back, a smirk on his face. What was that for?

"This is for slapping me, wife."

Embarrassed I looked around and everyone looked away quickly. I wished the earth could open up and swallow me and I glared at Lucian accusingly.

He laughed. "Do you still want me to come back?"

"Yes. How can I pay you back otherwise?" I said.

"I look forward to that." He smirked.

Placing a kiss on my forehead, "I will

be back wife." He said then rode off with his men.

It has been a week since Lucian left and for every day that went by I got more and more worried. I couldn't live on like this, the anxiety was eating me alive.

"My Lady, You haven't been eating well lately." Malia pointed. "You should eat something."

"I am fine." I said. She looked at me skeptically.

Suddenly the door flew open and Callum stood there breathless.

"My lady, we need to leave now." He said.

"Why? What happened?" I asked standing up.

"I saw some guards with drawings of you and his highness asking the villagers if they saw you. Soon enough they will find us if we don't leave."

"Oh lord," Malia said. "We should hurry then."

Only grabbing a few important things we left the house. I sat behind Callum on the horse while Malia rode on her own. Even she could ride, why couldn't I?

Well, I had my father to thank for all the things I couldn't do.

When we thought we had come far enough we stopped.

"What now?" Malia asked confused.

"I really don't know." Callum said with a frown. "Maybe we should go to my house."

"No! I have already put Malia in danger I don't want your family to be in danger as well." I said.

"Thank you for your concern My Lady, but protecting you is my priority. Besides we can't stay here for long they will find us."

He was right but it didn't take the guilt away. We continued riding but realized that we were surrounded as every road we tried to take was blocked.

"We are trapped." Callum said.

"Malia, you should leave. They don't want you anyways." I said.

"But how can I leave you My Lady?"

"Just do what I say, we don't have time." I ordered.

"Yes, you should leave Malia. They won't recognize you as long as you are not with us. Besides if you leave you can bring us help." Callum suggested.

She hesitated for a while but quickly rode away when we heard men with their horses nearing.

"They are here, catch them." I heard someone yell.

Callum took his sword out ready to fight.

"Don't." I said. He looked at me confused.

"But My Lady..."

"I will take care of this." I interrupted him. I didn't want him to fight because he would probably lose. They were just too many, he wouldn't be able to fight all of them.

The men surrounded us with their horses. One of them got off the horse and approached us.

His gaze moved over me then he smirked.

"Our little princess is wearing rags I see." He smirked. "What happened?" He asked mockingly and then his men laughed.

His gaze moved over to Callum.

"I only need the princess alive. I think your time on earth has come to an end old friend." He told Callum with a faked sad expression.

Callum stood in the same place his

expression unwavering.

"There is no need to pretend to be brave when you are going to die. Why can't you beg for your life while you can? "

"You won't kill him." I said.

The man looked at me then laughed.

"Why wouldn't I? "

"Because I will make sure to remember your face and tell my husband to kill you in the most painful way." I said.

He laughed again.

"That's only if he finds me, little princess." He said.

"Oh, he will. The devil finds its way everywhere. By now he is probably on his way while planning your death and everyone's here. "

I could see that he got a bit scared. It was working.

"You fear the crown prince?" I asked

speaking louder to everyone. "Well, then you fear the wrong person. The worst prince Pierre can do is kill you, but prince Lucian will torture you, kill you and then torture you again in hell, because trust me none of you is going to heaven." I threatened.

They looked at each other hesitantly for a while.

"What are you waiting for." Their commander yelled. "Tie them up!"

Married To The Devils Son.

Chapter 47

They threw us into a cellar with our hands tied behind our back.

"Don't touch the Lady. The crown prince wants her untouched." Their commander told the men. His gaze shifted to Callum.

"You can do whatever you want with him." He said and left.

The two men that were left with us

walked toward Callum with a smug look on their faces.

"Leave him alone if you care to live." I told them.

Turning their head they looked at me.

"You can't kill me because the crown prince wants me alive. Before you take me to him Lucian will already be here and if he finds that one of his men is dead or hurt he won't be happy." I said with conviction in my voice. "I don't think you have seen him unhappy, have you?"

They looked at each other, one of them clearly more scared than the other.

"Trust me you don't want to see him like that?" I added.

"That's only rumors. Don't try and scare us, Lady." One of them said.

"Rumors?" I laughed. "There is no smoke without fire and oh...you should be scared. No one wants to be burned

alive."

Now they were clearly scared. It was visible in their eyes.

"By tonight Lucian will already be here. Think about it. If you want to live you will let us go and I will spare your lives, and maybe even tell my husband to make you join his army. And if you want to die, well then ask God for forgiveness because if you go to hell..." I shook my head "Lucian will enjoy torturing you for eternity."

Their gazes shifted between me and Callum in confusion then they decided to leave us alone.

"My Lady, You are very clever," Callum said once they left.

"Not clever enough though. They didn't let us go."

"They will." He said.

"How do you know?"

"They were very afraid and as time goes by their fear will grow."

"I hope so." I sighed.

After sitting in the cellar for so long I got cramp in my legs and my stomach growled. Callum looked at me wearing an apologetic look on his face.

"I am alright." I assured him.

Soon after, we heard the fumbling of keys and the door to the cellar opened. The two scared soldiers entered still looking afraid.

Without a word, they began to untie our hands.

"Let's go." One of them whispered.

"The men are drinking outside. Most of them are intoxicated so we can leave if we are very quiet." He explained.

He was right. As we made our way out we could hear their loud voices and laughter as they sat around a fire. Without them noticing we snuck into

the woods and began to run as fast as we could.

We kept running until I couldn't anymore.

"My Lady, are you alright?" Callum asked when I stopped.

"Yes, I just need to breathe a moment," I said breathless, but the truth was my legs were hurting so much after sitting for a long time and I didn't have energy since I hadn't eaten the whole day.

"We have to continue." One of the men said. "They have horses they can easily come after us."

As soon as he finished the sentence Callum slit both their throats letting their bodies fall to the ground.

"Callum?" I breathed shocked.

"They betrayed their prince." He stated simply. "We should keep moving."

Taking their weapons we continued to run.

I don't know how long we have been running or walking but my legs were hurting so much, my throat was so dry and my head began to spin. But I continued walking in spite of all that. If I wanted to live, if I wanted to see Lucian again I had to keep moving. Eventually, as I kept walking my legs gave in and everything went black.

I woke up from someone splashing water on my face. I opened my eyes with a groan.

"My Lady, drink this." Callum said holding a bottle of water next to my mouth.

I gulped the water down quickly.

"Where are we?"

We were surrounded by trees and there was a small lake to the left.

"Unfortunately not far away."

"Then we should go." I said standing up abruptly which led to me losing my balance.

Before I fell Callum caught me. "I don't think you can walk My Lady. Your leg is swollen."

"Of course I can w..." I shrieked in pain as I shifted my weight on my left leg.

"Sit down." Callum urged helping me.

"But we can't just be sitting here." I protested. It was already morning and he had said that we hadn't come far.

"I will try to walk."

"There is no point in that." He said calmly. "We are surrounded. I tried to find a way out but they are everywhere right now."

"Then what should we do?" I asked.

"It's too late to do anything, My Lady. We were from the beginning fighting a war we would lose anyway. Even if we

escape this time, how many more times will we be able to escape? Sooner or later they will find us." He looked at me narrowing his gaze. "We all will die My Lady."

The calmness in which he spoke told me that he had expected all this to happen and that he had accepted it.

"Callum, you should leave me here. At Least alone I am sure you can escape."

"No my lady I cannot do that."

"Think about your family, they need you. I will be fine, they won't kill me. Their prince wants me alive."

"No, I..." He stopped as we heard the sound of horses and men.

"Look for them everywhere!" A man yelled.

Callum looked around quickly trying to find a place for us to hide but unfortunately we were only surrounded by trees and hiding behind them

wouldn't help.

"My Lady, I will distract them and lead them that way. You endure the pain and run that way." He whispered pointing in different directions.

I nodded and tried to do as he said but the pain in my leg was excruciating. I tried my best to ignore the pain and limped my way to the opposite direction of where Callum went.

"Someone is there!" I heard a man yell and then the clinking of swords. Would Callum be able to fight all those men?

I felt like a coward leaving him behind and contemplated for a while to go back. But how would I be able to help him? I could barely walk.

"There she is! Catch her!"

Oh no, they found me. Maybe it was for the better I thought since I couldn't decide whether to leave Callum behind or not.

"Don't move lady, there is no point."
The soldier who was approaching me
warned.

If he only knew how painful it was for
me to move he wouldn't have said that.

He grabbed my arm harshly and was
about to drag me when something caught
his attention. I turned my head to see
what was going on and then saw
soldiers fighting someone wearing a
helmet. The helmet man moved smoothly
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"Who is that? Kill him!" The soldier
who held me yelled but unfortunately,
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well.

The helmet man put his sword back and

looked my way. Whoever he was, he was skilled even though he didn't look strong.

Stalking toward me he took his helmet off.

I gasped.

"Klara!"

She smirked. "Who did you think it was?"

I just looked at her astonished for a while. "Will you just stare at me or stand up?" She asked.

I stood up grimacing in pain. "What are you doing here? How did you find me? Why did you save me?"

Ignoring my questions she whistled and a black horse came galloping toward us.

"We need to leave quickly." She said.

"But Callum..." I began

"It's his duty to protect you and not the other way round. Now hurry!"

MARRIED TO THE DEVIL'S SON

Chapter 47

They threw us into a cellar with our hands tied behind our back.

"Don't touch the Lady. The crown prince wants her untouched." Their commander told the men. His gaze shifted to Callum.

"You can do whatever you want with him." He said and left.

The two men that were left with us walked toward Callum with a smug look on their faces.

"Leave him alone if you care to live." I told them.

Turning their head they looked at me.

"You can't kill me because the

crown prince wants me alive. Before you take me to him Lucian will already be here and if he finds that one of his men is dead or hurt he won't be happy." I said with conviction in my voice. "I don't think you have seen him unhappy, have you?"

They looked at each other, one of them clearly more scared than the other.

"Trust me you don't want to see him like that?" I added.

"That's only rumors. Don't try and scare us, Lady." One of them said.

"Rumors?" I laughed. "There is no smoke without fire and oh...you should be scared. No one wants to

be burned alive."

Now they were clearly scared. It was visible in their eyes.

"By tonight Lucian will already be here. Think about it. If you want to live you will let us go and I will spare your lives, and maybe even tell my husband to make you join his army. And if you want to die, well then ask God for forgiveness because if you go to hell..." I shook my head "Lucian will enjoy torturing you for eternity."

Their gazes shifted between me and Callum in confusion then they decided to leave us alone.

"My Lady, You are very clever," Callum said once they left.

"Not clever enough though. They didn't let us go."

"They will." He said.

"How do you know?"

"They were very afraid and as time goes by their fear will grow."

"I hope so." I sighed.

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truth was my legs were hurting so much after sitting for a long time and I didn't have energy since I hadn't eaten the whole day.

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Married To The Devils Son.

Chapter 48

Klara made me wear dirty torn clothes, she put mud on my face and hair and tied my hands.

"If you look like a beggar no one will ever suspect you are a princess." She explained.

I was angry at first. Was she making fun of me? But as we passed many guards and none of them even looked our way I guessed she was right. It must really have looked like I was a slave bought by her from the way she rode her horse and I was being dragged behind with my hands tied. I still hated her for this, but I had to admit she was smart and she was helping me.

Once we passed the guarded place we stopped near a lake and she gave me something to eat. I had never been so hungry in my life before so I ate the sandwich quickly.

"What happened to your leg?"

"I really don't know. I think it's

swollen from all the sitting and walking or maybe I wrenched it." I explained.

She just nodded and looked away.

"Why did you save me?" I asked.

"I promised Lucian to protect you the way he would." She said, "Even though that was when we were supposed to get married."

"You saved me to keep a promise you made to Lucian?" I asked surprised.

"I am stupid, I know."

"You love him very much." I said more to myself than her.

She truly did love him. I tried to deny that for a long time but it was a fact. She had helped us escape and she saved my life because she knew it did matter to Lucian.

"Don't worry, I am not here to take him away from you. Now sleep for a while so we can keep going."

*

Klara watched Hazel while asleep. She really tried to dislike this woman but why couldn't she. This woman had taken away the man she loved, the only man has ever loved so why didn't she hate her?

Maybe because she knew deep down it wasn't Hazels fault. She had been forced into marrying Lucian, it wasn't her choice.

Sighing Klara lay down on the ground and tried to find some sleep but her thoughts went back to the time she first met Lucian

.

"Klara, you won't participate in this war. It's final." Rasmus said.

"But why?"

"Sweet sister. We are fighting against the most powerful kingdom and their armies leader is the seventh prince.

He has never lost a war before."

She had heard of the seventh prince of Decresh, the prince rumored to be the devil's son. He kills without mercy and always goes back home with a victory.

"Brother, I can't stay just because we might lose. What will that make me? A coward?"

Rasmus sighed in frustration.

"Astrid! Please knock some sense into your sister." He said standing up and leaving the room.

Klara glanced at her sister giving her a 'don't even try' look.

"If you want to die why don't you just jump off the window." Astrid said sipping her tea.

"And what makes you think I will die?" Klara asked.

"No one survives a war against the seventh prince."

"So we are basically sending our men to die? That's not right sister. That's why I need to go." Klara insisted.

Astrid stood up from her seat "Klara you care too much about other people and I care too much about you to send you to die."

Klara took her sisters hands in hers. "I won't die sister, how many wars have I survived? Just please convince brother to let me go. Please, please." She begged.

Astrid sighed. "Alright, but I will train you to death before you go."

"Thank you, sister." She said and gave Astrid a peck on the cheek.

Klara spent the rest of her days before the war training and coming up with new war strategies. She was determined to win and bring her men back home alive, and whoever this seventh prince was she wanted to

defeat him.

"Are you sure you want to go?" Astrid asked when the day had come.

"Yes." Klara said without hesitation. She was a warrior and a warrior would rather die in a battle than hide.

"Be careful," Astrid said. They said their goodbyes and she left to fight.

Klara led her men to the battlefield where they stood face to face with their enemies. She was surprised to find that the enemies army wasn't large, but they didn't seem intimidated by their large army and began to attack directly.

She had fought many battles before but this time she got a very bad feeling. She could smell sweat, blood, and death. But she could also smell defeat. Most of her men were already dead, while most of the enemies men were alive. How was that possible? They had trained and planned so much.

Klara was confused until her eyes landed on a man wearing a mask. But that was not what caught her attention. He was fighting with two swords, swinging them swiftly as if they didn't weight anything. His movements were too fast, giving his opponents no time to defend or attack. Bodies kept falling dead to the ground as he moved between them with such ease aiming for his next target. It was as if he wasn't even making an effort.

The very short amount of time Klara was watching him he had already killed almost twenty of her men. He had to be the seventh prince Klara thought. She needed to kill him first.

Killing off the man she was fighting with she moved toward him tightening the grip on her sword.

Lifting her weapon into the air she was about to strike him when he suddenly turned and knocked the sword out of her hand with such force she

fell to the ground. She was about to take her other sword out when she felt the sharp tip of a sword placed on her throat.

With heart pounding, she slowly lifted her head up and found a pair of unearthly eyes staring down at her. Eyes that seemed to be burning burned into hers making her breath hitch and her heart stop.

"Your Highness, we have killed everyone." A man spoke from nearby but Klara couldn't take her eyes off the man standing in front of her.

The prince didn't respond, he just stared down at her. He was wearing a mask that only hid his lower face. Klara could see his perfectly shaped eyebrows and his silky black hair.

"Who is she?" The man asked.

The prince removed his sword from her throat his eyes narrowing.

Klara felt small under his scrutiny.

There was just something very powerful about his presence that sent chills down her spine. She was usually the type to fight to the end but her limbs refused to move. It scared her that he was holding her in place with just a look.

"She is the kings' sister." Another soldier spoke and Klara realized she was surrounded by a bunch of soldiers who were her enemies.

Oh, no! Panic kicked in. They knew she was the Kings' sister. They wouldn't just kill her, they would probably ** her, torture her then kill her.

"She looks very young, Your Highness." The previous soldier whispered into the prince's ear.

The prince nodded toward his men then turned around and left. Klara panicked. Did he just give them permission to have their way with her? Never!

Taking her sword out she decided to

fight them to death. But they outnumbered her, pushing her down on the ground they tied her up. Klara screamed and kicked but to no avail.

Throwing her on a horse they rode off with her to god knew where. As they arrived at some unknown place they pushed her off the horse and she fell to the ground.

"Bastards!" She snarled.

They just laughed as they got off their horses.

"She is a tough one." One of them said and the others nodded in agreement.

Klara looked around and realized they brought her to their camping place. Some of them were tending to their wounds, some cleaning themselves while other ate food.

No one even looked at her as if she didn't exist. Klara didn't know if it was a good or a bad thing. Anyways now she needed to think of a way out.

Maybe if she made an agreement or a bargain with the prince she could go home unharmed even though she doubted that.

Just the idea of speaking to the prince sent chills down her spine, but she needed to do something before these men violated her.

"What do you want from me?" she asked but they continued ignoring her.

"I am talking to you." She yelled, still no reaction.

"I want to speak to the prince." Finally, she caught their attention.

"Nobody cares about what you want here," One of them replied.

"You will when I separate your head from your body." Klara snapped.

The men laughed then stopped abruptly.

"Your Highness." Turning her head she found the prince standing there. "The lady wants to speak to you."

He gazed at her with those flaming eyes. Klara had never seen such eyes before and it made her wonder if the rumors could be true.

It wasn't only his eyes, but there was a raw power that emanated from him making fear crawl into her skin. She had fought with many powerful and scary men but this one, he made her terrified when she couldn't even see his face.

"You wanted to say something?" He spoke and Klara froze.

His voice, it was so different from his aura. It was like nothing she had heard before, warm and deep. The silkiness of it felt like an intimate caress on her skin.

"Hey princess, His Highness is speaking to you." Someone called.

Tearing her gaze from his piercing eyes she tried to think. What was it she wanted to say? Yes, she wanted to

bargain.

"What do you want of me?" She asked looking up at him.

"I don't know yet but I am sure you will be of great use."

Good lord, his voice. It reached deep inside her and made her feel things she didn't want to feel.

"I will be of more use if you let me go. I will tell my brother you saved my life."

He crouched to her level which took her by surprise. A royalty never did that, especially to the level of someone they brought as a prisoner or a slave even worse someone who was their enemy.

"Your brother trades slaves and s.e.x slaves over the border. I want to stop that by offering you as an exchange. You will be free as long as you cooperate."

Klara stared at him in surprise. She knew her brother's dirty affairs and she didn't like it, but she wondered why a prince would care about such thing.

Usually, princes supported the s.e.x trade, especially from other countries since they could have mistresses with different nationalities. It surprised her that this prince wanted to stop it.

"Alright." She agreed. If it could buy her freedom and stop the trade why not.

"Alright then." He said standing up and taking his mask off, revealing a face that made her heart stop.

Married To The Devils Son.

Chapter 49

Klara couldn't help but stare at the mesmerizing beauty in front of her. How could a man or a human possible look like this?

She took in every detail. The

perfectly sculpted face, the defined eyebrows, the flaming eyes, the sharp nose, lips made to kiss and a flawless skin. And his hair, it was long, thick and black and shone in the sunlight. Klara realized that none of his hair was out of place or dirty even though they had spent the whole day on a battlefield.

The prince leaned down and reached behind her. His scent reached her nostrils, he smelled of spices. He should smell of sweat and blood after killing almost all her men.

After hearing a cutting sound Klara's hands were free. Before she could stand up he grabbed her jaw and made her look at him.

"Don't ever think of running." He warned his voice low.

Klara was never the obedient type but she found herself nodding.

He slowly let go of her face and her

body tingled with carnal awareness as his fingertips brushed her skin. It terrified her. She needed to keep a safe distance from this man.

The rest of the day went by quickly. They offered her food and didn't treat her badly. Most of the time they didn't even look her way which was both odd and comforting.

She was used to men ogling or looking at her inappropriately. Most of the time she knew what was on their mind but they never dared to act on their thoughts out of fear for her brother.

When she reached the age of marriage many powerful men had come and asked for her hand but she had denied all of them.

"Sweet sister. You are at the age of marriage but you are denying every man. What do you want me to do?" Her brother would ask time after time.

"They only want me because of my looks,

Rasmus . "

"Is that a bad thing?" Rasmus would look at her confused. "You should be happy that you are a beautiful lady."

No one understood her. Of course she was thankful for her beauty but she wished someone would see her for who she was.

Klara looked up at the sky. The sun had gone down and the night covered the sky like a black curtain. The soldiers sat around a fire and chatted happily while drinking and eating. Klara sat away from them leaning against a tree. She was tired but she couldn't fall asleep afraid they would take advantage of her. They hadn't treated her badly so far and even offered her food and a blanket to warm herself but she was not the type to trust easily.

"Don't worry. My men will do nothing without my permission."

Klara knew this voice because it brought butterflies to her stomach. She always got the strange feeling of wanting to run and stay at the same time every time she saw the prince.

Sighing he sat down leaning against a tree in front of her. Klara couldn't help but stare at him, he was very pleasing to the eyes.

"And how would I know you wouldn't give them permission?"

"I am asking you to help me stop a s.e.x trade. Why would I ask my men to **** you?"

Well, that was true.

"What's your name?" She asked unable to stop her curiosity.

"Lucian."

Klara thought she liked his name. Even though she didn't want to admit she liked everything about this man. She liked how he looked into her eyes when

he spoke to her instead of scanning her body.

"My name is Klara." She told him.

He just nodded.

"When I have helped you, how can I trust you will set me free."

"You see...you have no choice." He retorted.

"Why do you want to top the s.e.x trade?"

"I just don't like it." He shrugged. Klara had the feeling that there was more than him not liking the trade but she didn't ask any further questions.

Lucian leaned his head back and closed his eyes.

Klara watched him as he went into a deep slumber. He looked even more beautiful when relaxed. Somehow she felt she could trust him so she closed her eyes as well and fell asleep.

The next morning Klara woke from the

sunlight poking her eyes. Blinking several times she looked around and found that everyone was awake and ready to leave somewhere.

Standing up she grabbed a soldier.

"Where is the prince?" she asked.

He nodded behind her. Turning around she found Lucian standing there.

"Have you eaten something?"

Klara shook her head. Why? Had she lost her voice? She was really mad at herself for acting like this and feeling this way toward her enemy.

"Give the Lady something to eat." He ordered.

"Yes, Your Highness." The soldier nodded and left to bring her food.

"We need to leave quickly so that we can reach the border before sundown." He explained.

Klara found herself nodding again.

Maybe she did lose her voice after all.

The soldier came back with a sandwich which he gave to her then he took Lucian to the side and spoke to him about something. Lucian just nodded a few times then looked her way. Were they speaking about her?

Looking away she began to eat her sandwich. Klara was still not sure whether to trust Lucian or not. She contemplated escaping while they traveled but if they caught her this time they wouldn't leave her to live. Maybe she should just do as he says.

When she was done Lucian came riding on his horse "If you are done we should leave." He said.

"I am done."

He reached his hand out. Taking it she jumped on the horse and sat behind him, then they rode off. It felt strangely intimate to ride with someone Klara thought, especially when she had her arms wrapped around his waist.

After hours of travel they finally reached the border which was near the coast. Getting off their horses they entered an old large ship.

"Is it here?" Klara asked confused.

"Yes. Slaves get shipped through the ocean from different countries to this place and this is their main ship. This is where they register the slaves, buy and sell them."

"Oh..."

As they walked through the ship's hallways the old wooden floor made a creaking sound. They passed a few slaves tied and sitting on the floor, some of them were wounded while other seemed hungry. Klara saw girls her age and some even much younger, sitting there looking both scared and starved.

Klara's stomach began to hurt. What were these innocent peoples fault? She didn't like this at all and would scold her brother once she gets back

home. But unfortunately, as Lucian spoke to one of the sellers they found out that her brother didn't own the trade anymore.

"Lord Rasmus didn't want it anymore and sold it to Lord Nicholas." The seller explained.

Nicholas was the king of the Eslarian Kingdom. He was known to be the only decent king, it surprised her that he took over the slave trade.

"Lord Nicholas has opened the trade for everyone. Are you here to buy or..." He looked at Klara his eyes gleaming with l.u.s.t " ..sell?"

Dear Lord. She was in trouble. Now when Lucian had no use of her what if he sold her. These men wouldn't believe that her brother was a king before they defiled her.

Looking around Klara thought of a way to run but Lucian grabbed her arm as if he knew what she was about to do.

"Neither." he said.

"Just name the price...any price." The man said licking his lips.

Lucian ignored the man and dragged Klara out of the ship.

"Let's go." He said getting on the horse.

Klara got on the horse and held onto him tightly.

"Thank you!" She whispered as they rode but where was he taking her exactly? "Where are we going?"

"I am taking you back home." He said.

"Really?! But I haven't done anything to help you." She said surprised by the disappointment she felt. She should be happy to be going home.

He laughed. It was a deep rich sound that made her insides melt.

"You sound disappointed."

"No I am not. I just...I just wonder

what you will do now to stop the slave trade?" It was partly true. She was curious to know.

"I will take care of that." He said shortly then they continued riding in silence until they reached the border of Gatrish.

Lucian got off the horse and helped her down.

"Can you find your way from here?" He asked.

Klara nodded. "Yes, thank you."

She still couldn't understand why he saved her. He didn't seem impressed by her beauty and if he was he should have kept her. Maybe he was just a decent man. An utterly handsome decent man.

Sadly she had to say goodbye already, now that she finally met a man that intrigued her.

For the first time, his eyes traveled

down her body but there was nothing l.u.s.tful in his gaze. It must have been because of her dirty torn clothes she thought. Taking his cloak off he wrapped it around her and Klaras heart fluttered inside her chest.

"Thank you." She whispered.

Without saying a word he got on his horse.

"Be safe princess." He said and rode off.

I hope to see you again, she thought.

"Klara!!" Astrid ran to her and enveloped her in a tight hug. "Thank god you are safe. I thought something terrible happened to you. We have been looking for you everywhere. Where have you been?" Her sister asked without breathing once when Klara reached back home.

"I am fine Astrid. I'll explain everything if you just let me rest. I am very tired." Klara couldn't feel

her legs and her eyelids had become heavy.

Astrid pulled back and scanned every inch of her sister's body. "You are not hurt are you?"

Klara could understand her sisters worry but she was too tired to cooperate.

"Klara!" Someone shouted.

Oh no. Now it was her brothers turn to search her body and ask a thousand questions. Rasmus came hurrying toward her. "Are you alright? Who did this to you?" He asked grabbing her shoulders and searching her body.

"I am fine, alright. I am not hurt or anything. I am just tired, hungry, thirsty and I need a bath."

Astrid and Rasmus looked at each other for a while then nodded.

"Prepare a bath for her, bring food...." Rasmus began ordering the

servants around hysterically.

"Hurry!" He ordered.

Astrid grabbed Klaras arm and dragged her to their room.

"By the way sister, You look awful," Astrid said as she helped Klara change. "Next time you listen to me when I say you won't go to war. Do you understand?"

"Yes, yes."

"I am serious Klara. Do you know how scared I was?"

"I am sorry." Klara apologized. She really didn't want to fight with her sister when she had already made her worry so much. Astrid was the only person Klara loved above anyone else. She wasn't only her sister but her friend. They had shared everything even their mother's w.o.m.b.

Klara didn't know what she would do without her sister.

After bathing, changing, eating and drinking Klara lay on her bed to rest. She couldn't stop thinking about Lucian. She kept hearing his voice and his laughter, she kept seeing his eyes, she kept remembering the feel of having her arms around him and how his touch made her body tingle. What had he done to her? Maybe she would forget about him after a while but she didn't.

As days went by she only thought more and more about him and slowly she realized he was someone she would never forget because he...he had stolen her heart.

"Are you thinking about him again?"

Klara woke up from her daydream and looked around. Astrid stood in the middle of the room a smirk on her face.

"Who?" Klara said pretending to not know but Astrid knew her too well.

"The prince who saved your life."

Klara had told Astrid and Rasmus about

Lucian. She hadn't given them details but she had told them that he had saved her. Both her siblings were surprised that the dangerous prince had saved her instead of killing her.

"I wonder why he saved you." Astrid said thoughtfully as she sat beside her sister. "Maybe he was bewitched by your beauty."

"I don't think so, Astrid. He never looked at me the wrong way and he didn't even try to touch me. He was a total gentleman and ...and he is a good person."

Astrid arched a brow. Of course, she had a hard time believing that the prince who killed without mercy, who was rumored to be the devil's son, whom everyone feared could actually be a good person.

"If he was bewitched by my beauty he would have had his way with me but he didn't. Instead, he took me home, why? And sister he covered me with his

cloak and told me to be safe." Klara explained.

Astrid looked at her sister with a worried expression.

"What is it?" Klara asked. She didn't like when Astrid looked at her that way.

"Nothing," Astrid said shaking her head. "Just don't think much about him and try to forget him. You know Rasmus would never give you to the enemy."

MARRIED TO THE DEVIL'S SON

Chapter 49

Klara couldn't help but stare at the mesmerizing beauty in front of her. How could a man or a human possible look like this?

She took in every detail. The perfectly sculpted face, the defined eyebrows, the flaming eyes, the

sharp nose, lips made to kiss and a flawless skin. And his hair, it was long, thick and black and shone in the sunlight. Klara realized that none of his hair was out of place or dirty even though they had spent the whole day on a battlefield.

The prince leaned down and reached behind her. His scent reached her nostrils, he smelled of spices. He should smell of sweat and blood after killing almost all her men.

After hearing a cutting sound Klara's hands were free. Before she could stand up he grabbed her jaw and made her look at him.

"Don't ever think of running." He warned his voice low.

Klara was never the obedient type but she found herself nodding. He slowly let go of her face and her body tingled with carnal awareness as his fingertips brushed her skin. It terrified her. She needed to keep a safe distance from this man.

The rest of the day went by quickly. They offered her food and didn't treat her badly. Most of the time they didn't even look her way which was both odd and comforting. She was used to men ogling or looking at her inappropriately. Most of the time she knew what was on their mind but they never dared to act on their thoughts out of fear

for her brother.

When she reached the age of marriage many powerful men had come and asked for her hand but she had denied all of them.

"Sweet sister. You are at the age of marriage but you are denying every man. What do you want me to do?" Her brother would ask time after time.

"They only want me because of my looks, Rasmus."

"Is that a bad thing?" Rasmus would look at her confused. "You should be happy that you are a beautiful lady."

No one understood her. Of course she was thankful for her beauty

but she wished someone would see her for who she was.

Klara looked up at the sky. The sun had gone down and the night covered the sky like a black curtain. The soldiers sat around a fire and chatted happily while drinking and eating. Klara sat away from them leaning against a tree. She was tired but she couldn't fall asleep afraid they would take advantage of her. They hadn't treated her badly so far and even offered her food and a blanket to warm herself but she was not the type to trust easily.

"Don't worry. My men will do nothing without my permission."

Klara knew this voice because it brought butterflies to her stomach. She always got the strange feeling of wanting to run and stay at the same time every time she saw the prince.

Sighing he sat down leaning against a tree in front of her. Klara couldn't help but stare at him, he was very pleasing to the eyes.

"And how would I know you wouldn't give them permission?"

"I am asking you to help me stop a s.e.x trade. Why would I ask my men to **** you?"

Well, that was true.

"What's your name?" She asked unable to stop her curiosity.

"Lucian."

Klara thought she liked his name. Even though she didn't want to admit she liked everything about this man. She liked how he looked into her eyes when he spoke to her instead of scanning her body.

"My name is Klara." She told him. He just nodded.

"When I have helped you, how can I trust you will set me free."

"You see...you have no choice." He retorted.

"Why do you want to top the s.e.x trade?"

"I just don't like it." He shrugged. Klara had the feeling that there was more than him not liking the

trade but she didn't ask any further questions.

Lucian leaned his head back and closed his eyes.

Klara watched him as he went into a deep slumber. He looked even more beautiful when relaxed.

Somehow she felt she could trust him so she closed her eyes as well and fell asleep.

The next morning Klara woke from the sunlight poking her eyes.

Blinking several times she looked around and found that everyone was awake and ready to leave somewhere.

Standing up she grabbed a soldier. "Where is the prince?" she asked.

He nodded behind her. Turning around she found Lucian standing there.

"Have you eaten something?"

Klara shook her head. Why? Had she lost her voice? She was really mad at herself for acting like this and feeling this way toward her enemy.

"Give the Lady something to eat."

He ordered.

"Yes, Your Highness." The soldier nodded and left to bring her food.

"We need to leave quickly so that we can reach the border before sundown." He explained.

Klara found herself nodding again. Maybe she did lose her voice after all. The soldier came back with a

sandwich which he gave to her then he took Lucian to the side and spoke to him about something. Lucian just nodded a few times then looked her way. Were they speaking about her?

Looking away she began to eat her sandwich. Klara was still not sure whether to trust Lucian or not. She contemplated escaping while they traveled but if they caught her this time they wouldn't leave her to live. Maybe she should just do as he says.

When she was done Lucian came riding on his horse "If you are done we should leave." He said.

"I am done."

He reached his hand out. Taking it she jumped on the horse and sat behind him, then they rode off. It felt strangely intimate to ride with someone Klara thought, especially when she had her arms wrapped around his waist.

After hours of travel they finally reached the border which was near the coast. Getting off their horses they entered an old large ship.

"Is it here?" Klara asked confused.

"Yes. Slaves get shipped through the ocean from different countries to this place and this is their main ship. This is where they register the slaves, buy and sell them."

"Oh..."

As they walked through the ship's hallways the old wooden floor made a creaking sound. They passed a few slaves tied and sitting on the floor, some of them were wounded while other seemed hungry. Klara saw girls her age and some even much younger, sitting there looking both scared and starved.

Klara's stomach began to hurt.

What were these innocent peoples fault? She didn't like this at all and would scold her brother once she gets back home. But unfortunately, as Lucian spoke to one of the sellers they found out that her brother didn't own the trade anymore.

"Lord Rasmus didn't want it anymore and sold it to Lord Nicholas." The seller explained. Nicholas was the king of the Eslarian Kingdom. He was known to be the only decent king, it surprised her that he took over the slave trade.

"Lord Nicholas has opened the trade for everyone. Are you here to buy or..." He looked at Klara his eyes gleaming with lust "...sell?"

Dear Lord. She was in trouble. Now when Lucian had no use of her what if he sold her. These men wouldn't believe that her brother was a king before they defiled her.

Looking around Klara thought of a

way to run but Lucian grabbed her arm as if he knew what she was about to do.

"Neither." he said.

"Just name the price...any price."

The man said licking his lips.

Lucian ignored the man and dragged Klara out of the ship.

"Let's go." He said getting on the horse.

Klara got on the horse and held onto him tightly.

"Thank you!" She whispered as they rode but where was he taking her exactly? "Where are we going?"

"I am taking you back home." He said.

"Really?! But I haven't done

anything to help you." She said surprised by the disappointment she felt. She should be happy to be going home.

He laughed. It was a deep rich sound that made her insides melt.

"You sound disappointed."

"No I am not. I just...I just wonder what you will do now to stop the slave trade?" It was partly true. She was curious to know.

"I will take care of that." He said shortly then they continued riding in silence until they reached the border of Gatrish.

Lucian got off the horse and helped her down.

"Can you find your way from here?"

He asked.

Klara nodded. "Yes, thank you."

She still couldn't understand why he saved her. He didn't seem impressed by her beauty and if he was he should have kept her. Maybe he was just a decent man. An utterly handsome decent man. Sadly she had to say goodbye already, now that she finally met a man that intrigued her.

For the first time, his eyes traveled down her body but there was nothing lustful in his gaze. It must have been because of her dirty torn clothes she thought.

Taking his cloak off he wrapped it around her and Klaras heart

fluttered inside her chest.

"Thank you." She whispered.

Without saying a word he got on his horse.

"Be safe princess." He said and rode off.

I hope to see you again, she thought.

"Klara!!" Astrid ran to her and enveloped her in a tight hug.

"Thank god you are safe. I thought something terrible happened to you.

We have been looking for you everywhere. Where have you been?"

Her sister asked without breathing once when Klara reached back home.

"I am fine Astrid. I'll explain

everything if you just let me rest. I am very tired." Klara couldn't feel her legs and her eyelids had become heavy.

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Astrid said as she helped Klara change. "Next time you listen to me when I say you won't go to war. Do you understand?"

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how scared I was?"

"I am sorry." Klara apologized. She really didn't want to fight with her sister when she had already made her worry so much. Astrid was the only person Klara loved above anyone else. She wasn't only her sister but her friend. They had shared everything even their mother's w.o.m.b.

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"Are you thinking about him again?" Klara woke up from her daydream and looked around. Astrid stood in the middle of the room a smirk on her face.

"Who?" Klara said pretending to not know but Astrid knew her too well.

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Klara had told Astrid and Rasmus about Lucian. She hadn't given them details but she had told them that he had saved her. Both her siblings were surprised that the dangerous prince had saved her instead of killing her.

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she had a hard time believing that the prince who killed without mercy, who was rumored to be the devil's son, whom everyone feared could actually be a good person.

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"What is it?" Klara asked. She didn't like when Astrid looked at her that way.

"Nothing," Astrid said shaking her head. "Just don't think much about

him and try to forget him. You know Rasmus would never give you to the enemy."

Married To The Devils Son.

Chapter 50

I woke up feeling sore. Sleeping on the floor wasn't the most pleasant thing when you were used to sleeping on luxurious beds.

Klara sat leaning against a tree with eyes closed. Was she asleep? It looked really uncomfortable to be sleeping that way. Yawning, I tried to get up but almost yelped as a sharp pain stabbed my leg. Sitting back down quickly I looked at my foot, it had swollen more.

"What happened?" Klara was suddenly next to me.

Grimacing in pain "My leg has gotten worse." I said.

She looked at it closely. "I think we

need to take you to a doctor."

"Is that possible?" In the current situation, it would be difficult to find a doctor.

She ran her fingers through her hair. I could see the confusion on her face.

"We have to. You could lose your leg since we don't know what caused the swelling."

She stood up and gave me her hand to help me up. Then she helped me walk to the horse.

"We need to get to the city." She said as she helped me climb the horse. "We might find a doctor there."

Getting on the horse herself we rode into the city. On the way, Klara bought us some food and asked some locals where we could find a physician.

"You will find a little white cottage around the second corner to the left. There lives an old man called Robert.

He might help you." An old woman told us.

"Thank you." Klara said and we moved on to find doctor Robert.

Abruptly Klara stopped and turned her horse.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"My brother's men." She whispered and she began to ride as fast as lightning.

"Oh god..." I held onto her and shut my eyes tightly.

I could hear the sound of galloping horses behind us. They were getting closer by each time.

Klara sped up even more and I gasped as the air whipped my face with such force. I didn't have enough strength to hold onto her especially when the dizziness was coming back and my stomach threatened to hurl.

"What are you doing? Hold on!" I heard Klara shout but before I knew I was

falling until I hit something hard and groaned in pain.

"Really?!" Klara said irritation in her voice as I felt her grab my arms and help me stand up.

"Stop being so weak."

Weak? I hadn't had enough sleep or food for days and my whole body was aching with pain.

I grabbed onto her until the spinning stopped and I was looking into her crystal blue eyes.

She frowned. "Are you alright?"

I nodded.

"Well, you won't be alright for long." She said looking around.

We were surrounded by soldiers in blue.

"Your Highness." One of them spoke coming forward. A higher rank soldier from the batch on his arm.

"Sergeant Jonathan. I don't want to

fight you so take your men and go back." Klara ordered.

"I don't want to fight you either Your highness so please come with us. His majesty is worried."

"I am not coming with you."

"Then I have no choice but to force you." Jonathan said.

Klara placed herself in front of me and took her sword out. Jonathan took his sword out as well and stood in the middle of the ring created by the soldiers. Lord, why could we never get a rest?

Klara walked to the middle of the circle and began to fight Jonathan. I knew she was a skilled fighter but she seemed to have a hard time defeating him. Maybe she was tired, hungry or was she maybe hurt? She had to be because she had killed several men alone back then.

Jonathan knocked the sword our of

Klara's hand.

"You have lost. Remember I was the one who trained you." He said.

Klara was panting as she shook her head. "I am not coming with you."

Jonathan ignored her words and nodded toward the soldiers. "Bring them both."

The soldiers began to move toward me and Klara. Callum was right. There was no way out and sooner or later we would all die. If these men took me back to Rasmus he would kill me without hesitation for escaping.

Two soldiers grabbed Klara's arms and were about to drag her when they fell to the ground. Soon after the other soldiers fell to the ground as well.

Klara and I looked at the bodies on the ground with confusion then at each other.

"What happened?" I asked appalled by

the situation.

Crouching, Klara shook Jonathan's body lightly. "Sergeant Jonathan?" But he still lay unmoving on the ground.

"Is he dead?"

"I hope not." She said as she pressed her fingers on his wrist.

"Don't worry. He is just taking a nap." A familiar voice spoke.

Turning my head to where the voice came from I found Irene walking toward us wearing a red cloak with a white dress underneath. She looked beautiful as usual.

"Irene? How...what...what are you doing here?"

"Do you know her?" Klara looked at Irene suspiciously as she stood up.

"How did you find me?" I asked Irene.

"Magic my dear." She smiled as she walked closer.

"What did you do to my men?" Klara interrupted.

"I just put them to sleep." Irene stated simply then turned her gaze back to me. "What happened to you?"

I knew what she meant. I was wearing torn clothes and had mud all over my face and body.

"Nothing much just hurt my leg." I said lifting my dress up slightly, showing my swollen leg.

"Oh dear." She said taking a closer look. "This is awful. You must be in a lot of pain."

If she only knew.

"We need to take care of this." She said.

"First we need to get away from here." Klara spoke looking around for more threat.

"Yes, right. Let me fix that."

Irene raised her hands in the air and

closed her eyes. She began to hum words in some unknown language as the wind slowly began to blow wildly causing me to almost lose my balance.

Klara stood with her arms crossed, looking unfazed by the whole situation until a black iron gate appeared out of nowhere. The gate opened with a creaking sound and Kara and I looked wide-eyed at each other.

Irene turned to us. "Let's go." she said.

Klara looked at Irene skeptically then turned to me.

"We can trust her." I assured.

Klara raised one brow. "She is a witch."

"She is a friend."

Klara still looked skeptical but she didn't argue.

"Shall we?" Irene gestured toward the gate.

"Where will this take us?" Klara asked.

"Somewhere safe. My home. You don't have to come if you don't want to and if you do just follow me." She said then turning around she entered the gate.

"We can trust her." I told Klara. She looked hesitant for a while but then followed me inside.

As soon as I entered I felt a pulling force throwing me off balance and I fell flat on my stomach. I groaned in pain, tired of falling all the time and hurting myself.

"Are you alright?" Irene grabbed my arms and helped me up.

"Where are we?" Klara asked as she dusted herself off. She must have fallen to.

"Welcome to my home." Irene smiled as she gestured toward a big white mansion.

Wow, it was beautiful. The mansion hovered proudly behind a big blue Iron gate which opened with a wave of her hand.

"Come on in."

Irene entered first and we followed her inside. As we entered we were confronted by a beautiful garden. Short trimmed grass, rectangular beds of flowers, aromatic leaves, and the air, it was scented by the sweet fragrance of several flowers.

We walked on a looping stone path which led to a threshold. There stood a white marble fountain and birdcages hang from the roof. Further ahead stood the white mansion, flanked by several trees and bushes gently swaying to the warm spring breeze.

It was a very simple looking mansion with its garden yet there was something magical about it. Was it the melodic sound of gurgling water combined with the singing of birds or

was it the sweet scent of flowers
carried by the soft breeze?

Suddenly a crow came flying out of
nowhere, startling both me and Klara
then landed on Irene's arm.

"This is V. One of my many pets."
Irene explained as she stroke it's
black feathers.

"My Lady?" someone spoke.

Turning my head, a tall blonde man was
standing at the threshold holding a
black cat in his arms.

"I was just about to come looking for
you." He said descending the marble
stairs and walking up to us.

As he neared I realized how strikingly
handsome he was. His blonde hair
cascaded down to his broad shoulders
and his eyes were a beautiful forest
green.

"Oh Enoch, this is princess Hazel and
princess Klara and this is Enoch."

Irene introduced. "He is...my...my cousin. "

Averting his gaze he looked at me then at Klara.

"Nice to meet you." He said while stroking the cat in his arms.

"Enoch, why don't you take Klara to a nice room and I will tend to Hazel." Irene suggested.

Klaras eyes widened as she looked at me. I nodded to reassure her.

Enoch looked at Klara. "This way My Lady." He said and she followed him hesitantly.

"Lets go inside and take a look at you injured leg." Irene smiled once we were left alone.

"How did you bring us here through that gate." I asked.

"Oh... I will tell you all about it."

Klara followed Enoch through the halls. She still didn't trust this Irene so

she had her hand on her sword ready for anything that might happen.

"No need to be scared. We don't hurt our guests." Enoch spoke as he walked in front of her. How did he know?

Enoch stopped in front of a wooden door and opened it.

He looked her up and down but he didn't seem to like what he saw.

"There is a bathroom inside and clean clothes in the closet." He said then gestured for her to walk inside.

Klara entered the room, her face red with embarrassment. She could only imagine how awful she looked and how bad she smelled after being on the run for days. She turned around to thank him but he was already gone. Strange man, she thought but he was good looking.

Klara wondered around the room for a while, opening the closets, testing the bed, looking out the window then

she decided to take a bath. After the bath, she slid into a blue chiffon gown that she found in the closet then began to dry her hair. Now she only needed some food and some sleep, she thought.

After drying her hair she exited the room and went to find Hazel. Klara had to make sure Hazel was safe and that this Irene could be trusted. But as she wandered around the halls she realized that she always came back to the same place. Was this some kind of magic? Was Irene keeping her away from Hazel?

"Mwew mwew..."

Klara turned to find the black cat that Enoch held earlier. Walking closer Klara crouched down and stretched her arms toward the cat.

"Come here.." She smiled but the cat just stared at her before it ran away.

"No wait..." She began to run after

the cat but it was already gone.

Klara sighed. She was too tired to walk around that she even contemplated to go back to the room and sleep for a while. But she had to find Hazel.

Walking around, looking and getting frustrated by each time Klara came to a halt as she noticed something strange. It was a room, entirely made of glass, the walls, the roof everything. Entering the room she found green plants everywhere, kinds she had never seen before and animals. Different animals in cages. Some she recognized, hamsters, rabbits and frogs and some she had never seen before.

Klara found another glass room or more like a glass box. It was filled with water and fished swum inside. She had never seen anything like it before. Caught in studying the beings inside the box she suddenly felt something touch her feet.

Looking down she screamed in horror as she found a snake slithering around her. Kicking wildly she ran while screaming at the top of her lungs until she hit something hard and fell backward.

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Groaning in pain her eyes landed on a pair of black boots then her gaze traveled up long powerful legs encased in a pair of black pants. Skimming over powerful arms and broad shoulders covered by a black silk shirt her gaze landed on a pair of beautiful Hazel eyes. The amber in the middle contrasted beautifully with the bright green on the edge. Those eyes were breathtaking.

"My my what do we have here?"

MARRIED TO THE DEVIL'S SON

Chapter 51

Dark l.u.s.trous black hair framed a strong, defined face and pink soft lips were curved into a smirk.

"My my what do we have here?" His voice as smooth as his caramel skin held a mocking lilt.

When Klara didn't reply or move he arched one dark brow.

"Do you find it comfortable sitting on the floor?" He asked.

"Huh? Oh... no..." Her face burned with embarrassment as she got up and adjusted her dress.

Why was she acting like this?

Irritated with herself she looked at the man in front of her. Good lord, he was enticing, a feast to the

eyes. She guessed that he might be from the tropics because of his tanned skin and exotic looks.

"You seemed to be in hurry?" He spoke.

Yes right, she forgot. She was running from a snake. A snake?

Klara looked behind her. Luckily the snake hadn't followed her.

"There was...a... a snake...in there," Klara said pointing.

The man chuckled. "It's harmless."

Harmless? How could a snake be harmless? She had heard how people died immediately if they got bitten by one.

"What is your name beautiful?"

Klara blinked a few times in

surprise. No one has ever dared to call her beautiful even if they thought she was but of course, this man didn't know who she was otherwise he wouldn't dare.

"Klara. "

"Oh...you are the warrior princess."

He said.

"You know me?"

"Not really, just heard of you and your savage brother and ...people."

Klara was fuming with anger. How dare he? He knew nothing about her brother or people.

"Don't you dare call my brother or my people savage."

"Or what?" He said looking amused.

"Or I will slit your throat." Klara

threatened before she could stop herself from saying something so stupid.

"Tsk tsk...I didn't know such threats could come from that beautiful mouth of yours."

Klara was confused. Was he complimenting her? Then why did she feel as if he was mocking her?

"It's not a threat, it's a warning."

He took a step toward her and leaned closer. Klara froze in place, he was too close for her comfort.

"You see, you are in no position to warn me when you just ran from a mere snake." He said.

A mere snake?

She took a step back. "Maybe I find

it easier to kill you than a mere snake."

He grinned showing perfectHe grinned showing perfect white teeth with canines slightly longer than normal ones.

"A tough one I see. I like it." He drawled.

How unfortunate, because she didn't like him even though he looked delicious enough to eat.

Klara shook her head. Where did she get that thought from?

"Klara? here you are." Irene's voice came from the hallway.

Turning her head she found Irene and Hazel approaching them. Hazel had changed into a clean dress and her hair was still wet from the bath.

She seemed to be walking just fine. Klara guessed that Irene's must have used some magic to heal her leg.

"I see you have already met." Irene smiled as she looked between Klara and the man standing next to her.

"Hazel this is Roshan, he is part of my family and this is princess Hazel." Irene introduced them to each other.

So the morons name was Roshan.

Klara had never heard such name before.

"Nice to meet you princess." He said with a polite tone that he hadn't used when he spoke to her.

Klara had the sudden urge to kick

him.

"You must be hungry. Enoch has prepared lunch. Let's eat together."

Irene suggested then gestured for them to follow her.

On their way to the dining room, Irene and Hazel chatted happily while Klara walked next to Roshan in silence. Her senses told her that something wasn't quite right.

Neither Enoch nor Roshan looked like Irene yet she said they were family.

"What are you to Irene?" Klara asked Roshan.

"I am a friend of her husband." He said simply.

"Oh..."

Enoch was already waiting when they arrived.

"Mmm...smells delicious." Irene smiled. Yes, it did. Klaras eyes landed directly on the grilled chicken legs in the middle of the table. She couldn't wait to have a bite of it.

"Enoch always makes delicious food," Irene explained.

Hazel and Klara exchanges looks. A man who cooks? Not only that, but he cooks well.

"Please sit down." Irene urged.

Roshan walked past her and went to hold the chair out for Hazel.

"Thank you." Hazel smiled as she sat down.

Klara thought he would then hold

the chair out for her but he just went to his seat and sat down. Did he forget her or was he ignoring her on purpose?

"My Lady." Looking to the side she found Enoch holding the chair out for her.

She thanked him and sat down.

Irene and Hazel continued with their chatting, Roshan sat in silence while Enoch served food on their plates.

"Bon appetite!" Irene said when Enoch was done serving and sat around the table as well.

Klara was extremely hungry and the food tasted extremely well so she tried really hard to eat as a

civilized person but she probably didn't succeed because she was done before anyone else.

"Do you want some more, My Lady?"

Enoch asked.

Feeling embarrassed Klara wanted to say no but found herself saying yes.

Enoch served some more food on her plate and Klara ate till she had enough.

"Your food is delicious," Klara told Enoch.

"Thank you." He smiled looking even more handsome when smiling. Klara was struck by the fact that everyone looked extremely beautiful in this mansion.

Enoch was tall and build, looking like the warrior type. His long blonde hair was tied in a half ponytail and the rest fell to his shoulders in smooth waves. His smooth skin was pale and unblemished and his eyes, a forest green that reminded her of warm summer days. With his extremely good looks and wearing all white, he looked like an angel.

Roshan was quite the opposite. While everything was light with Enoch, everything was dark with Roshan, he was even wearing all black. His dark hair cascaded down his golden skin like waves of midnight framing a masculine face. His eyelashes, the only feminine

thing about him were so long and thick they made her jealous. From under those lashes peeked eyes of Hazel that would trap any woman who looked into them. Klara's gaze traveled further down to his lips, but she averted her gaze quickly before she could think of anything stupid.

Then there was Irene. Her beauty was on another level. It was an unearthly, the kind that would stop you in your tracks, the kind that would suck you in, make you forget how to speak or breath, just like Lucians she thought.

"Do you want some dessert?" Irene asked.

"No, Thank you. I am fine."

Standing up Irene helped Enoch and Roshan clean the table. Klara took the opportunity to take Hazel to the side.

"What did she do to your leg?"

Klara whispered.

"Healed it with Herbs." Hazel shrugged.

"Are you sure we can trust her? I mean why is she helping us?"

"As I said before because she is a friend," Hazel said shortly.

Klara knew Hazel was hiding something from her. What has she gotten herself into? Helping someone who wasn't telling her everything.

"You are probably tired why don't you rest?" Irene spoke as she neared.

"Yes I need some sleep." Hazel said yawning.

"Come on then I will take you to your rooms."

I lay on the bed thinking about Lucian. Was he alright? And Callum. I felt so guilty for leaving him behind.

"What are you thinking about?"

I sat up on bed and looked at Irene.

"I feel bad for leaving Callum behind and I am worried for Lucian."

"I understand that."

"Irene?"

"Yes."

"You still haven't told me why you are helping me? And what did you mean when you said Lucian is different?"

"Hazel..." She began and sat next to me "I wish I could tell you everything as it is but I can't. That's why I need you to figure it out yourself. You already know your husband is different but think, what is he exactly?"

"Why can't you tell me?"

"Because I am cursed."

"Cursed?"

"It's a long complicated story. I just can't tell you."

"So what am I supposed to do?"

"You need to think and figure it

out yourself." She said.

I was really confused. So basically she could tell me nothing and I didn't know how to figure things out by myself.

"Alright. I need to meet Lucian. Can you do some kind of magic thing so that I can meet him."

"It will be difficult but I can try. Why don't you rest for now."

I lay back, covered myself with the sheets and closed my very tired eyes to get some sleep. I didn't know when I fell asleep but when I woke up I found Klara in the room.

"What are you doing here?" I asked rubbing my eyes.

She came and sat next to me on

the bed. "Are you not worried at all? What if something has happened to Lucian?" She seemed genuinely worried.

"I am sure he is fine." I said to my surprise. How could I know he was fine?

She frowned. "Alright. Let's say he is fine but we can't just stay here." She was right but what were we supposed to do?

"What should we do then?"

"What did Lucian tell you before he left?"

"He said he would go kill his brothers and I was supposed to stay hidden in Lincoln's house, but they found us and we had to escape."

Klara was quite for a while and seemed to be thinking.

"Hmm then you should stay hidden. I need to leave maybe I can help him." She said standing up.

"Wait! How? You don't know where he is."

"I didn't know where you were when I found you. If he wants to kill his brothers I can probably guess where he is. I will tell him you are safe."

"I will go with you." I said removing the sheets and swinging my legs down.

Klara held her hand up in a stop gesture.

"Can you fight? Can you ride? No, you can't. So why will you follow

me? Besides his brothers are looking for you everywhere, you will only make it difficult for me."

Could she be meaner? But she was right.

"Fine do whatever you want." I said but I was actually worried for her.

"But be careful."

She looked at me for a while, some kind of emotion swirling in her eyes.

"I will."

MARRIED TO THE DEVIL'S SON

Chapter 52

"Klara? Where are you going?" Irene stood at the door while Klara packed her weapons.

"I am going to find Lucian." Klara waited for Irene to ask why but she

didn't.

"How do I leave? I mean we came through that magic gate." Klara asked.

"You leave through it as well. Do you want me to open it for you?"

"Yes, please."

Klara followed Irene outside and she opened the gate for her.

"Take this." Irene said handing her a bird shaped necklace. "It will help bird shaped necklace." "It will help you when you are in danger."

Klara looked at the necklace. How would a necklace help her she wondered. "Thank you. I shall go then."

"Yes."

"Wait!" Hazel came running toward

them. "Could you give this to Lucian?" She asked holding out a letter.

Klara took the letter. "Yes." She said, "Goodbye." Then entered the gate with her horse.

"Be careful." She heard Hazel call before a force swept her away and she landed flat on her stomach.

"Ouch!"

Standing up she dusted herself off. Her horse, Klara called him Thunder seemed fine, just confused by what was happening.

"It's alright." She said clapping him.

"Shall we leave?"

Mounting Thunder Klara rode off to find Lucian.

Klara rode for a while until she came to a crowded place. It was a shopping market she realized, but where exactly?

"Excuse me? Where is this place?"

Klara asked a woman walking by.

"This is Xantus My Lady." The woman told her.

Xantus was a city in Decresh. So she was already where she wanted to be.

"Where can I find the royal castle?"

Klara asked.

The woman's face turned blue. "You shouldn't go there My Lady. There is blood everywhere."

"Just tell me where it is."

"It's in the north-west a few miles

away . "

"Alright. Thank you." Klara said and continued her journey.

The sun went down and it became darker and darker till it was difficult to see the road. Klara decided to stop and sleep until the morning light.

"Let's get some rest." She said getting off Thunder and stroking his back. Finding a tree she tied Thunder, then she lay down on the cold ground under the tree.

"Goodnight Thunder." She whispered and closed her eyes.

The next morning she woke up from Thunder making a sound. It only meant one thing, horses were

nearby which probably meant soldiers. Klara got up quickly and hid behind a cliff then listened to the sound of horses and men nearing.

Slowly she peeked her head from behind the cliff. Soldiers dressed in a black and blue attire were walking past. Black and blue? It was her brother's men. What were they doing here?

Oh, no. Her brother knew she went to help Lucian so of course, they were looking for her here or maybe even looking for Lucian.

If they continued this way they would probably find him and take him to Rasmus. She couldn't let

that happen. Getting out from behind the cliff she approached them. As soon as they heard the sound of her footsteps they took their weapons out.

"Your Highness?" A young soldier named Erik looked at her surprised.

"We have been looking for you everywhere."

Klara sighed in frustration. Couldn't she just be left alone?

"Well, here I am."

"We have been told to bring prince Lucian."

Of course. Her brother probably wanted to punish him for escaping as if he really didn't have enough problems already.

"No, you won't. You wanted me here I am. Let's go home now."

"I am sorry Your Highness but we have to follow the king's orders first."

She looked around. They were too many to fight on her own. Crazy things she was doing for love, fighting her own men.

"Then I won't come with you." She threatened. "You either take me or him. You decide."

Erik didn't blink once. Rasmus must have told them to bring her no matter what. Klara knew her brother.

"Your Highness please. Don't force us to fight."

"I am not. I gave you an option
Erik. Take which option you want."
Erik sighed then nodded toward the
soldiers. Klara took her sword out
ready to fight.

"Leave the Lady alone." A voice she
recognized spoke.

Looking to where the voice came
from Klara found Roshan walking
from a distance. What was he doing
here?

"Do you know him Your Highness?"
Erik asked.

Well, she knew him but not really.

"Are they disturbing you?" Roshan
asked as he neared. Wearing a long
black coat he looked even more bad
and dangerous than before. "Do you

want me to get rid of them?"

Klara looked around. He was only one, how would he fight all these men?

"Could you do that?" She asked.

He smirked. "You just tell me."

How stupid she was. Of course he could. He was a witch so he would probably just make them fall asleep like Irene did.

"Alright." She said.

Erik raised one eyebrow. "Just kill him and bring her." He ordered unbothered.

A few soldiers took their swords out and aimed toward Roshan. Roshan ducked from the first soldiers' strike and snapped his head off so

fast she couldn't even follow with her eyes. The other soldiers stopped in their tracks surprised by what just happened.

Klara was shocked, was he going to fight? She thought he would put them to sleep.

Clearly he wasn't because in a few seconds fight he had already killed everyone using only two small daggers. He reminded her of how Lucian fought, fast and fluid.

Roshan took out a handkerchief from his pocket and wiped the blood from his daggers before putting them back in his pocket all while Klara still was shocked as she looked at the dead bodies of her

men. What had he done?

Klara looked at Roshan. He was standing there, unbothered, as if he just didn't kill someone, but was out here on a walk to get some fresh air on a sunny day.

"What have you done?" She asked.

"You don't seem thankful."

"You just killed my men."

"You told me so." He stated simply.

"Well, you could just put them to sleep or something." She said frustrated.

"What? Do you want me to sing them a lullaby?"

Klara glared at him.

"You are not funny. You could use your magic or whatever."

"Magic?" He said confused. "Oh...you think I am a witch."

"You are not?"

"No."

Klara was confused. If he wasn't a witch then what was he? Because she could sense he wasn't a normal human. There was just something different about him.

"Then what are you?" She almost whispered.

He took a few steps toward her.

"Do you really want to know?"

"Yes."

He leaned in as if he was going to tell her a secret. "I...am... a man."
He
said.

Klara took a step back. She knew

he was mocking her from the smirk on his face.

"Oh, really? I didn't know." She said sarcastically.

"I could show you." He said letting his gaze rake her body. Usually, she hated when men did that but this time she felt something in the pit of her stomach and her cheeks burned.

Turning around afraid he would notice her reaction she began to walk away.

He followed her.

"Why are you here? "

"The necklace." He explained.

Oh, the necklace. So that's how it would protect her. By sending this

annoying man.

"Where are you from?"

"What do you mean?" He asked.

"From which kingdom? Because clearly you are not from here."

"Oh, I am from the Kingdom of Shinai."

Klara stopped and turned around to face him. "Shinai?" She had never heard of it.

"It's in Persia."

"You are Persian?" Klara asked surprised.

"Yes."

"Oh,"

"Now let me ask you a question.

Why are you risking your life for a married man?"

Klara stopped breathing for a while. She didn't expect him to ask this question. What was she supposed to say? That she had been a desperate bad woman in love and is now trying to make up for the mistakes she made.

"That's none of your business." She said then whistled.

Thunder came galloping toward her.

"Thank you for the help. I can take care of myself now, you can go back."

Roshan narrowed his gaze. "Do you even know where to go?"

Truth she didn't know anymore.

"I'll manage." She said.

Klara hoped he would insist following

her because she really didn't know where to go and what more dangers she would come across but Roshan only shrugged.

"Alright then."

Angry with herself for even having such hopes she mounted Thunder and rode away.

I couldn't fall asleep, so I got off the bed and decided to get some fresh air. Besides Irene had a beautiful garden and I wanted to see how it looked like when it was night.

As I walked out to the garden I found Irene sitting on the threshold. She sat on the floor with legs crossed and hands stretched

out to the sides. On each hand lay a burning candle and several other burning candles encircled her. She seemed to be mumbling something with eyes closed while melted candles were dripping down her hands. The hot wax must have been burning her skin but she didn't seem to be in pain.

"Irene?" I whispered as I neared, but she just continued mumbling some unknown words. I walked even closer and called once more. "Irene?" With eyes still closed a tear fell down her cheek. the candles in her hands were burning out and more wax was dripping down her hands. She was hurting herself.

"Irene! What are you doing?" I said as I threw the candles out of her hands. Her eyes shot open and a strong wind put out the candles. Irene's green eyes were filled with tears as they looked into mine.

"Irene? Are you alright?"

"No, I am not." She whispered. I looked at her hands, they were red and covered with dried wax.

"Why are you doing this?"

She looked at her hands. "I do this every day. It's nothing new," she said taking her hands away.

"Why?"

"I am trying to break the curse."

"But who cursed you?"

"My mother. She is the most

powerful witch."

"Why did she curse you?" I asked wondering why a mother could curse her own child.

"I can't tell you much. I can only say I broke the rules, I did something forbidden."

"Can't you ask your mother for forgiveness? I am sure she will forgive you."

Irene's eyes widened. "She will not!" She said shaking her head. "My mother has disowned me Hazel."

I looked at her. What had she done that made her mother disown her?

"Can you tell me how she cursed you? What is the curse?"

"That I can't tell you." She said.

Suddenly her gaze shifted to something behind me and I could feel the hair on my back rising. I got goosebumps and a cold shiver went down my spine. I knew someone was behind me, I could feel a powerful presence. My heart began to beat rapidly and the air felt suddenly cold.

"Would you stop love? You are scaring her." Irene said standing up. Love?

I stood up as well and turned around slowly. A tall figure was standing in the shadows, the only thing visible thin was long silver pale hair. Was it hair? I wasn't sure yet.

Slowly the figure stepped out from the shadows and into the light and my breath caught in my throat. I had to blink several times to make sure I wasn't dreaming, or that I didn't die and go to heaven and an angel was standing right in front of me now.

This man, if he was a man, was breathtaking. He was tall, lean with facial features that seemed to be made by Gods own hands. His silver hair, a very odd hair color, matched perfectly with his looks and his eyes a midnight blue seemed colder than the glaciers. Yet as he looked into my eyes I felt as if he could burn me with his gaze if he wanted to.

They say the hottest fire always
burns blue.

Irene walked up to him and put her
arm through his.

"Hazel, this is Lothaire. I had
promised you to meet the man I
love, here he is." She smiled.

"Hi," I said as I still stood frozen
in

the same place. God, I was being
rude. "It's nice to meet you." I
forced myself to speak.

"The pleasure is mine."

MARRIED TO THE DEVIL'S SON

Chapter 53

I kept looking down at my hands
while sitting in the garden with
Lothaire. Irene had left saying she
would bring us some tea that would

help us sleep. I just hoped she would come back soon because I had never been so nervous in my life before. But since she just left I knew it would take some time before she came back and I couldn't just let this awkward silence continue. Besides I was the one who told her I wanted to meet him so I should say something.

"Irene has told me a lot about you," I said finally looking up.

"I hope it's good things." He said his voice as cool as the air around him.

"Yes, she lights up when she talks about you."

"She is very fond of you as well."

I just smiled not knowing what to

say anymore. Irene please come back fast.

"Here I am." Irene came back with a tray of teacups and put it on the table. Then she went and sat next to Lothaire and he immediately put his arm around her shoulders.

For some odd reason, I suddenly missed Lucian. Irene and Lothaire looked at each other as if they heard my thoughts... or maybe they did?

Irene nodded and smiled and I looked down embarrassed.

"I made your favorite tea, it's Lothaires favorite too." She smiled.

"Drink."

I took the teacup from the tray

and sipped the tea. No tea tasted better than Irene's. She smiled, probably heard my thoughts again.

"I should go to sleep." I said putting the teacup back. It was late and maybe they wanted to be alone.

"Sure," Irene said getting up. "I'll follow you."

"You don't have to." I said, but she just ignored me and led the way.

"Is your...um...is Lothaire also a witch." I asked as we headed back.

"I hoped you would ask." She said.

"Why?"

"Because the answer might help you and me." She explained. "But I need you to be calm and not get scared."

"You are a witch, and my husband is a...I don't know, anyways what could scare me more?" I said. At this point, nothing could scare me, even if Lothaire was a ghost.

We stopped right in front of my room.

"Lothaire is the Devil."

My brain stopped thinking for a moment then got flooded with thoughts. Devil like in Satan? Like the Devil in the Bible? What did she mean?

"Yes, Devil like in Satan."

Huh, right. I just sat and drank some tea with the Devil himself. I began to laugh. Maybe I had already gone to bed and was having a

funny dream.

Irene put her hand on my shoulder.

"Get some rest, we will talk tomorrow." She said and left me alone.

A witch, a Devil, and maybe Enoch was an angel and Roshan a demon and what could Lucian be? A vampire? This was crazy, has to be a bad dream.

Lucian watched the castle, where he used to live, where he had grown up, from a mountain far away. The castle where heavily guarded. Every gate, every corner, every door were guarded by soldiers with weapons. It would be impossible to enter and kill his brother unless his brother

decided to come out.

Lucian sighed. He had spent too many days here waiting for some kind of opportunity for a way in to kill his brother but such opportunity never came.

"We can't stay here forever."

"Then what do you plan to do Your Highness?" Lincoln asked.

"We need to think of another way. A way to lure Pierre out of the castle."

"Well, Pierre wants Her Highness."

Lucians clenched his fists. Lucians clenched his fists. He

wouldn't use Hazel as bait, never.

"What are you really suggesting?"

Lucian asked.

Oliver came rushing. "Your Highness.

Rasmus has sent soldiers to look for you. They are nearby but... they are dead."

Lincoln and Lucian exchanged looks.

"Who killed them?" Lucian asked.

"I Believe Klara did."

"Klara?"

"I found her there and brought her here. She said she knew where Her Highness is and that she has a letter from Her."

"Where is she?" Lucian asked.

"This way Your Highness."

Lucian followed Oliver to where Klara was. She was next to a tree, wearing her armor.

"Klara."

She looked up. "Lucian." She

breathed as if some tension got off her shoulders. "Thank god you are alright." She said standing up.

"Where is Hazel?"

"Hazel is fine. She had to leave Lincoln's home because they got attacked, but she is safe now."

Lincoln's home got attacked?

"Where is she?" Lucian asked his heart beating faster inside his chest.

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"She is with her friend Irene."

Irene? He had heard the name before.

"Hazel seems to trust her a lot,

besides she saved us." Klara explained.

"Where is this Irene?"

Klaras eyes darted.

"Um...I really don't know. She took us through a magic gate."

Magicgate? So this Irene was the maid Hazel believed to be a witch.

Lucian grabbed Klaras arms harshly.

"How can you not know?! You left her with a witch, unsafe in some unknown place." He yelled while shaking her wildly.

Klara yelped in pain, both shocked and scared. She had never seen him this angry before and his grip on her arms were hurting. She was sure that either her bones would break

or if fortunate she would be badly bruised.

"You tell me where she is right now!"

"Lucian you are hurting me." She said as she couldn't take the pain anymore.

He brought his face closer to hers.

"If anything happens to her..." He began his grip tightening even more. The pain stabbed her like knives and she kicked him out of sheer reflex.

He let go of her looking shocked.

Blood was on his hands and she realized it was her own blood. She has indeed stabbed my something as she looked at her bloody arms.

"I...I am sorry." He said approaching

her slowly. "I don't know..." He began looking as confused as she was.

Why was she bleeding?

"I didn't mean to hurt you." He ripped a piece of clothes from his shirt and wrapped it around the wounds on her arms.

"What happened?" She asked still confused.

"I am sorry." He just said.

Klara looked at his hands. She was sure that he hadn't been holding any weapons then what made her bleed?

"What are you doing here? Your brother must be worried." He asked.

"I...I thought I could help."

"I don't want you to get involved in

this."

"I am already involved. I can't just get back home without doing nothing."

"There is nothing you can do anyways." He said.

If he only knew that she had saved his wife. Klara took out Hazel's letter and gave it to him.

"Hazel wanted me to give this to you." She said.

Lucian took the letter and opened it immediately. Klara knew what Hazel had written, because she had read it on her way.

Dear Husband

I cannot describe how much I have missed you. I worry every heartbeat

and hope that you are doing well.
You don't have to worry about me,
I am fine and I am staying with my
friend Irene. I know I can trust her,
she has promised to make us meet
and hopefully, I will meet you soon.
Until then take good care of
yourself and be careful.

I love you.

Your wife.

Lucian wrapped the letter and put
it in his pocket. Clearly Hazel
trusted her friend but Lucian didn't
trust easily. She could be in danger
so he decided to do what he had
been avoiding all this time. Use his
powers. He knew there was a risk in
using his powers. He didn't know to

which extent he could use them since he didn't use them much. He just hoped he wouldn't hurt innocent people this time.

"You stay here!" He told Klara. She wanted to protest but kept quiet instead.

"Oliver!"

Oliver came running. "Yes, Your Highness."

"I want you to go and find Malia and make sure she is alright. Let's keep this between us."

"Of course, Your Highness."

"Bring me Lincoln!"

Lincoln came shortly after. "Your Highness. There is a problem. Mason has taken away Levi. Pierre ha just

left the castle to save his son."

Levi? Levi was in danger. Lucian clenched his fists. He had held Levi in his arms when he was a little and watched him grow up. He shook his head, Hazel was his priority now. He would leave Levi to Pierre.

"Should we attack Pierre now?"

Lucian got suddenly an Idea.

"No! Let Pierre save his son. We will attack the castle and take over while he is gone."

If Lucian took over the castle, half of his problems would be solved.

First he and his men would have protection and nothing could protect them more than the castle's walls. Secondly, his brothers

would have nowhere to hide once he takes over the castle and therefore it would be easier to kill them.

"But Your Highness, Pierre still has soldiers guarding everyone in the palace."

Lucian smirked. "Don't worry I will take care of them."

Lucian could fully use his powers now because he had no one to worry about. Levi was already outside of the castle and Pierre had no other children.

"Lincoln, I need you to stay by my side no matter what, because you are going to see a side of me you have never seen before."

It was time to let the beast

out.

MARRIED TO THE DEVIL'S SON

Chapter 54

I woke up the next morning with an extreme headache. I had been thinking the whole night about what Irene had told me. I couldn't find a reason for her to lie to me, so she must have been speaking the truth. But then again, how could I believe that I had met the Devil himself?

I shook my head. Think straight Hazel.

Irene wanted me to help her and figure things out myself. She must have had a reason to tell me that Lothaire is the devil, if he truly was.

Maybe she was giving me hints.

First I had to figure out why Irene wanted to help me at all. Either she was related to me or to Lucian, or maybe Lothaire was related to Lucian. Then if Lothaire is the Devil and Lucian is said to be the Devil's son....no, no. You are being crazy Hazel. How could Lothaire be Lucian's father? He seemed to be just a few years older, besides if he was his father then why wasn't he helping his son?

No! It had to be something else.

Maybe Lucian was related to Irene instead, but how? She said she wasn't a previous lover then...ughhh. I pulled my hair. I was losing my

mind.

There was a knock on the door and shortly after Irene peeked her head through the opening.

"Good morning." She smiled. "Can I come in?"

"Yes, of course"

She had a tray with a cup and from the scent I knew it was my favorite tea. I really needed it now that my head felt like exploding.

"Here drink this." She said putting the tray on the nightstand. "I am sure you are not feeling alright. I am sorry I told you like that but I really need your help."

I sighed as I took the teacup. "Is Lothaire really the Devil?" I wanted

to laugh again but everything was possible at this moment. I knew Lucian wasn't entirely human so there were probably other beings out there.

"Yes."

"And Enoch?" I said as I took a sip from the tea.

"A demon." A demon? Then...

Roshan...

"Roshan is a demon too." She said. My throat felt suddenly dry and I gulped the tea down even though it was hot.

"Careful." Irene looked at me with a worried expression. "Hazel, do you believe in angels?"

Why was she suddenly asking this?

Am I about to meet an angel as well? Can we take one creature at a time?

"Yes, "

"Than why is it difficult to believe in demons?"

Good question, but maybe because I haven't met an angel yet, but I just met demons.

"I am sure you have at least once in your life met an angel, you just didn't know, just like you didn't know that Enoch and Roshan were demons."

Well, it could be true.

"Hazel, I don't want you to be caught in the words demon and Devil, right now you could be the

only way for me to break the curse.
Then I can help you and your
husband."

"Alright, I will try." I said.
Not getting caught in the words
demon and devil would be almost
impossible but I had to try. For
Lucians sake, I had to put the
pieces together so that Irene could
help, whatever her reason was for
helping.

"I'll leave you to get ready. You will
find me in the garden when you are
done."

Taking the tray she left. I quickly
got out of bed and decided to take
a bath, then I changed into a light
blue dress and decided to find Irene

all while thinking about Lothaire. He was too beautiful to be true, so beautiful it was almost frightening. If I thought Irene was beautiful and Lucian breathtaking, than Lothaire was beyond all that. Yet I was supposed to believe that he was the Devil.

I knew Irene wasn't lying but I really had a hard time believing her words. Maybe she believed Lothaire was the devil when he in fact wasn't. Maybe he was something else, but what?

While I pondered I didn't realize that I had reached the stairs and suddenly I was falling.

"Woahhh..." Before I fell an arm

came around my waist and stopped me from falling. For a moment I thought it was Lucian, the spicy scent and the strong arm, but I was looking into Lothaires cold eyes. "You should look where you go." He said with a serious tone. Once again I was mesmerized by his beauty but scared at the same time.

I quickly took a few steps back, "Yes, I...I was just...I mean thank you."

He just looked at me and I felt uncomfortable. "I shall go then," I said and excused myself.

I made my way to the garden. Irene was watering the flowers and seemed happy.

"Do you need some help?" I asked as I neared.

"No my dear." She said and put the watercan down. "Lets' have some breakfast instead."

She led me to a table in the garden and we sat down.

"Enoch is coming with breakfast soon." She explained.

I nodded.

She looked somehow more beautiful today. Her hair was combed nicely and fell down her shoulders in beautiful waves and her lips were painted a light pink. As my eyes swept over her bare shoulders my eyes caught a mark on her left shoulder, just right beneath her

neck. It looked like an animal had bitten her. It could be. I knew she even had snakes at home.

"What happened there?" I asked pointing.

"This?" She pointed at the mark. I nodded.

"Well..." She frowned and seemed to think of a way to explain. "This is a mating mark. It means I already belong to someone. It's like getting married, but instead of becoming someone's wife you become their mate."

"I...I don't understand." I said. I was really confused.

"Demons mark their partner and therefore they get bonded for life.

The mating bond is stronger than marriage, it connects you to your partner on a deeper intimate and emotional level." Her eyes swept over my neck and collarbone as if looking for something. "You will understand one day, right now it will only be too much information." She said.

Demons mark their partner? How? An animal like roar escaped Lucians throat as he stood between the dead bodies of his enemies. Not all of them were dead yet, but the few that were left alive were so terrified that they didn't dare to attack, even though they had weapons in their hands.

Lucian didn't bother to kill them either. He knew after what they had seen today, they would never dare to lay a finger on him. He had literally snapped heads off, ripped hearts out and burned soldiers alive in front of their eyes.

He looked around. Even his own men were horrified at the sight of him.

Lucian wasn't surprised he knew this would happen, he just hoped they would get over it soon and except him for the way he was.

Lincoln approached him slowly. "Your highness what shall we do with the rest?"

Burn, kill, torture, get rid of everything.

"Place guards everywhere, take their weapons and make them look for the royal seal. If they don't find it soon..." He turned to the shaking soldier " It will be an absolute pleasure to rip their organs out one by one. "

"Yes, Your highness." Lincoln said, the only one who didn't seem horrified by this whole situation. The stench of blood and burned flesh filled the air. Lucians hands were soaked in blood, today he had used his hands as swords and it had terrified his enemies which made it very easy for him to kill them.

Hi us on plus two three four eight zero five five eight eight nine one eight three on watsapp to get added to

our group

"Anum! "

Anum shook his head as if waking himself up then swallowed hard.

"Y...y...yes, Your highness." He said but his voice broke.

"I need a bath."

"I'll make sure it's ready." He said and left quickly.

The rest of his men stood there frozen as statues. Lucian didn't say anything. What was he supposed to say anyways?

Lucian went to his quarters. To his surprise he had missed the place.

When he was younger he always wanted to leave but now when he had been gone for so long he

realized that home was always home
weather you liked it or not.

He opened the glass door that led
to the garden. Everything still
looked the same, he was happy for
that.

"Your highness." He turned around
and found Lydia standing there. It
seemed Pierre hadn't killed all their
staff. Hazel would be so happy to
see her maid alive.

"I am glad your back safe." She said
a questioning look on her face. She
was probably wondering where Hazel
was.

"Hazel is somewhere safe." He said
even though he wasn't sure himself.
But he had told Klara that if she

wanted to help to go and find Hazel and keep her safe.

"I have prepared a bath." She said as she looked horrified at the blood on his clothes. If she only had seen him a little earlier, when his demon had a blood banquet, she would have fainted.

Lucian wondered where Hazels other maid was as Lydia washed his hair, but somehow he felt afraid to ask. If she was dead Hazel would be so heartbroken. Lucian tried not to think about it. Right now he needed to find the royal seal. If he got ther royal seal then he would have command over the largest army, the royal army. But Pierre

probably hid it somewhere impossible to find. Where could he have hidden it?

While thinking quietly he heard his men talk a few rooms away. Most of them spoke of how they couldn't believe what they saw today.

"So...he is the devil's son." Ky said.

"It seems so." Anum spoke.

"What should we do?" Luke asked.

"What do you want to do?" Lincoln said.

"Well we can't let the devil's son sit on the throne." Luke responded.

"So what? Do you want us to fight him?" Ky asked. "And get our hearts served on a plate? Or wait maybe you want us to bring a cross and

the bible?"

"Shut up Ky!"

"I can't believe you guys. How can you even think of fighting him? We have fought together with him in many battles, we have had each others backs. He never treated us, even one of us badly. Whether he is the devil or his son I don't know, but I know he is not evil and I know he will be a much better ruler than his brothers." Martin spoke.

"I believe so too" Declan agreed.

"Since you are shocked I'll let it go this time. But next time anyone speaks of fighting His Highness or betraying him will have to fight me first." Lincoln said.

Then it was dead quiet. Lucian knew there was some tension between them.

Lydia helped him get dressed and was brushing his hair when there was a knock on the door.

Lincoln came in. "Your Highness, what should we do with the crown princess?"

Kill her he wanted to say but then imagined Levis sad face.

"Just keep an eye on her at the moment. Did you find the seal?"

"No, we are still looking for it."

"Make everyone look for it everywhere and find it quickly Lincoln. These walls won't protect us very long without the seal."

They were of course more protected inside the castle but they could still get attacked. Lucian didn't know how many allies Pierre had, therefore he really needed the royal army.

"Of course Your Highness." Lincoln said and left.

"You may leave as well." He told Lydia. Lydia bowed and left.

Lucian went to bed. He suddenly remembered when he told Hazel he wanted to sleep with her in his arms every night. Today he missed her and his demon craved her. He lay down and shut his eyes but his demon refused to let him sleep. He kept imagining Hazel's n.a.k.e.d

body, her soft her, her sweet scent, the taste of her lips. Lucian ignored his bodies response to the images. He was used to this. When his demon spilled blood it always got hungry for flesh, and if it didn't get what it wanted it, then more blood would be spilled.

MARRIED TO THE DEVIL'S SON

Chapter 55

Lucian didn't sleep well. His demon was restless, hungry and angry.

"Bring me Lincoln!" He told Lydia who was serving him breakfast.

She nodded and left. Shortly after Lincoln came in. "Your Highness."

"Did you find the seal?"

"No."

Lucian tried to keep his calm but his nails were already elongating his nails were already elongating and his body itched for blood. "Bring them to me.!"

Lincoln and Anum came back with Pierres soldiers. They got pushed down on their knees in front of him. Lucian stared down at them with arms crossed behind his back.

"So...you don't know where the seal is?" He asked.

They shook their heads.

"Then I have no use of you." Lucian said and slit their throats with his claws. Their bodies fell to the ground with a thud. Lucian grabbed the table clothes to wipe his hands off while the soldiers slowly bled to

death.

"That was unnecessary Your Highness. You stained the carpet."

Lincoln said with a frown.

Lucian was amused. Lincoln still didn't fear him. "I didn't stain the carpet. Their blood did." Lucian said calmly.

"I beg of you to calm down." Lincoln knew Lucian wasn't entirely himself right now.

"I will Your Highness." Lucian mocked.

Klara stared at the necklace in her hand. She needed to go back to Hazel and she had nothing but the necklace to help her. But how? According to Irene the necklace

would only help her if she was in danger and she wasn't.

Klara sighed. How would she go back?

"My Lady?"

Klara looked up. "Enoch? How...what are you doing here?"

He pointed at the necklace.

"But doesn't this work only when I am in danger?"

"It works when it senses that you need us."

"Oh..." She said relieved. "I just need

to go back."

"This way." He said and she followed him. They went through the magic gate but this time she didn't fall when they arrived because Enoch

had his arm around her waist and held her steady.

"Thank you." She smiled. Without a word he walked into the mansion and she followed him inside. He was walking so fast and Klara had a hard time keeping up with him. She wanted to ask where they were going but he looked so serious that she decided not.

He opened the door to a room and gestured for her to sit on a sofa.

"I'll Inform Irene you are here." He said and left.

Klara sat down with a sigh. Enoch was very strange. He never smiled, never waited for her to replay and looked very serious and

uninterested all the time.

After a while's wait Klara heard footsteps and shortly after Irene walked into the room. Klara stood up from her seat.

"Klara." Irene smiled and gave her a hug.

"Hi." Klara smiled nervously surprised by the sudden hug.

"Are you alright my dear?"

"Yes, I am fine thank you."

Irene smiled. "Good. Come!" She said and led her to another room. "Look who is here."

Hazel looked up. "Klara! You are already back." She said surprised.

"Disappointed?"

"Very much." She joked. "Are you

alright? "

"Yes. No need to worry."

"And Lucian? Did you meet him? Is he alright? "

Irene laughed. "Let her sit down and breathe for a while Hazel."

"Yes I am sorry. Please sit." She said.

Klara sat down while Irene poured her a drink. "I met Lucian and I gave him your letter. He is alright." Hazel sighed relieved. Irene sat down as well and handed the drink to Klara.

"Very well then. Shouldn't you go back home? You siblings must be very worried." Irene said.

Klara looked down feeling very

guilty. She would go back home as soon as she made sure Hazel was safe. "Is there a way to take Hazel to Lucian?" She asked avoiding Irene's question.

"Yes there is. In fact, I am sending Hazel to Lucian tonight."

Hazel nodded.

Klara took a sip from her drink.

Soon everything would be in place, Lucian would take over the castle and hopefully defeat his brother, Hazel and Lucian would meet and she would go back home. She missed home, especially Astrid but she feared her brothers wrath. He never took betrayal lightly and his time she knew he wouldn't forgive her

easily.

"Why don't you take a bath." Hazel suggested.

Klara looked at her dirty clothes and hair. She really needed a bath.

"Yes, I think I should."

"There is a little bath house with a hot bath outside the mansion. Why don't you go there. It's very relaxing."

Irene nodded, "Yes, I'll bring you some clothes." she said and left.

Hazel and Klara sat in silence for a while when Hazel finally spoke.

"Thank you."

Klara was confused. "For what?"

"For helping us escape, for saving my life and for helping Lucian. I

know it must have been difficult for you to do that. I know I am useless...I...I am not as brave or as strong or as beautiful as you. I really envy you but I am thankful to you as well."

"Don't thank me because then I would have to apologize and don't envy me because you have far more valuable things than I have. You have a very good heart and a loving husband. It's something people rarely have these days."

"You have a good heart as well and you will find a loving husband I am sure." She smiled.

Klara wasn't sure. In fact she didn't care. She decided to never

fall in love again. Getting her heart broken once was already too painful she didn't want to go through that pain again.

Irene came back in with new clothes and a towel.

"Here!" She said, "take a bath and change."

Klara took the clothes then went to find the bathing house. It looked like a small cottage but a beautiful one. She opened the door and peeked inside. She could almost see nothing because of the steam.

Entering she closed the door behind her. The steam surrounded her and she already began to feel relaxed. Going further into the room she

found where the steam was coming from. There was a little pool of hot water in the middle of the room.

Klara already longed to jump inside so she began to undress. She took her steal armor off first then, when she was about to take her clothes off she stopped abruptly. Someone was behind her. Klara quickly grabbed the dagger in her boots and turned around holding the dagger out.

"Roshan?"

A smile curved his lips. "You really need to relax. Not everyone is out to kill you." He said taking a few steps closer.

"What... are.... you doing here?" She

asked nervously as she realized he was almost n.a.k.e.d.

Klara swallowed as her gaze traveled along his mesmerizing physique. She had never seen this much of a male body before. He was wearing a piece of white clothes that hung low on his h.i.p.s and covered only half his thighs. Water dripped from his wet hair and down on a chiseled chest and perfectly sculpted abdominals. His golden skin glistened from the water drops that covered his whole body.

Her gaze traveled back to his face, some strands of his wet hair fell over his eyes and cheek. Klara had the sudden urge to remove them

with her finger. His lips curved into a smirk. He was fully aware she was admiring his body.

Klara's throat felt suddenly dry.

Clearing her throat "You...What are you doing here?" She asked again but accusingly this time.

He raised one brow. "I am supposed to ask that question." He said as he strode toward her.

Why was he coming closer? Klara panicked but didn't move from her place as she still held the dagger out.

"This bathing-house is for males only. The one for females is on the other side." He said walking even closer. Klara waved the dagger in

the air in front of her to make him stop from coming closer.

He looked at the dagger in her hand and raised a brow.

"I...I didn't know." She said. She wanted to go back and slap Hazel, especially if she did this on purpose.

He came even closer to her and she took a step back. "Now you know."

He said amused.

"Stop or..."

"Or what?" He asked still walking toward her. Klaras back hit the wall.

She still held the dagger in front of her and Roshan walked closer until the tip was placed on his chest.

Klara hoped he wouldn't come closer because she really didn't want to

hurt him but she didn't want to show defeat either by lowering the dagger.

She looked at where the tip was placed but her gaze moved all over his chest. She felt her heart speed up, why was she staring at his body?

Then everything happened quickly.

He suddenly grabbed her hand in which she held the dagger and pinned it to the wall, and her other hand he placed it on his chest. "You can touch if you want." He said as he moved her hand over his chest and down to his abdominal.

Klara froze for a while but then she couldn't help but enjoy the feel of

his strong body under her hands.
His golden skin was so smooth, his
body so strong and warm. She
wanted to feel more of his body
with both her hands when she
realized her other hand was pinned.
With a jolt, she came back to her
senses and pushed him away with
her free hand. "Let go of me!"
He let go of her slowly. Without
wasting any time she quickly got
away from him, grabbed her clothes
and ran out of there fl.u.s.tered.
What in heavens was wrong with
her? Touching a mans body and
enjoying it, was she crazy? She
went back to the mansion still
fl.u.s.tered and irritated, she didn't

want a hot bath anymore she was already burning.

Walking into Hazel's room she shut the door behind her and let out a breath.

"Is everything alright?" Hazel looked at her confused.

"No. I was just about to undress completely in front of a man." Klara said.

"Who? "

"Nevermind. I will just take a bath here." She said.

Klara took a quick bath and changed then joined Irene and Hazel at the garden.

At another table a bit away sat the annoying Roshan, together with

Enoch and another man she couldn't see clearly, but he had silver hair. Silver hair! Strange, she thought.

"So as soon as the sun goes down we can start with the spell and send Hazel away." Irene explained. Klara nodded.

"Do you want me to send you home as well?" Irene asked.

Klara nodded again. She should go back home if Hazel went safely home to Lucian. There wasn't much she could do for them now anyway.

When the sun went down, Irene began to work on her spell. "Are you ready?" She asked Hazel.

Hazel nodded.

"I have opened a gate right there."

She said pointing at some empty place. Hazel and Klara looked confused at each other as they couldn't see the gate Irene was talking about.

"You can't see it so I will lead you through it." She explained.

"Alright."

"Be careful and hopefully we will see each other soon. Don't forget everything I told you." Irene said then she and Hazel hugged each other.

Hazel then turned to Klara and gave her a hug as well. Klara hugged her back. "Thank you again and I hope you reach home safely."

"You too." Klara smiled and she meant it. She never thought she would get along with the wife of the only man she has loved.

Irene took Hazels hand and led her forward. "Farewell." She said before Hazel disappeared, probably as she went inside the invisible gate.

Klara was stunned for a moment but then shook her head. "How do we know she reached there safely."

"That's easy." Irene went to her closet. Opening it she took out a violet box and put it on the table.

"Come here." She ordered.

Klara went to the table and sat down. Irene opened the box a took out a green crystal ball, which she

put on the table. She sat down and put her hands on the crystal ball. Closing her eyes she began to move her hands in different motions around it until it began to glow. "Now!" She said opening her eyes then looking into the crystal ball. Klara got curious and looked as well but she couldn't see anything.

"I see nothing." She said but Irene kept looking.

"Now here! There she is!" Irene said pointing.

Klara looked into the crystal ball once again and now she could finally see Hazel and she knew she had reached home safely.

MARRIED TO THE DEVIL'S SON

Chapter 56

I was relieved to find that I was back home. Finally, I could meet Lucian. I walked through the large halls as fast as I could and slowed down when I neared our quarters.

There soldiers were gathered everywhere. Some of them seemed stressed, others terrified. The atmosphere felt tense and everyone seemed busy. I got a bad feeling. What was going on?

From a distance, I could see two soldiers coming out of our chamber dragging on a body. A dead body. Right after them came two other soldiers and they were dragging on a dead body as well. My stomach

twisted as I watched a pool of blood trailing behind them.

"My Lady?" I almost jumped out of my skin. Turning my head Lincoln I found a surprised Lincoln. "How did you get here?"

"Lincoln." I breathed relieved.

"Lucian? Where is Lucian?"

He frowned. "I don't think it's a good Idea for you to meet His Highness right now."

"Why? What's happening?"

"His Highness is not in a good mood." He explained.

"I need to meet him anyways. Take me to him." I ordered.

Lincoln seemed to hesitate but then led me to our chamber. I tried

to not step on the blood that covered half the floor. Two guards stood at each side of the door.

"I think I should go in first."

Lincoln

suggested.

"You don't have to. Just let me in."

"Are you sure you want to go in?"

Lincoln asked. Now he was scaring me.

"Yes."

"If anything...if you need anything just shout for help."

I nodded wondering what he meant.

He gestured for the guards to open the door and I walked inside.

Good lord, our chamber looked like a slaughterhouse. Not that I had seen one but I have heard of it. There

was blood everywhere. The carpet, the sheets, the curtains even the table clothes were covered with blood. Two guards were rolling the carpet and carrying it out. This wasn't how I imagined our chamber to look like when I came back. I walked further into the room avoiding to step on any blood again but Lucian was nowhere to be seen. My gaze fell on the glass door that led to our personal garden. I stepped out and into our garden. Oh, how I missed it. At least this place wasn't covered with blood. As I looked further around, I found him. Lucian. He sat at the table, a dark empty look in his eyes as he

looked at the garden. He was as beautiful as ever and my heart began to beat faster at the sight of him, but he seemed disturbed. He didn't even notice me as I neared. "Lucian." I whispered. I didn't know why I was whispering. He slowly averted his gaze and looked at me. The frown disappeared from his face and got replaced by a look of surprise. "Hazel." He said standing up slowly as if scared I would disappear. I smiled at him but I didn't move. He had that dark dangerous aura that I used to feel sometimes at the beginning of our marriage. He didn't move either, he just looked

at me. It was very quiet, the only sound I could hear was the breeze and my own beating heart.

"I missed you." I finally said and that's when he crossed the distance between us and wrapped his arms around me. I hugged him back.

"I missed you so much." He said burying his face in my hair and inhaling. I inhaled his scent as well. He smelled as good as always. I almost forgot how good it felt to hug him. I tightened my hold around his waist, never wanting to let go. I felt him shiver slightly and he pulled away.

His eyes scanned my body, carefully.

"You are not hurt?"

"No, I am perfectly fine." I smiled at him.

"How did you get here?"

"My friend Irene brought me here.

It's a long story, but what's happening here?" I asked.

Lucian frowned. "It's a long story as well and you don't want to know."

He said.

"Did...did you kill those men?"

"Yes." He said simply.

"Your Highness?" Lincoln stood at the entrance. They exchanged looks then Lucian turned his gaze to me.

"I will come back. Don't leave this room it's not safe." He said then placed a kiss on my forehead before

leaving with Lincoln. Something was odd. Very odd.

I went back to the chamber.

Everything had been cleaned up except the curtains. They were being changed by a few maids. I tried not to think that all this was Lucian's doing. He probably had to do what he did.

A maid came in with new curtains.

"Lydia!" I almost shouted.

Lydia looked up startled. "My Lady!" She breathed. She stood frozen for a while but then hurried and enveloped me in a hug.

I was surprised. I used to hug her all the time but she used to tell me it was inappropriate and now she was

hugging me. All the other maids stared at her surprised.

She pulled away with teary eyes then searched my body with her hands. "Oh, you are alright." She said relieved.

I took her hand. "I am fine Lydia." I assured her with a big smile. I was so happy to see her. "Where is Ylva?"

She wiped the tears away. "She is in the kitchen. She has become a kitchen maid. I'll tell her you are here, she will be so happy."

"A kitchen maid. Who made her a kitchen maid?"

I heard to be kitchen maid was the worst a maid could be. It was really

difficult.

"When you left, every maid in this quarter got sent to different places to work and Ylva was sent to the kitchen."

"Bring her here and tell the maids she won't be working in the kitchen anymore." I ordered.

Lydia nodded and left. After a while she came back with Ylva and it started all over again. The hugging, the crying, the thousand questions. I had never seen Lydia and Ylva so emotional before which meant they had been really worried.

"Ylva, you have lost so much weight." It must have been the hard work.

"I am fine now that you are here ."

She smiled.

"Come," I said and we went and sat in the garden. "What's been happening here? Tell me everything in detail."

Lydia and Ylva looked at each other. "What is it? Tell me!" I demanded.

"I haven't seen it myself but I have heard." Ylva began. "Everyone has been talking about how His Highness had looked like the devil himself and killed every castle guard with his own hands, all alone. Everyone here is now terrified of him."

"I am worried about you." Lydia

continued. "Especially after seeing all the blood in this room today."

"Don't worry. Lucian would never hurt me." I assured her.

The rest of the day I spent reading books about war and fighting strategies. I didn't want to be useless anymore. I wanted to learn everything, how to fight, how to ride and anything else that I could use to help Lucian.

"Why don't you read the art of seduction instead." Ylva who was making the bed suggested jokingly.

"There is a book with such title?" I asked.

She laughed. "Yes. It's there among

the books that I brought."

I looked amongst the books on the table. There lay a red book with the title 'The art of seduction' in golden letters. I looked at it for a while but then decided to go back to the art of war. Right now helping Lucian was my priority.

"Shall I prepare you for sleep My Lady?"

"No, I'll read some more and wait for Lucian." I said. Ylva nodded and left.

I kept reading, trying hard not to get bored since I couldn't understand anything most of the time. There was a lot of to me unknown words. Slowly, I was

starting to get bored but still forced myself to read a little more. When I thought I couldn't anymore, I picked 'The art of seduction'. I was actually too tired to read but I had nothing else to do while waiting for Lucian.

I opened the book and started reading at first forcing myself but then I got lost in the story. It was a story about an undesirable woman who wanted to learn how to win the heart of a man she had loved for a very long time and a very beautiful woman who could capture any man's heart with just a look. In the book, the beautiful woman teaches the undesirable one how to seduce a

man completely, body, mind, heart and soul.

"The art of seduction. Hmm..."

I almost fell off the chair when I heard Lucian's voice. I had been so into my reading I didn't even notice that he was here.

"Lucian!" I said with a gasp and tried to hide the book but I didn't even know where to hide it, so I just fumbled with it embarrassed and dropped in on the floor.

I quickly got out of my chair, bent down to pick it up but Lucian grabbed my wrist and pulled me into his chest. "Are you planning on seducing me, wife?"

Oh good lord, save me.

"No it...it was just amongst the books and I was curious." I said nervously, but it was the truth. I had no plan to seduce him.

Lucian narrowed his gaze. He still had that dark look in his eyes and they gleamed with something.

"I am curious too." He said in a low voice and began to unfasten the straps on the back of my dress.

"Curious to know how long it will take for me to get you n.a.k.e.d, m.o.a.ning and screaming." I inhaled sharply at his words and my heart began to beat in excitement.

Lucian leaned down and pressed his lips to my neck, licking and kissing his way up. I grabbed onto his

shoulder urging him to not stop as I closed my eyes and got lost in the heat.

Unfastening the last straps of my dress, he pulled it off my shoulders let fall to the floor, leaving me wearing nothing but my chemise.

Then he grabbed the back of my head and claimed my lips in a hungry kiss. There was nothing gentle about his kiss. It was passionate, raw, his tongue searching, his lips punishing and soothing at the same time. I leaned into him even more, pressing our bodies together. He groaned and deepened the kiss as if approving. My mind shut down and my body

shuddered with want. Without breaking the kiss Lucian lifted me up and carried me toward the bed then let me fall softly on the mattress. I groaned as he pulled away and our lips parted. He looked down at me, his gaze dark and hot. "Hazel, I won't be gentle this time."

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MARRIED TO THE DEVIL'S SON

Chapter 57

Lucian had waited for this moment, the moment when he reunites with Hazel and takes her to bed. He had imagined making slow, sweet love to her but right now he was delirious with l.u.s.t. All he wanted was to

plunge into her, melt into the warmth and softness of her body and drown in the sound of her m.o.a.n.s.

"Hazel, I won't be gentle this time." Hell, he didn't want to. He was already listing all the things he wanted to do to her inside his head. He wanted to take her in every possible way, consume her, devour her. He wanted to tease her and make her beg for release. His body shook at his wild imaginations. Looking down, Lucian searched Hazel face trying to see if his words had made her scared but as he gazed into her eyes all he saw was a blazing desire, a raging hunger that

matched his own. Leaning down he crashed his lips against hers, his tongue exploring her mouth while his hands explored her body. Hazel's fingers clutched his hair as she opened her mouth for him, welcoming his tongue with her own. Lucian dug his fingers into her h.i.p.s as he deepened the kiss even more. Taking her tongue into his mouth he sucked on it. Hazel whimpered as a gasp escaped her lips.

That was it. Lucian couldn't wait anymore, he had no patience today. Pulling away he began to undress. Hazel watched him with curiosity at first but slowly he could feel her

becoming nervous. He wondered why she became nervous all of a sudden. When he got completely n.a.k.e.d he grabbed the thin fabric she was wearing.

"I want this off," he said with a raspy voice as he tried to pull it up. She grabbed his wrists to stop him.

"Could you dim the lights first?" She asked, a blush creeping to her cheeks. Her shy behavior was only adding to his arousal.

"No. I want to see you." Her blush deepened but she didn't protest as he pulled the chemise over her head. Lucian drew in a sharp breath as his gaze traveled over her n.a.k.e.d body. Hazel did an attempt to

cover herself with her arms but Lucian grabbed them and pinned them to the sides of her body.

"Don't. You are very beautiful." He said. He could hear the hunger in his own voice.

Leaning down he pressed light kisses over her belly. Her body tensed at the first touch of his lips but slowly relaxed with every kiss. She arched her back as he slowly worked his way up to between her b.r.e.a.s.t and further up to her neck. She was biting her lips to stop herself from making any sounds. It made him determined to change that. He wanted to hear her m.o.a.n.s. He licked her neck and stopped at the

pulse point were her knew she was sensitive. He sucked lightly and she whimpered as a soft m.o.a.n escaped her lips.

Suddenly a strange feeling came over him and he imagined himself biting into her neck. His gums began to itch and his teeth felt sensitive. Disturbed by the feeling he ignored it and continued kissing her.

My eyes were closed, my heart hammering inside my chest. My breathing came out in pants as Lucians pressed hot wet kisses between my b.r.e.a.s.t.s and down my stomach. His fingers grazed the insides of my thighs sending a jolt

of heat through my body.

"You taste so good." He said licking his way up, then he took my b.r.e.a.s.t into his mouth.

I shot my eyes open with a gasp and grabbed the sheets as he teased my b.r.e.a.s.t using his lips and tongue. A wave of pleasure washed over me and heat bloomed between my thighs. Letting go of the sheets I grabbed his hair as he moved to my other b.r.e.a.s.t. My breath caught in my throat as he flicked his tongue teasingly over it. Unable to handle the teasing I pulled at his hair urging him to take me into his mouth but grabbing my wrists he pinned them to the sides

of my body, again. My body quivered and my breath came out in shallow pants.

"Please Lucian..." I begged embarrassed that I was begging.

He complied and went from teasing to kissing and sucking.

"Oh..." I gasped and threw my head back. My body shook with an uncontrollable need. I struggled underneath him wanting my hands free but he was too strong and held me in place.

I thought I was going mad with want. My body ached for his touch, especially the sweet spot between my thighs.

I struggled again and he hissed.

"You make me mad when you do that."

"I want to touch you." I breathed. He looked up at me, his eyes slowly turning red, then he released my hands. I pushed myself up with my elbows then wrapped my arms around his neck to pull myself up. He wrapped one arm around my waist and helped me up so that I was straddling him.

Leaning in I kissed him on the lips first, his spicy taste made my lips and tongue tingle with a hot burning sensation. Then I worked my lips down his jaw, removing the hair from his neck I pressed kisses down his neck. He trembled slightly

and his grip on me tightened. I had always wanted to do that but I didn't think he would like it. I slowly

kissed my way down to his chest but he grabbed my hair and brought my face back to his. He was breathing heavily.

"If I let you continue, this might end before it starts and I don't want it to end yet." He said in a gruff voice.

He placed me down on the bed again with him on top. I could feel his desire pressing at my pubic bone and it only increased the aching between my legs. His eyes were still red as he looked at me. I wondered why.

"Your eyes are red."

"Are you scared?"

I shook my head. He leaned down and kissed me more passionate than before while trailing his fingers down my body. I arched my back knowing where they would reach soon. I m.o.a.ned into his mouth as his fingers reached the aching spot between my legs. He began to stroke me gently, igniting a fire that spread to the rest of my body. I dug my fingers into his back, the muscles in my body tightening, my blood flowed as hot as lava in my veins and my body threatened to explode. I thought I was losing my mind until his strokes became

faster and just like that my body exploded with a cry.

I felt lightheaded. I didn't know if what was happening to me was normal. No one told me it would feel like this, as if your body didn't belong to you anymore. I was only told about the pain and that it could feel good afterward. No one told me about this feeling of ecstasy.

I looked up to meet Lucian's gaze. His eyes were still red, almost a dark red that I had never seen before. He brought his fingers to my throat and traced a line down to my collarbone, but his gaze focused on my throat. I felt as if

his eyes became even darker but I wasn't sure.

He drew back and I almost panicked. He drew back and I almost panicked.

"I should stop." He said more to himself than me. He looked confused. I grabbed his arms to stop him from going.

"I don't want you to stop," I said. Before he could protest I wrapped my arms around his neck, pulling myself up and him down. I kissed him. I kissed him hard, wanting him to know how much I wanted him. He kissed me back with the same urgency, pushing me back on the bed again.

His arm went behind my back, without warning, lifting my h.i.p.s

slightly he thrust into me. I cried out and clutched on to him. His body tensed for a moment before he began to rock into me with a feral passion. I wrapped my legs around his waist never wanting him to stop as he rocked me to madness. He captured my lips with his, muffling the sounds that were escaping my mouth then moved down to my throat.

Abruptly he stopped. "Hazel..." his voice quivered next to my ear, "I don't know why but I want to bite you."

"Do whatever you want just don't stop." I breathed.

Grabbing my hair he tilted my head

back. I thought he was going to bite me teasingly before I felt something sharp sink into my neck. I whimpered in pain and tried to push him away but he pinned my hands down. Before I could think of what was happening a wave of pleasure washed over me and I surrendered to it.

After a while, Lucian drew back. He looked at me, "are you alright?"

I was feeling lightheaded so I could barely respond. I nodded as I looked into his eyes that had turned into a frightening black. But that wasn't what caught my attention.

It was his teeth. His canines had grown long and sharp and they were

stained with blood. My blood.

MARRIED TO THE DEVIL'S SON

Chapter 58

Lucian stared up at the ceiling.

Just what the hell happened last

night? He was still confused. He

had bitten Hazel, bitten her, and

his teeth. He felt his teeth with his

fingers, they were back to normal.

Was it a dream maybe?

He turned to Hazel. She was

sleeping peacefully. His gaze

traveled to her neck, he did indeed

bite her. He could see the wound

which strangely already healed and

was now only a faint mark. What he

found more strange was that he

had wanted to bite her, it had felt

so right to do it, as if it was normal to bite a human being. But again he was never normal.

He traced a finger over the scar. The mark felt hot under his finger. Hazel stirred in her sleep and opened her eyes slowly. She rubbed her eyes with the back of her hands and blinked a few times before she could look at him. He found her very adorable when she did that.

"Good morning." she smiled.

"Good morning. Did you sleep well?"

"I slept very well and you?"

"Never slept better." He said as he caressed her cheek.

She smiled happily at him. Last

night when he bit her she didn't run away as she should. She had stayed with him, told him to not stop making love to her and he took the chance to take her in every possible way, to love her till she had enough. Could he love this woman more? He was already feeling as if his heart was going to burst. Suddenly she frowned and brought her hand up to her neck. "Lucian? You bit me last night?" Well, he did. He nodded. She seemed to think for a while. "You are not...a ...a vampire?" She shook her head as if refusing to believe it. "You can walk in the sun."

And he had never bitten anyone before. Why her and why now? He wondered.

"If I am...would that change your feelings for me?"

It didn't matter to him anymore what he was as long as Hazel loved him.

Her eyes softened and she shook her head. "Nothing will change my feelings for you."

Yes, he could love this woman more. He would love her more for every day that went by and when he gets old and dies his heart would still beat because of the love he had for her.

He leaned down and gave her a long

lingering kiss. "Do you want to have a bath together?"

She nodded and blushed.

Lucian carried me to the bathroom and put me down gently. I was wrapped in the bedsheets with nothing underneath and I held onto it tightly. I was still not comfortable being completely n.a.k.e.d.

I could see that Lucian found it all amusing. "It will be difficult to bath with all that." He smirked.

"I know." I said and forced myself to let go of the sheets. They fell to the ground and I stood there completely n.a.k.e.d. Turning around I slid into the hot water to get

some coverage.

Lucian crouched next to the tub.

"Are you not coming inside?" I asked.

"Not yet." he said. "First let me take care of you."

He grabbed the soap that lay next to the tub and poured it on his hands instead of a washcloth. "Wet your hair then lean your head back."

I dipped my hair in the water and rested my head against the rim of the tub, then he began to rub the soap into my hair. He massaged my skull while washing my hair and it felt so relaxing. After rubbing for a while his hand slowly moved lower to my neck, he slowly massaged my

neck with his thumbs then moved further down to my shoulders and massaged them as well.

"Bend slightly," he ordered and I did as he said, He poured more soap into his hand and rubbed it into my back, then around my stomach and up my b.r.e.a.s.t.s. His touch was light, almost like a caress making heat blaze between my thighs.

"Does it feel good?"

"Yes." I breathed.

He slid his hands into the water and grabbed one of my legs. He began to wash my feet and for a moment I panicked. This was something my maids did, not something a prince should be doing.

I pulled my leg away. "You shouldn't be doing this."

He grabbed my ankle in a strong grip and looked into my eyes.

"Everything you have belongs to me wife, even your body. Now... let me take care of what's mine."

He continued washing my feet carefully as if they were glass that could break then he moved down my legs and further down to my thighs.

I leaned my head back again and closed my eyes as his hands slowly slid up and down my inner thighs turning the heat between my legs to fire. I clasped my legs together, with his hand still there.

"I am not done yet, wife. Open your

legs for me"

With a silent prayer, I slowly opened my legs.

"Good." He whispered next to my ear and his hands slid further down until he was touching me where I was aching and a gasp escaped my lips.

His fingers slowly began to move in circles and I shut my eyes tightly and grabbed on to the tub knowing what was coming soon.

"Lucian..." I began but didn't know what I wanted.

Lucian on the other hand knew and his stroking became faster. My pulse quickened with it and every nerve in my body prickled. Before I

could start begging his fingers slid inside me and my body quivered at the intrusion. His fingers sliding in and out felt like waves in my body, slowly increasing until they washed over me and my body was left trembling with bliss.

"One more time?" Lucian asked.

I shook my head. The thought was very tempting but I needed a moment to recover.

"Why don't you come inside now?" I suggested.

He stood up and stripped then slid into the water.

"My turn." I said grabbing the soap and pouring it onto my hand. I leaned closer to him and began to

rub the soap into his shoulders. His body was drool-worthy and I enjoyed the feel of it especially his strong and broad shoulders. And his neck of course, how could I forget it. My hands slid up to his neck and he tilted his head back to give me better access. He looked at me while I smeared the soap onto his skin. I didn't know which one of us was enjoying this more. It felt somehow sensual to bath together and caress each other's skin. My fingers moved further up and I traced his jawline with my thumbs then my gaze fell on his lips. "Go on!" He urged with a husky voice.

Without hesitating I leaned down and kissed him. His hands slid around my waist and he pulled me into his embrace. I m.o.a.ned into his lips as our bare bodies touched each other. I continued kissing him, both surprised and scared at how much I craved him, how much my body l.u.s.t.ed for his touch. I knew I wouldn't stop if nobody stopped me and just then someone knocked on the door, making both of us stop.

"Your Highness, it's an urgent matter." Lincoln spoke from the other end.

I removed myself from Lucian's hold. Lucian frowned then looked at me.

"Your Highness?"

"It's fine you. You can go." I told him.

Stepping out of the tub he wrapped a towel around his waist. Turning to me he leaned down and kissed my forehead. "I'll see you later." Then he left.

I washed away the soap, wrapped myself in a towel then walked out and into our chamber. Ylva was already there and greeted me with a smile.

Ylva was usually the one to dress me and make my hair while Lydia took care of other needs like food and sleep.

"I really miss how you make my hair." I said as she combed it nicely.

"I miss doing your hair." She smiled.

"How would you like it today?"

"Just let it loose."

Ylva did as I said. "You look happy today." She pointed.

"I am." I smiled. I just didn't know it

would be so obvious but again I was never good at hiding my feelings.

"I can understand that. His Highness must love you very much that he even chose to not have any mistresses."

"What do you mean?" I asked confused.

"Didn't he tell you?" She looked surprised.

I shook my head.

"Well, when you left the crown

prince requested to see everyone who lived and worked here so we went to see him. Clearly, he was interested to see prince Lucians Mistresses and was confused when he found none. The head maid told him that His Highness got rid of his mistresses soon after he got married to you. That's when the crown prince took interest in you. He was more eager to find you than His Highness."

Lucian got rid of his mistresses? Why? Then who did he go to when he hadn't been with me?

"I have heard a lot of frightening things about His Highness these last few days but I don't care

about those things anymore. I know he is a good husband."

Yes, he was. Which man would get rid of his mistresses for his wife when he could have both and more?

"I'll leave you now. Lydia is coming with breakfast soon." She said and left.

Lucian, Lucian. He was still a mystery to me. I was so confused. Standing up I looked myself in the mirror, turning back and forth I made sure that everything was perfect and that I looked good.

When I was satisfied I grabbed one of my favorite scented oils and rubbed it into my hands and neck.

As I massaged my neck slowly I felt

sore in a specific place. It almost burned when I touched it. Removing the hair from my neck I leaned into the mirror to inspect the place.

There, just between my shoulder and neck I found a mark. I leaned even closer and my eyes widened at the realization. The mark looked just like Irene's.

I drew back surprised. Lucian didn't just bite me, he marked me. What was it Irene had said? Yes, mating mark. I was his mate and he...he was...he was a demon. Lucian was a demon!

Oh good lord.

I sat down and took a moment to accept that Lucian was a demon. It

all made sense now, but something was missing. I still didn't know Lucian's connection to Lothaire or Irene. Could Lothaire really be Lucian's father? And maybe he wasn't helping him because...?

Lydia and another maid came in with breakfast. "Where would you like to have it, My Lady?"

I waved my hand, "Just serve it there." I said. I had just now been hungry but I couldn't even think about food right now.

They served the food on the table and left. I paced back and forth in the room as different theories flooded my head. Why was Irene cursed? And why am I the one who

can help her break the curse? Is Irene maybe related to me? She had been so nice and loving from the first day I met her and she had been helping me a lot.

Ignoring my theories I sat at the table. I looked at the food but didn't feel like eating at all. I just wanted to see Lucian and talk to him, but before that, I had to think of how to tell him he was a demon. He would probably laugh or take it badly and get hurt. Who would like to be called a demon?

I sighed. Grabbing a fork I picket a piece of the egg omelet before putting it into my mouth. It tasted good. Blocking all thoughts out I

decided to enjoy my breakfast when someone knocked on the door.

"Come in." I called. I heard the door open.

"Good morning, Your Highness."

Startled I looked up. I knew this voice. Callum!

I hastily stood up from my seat almost making the chair fall.

"Callum, I am so glad to see you. Are you alright?"

"No, thank you for your concern."

"I am sorry I left you behind."

His eyes widened. "Your Highness, please do not apologize to a mere servant like me." He said looking down. "It's my duty to protect you and I shall die doing so."

I just smiled. It was a typical soldier

behavior. "I am glad you are safe."

"I shall excuse myself. Enjoy your breakfast." He said and left.

I looked at the breakfast table then decided to leave. I left the room remembering Lucian's words to stay in the room, but as impatient as I was now I couldn't listen.

The two guards who were placed at the door began to follow me. Lucian probably told them to keep an eye on me.

"Where is His Highness?" I asked.

"At the crown princess quarters."

One of them said.

I made my way to Pierre's quarters and just as I arrived I witnessed the

most horrifying thing. Lucian had his hand buried inside a soldier's chest and with a jerk, he pulled it out holding something bloody. It looked like a heart and it was still beating.

MARRIED TO THE DEVIL'S SON

Chapter 59

I didn't know when a gasp escaped my lips because it felt like I could barely breathe, let alone make a sound. Lucian turned his head and when he saw me standing there his eyes widened. Unconsciously I took a few steps back then turned around and ran back to my room. My heart was beating wildly and I felt like throwing up.

A heart? I just saw a beating heart. My head began to spin and I sat slowly down on the bed so that I wouldn't fall. I realized I was shaking slightly. I had seen people die before but I had never seen anything like this.

My heart suddenly jumped at the sound of the door opening. Lucian closed the door behind him and just stood there watching me intently. I tried to avoid his gaze.

After a while I could hear his footsteps coming closer until he stood right in front of me. He grabbed my chin and lift my head up so I that I was looking at him. "Are you afraid of me?" He asked

with a soft voice.

I shook my head. "No." and I wasn't lying. I knew he would never hurt me but I just...I didn't know what it was but I was very disturbed.

He sat next to me on the bed and put his arm around my shoulder.

"Hazel, you know and I told you, killing comes easily to me."

"I know."

"Then?"

"Then...I don't know Lucian. It was just a disturbing image. Did you have to kill him that way?"

"No, but right now I have to use fear to reach my goal."

I just nodded. I knew it wasn't the first time he had done that.

"Hazel" He grabbed my ching again to make me look at him. "I told you there is darkness inside of me. No matter how much I try to resist that part of me it's still there and it will always be."

Was it maybe because he was a demon? Should I tell him about it? I turned to him completely while thinking if how to tell him without sounding crazy.

"Lucian...I...I need to tell you something." Maybe he would feel relieved to know that he was a demon, because maybe he would understand himself better then. It made me at least understand him better.

I looked at his face. Gazed into his golden eyes, or to be correct his flaming eyes. Flames of hellfire, I thought. I had grown up to fear hell and demons. I had learned that they were Evil, to protect myself from them but guess what? I fell in love with one.

"You wanted to say something?" He said breaking my train of thoughts. I shook my head. "Yes...I...I." But the

words just refused to come out.

"You what Hazel?"

No I needed some more time to think of how to tell him.

"I...your...your mistresses. I want to see your mistresses?" I said. I wanted to see his reaction and if

what Ylva told me was true.

He raised one brow. "My mistresses?

Hmm...why do you suddenly want to see them?"

"I just want to." I shrugged.

He grabbed my chin and made me look at him. "Want to see if anyone is prettier than you?" He had that look when he enjoyed the conversation.

"Will you let me see them?" I asked ignoring his question.

"Alright then." He said standing up. My heart dropped inside my chest. I had really believed Ylvas words but of course, he still had mistresses. Jealousy hit me like a knife. Why was I suddenly jealous when I had

known all this time?

"Follow me." He said grabbing my arm and leading me toward the door to his personal room.

Wait! Was she inside his room. No! I panicked as he opened the door and pulled me inside. I didn't want to see any mistress anymore. I pulled my hand away from his grip but we were already inside.

His personal room was almost as big as our chamber, decorated beautifully with rich material. I looked around but the room was empty

"What are we doing here?" I asked.

"You wanted to see my mistress. I plan on showing you the most

beautiful one of them." He grabbed my arm and pulled me further into the room.

"I don't want to anymore." I protested.

He stopped. "You don't want to?" I shook my head.

"But I want to show you!" He said and kept dragging me until I was standing in front of a mirror with my back against him.

He put his hands on my shoulders.

"Do you see her?" He asked nodding toward the mirror.

"I only see myself." I said confused. He nodded.

"I thought you were going to show me your mistress."

"I am. There she is." He said pointing at my reflection.

"But...that's me. I am not your mistress."

"No. But you are my everything, and when I have everything in the world, why would I need something else?"

He really knew how to make my heart melt but then I realized he had been teasing me all those times.

I turned around to face him. "Where you mocking me all those times?"

He chuckled. "I thought you had already figured that out."

I crossed my arms over my chest and gave him a glare.

"Alright, alright. I am sorry." He smiled.

"But where did you go when you were hurt and said you would go to your mistress?"

His face turned serious. "When my wounds are deep the healing can be quite painful so I just wanted to be alone."

I remembered his voice in my head that night. It had been filled with pain and agony. Was the healing that painful.

"You should have let me stay with you."

"Remember you were angry with me?" He reminded.

"Yes, because you kept teasing me

with your mistresses." I reminded him in return.

He sighed with a smile as if accepting defeat. I felt relieved that we addressed this issue even though I shouldn't. Even if he didn't have any mistresses now it would be impossible to stay without mistresses or worse several wives if he becomes a king. The thought of him spending the whole night with his other wives or mistresses made my stomach hurt.

"What is it?" He asked lifting my chin.

"Nothing." I shook my head.

"Hazel, I know something is disturbing you. Is it...the woman in

Gatrish? "

Oh...I had almost forgotten Oh...I had almost forgotten the

blonde seductive dancer in Gatrish, but it didn't matter anymore. As a woman, a princess and maybe a queen this was my fate, to share my husband with other women.

"I was desperate and..."

"You don't have to explain. I know I will never have you entirely for myself but at least your heart, I wish to be the only person in your heart."

He took my face in his hands. "And I will grant every wish of yours."

Lucian and I walked hand in hand around our personal garden after eating lunch. We didnt say much,

just enjoyed each other's company.

"It's safe for you to walk outside the room now. None of Pierres men are left and his staff are kept in his quarters."

"What do you plan to do with them?"

"Send them home eventually. There are young girls and old women, people with families, I can't just kill them." He explained.

I smiled at him. "You made a good decision."

We came to my favorite place. The beautiful white swing. Lucian and I sat down and he put his arm around my shoulders while I rested my head on his chest.

"Lucian? "

"Yes. "

"You know I love you for who you are? No matter what you are, even if you are a vampire I will love you."

"I know." He said.

It was quiet for a moment and I thought of a way to tell him.

"Lucian..." I pulled away from his hold

to look at him. "What if I told you that you are a...demon?"

He looked at me with a narrowed gaze. "Am I?" He asked.

I nodded slowly as my heart pounded inside my chest.

"How do you know?" He asked.

I straightened myself and decided it was time to tell him everything. I

began to tell him how I met Irene, what she told me, about Lothaire, Roshan and Enoch. Lucian listened carefully and nodded sometimes.

"So Irene is a witch, Enoch and Roshan are demons and Lothaire is the devil?" He asked.

I nodded. "I know it sounds crazy, even I couldn't believe it at the beginning but I could just feel it. I felt strange when I met Lothaire, something about him...his aura, his eyes...I don't know exactly what...and he had silver hair."

Lucian's eyes widened as if in shock.

"Did you say silver hair?"

"Yes." I said confused. "What is it?"

"I have met him Hazel."

Lothaire and Lucian met?

"When? "

"When we were in Gatrish."

So it wasn't recently? If Lothaire went to meet Lucian then maybe he was Lucian's father but why wasn't he showing himself? Why wasn't he helping?

"Did he tell you something?" I asked.

"Nothing special. He just wanted me to win this war because he didn't like my brothers." Lucian said with a frown.

Lothaire the devil went to see Lucian who is rumored to be the devils son, it only made sense that Lothaire was Lucian's father even if it didn't make sense at the same

time.

"Lucian I think..." I began, turning to

him but stopped.

He was holding his heart and grimaced in pain. "Lucian what's happening?" The veins on his neck and forehead popped out and his face turned red. I panicked.

"Lucian? What's happening to you?"

He fell from the swing, still squeezing his chest. It looked like he was in extreme pain. "Lucian?" I tried to run and bring some help but he grabbed my arm to stop me from going.

He shook his head violently. "Don't!"

He said then took a deep breath. "I am fine now."

He took a few more deep breaths then the color on his face slowly returned to normal, just then Lincoln came rushing. I didn't hear him knock.

"Your Highness Pierre..." He began but when he noticed Lucian on his knees he hurried toward us and fell to his knees.

"Your Highness...What happened to you? "

"Nothing..." Lucian waved his hand.

"What is it with Pierre? "

Lincoln frowned. "Pierre is here with his army, inside the castle." He spoke fast.

Lucian's eyes widened and he stood up quickly.

"Callum, take Hazel away from here safely. Lincoln you follow me." He said.

I didn't even realize that Callum was here. "But Lucian..."

"Just think about getting safely out of here. I will be right behind you so don't worry." He said then left quickly with Lincoln.

I stood there frozen for a while when Callum grabbed my arm and shook me slightly.

"My Lady we need to leave!" He said.

Leave Lucian? How could I?

"You can be used as a weapon against His Highness. You are helping him by escaping." He assured

as if he read my mind.

MARRIED TO THE DEVIL'S SON

Chapter 60

Never had a sword touched him before and now he was feeling his flesh being cut time after time. Never had he missed to hit right before but now he was failing miserable. Rage filled his chest. Pierre would never have been able to enter the castle without help from inside which meant some of his men betrayed him. They even dared to poison him and now the poison was starting to do it's own magic. His heart was slowing down painfully making it difficult to breathe. His limbs became weak and his vision

blurry. He tried to use his powers, but none of it was working.

Another cut on his back and he fell to his knees. Two soldiers grabbed each of his arms and dragged him on the floor then threw him in front of a pair shoes. As his heart painfully squeezed inside his chest Lucian tried to get up.

"Look who his one their knees."

Lucian knew this annoying voice, it was Pierre. "I thought you were already dead." He spoke then he was speaking to someone else. "I thought you gave him the deadliest poison."

"I did, Your Highness."

This voice, the one who betrayed

him. Lucian lift his head slowly to look the betrayer in the eyes. Luke looked away quickly afraid to meet his gaze.

"You are really something brother. Still alive after getting poisoned. Anyway I am glad you are still alive because now I can kill you with my own hands." His brother mused.

Lucian heart squeezed harder inside his chest, the pain knocking all air out of his lungs. He began to cough and realized he was coughing blood. Something burned inside his skin, it was as if his blood vessels were filled with lava instead of blood. It was an excruciating pain.

Pierre laughed. "I see the poison is

beginning to work."

Lucian was in agony, he wanted this to end. He wanted to curl on the ground, to crawl, to scream but he didn't want to give his brother that satisfaction.

"Oh look who is here." Pierre continued then Lucian heard Hazel's voice.

No no no. Lucian forced himself to look up and found a soldier holding a dagger at Hazels throat. An anger like no other filled his chest and suddenly he was on his feet lurching toward the soldier who held her when another cut landed on his back. This one was so deep he could feel the steel touching his bones.

Hazel's scream filled the air as he fell on his knees again. Two guards grabbed each of his arms to hold him in place.

"I see you are very protective about her." His brother said crouching to his level. Lucian could feel how his hearts slowed down even more. He had losing too much blood.

His brother grabbed his face and leaned in. "Don't worry I will take good care of her." He whispered.

Lucian could barely hold himself up.

The pain in his heart was unbearable. He wanted to rip his own heart out and end this pain.

"And your men" Pierre continued loudly "Don't worry I won't kill them."

I will make them my loyal dogs and those who refuse I will enjoy torturing them forever." He chuckled darkly.

Lucian lift his gaze to look at his men, the loyal ones. His gaze fell on Lincoln, he was on his knees, tied, beaten badly but he was looking back at him. Lucian understood the emotions in his eyes, he was apologizing for failing to protect him. His eyes searched for Hazel, she was crying and fighting to get to him.

His throat became suddenly tight, as if he was being choked, he knew he was going to die. This pain had to be death. He wanted to see Hazel

one last time, hold her one last time.

"Hazel!"

I could hear my name. Lucian was calling me inside my head. I looked at him but he wasn't looking back at me. His face was red, his clothes torn, blood seeped from everywhere, from several cuts, from his stomach where he got stabbed, from his nose and even from his mouth as he coughed. His head hung low down as if he couldn't hold himself up. He was in extreme pain, I knew it.

"I think you have suffered enough" Pierre said. "Lets make you suffer some more."

Lucians head still hung down and his

hair covered his face.

A soldier came with a water container. "Do you know what this is? It's salted water, to help you heal. Am I not nice brother?"

"Stop it!!! Please! Stop it!!" I cried some more. I had been screaming and crying so much but to no avail.

Hi us on plus two three four eight zero five five eight eight nine one eight three on watsapp to get added to our group

knew it wouldn't help but I couldn't stop myself.

I fought some more with the soldier and he probably got tired of holding me so another soldier came to help.

Pierre Took the container from the soldier then threw the salted water

on Lucian. I screamed but Lucian didn't, he just shook violently. Pierre chuckled almost nervously. "What are you?" He asked. "Still not dying after being poisoned, not making a sound even though you are in much pain. Really what are you?" He frowned but then shook his head, "Doesn't matter. You are going to die anyway. Kill him!" I don't know where I got the sudden strength from but I freed myself from the soldiers and ran toward Lucian enveloping him in a hug before the guards tried to pull me away from him. "Let her be." Pierre ordered. "We should let the love birds say their

goodbyes."

The soldiers released both me and him. Lucian couldn't hold himself up so he fell to the ground. I put my arm behind his neck and pulled him into lap.

"Lucian!" I called carefully removing some wet hair strands from his face.

He opened his eyes slowly and looked into mine. "Lucian" Don't die and leave me alone I wanted to say but he seemed to be in so much pain I couldn't bring myself to say anything. I just kept crying.

"I am sorry..." He spoke inside my head. "I wasn't able to keep my promise and protect you."

"No I am sorry." I cried. "I wasn't able to do anything for you."

He raised his trembling hand and I took it in mine. "That is not true. You did so much for me Hazel. I thought when I die that I was going to die alone, without ever being loved, without ever feeling happy. You loved me, and you brought so much happiness into my life." He coughed more blood and I held him closer to me while my heart broke. "Hazel. I don't want you to remember today. Just remember the happy moments we had together." "You are not going to die and we are going to have more happy moments together." I cried.

He brought his other hand up and wiped some tears from my cheek. "I love you and I have never deserved you."

I shook my head. "It's not true."

"If ...if there is a life after death... I

...I wish you to be in it, as my wife again."

I cried uncontrollably,

"I will be watching over you." He said then I felt his body become lifeless in my arms. A loud cry escaped my lips before I fell into an ocean of darkness.

The Devil watched as some soldiers dragged the dead body of his son on the ground. Yes, his son. The son he was supposed to kill after

birth if that witch hadn't gotten involved. He wondered if he really would kill his son then? Even though he didn't want to admit it, he knew deep down he wouldn't be able to kill him. Nyx would never forgive him and he could never do anything that would upset her. He couldn't bear to see a tear on her eye and now he would have to watch her while she cried tears of blood.

The soldiers stopped when they saw a well. "Hey, water. I am so thirsty." One of them said and made his way to the well. He sighed, "it's empty." The other soldiers sighed as well. "Do we really have to go far to get

rid off his body?"

"I say we throw his body in here. Even if he lived he would never be able to get out of here." One of them suggested. The other agreed.

The Devil decided not to watch anymore of it. Using his powers he teleported back home to Nyx. He cursed inwardly. Nyx already knew, he could sense her anger, feel her pain and sorrow. She was blaming herself, she was blaming him.

He teleported himself to her room. She sat on the floor as tears rolled down her cheeks. She wasn't looking at him but she knew he was there.

"He is dead. Isn't he? Our son is dead."

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Vol.2

-Return of the Devil's Son-

A month had passed since Lucian's death, but it was only yesterday when I had accepted that he was gone, gone forever. I didn't know how long I had cried but it was the most painful thing I had gone through, even more, painful than Pierre's torture.

I remembered the day he died. I had woken up in my chamber after losing consciousness. Pierre stood

next to the bed and stared down at me with an ugly smirk on his face.

"Snow White is finally awake!" he said.

"Where is Lucian?"

"Your husband is dead!"

I shook my head as I sat up. "No, he is not! He will come back...I know he will come back."

"Oh really? Tell me how a dead man will come back? I am curious." He taunted.

Lucian was a demon, he couldn't die.

"You will see for yourself when he comes back!" I spat.

Pierre's ugly smirk turned into an

even uglier smile.

"Well then, until he comes back you belong to me, princess." His eyes traveled down to my neck and further down to my b.r.e.a.s.t.s.

I grabbed the sheets and covered myself but he yanked them away. I did an attempt to run away but he grasped my ankles and pulled me to him.

"Let go of me! I will never belong to you!" I yelled as he placed himself on top of me while I struggled to free myself.

He was strong, pinning my legs down with his and my hands at the sides of my head.

"I decide who you belong to!" He

growled. "But don't worry I won't force myself on you. Taming the wild cat that you are is more fun." Where was Lucian? Why wasn't he coming to save me?

Pierre removed himself from me then gave me a hard glare. "Fight as much as you want, princess. In the end, you will come begging me to do with you as I please." He said then left me alone in the room.

I collapsed on the bed and started crying. Why was Lucian not coming? He wasn't dead, couldn't be. I was not going to accept that.

I felt a hand on my back, stroking gently. "My Lady, please don't cry." It was Lydia.

"Where is Lucian?"

"My Lady, calm yourself first."

"He is not dead! I know it, Lydia, I know it."

She just nodded and continued stroking my back until I calmed down and fell asleep.

I woke up from someone splashing water on my face. With a gasp, I sat up and wiped the water away with my hands.

"What is" I looked up and found princess Elsa. She looked angry but right now I was angrier than her.

How dare she?

I rose from bed hastily. "What's wrong with you?"

"Stay away from my husband!" She snapped.

"I don't want your ugly husband!" I spat.

Her face turned red with anger.

Crossing the distance between us she slapped me across the face.

"He is your King now! How dare you call him ugly? Guards!"

Guards barged into the room. "Yes, Your Highness."

She looked at me and smirked.

"Drag this woman out and give her ten lashes."

My eyes widened. What?

"You can't do that!" I said.

She raised an eyebrow. "Yes I can and you will see what I can do!"

She nodded toward the guards.

"Don't you dare touch me!" But they ignored my warning and grabbed me by the arms before they began to drag me out of the room. "Let go now!" I yelled and tried to free myself.

"What are you doing?" An angry voice spoke.

Pierre!

I stopped fighting and looked up. He gave the guards a questioning look.

"It was an order from Her Highness." One of the guards explained.

"Let go of her!" He ordered looking angry. The guards realized me immediately. "Leave!" He told them and they left.

I looked at Pierre. What was he trying to do?

"See princess" he said coming closer to me. "If you have me by your side nothing and nobody can harm you."

Oh, right. Nobody could harm me except him. If he thought I would throw myself in his arms in exchange for safety then he was dead wrong.

"I rather take the lashes," I said with clenched fists.

He clenched his jaw and looked like he was about to slap me. He brought his hand up in the air, I didn't flinch but then gestured for the maids to come.

"Take her to the kitchen and give

her some work to do. No work no food and if she tries to steal cut the arm of one of her maids." He said with an angry expression.

"Yes, Your Highness."

I followed the maids without fighting but it seemed like they wanted a fight. They would give me a push now and then as we made our way to the kitchen and once we arrived they turned my life into hell.

"This is what we do everyday princess. Your life of luxury is gone, now get to work."

I would wash dishes, do laundry, scrub the floor, deliver things to different places and help in general

with cooking food and other chores. For someone who had never done any kind of work before this was worse than a nightmare. On top of that, I didn't get enough sleep or food. Lydia and Ylva would sometimes steal some food for me but I would scold them.

"Don't do that if you want to keep your arms."

I didn't endure all this so that they would lose their arms at the end anyway. Besides this wasn't forever. Lucian would come and save me from all this misery soon. I just had to endure a little longer. But a week past and there was no sign of Lucian. The maids gave me

more and more work for every day that past by along with insulting comments. At first, I used to get angry but then I realized why they hated me so much. People like me lived a luxurious life while people like them had to work very hard to make a living. I had no right to complain when this was their daily life since they were young.

"Wash these as well." I maid said throwing more clothes at me. "And stop being slow and hurry now!" She ordered.

A few maids giggled as they watched me from a distance.

"Would you mind helping instead of giggling?" I called.

They stopped giggling and one of them came to me. "Of course!" She said then kicked dirt at the clothes that I had washed. Now all of them laughed.

Anger boiled inside of me but I closed my eyes and inhaled deeply. When I calmed down I opened my eyes and stood up. This was enough and I would teach her a lesson this time.

"Jessica!" The head maid stood at the entrance her arms crossed over her chest as she looked angrily at Jessica. "Get back to work!" She ordered.

The maid called Jessica pushed past me bumping her shoulder into mine.

"Bye princess."

The word princess suddenly sounded like a disease.

I sat back down and continued to wash the clothes. It was almost sunset and I still had some laundry left. I couldn't take it anymore.

Every part of my body ached, my head from the lack of sleep, my stomach because of hunger, my throat because of thirst, and my heart because of Lucian's absence.

It felt like forever washinIt felt like forever washing the clothes and my hands stung with pain. Anger, sorrow, and confusion filled my chest. What was happening? Why was this happening to me? Tears filled my eyes blurring

my vision. I wiped my tears with the back of my arm but the world was still a blurb. My eyelids feel heavy and it became difficult to focus. It was as if I couldn't feel the ground under my feet, as if I was drifting away, pulled into a world of darkness.

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"Good morning, sweet wife."

Lucian. My husband. His hair as dark as ever and his smile, brighter than the sun. He looked at me with those golden eyes filled with love.

"Where have you been. I have been waiting for you."

"I am always with, wherever you are."

He smiled caressing my cheek with the back of his hand.

I leaned into him wrapping my arms around his waist but I grasped thin air. He was gone, just like that.

"Lucian?" I called carefully, fear creeping into my chest.

"Lucian where are you? Lucian?

Lucian?!"

"Don't you understand? Lucian is dead. He is dead!"

I shot my eyes open. Pierre was towering over me, gazing down at me with annoyance.

"Lu...cian.." I tried to sit up but my body refused.

Pierre lay his hand on my shoulder

and pushed me down gently.

"Don't exhaust yourself, let me take care of you now." He said nicely but that nice smile of his was disturbing.

He turned to the maids. "What are you waiting for? Bring the best food you can." He ordered, "and bring her some new clothes."

I wanted to laugh. Was he now playing the caring husband? Really? I forced myself up from the bed which made me almost fall but Pierre grabbed my arms to steady me.

Disgusted I pushed him away. "Don't touch me!"

For some reason, he found that

amusing. "You really are impossible. I am so going to enjoy the day you beg for my attention." He smirked. And I am so going to enjoy the day Lucian tears you into pieces. But I didn't say that out loud as I didn't have the energy to fight. The little strength I had left I needed to use to get out of this room and far away from his disturbing presence as possible.

My legs wobbled as I stood up from the bed but I forced myself to walk. I took small steps but Pierre placed himself in front of me.

"You want to go the hard way I see."

Some maids came in with food and

began to set the table,

"Take the food back. I think the princess here needs to do some more work to deserve some food.

Take her back to the kitchen!" He ordered.

I didn't protest. I would rather work than stay with him.

The maids helped me to the kitchen as I could barely walk steadily but as soon as we reached they gave me a slight push and I lost my balance and fell to the ground.

Laughing they left me laying there. I was used to this by now. The maids always came up with ways to torture me.

"My Lady!" I heard Ylva gasp. She

hurried to help me up but I pushed her away.

"Don't! I don't need your help. I can stand up on my own."

Ylva looked at me confused and she seemed a little hurt, but it was for the best. If the other maids noticed that Lydia and Ylva were close to me they would make life difficult for them as well.

I forced myself up and looked Ylva in the eyes. "I can take care of myself from now on. Don't ever help me."

Her expression changed from confusion to worry, but she just nodded and left.

"Here!" Someone said from behind

me. Turning around I found the head-maid Edith. She handed me a glass of water and a bowl of rice. "Eat then you can start with the dishes." She said then left.

I had a hard time understanding Edith. Sometimes she was nice to me and sometimes not. She would protect me from the other maids yet she would give me loads of work. Really, she was confusing.

The rest of the week I spent working to survive. Luckily I was getting more used to it now and it wasn't as difficult as before, yet it wasn't an easy job. It really made me understand the maids' anger toward me. Most of the time people

like me didn't even treat the maids like humans, with feelings. No wonder they hated me so much. Pierre only made things worse. Sometimes he would visit the servants quarters to see if the hard work had changed my mind and I was ready to fall into his arms, but he would always leave disappointed. Afterward, he would make me suffer for rejecting him, like sending me to the stall to clean up horseshit or to cut the grass under the hot sun for a whole day or even worse make me wash his mistresses' feet.

"Aren't you Prince Lucian's wife?"

One of his mistresses asked while I

cleaned her feet. I nodded.

"He was one exquisite man. Shame he died."

If she only knew. I would make sure he paid her a visit once he was back.

"How was he in bed?" Her question made me stop in my tracks. I was not used to speaking about intimate things.

"Oh, come on. Don't be shy. We are very open here." Another one of his mistresses spoke. "So tell us. Did he give you multiple orgasms? Is he the passionate type or the e.r.o.t.i.c and sensual type?"

"I bet he is all and more." Another one spoke and then they continued

speaking about him. My mind drifted away, to the memories of him, his beautiful face, his loving eyes, his gentle smile, his calming voice, and his soothing touch. A painful longing crept into me and fear. Fear that he would never come back, that I would never see him again or never hold him.

No Hazel, he is coming back. Just endure a little longer and everything will be fine, I encouraged myself.

I was never the type who liked violence but the only thing that kept me going was the thought of Lucian coming back and ripping his brothers head off, after torturing

him of course.

"I hear the crown prince wants you as his mistress but you are refusing. Is it more fun to wash his mistresses' feet?" She looked at me with genuine curiosity.

I could understand her. Many women fought for that position and here I was refusing, but she couldn't understand me. I wasn't all those women. I was Hazel, Lucian's wife.

"I must tell you how stupid you are. Men use women, they use us for our bodies, and you, my dear need to be smart. Use them back, for their power, for their money."

"I am not interested in money or power." I said.

"I can see that. I wonder what kind of man your husband was that you are so loyal to him?"

Why was she so interested in me?

"Magdela, you are giving her too much attention." Even the other mistresses noticed.

"Leave now!" She told them, raising her voice.

Suddenly there was tension in the air and the other mistresses glared at Magdela with distaste while leaving the room. I guessed Magdela was the favorite mistress since the other ones left without protesting.

"So why are you not sad?" She asked when all of them left. "Or at least angry since your husband

died? "

"I just think of something that makes me happy and I focus on it."

"And what is that? "

I lift my gaze and looked into her eyes. "I think of when my husband comes back and creates hell on earth for all those who wronged me and him."

It became dead silent for a while then suddenly a guard informed Pierre's presence and shortly after he entered.

Magdela pulled her legs away and stood up quickly. "Your highness." She curtsied with a smile.

"You may leave." He told her as he fixed his gaze on me.

Magdela curtsied one more time and left the room. I didn't need to see her face to know that she was disappointed. The guards closed the door behind her and I was left alone with Pierre. Lord, how I hated this man. If he was here to convince me to give up again then he would be disappointed again and I feared what kind of punishment he had in store if I denied him this time.

"So...how is it going? You know...with washing other people's feet." He asked with a shrug.

"It is going very well. I am actually good at it."

Don't anger him more Hazel, I told myself but I couldn't stop myself.

Just thinking of him made me sick and angry.

He crossed the distance between us then grabbed my jaw harshly. "I thought I would go easy on you but you know what?" He asked bringing his face close to mine. "You are so stubborn so I changed my mind.

Guards!"

Oh god! What was he going to do to me?

The door opened and two guards entered. Pierre let go of my jaw and turned to the guards. "Take her to the dungeon!"

The dungeon! What?!

"Once you change your mind feel free to tell the guards until then

enjoy sleeping with rats."

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"Is he dead?"

"No. He is alive, but poor soul what happened to him?"

"Did you say he crawled out of the well?"

"Yes."

"That's impossible."

"It's true mother. I saw him, he looked like a monster."

Lucian could hear the voices but he could barely speak or move. He couldn't even open his eyes to see the people talking about him.

Crawling out of the well had taken the last amount of strength that

he had left.

"He is breathing."

Lucian could feel someone touching him, even trying to lift him up.

"Help me! We should take him home and tend to him."

"We can't just take a stranger home."

"Are you suggesting we leave him here to die?"

It was quiet for a moment. "I didn't think so. Now help me."

As more hand began to grab him the voices slowly became distant before they disappear completely and he fell into the darkness that he was so used to by now.

Light. Light poked his eyes and forced him to open them. He had to blink several times and rub his eyes before he could see clearly. Lucian looked around. He didn't recognize where he was. He found himself in a little room, surrounded by dark wooden walls. To his left, there was a small table and a chair, and just right above a small window from which the sunlight peeked through. In front of him stood an empty bookshelf and to his right, there was a door and an old cabinet covered with dust. The bed he lay in could barely fit him. His feet dangled outside the bed and if he tried to turn, he

would probably fall down.

Lucian made an attempt to sit up but to no avail. His muscles gave in and he fell back with a groan. Every part of his body ached and he could hear the unsteady rhythm of his own heart. Was he going to die? Because it certainly felt like he would.

Lucian closed his eyes. The pain, the tiredness, the confusion was too much and he didn't have the strength to fight it, so he let the darkness sweep him away once again. After that everything was a blur, he kept falling in and out of consciousness not knowing how many days passed since he came to

this place. Sometimes he would hear voices and one day when he woke up he even found a little girl observing him. She had the most innocent eyes he had seen and they widened when she realized he had woken up. Before he could speak to her she had run away. Another day he could feel someone tending to his wounds. "This man heals very fast." It was a woman speaking. "I mean he had several injuries over his whole body now all of them are almost healed." "Maybe he is the well-monster." A little girl's voice whispered. "There is no such thing sweetheart." The woman assured. "It's the dirt

that makes him look like this. He could use a bath but he is not waking up."

"Did you examine his head?" It sounded like an older woman.

"Yes. No injuries there. I wonder why he is not waking up."

Lucian tried to listen to the rest of the conversation but his frenemy darkness came to take him and he followed obediently. The next time he woke up he was surrounded by people. Strangers.

"You are awake." A woman to his left said with a smile. "How are you feeling?"

Lucian looked around. A middle-aged man, two young girls, a little girl,

and an old woman stared at him with curiosity.

"How are you feeling?" the woman to his left repeated. He turned his head to look at her. She looked back at him with a frown.

"Maybe he is a foreigner. Maybe he doesn't understand our language."

"I am fine." Lucian replied with a guttural voice.

The woman sighed with a smile.

"Thank God. We thought that you were almost dying when you never woke up."

Lucian just looked at the woman.

"We should probably bring you something to eat." The woman said nervously when he didn't reply.

Then she nodded toward the others and they left him alone in the room.

Lucian pushed himself up and strangely this time he could sit up without any problem or pain. A strange feeling washed over him, a feeling of energy and power. He felt somehow strong as if he could do anything he wanted and it scared him a little.

Getting out of bed he looked down at his body. He was covered with dirt and was wearing nothing but a piece of clothes on his lower body. There were no wounds on his body, he had healed completely. The people who tended to him would

probably wonder how he could heal so fast and why he didn't have any scars. What would he tell them? Before he could think of something the woman came back with a tray of food and laid it on the table. "You should eat something then probably take a bath." She said turning to him. "I'll bring you some clothes." She smiled then left. Lucian slowly made his way to the table then looked at the food. The first word that came to mind was poison. He was poisoned. Pieces of his memory came back. He remembered being poisoned, stabbed, thrown into a well. He remembered the pain, the physical one, the one

of being betrayed and the one
of...the one of... something else he
couldn't remember.

He shook his head. He didn't want
to think of all the pain right now.
Right now he was hungry so he sat
down and began to eat. The whole
time he was eating he knew that
the little girl was watching him
hiding behind the door.

"You can come in if you want." He
said without turning back.

He heard her gasp. She was clearly
afraid of him.

He turned around slowly and she
peeked from behind the door. "How
did you know I was here?" She
whispered afraid.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Are you the well-monster?" She spoke the last word lower than the others as if she was afraid to say it.

"No."

"Then why were you inside the well?"

"I fell inside by accident."

Lucian could feel that she was contemplating whether to believe him or not.

"What's your name?" He asked.

"Elle."

"Elle, why don't you come inside."

She hesitated for a while before slowly walking in, but she kept a good distance between them.

"I am Lucian." He said extending his

hand. Elle stared at his hand for a while then approached him slowly before placing her little hand in his. Lucian couldn't help but smile at her. She was a brave one to come near him even though she was very afraid. Lucian knew that she wanted to appear unafraid to him.

"How old are you Elle?"

"Seven." She drew back her hand and stared at him calculatingly with those innocent brown eyes. "Did you see the well-monster when you fell inside?"

Lucian shook his head.

"Then who hurt you?" Elle asked curiously.

Lucian tried to come up with an

answer.

"Elle, don't bother him with your questions." The woman from earlier came back with some clothes and put them on the bed. "Why don't you show him where he can take a bath instead."

"Yes, mother."

Elle seemed less afraid as she showed him the way. It wasn't far from their home, but the people staring strangely at him, some even disgusted made it seem like forever. "Here." Elle smiled as they arrived. Lucian looked around was confused. This place looked nothing like a bathroom. In fact, it wasn't a room at all, it was just an outside place

with walls.

"You can take water from there."

She said pointing at a pumping faucet. "and you will find scr.a.p.ers in that box." She explained then ran away.

"Wait!" but she was already gone.

Lucian was still confused. How was he supposed to bath here? He went to the box with the things she called scr.a.p.ers. Grabbing one he looked at it. How was he supposed to use this? And he had never used a pumping faucet before.

Lucian sighed with frustration when he heard the creaking sound of the door opening. An old man walked inside and began undress.

Lucian observed the man and tried to follow his steps. He filled a bucket with water, took a thing that looked like a stone from one of the boxes to wash himself and the scr.a.p.er to scrub the dirt off. It was really a strange way to bath Lucian thought as he rinsed off everything with the clean but cold water.

Lastly, he dried himself then slid into the new clothes he got from the woman he still didn't know the name of. When he walked outside he was surprised to find Elle waiting for him. Once she laid eyes on him her mouth fell open and she stared at him wide-eyed.

Lucian raised a brow questioningly.
Why was she looking at him like
that?

"Is something wrong?" He asked.

She shook her head slowly eyes still
wide, mouth still open. Lucian
decided to ignore her reaction.

"Shall we go back then?"

She nodded and without a word she
led the way.

On their way back everyone they
passed had the same reaction as
Elle. They kept staring at him,
following him with their gaze until
he was out of sight. Lucian knew
this time they were staring with
fascination, not with disgust.
People were literally ogling him

especially the women. Some of them even smiled at him flirtatiously. Lucian was used to attention, especially from women but he never got this much attention before. It was as if the people got hypnotized by him.

Ignoring everyone's attention Lucian followed Elle quietly. When they arrived they entered the small house and found Elle's family gathered in a circle speaking of something.

"Mother we are back," Elle informed interrupting their conversation.

As everyone turned to look at them their mouths fell open as well.

"Oh good Lord!"

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Eyes wide, mouth open they stared at him for a while. Lucian began to worry. Did his appearance change? He needed a mirror.

The man was the first to break the silence. "You are back. Please come and sit."

Everyone followed him with their gaze as he made his way to the circle and sat down. The man cleared his throat and gave them a look so that they would stop staring and eventually they did.

"So what's your name young man?"

The man asked.

"Lucian."

"Lucian, I am John and this is my wife Layla." He introduced the middle-aged woman sitting next to him. Then he continued introducing everyone else. John and Layla had three daughters, the youngest was, of course, Elle and then there was Anna seventeen and Nora nineteen. The old woman was John's mother, Charlotte.

"We also have a son, Julian. He serves in the royal army."

"Royal army?" He wondered which one they spoke of because he didn't even know in which kingdom he was right now.

"Yes. He has been busy with all the war going on but now it has come

to an end he believes. Soon the crown prince will be crowned king." War. Crown prince. He was still in Decresh.

"By the way how did you fall inside the well?"

Oh, now came the question he had been dreading. They began asking him question after question and Lucian tried to answer all of them. Of course, none of his answers were true. He told them that he was traveling when some thieves attacked him and pushed him inside the well.

"Where were you traveling?"

"I...I was..." Lucian had never had to lie this much before. Coming up with

all those lies was more difficult than he thought. "I don't remember."

"Oh dear. You must have hit your head." Charlotte said.

"Father why don't you let him stay here?...until he remembers," Nora suggested.

Charlotte nodded her head in agreement.

"Thank you for your generosity but I should go." Lucian said.

"But where? You don't know where to go and you have nothing to travel with." Nora said.

She was right. He had no money and he didn't know where to go...yet.

John seemed to think for a while. "I think you should stay here until you recover."

Lucian looked at each one of them, they all thought he should stay.

Why were they being so nice to him?

"So...are you a witch?" John asked once everyone left and they were alone. Lucian was surprised by the question.

"What makes you think so?" He asked.

"Well...it impossible for a normal human to crawl out of a well that's so deep and secondly your wounds just healed so I am guessing you used your magic."

From the way John spoke Lucian guessed he was a witch himself.

"Are you a witch?"

John narrowed his gaze. "Yes. So it's fine you can tell me."

Lucian didn't know how to reply. If he said he was a witch, he would be lying and if he said he wasn't how was he supposed to explain his healing?

"I am not sure if I am one." He replied instead.

John nodded thoughtfully. "So you never tried to use magic?"

"No."

"Well, there is only one way to know if you are a witch, try using magic." John suggested.

Lucian nodded thoughtfully.

"Wait!" John stood up and left quickly but he was back shortly after with a book in his hand.

"Here." He said handing him the book. "There are some simple spells here. You can try them."

Lucian took the book from him.

"Thank you."

"I should go to work now."

"I should come with you. I...can help with anything." Lucian suggested.

"Alright then, come on."

John owned a little shop in a big shopping market. He sold different kinds of fabrics and clothes, mostly women's. Lucian realized that John's shop wasn't very popular as only

one man entered the entire time they were there.

"No one is coming to buy anything," Lucian said.

"Yes. That's how it usually is." John seemed unbothered by the situation.

"If you are a witch, why don't you use some magic to attract some customers?" Lucian asked.

John stopped whatever he was doing and gazed at Lucian seriously.

"Magic is not something to use easily. If you happen to be a witch remember this."

Lucian wanted to ask what he meant but before he could a Lady walked into the shop.

"Good day Mr...." She stopped halfway when she laid eyes on Lucian. "Oh..."

Lucian didn't know what she meant by that but the look in her eyes he knew very well. The admiring astonished completely captivated by you, look. Maybe he should take advantage of that he thought.

Walking up to the woman, "how can I help you?" He asked charmingly. The woman just stared at him for a few seconds. "Uh...I was looking for some fabric to make a dress." She said fl.u.s.tered.

Lucian knew nothing about fabrics but John had shown him where he could find fabrics for dresses.

"This way." He gestured.

While he led the way he could hear her heart beating wildly inside her chest.

"Here." He said and began to show her a few different fabrics but she wasn't paying any attention at all. All of her attention was directed at him instead.

"I think this color would suit you very well." He said picking a light blue fabric and showing it to her.

"Really?" She smiled blushing.

"Yes."

"I will take it." She decided without
"I will take it." She decided without
even taking a closer look.

The woman paid at the desk then
said her goodbye with a dreamy look

on her face. After that one visit from her Johns shop became suddenly popular. Women came and went and Lucian knew he was the reason.

"Never had these many customers before," John said surprised. "You really are popular among women." If he only knew. Popular was an understatement. Most women who came to the shop didn't even need any fabric. They just came to take a look at him, or speak to him, if lucky maybe even get a compliment and at the end of the day, they would spend their money and buy that fabric they probably didn't even need.

"You have really brought luck to my shop." John said as they walked back home. "You can stay with us as long as you want... as a thank you, and I should give you a salary."

"That's very kind of you but I will be leaving soon."

"Did you remember where to go?"

Lucian wasn't sure. His memories were a mess and he had been having the worst nightmares lately but there was one thing he knew, one face that haunted his dreams. Pierre. Every night Pierre would come into his dreams and kill him over and over again and Lucian would relive the same agonizing pain. He would wake up in the

middle of the night, covered in sweat, his heart beating painfully inside his chest. He would have difficulty breathing as if he was drowning or being choked. How could a dream feel so real that he would feel the pain even after he woke up?

But that wasn't the worst part.

There was something else.

Something he couldn't understand or remember, a part of his dream that was more painful than his death, so painful he would have tears in his eyes when he woke up.

What was it? And why couldn't he remember?

"Yes. I need to go back home."

Lucian had always wanted a simple life and now he had the chance to live that, yet he was going back to the life he hated. For what?

Revenge? What would he gain of it except that his nightmares would end? He could just stay here, start a new life, and live freely the way he wanted, yet something drew him to go back. It was as if a part of him was still there, calling for him, waiting for him to come.

"Father." Elle shouted running and enveloped John in a hug. She would always welcome them both with hugs when they came back from work.

"My little princess." John smiled as he picked her up then went and

gave his wife a kiss on the cheek. Lucian would always get an odd feeling every time he saw John and Layla together. They seemed deeply in love, and it brought a sense of emptiness, a void in his heart. Why he felt that way he couldn't explain.

Shaking off the odd feeling once again. Lucian went to his room and closed the door behind him. He wanted to be alone but before he could do anything someone already knocked on the door.

"Come in."

The door opened with a creaking sound and Nora stuck her head inside.

"Am I disturbing you?" She asked innocently.

"No, please come in."

She walked in, a shy smile on her face. Lucian knew she had a thing for him. The way she blushed or smiled shyly every time he spoke to her, or the way she would peak at him when he wasn't looking or the way her heart would speed at his closeness. He knew all of that, and even though she was pretty he wasn't the least interested in her.

"I just wanted to thank you. You have been a great help to my father's business." She said.

"No need to thank me. Your family saved my life and let me stay here,

I am just repaying the favor."

Lucian explained

She nodded. "My father told me you could be a witch. Have you tried a spell yet?"

Her gaze shifted to the book on the table that her father gave him, to try and learn magic.

"No, I haven't."

Lucian had been avoiding the book as if he was afraid to know the answer to what he was.

"I could help you...if you want." She shrugged.

"Thank you but I'll manage myself."

"Just be careful." She warned a little worried.

"Why?" He frowned.

"I can sense your power. You have too much of it."

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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.

"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

discussileaving 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. 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 perfectHe 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?"

"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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Son Chapter 66 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.

"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.

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?"

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.

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 .

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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.

"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.

"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.
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?

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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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 it's 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.

"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."

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.

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 nows 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.

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.

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"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."

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."

"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?"

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.

"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?

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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. "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."

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
fl.u.s.tered.

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 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 punishers 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." 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

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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.

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. He 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?

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.

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.

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."

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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 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."

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 friends 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 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.

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 marriedimagined 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.

"ShhI 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 kneeing 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 amusement.

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."

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"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?

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.

"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 prenatural 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 alri"

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.

This woman was making him nervous,

uncomfortable, and...and scared.

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

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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."

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?"

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.

"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 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!"

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.

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"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.

"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 friend...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 showinhumans." 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.

"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 union. 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."

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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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. Panik 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.

"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.

"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 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 forgotmoment. 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.

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 "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.

"How? "

"Hazel. "

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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.

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?"

"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."

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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"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 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.

"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.

"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 consciousnesses 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 where 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.

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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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.

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."

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 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.

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."

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"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.

Hi us on plus two three four eight zero five five eight eight nine one eight three on watsapp to get added to our group.

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?"

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."

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.

"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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"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."

"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 too 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.

"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.

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.

"Good." He breathed. "I want you n.a.k.e.d."

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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.

"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 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.

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.

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.

"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?

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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.

"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

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How long would it take him to make her break her promise?

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Son Chapter 83 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.

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. Cold air hit my skin before Lucians 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. 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.

"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."

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Son Chapter 84 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."

"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.

"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.

"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 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."

"Try me." She challenged.

Roshan watched her silently for a while. "I am a demon."

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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?"

"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 circularumors 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.

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?"

"He says he saw his uncle. Lucian."

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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 m.o.a.n.s 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.

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."

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.

"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 protesleave 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."

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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 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...likeI don't know."

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.

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 women, 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 b.r.e.a.s.t.s 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?"

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."

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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 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?" Klara asked.

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 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?"

"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.

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.

"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 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.

"Then it's option number one I guess."

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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 Lucians 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."

"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."

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 creatures stumbled backward holding his 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?"

Roshan came to a halt, then turned to him. "Because you are half-witch and we hate witches."

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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.

"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 basement.

"Don't worry. You won't be alone. I'll make sure to send the devil."

Irene called before closing the door. 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 king's 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.

"Alright then." She put the brush down then took my 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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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. Pearls 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. Pearls 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.

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.

"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.

"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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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 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.

"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?

"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.

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?

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.

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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 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.

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.

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 kneeling 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 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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"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 Roshans 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.

"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.

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.

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.

"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.

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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.

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 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 Lucians 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.

"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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"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.

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."

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.

"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 father's 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.

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Pierre hadn't been able to rest for the last few days. He kept having nightmares and in those nightmares, he saw Lucian. Every night, his

brother while looking like the devil would haunt him and drag him to hell.

"Feel at home brother." He would say and then leave him there to burn.

The nightmares would feel so real that when he woke up he would be drenched in sweat and his heart would beat like drums inside his chest. It didn't help that rumors about his brother being alive were making rounds and it was scaring the hell out of him even if he didn't want to admit it. Everytime he went to sleep he would feel as if someone was in his room, watching him and waiting patiently him and waiting patiently for an

opportunity to strike. It was making him lose his mind.

"Come out! Show yourself ! Don't hide like a coward." He yelled but no one replied or showed themselves.

Everyone was starting to think that he was crazy, talking to himself and yelling without a reason.

At first, he tried to hide his fear and frustration but now he no longer cared what people thought of him. He just wanted this torture to end. He was sleep-deprived and he felt exhausted for everyday that passed by.

Tonight while he had dinner at his chamber he kept looking at his bed. He didn't look forward to sleeping.

Maybe he could go to one of his mistresses and sleep there instead of alone. Why hadn't he thought of that before?

Standing up from his seat he went to the mirror. He had to make sure that he looked good before he left the room but while he glared at his horrible state in the mirror a guard suddenly barged inside the room.

"Your highness. We are under attack." He exhaled.

"What do you mean attack?! Who is attacking?"

"The royal army. I don't understand why." The guard seemed confused.

Pierre on the other hand knew why. It was his brother Lucian. He had

come for him just like in his nightmares and now he would drag him to hell. All those years he mocked his brother for being the devil's son without truly believing it but now all that turned out to be true.

"Your highness. We need to take you to a secure place. Please follow me."

But Pierre couldn't move. He was in too much shock. He didn't know where to begin.

The guard grabbed him by the arm and began to drag him out of the room.

"Protect the King." He ordered the other guards. "and clear the way."

Our priority is to take the king somewhere safe."

"No place is safe. The army seems to know their way around. Someone on the inside is probably working with them." Another guard spoke.

"Its Lucian." Pierre breathed after holding his breath for what seemed like hours. "He has come to kill me."

The guards looked at him as if he was insane and maybe, he was. He would find out soon.

"We can take him through the secret passage." The first guard suggested.

Pierre knew there was no use in escaping. Lucian knew every passage in the castle.

"We are all going to die." Pierre whispered his eyes wide in fear.

"Not yet brother."

A shiver went down Pierre's spine. This voice he knew very well and he never thought that he would hear it again. Slowly he turned around and just right behind him a few feet away stood his brother, Lucian. He looked just like he remembered and not like someone who came back from the dead.

Pierre's guards froze in place, their eyes wide in both shock and fear.

Their arms shook while they held their swords up in a defensive way.

Pierre wanted to tell them to attack but the words couldn't form

in his mouth. It felt as though his tongue was paralyzed.

Lucian took a step forward and the guards held out their swords.

"Stay where you are." One of them warned but it sounded like a plead.

"Put your swords down." Lucian ordered.

The guards hesitated and seemed confused as to what to do.

"While I am being nice." Lucian added.

One of them dropped his sword because he was shaking to much.

"How...is this...possible?"

Lucian narrowed his gaze. "You" He began pointing at the guards. "You are the one who burned me? Aren't

you? "

The guard fell on his knees.

"I...I...I

am sorry y..yo..your highness. Please don't kill me." He stuttered.

The other guard fell on his knees as well. "Please don't kill me, your highness. I swear my loyalty to you."

The first guard shook his head violently. "Yes me too. I swear my loyalty to you."

Pierre stood there confused. His guards just abandoned him. Should he run? But to where?

"I don't need your loyalty but I'll give you a head start." Lucian said looking amused. "Run as fast as you can because if I catch you, I'll burn you alive."

Even though his brother was not speaking to him Pierre felt like running but instead, he fell to his knees as his legs couldn't hold him up anymore. There was something very frightening about Lucian and he couldn't quite put his finger on what it was. The fact that his brother didn't look at him once only added to his fear.

"Your highness please, we will do whatever you want. I have a family." One of them cried.

"I said run!" Lucian repeated and this time they got up quickly and ran away clumsily.

Then ever so slowly Lucian turned his gaze to Pierre. "Why so quiet

brother? You were so good with words."

Pierre felt wetness on his face as if someone poured water over his head, but he knew it was his own sweat. He must have looked so little and pathetic. He tried to gather some courage but as he gazed into Lucian's eyes he saw a rage like no other. This was the end, he thought.

Lucian took more steps forward and then crouched so that they were on the same level. He looked Pierre in the eyes.

"You are mistaken brother. This is not the end. It's only the beginning." He said.

He could read his thoughts. Pierre felt his head spin and black spots began to cover his eyes before everything became dark.

Lucian stared at his brothers unconscious body on the ground. He was really disappointed but he would get to torture his brother eventually. First, he would let him get over his state of shock and get a grip over reality and then he would begin with his favorite task. Torture.

For now, he orders his men to throw Pierre into a cell and he proceeded to find the ones who threw him into a well and burned him. As usual, they tried to gain some

sympathy by mentioning that they had families.

"Your highness please. I have a family. They can't live without me."

"And I didn't have a family?" Lucian raised a brow.

"That's not what I meant. I was...I was just following orders."

"No you were not. Pierre told you to get rid of my body. The natural thing would be to bury it, not throw it in a well and burn it to ashes."

The soldier's eyes darted around unsure of what to say next. Lucian nodded for his men to take them away.

"No, no. Your Highness, please! I

promise to serve you with loyalty for the rest of my life. Please spare me once." They called as they got dragged away.

Lucian was too tired right now to torture them and he did not want to kill them yet. He would take care of more important things first and then he would enjoy his revenge.

"Your Highness." Callum came walking toward him with Hazel trailing behind. Lucian noticed the blood that seeped down her arm.

"What happened?" He asked and rushed to her.

"Nothing." She smiled. "Just a little cut."

Callum fell on one knee and bowed his head. "I'll accept my punishment." He said in a regretful voice.

Hazel chuckled. "He is funny. There will be no punishment. You protected me well. Get up on your feet." She ordered.

Lucian realized that Hazel had become much more strong and confident. She must have gone through a lot for her to change so drastically, he thought. Anyway, he liked this version of her.

Callum got up on his feet and that's when Lucian realized that he had lost his man to Hazel. He would not have stood up without his order

otherwise. Callum would now be more loyal to Hazel than anyone.

"You disappoint me Callum." Lucian said with humor, meaning that he got hurt.

Callum looked at him carefully. "I am sorry, Your Highness." He said genuinely.

"Don't be. I just hope she chooses you the way you chose her."

Callum looked at Hazel and she looked at them both confused. Just when she was about to say something, Lucians men gathered and informed him that everything was done accordingly and now the castle was his. After such a long time he was back home, the home

he never liked but now that would change. He would make this place into a real home, with his wife and he would make it up to her for all the mistakes he had done.

"Well, while we are at it, why don't you choose your own two personal guards." Lucian suggested turning to Hazel. "You can choose anyone except for Lincoln."

"I don't need personal guards." Hazel whispered.

"Yes you do. You will be no princess anymore, you'll be a queen." Lucian whispered back.

Hazel looked at the guards but not for too long. "I chose Callum and Oliver." She said.

They both came forward, bent a knee in front of her and swore their loyalty. Lucian found it all amusing. He was so used to having his men only obeying him and now he would have to get used to them obeying his wife.

Hazel left with her guards to treat her wound and Lucian went ahead to take care of the rest.

"How are things going?" Lucian asked Julian.

"We have informed the people of this kingdom that you will be their king and general Black is preparing for your coronation tomorrow."

Lucian nodded. He couldn't believe how fast things happened. Would

the people of this kingdom accept him as their king or would there be more war?

"You said you would take care of the witches. How?"

"You don't have to worry about the witches. We don't like unnecessary fights. You are a drosht and half-demon, your father is the devil himself and your mother is a very powerful witch, now even half-demon I guess. The witches would be fools to pick a fight with you unless they are sure they will win, and witches are anything but fools." Julian explained.

He couldn't say the same about the demons.

"And what if they want to fight."

"Then there will be a problem because it means they have gathered really powerful witches. Those are scary." Julian pointed.

"Do you know the most powerful witch?" Lucian asked.

"There is no most powerful. The leader of every coven are the most powerful ones."

"Then arrange for me to meet your leader." Lucian ordered.

Julian hesitated. "Your Highness. I don't think it's a good idea."

"Just do it." Lucian insisted.

Julian nodded then left.

Lucian sat back down with a sigh. He had too many things to take

care of. Humans, witches, demons, it was just too much.

He lay back and closed his eyes. He knew he had a lot to do but he just wanted to rest for a short while. Hazel next to him would make it all better.

Hazel. He called her inside her mind. He wasn't sure if she would hear it but he hoped so. After a while he heard the door open, some footsteps and she was laying next to him on the bed.

He didn't open his eyes, he just inhaled her sweet scent, mixed with blood.

"Did you treat your wound?" He asked.

"Yes."

"And your maids are safe?"

"Yes."

"And.." before he could ask any further Hazel pressed her lips to his and kissed him viciously.

"You worry too much, husband." She said after breaking the kiss.

Lucian put on arm around her waist and flipped her over so that he was laying on top.

"Now you should worry, because I won't let you out of this bed."

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Klara could see a shadow in the darkness slowly stalking toward her bed, but she didn't feel the least

bit scared. She already knew who the shadow belonged to since the shadow belonged to since he came to visit her every night. No! Not only visit, but he also did other things as well.

Klara's heart raced as he slowly neared her bed and then carefully removed the blanket. She was only wearing her nightgown which had slipped up and was now revealing her legs and thighs. He leaned down and then slowly traced his fingers up her leg and down her thigh.

Closing her eyes Klara could feel his fingers slowly sliding under her dress and his face came close to hers. His hot breath tickled her lips and she wondered if he would kiss her.

"Open your eyes, Klara." His masculine voice was low and made her shiver in anticipation. She wanted him to kiss her. Just a bit closer and their lips would touch.

"Klara! Wake up!"

Just a bit closer...

"Klara!"

And closer.

"Klara..?"

A bit more...aaaand he kissed her!

Or maybe not. The kiss was too short, only a peck followed by a loud feminine laugh that woke her up.

Klara shot her eyes open and looked around confused. What just happened?

"You..you.." Astrid could barely talk because she was laughing too much and rolling on her bed.

Klara sat up. "What's wrong with you?" She asked rubbing her eyes.

"You" Astrid stopped laughing and took a deep breath. "Ok sister. Now you need to tell me what or who you were dreaming of?."

Klara shrugged. "No one."

"Please. You were pouting your lips desperately that I just had to give you a kiss, otherwise you wouldn't wake up." She chuckled.

Klara's cheeks burned. She had been dreaming of Roshan. Again!

Since she came back she hadn't been able to stop thinking about

him. The way he had kissed her on the rooftop kept repeating itself in her mind and the taste of him still lingered on her lips.

Not only did he wander in her mind all day but also in her dreams all night. What if he had done something to her? It had to be that way because thinking about him this much was abnormal and annoying. She wanted to move on with her life especially now when her brother had welcomed her back and wasn't forcing her to get married anymore.

Rasmus had been so angry when she came back and he scolded her like never before.

"Where have you been?" He had asked with clenched teeth.

Klara looked down terrified. Her brother could be really scary when he was angry.

"Answer me, Klara! Where have you been?"

Klara couldn't tell him where she had been. It was too complicated.

"Do you know how worried I was? Do you know all the things I imagined while you were gone? All the things that could have happened to you. I didn't even know if you were dead or alive. Do you know how that feels?"

"I am sorry." Klara apologized. "But I had no other choice. I don't want

to marry him."

Rasmus hit the table with his fist.

"And I wouldn't force you if you had chosen one yourself and if you hadn't betrayed me." He yelled. " I raised you, Klara. You and your sister were only eight when mother and father died. I took care of you both. I raised you, I fed you, I clothed you and I protected you and how do you repay me?"

It was true. Her brother had done everything for her. He had raised her into a strong woman and made sure she had everything she needed. He always treated her with love and respect, so she could understand that he was hurt by her actions.

"I am sorry." Tears filled her eyes because of guilt.

Rasmus sighed. "I thought you were dead when I couldn't find you."

"I am sorry." She repeated. The tears fell down her cheeks.

Her brother looked her up and down.

"Are you unharmed?"

She nodded.

"Come here." He opened his arms and Klara went to hug him.

Oh, she had really missed her family.

"I am sorry."

"It's alright." He said stroking her hair.

"Please brother. I don't want to marry him. I promise to choose one myself."

Rasmus grabbed her face. "You better hurry. You are twenty-two, Klara. All the women of your age are already married. If you don't get married now no one will marry you."

"I know." Klara said.

Most girls got married as soon as they turned seventeen if not before. Klara knew she was very late with the whole marriage thing but she didn't think she would be. She never expected Lucian to be already married when he came to visit them.

None of it mattered now. Her brother wanted her to find someone soon and her sister had already

arranged for her to meet some suiters.

Klara didn't look forward to it but she knew she had to go through with it eventually. Unfortunately, none of them caught her interest. One of them only kept talking about himself and the other only spoke of war and politics. Klara could see that he only saw her as a weapon to gain more power.

One kept praising her beauty the whole meeting which made her uncomfortable and one barely said anything and she had to lead the conversation. Some of them she didn't even listen to because her mind drifted to Roshan. That man

had occupied her mind and she couldn't help but compare every man to him. Unfortunately, none of them made her feel anything close to what Roshan made her feel.

"You seem disappointed," Astrid noted.

"I mean they are all good looking and powerful, but...I...I don't know. I

don't feel anything." Klara said frustration clear in her tone.

"The feelings will come." Her sister assured.

"What if they don't? What if I never feel anything for anyone and then I have to marry one of them?"

The thought terrified her.

"What do you think of Noah? He is

handsome and charming, even
funny."

Yes, Noah. He had been the only
charming one of the bunch and he
was very good looking as well. He
also seemed to listen to her and
not only talk, but her mind had
been elsewhere.

Roshan.

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added to our novels group and get PDF
links.

He was the problem. She needed to
deal with him first before she could
focus on finding a suitor.

At night when everyone went to
sleep, Klara locked herself inside her
room. She grabbed the necklace

that Roshan gave her and then she called him inside her mind. It was crazy, but she hoped it would work. When nothing happened she tried again only this time she whispered his name.

"Roshan."

She waited for a while and when nothing happened she gave up and decided to go to bed, but just then she heard his voice.

"Hello princess."

Klara turned and found him standing next to her bed. He looked as handsome as she remembered, if not more. He wore a royal blue shirt that sat loosely on his torso and a pair of black

trousers. His hair seemed wet or maybe it was the dim light that made it glow, either way, he looked exquisite.

"You came." Was the only thing she managed to say.

"I thought you wouldn't need me." He said taking a few steps toward her.

His male energy seemed to already affect her because her heart began to race as he came closer.

"I don't. I just want you to undo whatever it is you have done to me." She crossed her arms over her chest.

"And what have I done to you?" He asked with a frown.

"You know what you have done.

Just undo it." She ordered.

"I can't undo it if I don't know what it is."

"You're doing your demon thing...manipulating me to...to think about you all the time. I just want you to leave my head." She sounded frustrated.

Roshan took a step forward looking at her carefully. "You were thinking about me?" He sounded surprised but pleased.

"Yes, because you are in my head and now I want you to leave." She tried to sound calm but failed. Not that Roshan seemed to care. He was busy enjoying the situation.

Crossing the distance between them he grabbed her chin. "Listen princess. If I am inside your head it's because you are thinking about me and not because I am manipulating you. If I wanted to do that I would have had you pinned to my bed by now."

His eyes held hers. Klara could see the l.u.s.t in those Hazel eyes combined with something else she couldn't understand, but whatever it was brought a fluttering feeling to her stomach.

Annoyed by the way he made her feel she drew away from his hold. Roshan's lips curved into a knowing smile. "Admit it princess. You want

me."

"I don't." She hurried to say as if trying to convince herself.

"You said it yourself, that you have been thinking about me." He reminded. "If you don't want me I'll just leave and you can keep thinking about me. Or...you could actually have me."

God, he was so convincing. What did he expect from her? To tell him to stay and do what?

Pin her to his bed. Well, it would be her bed now. Was she really believing that he didn't manipulate her? Then she would have to admit that she indeed had been thinking about him. No, not only thinking

but dreaming and fantasizing as well. Shame on her. If he hadn't kissed her like that on the rooftop she wouldn't have thought about him this much.

Oh great! Now she was blaming him when she has kissed him back willingly. God, what was she supposed to do with him? Or with herself?

"You are a demon." She said not sure where she was going with it.

"Yes, I am. And?"

"And...and nothing! I just want you to leave me alone." She was desperate to stop thinking about him.

Roshan raised a brow. "I would have, if that was truly what you wanted."

You don't know what I want, she wanted to say but the look in his eyes told her he knew very well. Deep down she knew as well, she just had to admit to herself.

"Have a good night Roshan." She said turning away from him and when she turned back he was gone. He didn't even say goodnight. Was he angry with her?

She shouldn't care but she did and it kept bothering her the whole night.

The day after she met Noah. Klara tried really hard this time to forget about Roshan and focus on the man in front of her. Noah was tall, with beautiful long brown hair that

reached his shoulders. His dark brown eyes were as warm as his smile and he had a dimple on his left cheek. He was not only good-looking but smart as well, yet Klara felt nothing as she walked with him in their garden while he spoke of his travels around the world. He had seen a lot and Klara could tell that's how he gained his wisdom, by meeting new people and learning different cultures. He would be a perfect match for her. She knew it but she didn't feel it.

"So, what do you think?" Astrid asked when Klara came back.

"I like him," Klara said simply.

"Really?" Her sister sounded pleased.

Klara nodded. "Yes."

"But...do you just like him?" Astrid knew something wasn't right.

"Yes. I am not interested in love."

It was true. Noah was a perfect match for her, besides she wasn't looking for love. She didn't believe in love anymore. Those things happened only in stories. In real life, love wasn't a good thing. It was something that could hurt you, that could make you selfish and stupid and something that people could use against you. Why would she need such a thing?

"Love is not an interest. Its a feeling that you can't help and if you don't feel it then you just

don't." Astrid explained.

That was the problem. Klara thought that she could never love again. What she felt for Roshan was just an attraction and what she felt for Noah was only respect. "Love is not a necessity."

Her sister's expression turned somehow into a sad one. "I know you are hurt but it's not going to hurt every time."

"No, but it can hurt a second time." And Klara couldn't handle a second time.

No, she couldn't. She could not fall in love with a demon! That was a big no!

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Son Chapter 99 39

Everything was going smoothly. Lucian got his revenge on his brother and today, he was getting crowned. Very soon he would be the king of Decresh, the king of one of the most powerful kingdoms in the world. But Lucian didn't seem happy. Something was bothering him and he wasn't talking to me about it.

"Is something wrong?" I asked while the maids helped him get dressed for the coronation ceremony.

Lucian smiled. "No, nothing is wrong."

I motioned for the maid to stop doing whatever she was doing.

"Leave us alone," I ordered and the maid left quietly.

I went to Lucian and placed my hands lightly on his shoulders. "You are going to be a good King." I assured him.

He grabbed my face with both his hands and placed a kiss on my forehead. "Only with you by my side." He smiled.

"I'll always be by your side." I said adjusting his hair and then I took a step back to see if everything was in place. "I think you are ready to go."

Lucian entered the throne hall walking with grace and confidence. Not many people were invited, only

high-rank generals, politicians and some priests. General Black wanted Lucian to be crowned as soon as possible therefore not many could attend the ceremony.

The priest who was supposed to crown Lucian didn't look very pleased, probably because of the rumors that happened to be more than just rumors. I wondered how the priest would react if he found out that he was indeed placing the crown on the head of the devil's son. He would probably die of shock. After announcing Lucian as the king of Decresh the priest placed the crown on his head. That was it. They made a great deal out of

nothing.

Everyone kneeled to their King and swore their loyalty then Lucian motioned for me to come forward. I looked around confused. Why was he telling me to come forward?

With hesitant steps, I walked up to him and then gave him a questioning look. Lucian gave the priest a nod and then turned to me. He took my hands in his.

"Will you be my queen, Hazel?" He asked.

"Of course." I replied still confused. He turned to his left where the priest now stood with another crown. The crown was made of gold and adorned with stones and

diamonds. Lucian was crowning me as his queen. Now!

A king never crowned his queen at his own coronation ceremony.

Usually, they chose their queen later on and it wasn't necessarily the first wife, rather the most powerful one. The rest were only referred to as the king's wives and not as queens. There could only be one queen and Lucian was crowning me as his queen, right now.

Lucian took the crown carefully from the priest and then ever so slowly placed it on my head without hesitating. I wanted to say something but everything was happening so fast that I didn't

have time to think.

"I hereby name you queen of Decresh." He said loudly so that everyone could hear. "Kneel to your queen." He then ordered.

Everyone in the room kneeled and bowed their heads. This was not how it was supposed to be but Lucian didn't seem to care about any rules. No, he wasn't because he suddenly took my hand and began to lead me out of the hall.

"Where are we going?" I whispered.

"You will know soon." He replied.

And soon we arrived at our chamber. Lucian shut the door behind him, removed the crown from his head and then mine before

grabbing my head and capturing my lips in a heated kiss. I was surprised by his sudden l.u.s.t but I kissed him back while he opened the straps on my dress and then let it slide down my shoulders. I opened the buttons on his shirt and he took it off swiftly all while still kissing me. Suddenly we were in bed, our bodies pressed against each other, his hands roaming the sides of my body and my fingers entangled in his hair. Soon more clothes came off and our bare skins moved against each other. I should take a moment and ask why things were happening so fast but I was lost in the heat and too aroused to think. We were

not speaking, only touching, kissing, feeling and making love, just like last night and even though we just made love last night we still craved each other as much.

After crying out for the third time Lucian rolled over and I lay there breathless next to him. For a while we just stared at the ceiling and tried to catch our breaths. What on earth just happened? We never did it like this before, fast and quiet but still very intense. I guess lovemaking was not always slow and sensual.

"Are you alright?"

I nodded. I could still not speak, probably not walk as well. Three

orgasms in such a short amount of time were too intense. I could still feel my legs quiver.

Lucian turned to his side and rested his head on his hand. "Was it too fast for your liking?" He asked while looking at me.

I shook my head. "No. I liked it."

He caressed my cheek with his thumb. "Hazel, I will be really busy from now on but anytime you need me, you just call me. Alright?"

"Alright."

He leaned in and kissed me quickly.

"I need to leave now." He said apologetically.

"I know." I smiled.

As a new king there was a lot of

pressure on him and a lot of things to do. I just hoped that he wouldn't overwork himself. I watched him while he got dressed and this time he seemed much calmer. Could lovemaking relieve stress? Then I would let him love me all day, everyday.

I swung my legs down the bed and stood up but my legs felt weak and wobbly. Maybe all day everyday would be too much then. I needed to walk after all.

Once Lucian left and I got dressed I went to the library, with Oliver and Callum trailing behind me. Now that I was a queen I needed to educate myself a bit more. I refused

to be useless like I used to be.

"Oliver."

"Yes, My queen."

My queen? That sounded strange
but I liked it somehow.

"I need good simple books about
politics and war."

Without asking questions, Oliver
looked through the bookshelf and
then found some books for me to
read. He then helped me carry the
books back to the room. The room
was already cleaned and Lydia was
already cleaned and Lydia was
polishing the mirror while Oliver
placed the books on the table.

"Anything else, My queen?"

"Yes. Lydia!"

"Yes, My Lady."

"Serve this young man something delicious to eat. A lot of it." I ordered.

"Yes, My lady."

"There is no need, My Queen."

Oliver protested.

"It's an order." I said.

He had regained some weight but he still looked weak.

I turned to Callum. He had regained his strength completely and looked just fine. Still, I wondered if he wanted to eat something as well.

"I am alright, My queen." He hurried to say.

I nodded. "You may leave."

Once I was left alone I took my books and went to the garden

where I began to read while sitting on the swing. After two hours of reading and only understanding, a half hours reading I gave up. Where was Klara when I needed her? She had even promised to teach me some fighting skills. Could be useful in a world full of witches and demons even if one of them slept right next to me everynight.

I thought of Lucian. Of everything he must be going through right now. After dying, getting tortured, coming back to life, and losing his memory he met his real parents.

One of them he thought was dead for many years. I wondered how he was doing mentally. How confused

and maybe angry he must feel. He didn't deserve to go through all that, not after growing up lonely and mocked by everyone.

I wanted to help him heal and get back everything that he had lost or never had.

I needed to meet Irene. I hoped she would come and visit me soon as she had promised.

The rest of the day went by with my writing notes on the things that I understood and memories them.

"What makes you so occupied, My Lady?" Lydia asked while serving me dinner.

"Complicated politics." I sighed

putting the notes aside and looking at the food.

I knew Lucian would be too busy to eat with me so I ate alone, not aware of what I was putting in my mouth because my thoughts were elsewhere. I didn't want to spend the rest of my days bored so I knew I had to find something to do during the day. But what?

Right! I needed to learn how to ride. Tomorrow I would ask Oliver or Callum to teach me. I could not wait.

Excited I stood up to prepare for sleep when Lucian suddenly appeared out of thin air. He had learned how to teleport himself.

"Lucian. I didn't think you would come tonight." I said surprised.

"Here I am." He said opening his arms.

I went to hug him.

"Will you stay?" I asked.

He wrapped his arms around me and kissed my hair. "Yes."

"How was your day?"

"It was" He stopped and I felt him stiffen.

I looked up and found him staring behind me with surprise. I turned to see what he was looking at and found Irene standing in front of the door. Her face seemed pale and her sad eyes were red as if she had been crying.

"Lucian." Her eyes rolled back into her head before she fell down on the floor.

"Irene!" I was next to her in a minute and shook her slightly.

"Irene!"

I looked at Lucian who stood there with a frown. "She is not responding," I told him.

Without a word, Lucian bent over and then carried her up and to the bed. He lay her down carefully and then palpated her puls. "She is alive." He said calmly.

What happened to her? Lothaire?

Just as I thought of him I felt icy air just behind my back and I knew immediately that he was there.

I turned to him. "Lothaire? What happened to her?"

"She is just a bit unwell. I'll take her with me."

He walked passed me and to the bed where she lay unconscious. Just when he was about to lift her up Lucian grabbed his wrist to prevent him from touching her. "You are not taking her anywhere." Lucian said sternly looking his father in the eyes.

"And why is that?" Lothaire asked.

"She is a witch and you are the devil. How do I know you are not keeping her against her will?"

For the first time, I saw Lothaire looking confused. "You think I am

manipulating her? "

"Why would a mother not visit her son? "

My eyes widened when I realized what Lucian was thinking. He thought that Lothaire was the one who kept his mother away from him.

"Is it because she is a witch? Is it because I am half-witch that you wanted me dead?" Lucian stared Lothaire in the eyes demanding an answer while still holding his wrist in a steel grip.

"I would never stop your mother from visiting you." Lothaire spoke.

"I'll ask her myself once she wakes up, until then she will stay here."

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Son Chapter 100 40

"Irene? Are you awake?"

Irene opened her eyes but everything was a blur and it took her awhile before she could see Hazel looming over her with a concerned expression.

"Haz...el." Her voice cracked as if she hadn't spoken for days. "How long was I gone?"

"Two days." Hazel spoke. "You got me worried. What happened?"

Irene recalled sneaking into her son's room at night to take his pain away. She had practiced the spell for days and even though he had told her he didn't want to, she couldn't let him stay in pain. But

as she took some of his pain away, she realized she couldn't even handle half of it. It was too much and knowing that her son was in so much pain, pained her even more. She wanted to take all of it away, so she pushed herself over the limit and ended up in this condition.

One thing she would never forget was seeing Lucian in that dark well, getting burned over and over again. She would make sure Pierre went through the same and even worse.

"I haven't slept for days, that's probably why." She lied. "Where is Lucian?"

"Do you want me to bring him?"

Hazel asked.

"No, it's alright. I am sure he is busy." Irene was nervous to meet her son. She didn't know what to say to him to make everything alright. She felt like the worst mother on earth.

"You haven't eaten for days. Let me help you up and then we will have some lunch." Hazel suggested. Irene nodded.

After taking a bath and getting some new clothes to wear, she sat at the garden with Hazel while some maids served lunch.

"Did...Lothaire come to bring me?" Hazel who was chewing her food paused and looked at her. She nodded and swallowed the food

in her mouth. "Yes, but...Lucian didn't let him take you away. He believes Lothaire is the one who kept you away from visiting him."

She explained.

Irene knew her son was in too much pain, so he was trying to find different reasons as to why his mother didn't visit him. It was understandable.

Hazel put her fork down slowly on the table as if she wanted to say something important. "Irene, I want to help, but I need you to show me the rest of your story. I want to know everything."

Irene nodded. "Alright."

Once they were done eating, they

went back to the chamber and Irene decided to show the rest of her tragic story to Hazel and this time she would not leave any details out.

"Close your eyes." Irene ordered while holding Hazel's hand.

Hazel closed her eyes and Irene took her back in time, to when she was married to the King.

Weeks had passed since she arrived to her new home and so far she didn't like it here. Her husband treated her well, and she was his favorite, but his wives and mistresses were a pain to deal with. They envied her and felt threatened by her beauty and wits.

Nyx wouldn't mind if she had other friends she could spend time with, but she was utterly alone. The other wives and mistresses would invite each other from time to time without including her and make sure to spread bad rumors about her every time they got the chance. If the King didn't believe in her, she would have been in trouble, but she had him by her side. She was thankful for that, yet he didn't take away the emptiness she felt. He was only there at night, to satisfy his needs without thinking of satisfying hers, and then in the morning she was back to laying alone in her bed again. She didn't

want this life, and she decided to speak to her husband about it.

Maybe he could let her stay with her family from time to time. He often granted her wishes.

When the sun went down Nyx dressed beautifully and waited for her husband's arrival. He caught her attention as soon as he walked into the room. He was handsome, she couldn't deny it but tonight he was something more. She couldn't quite put her finger on it, but he made her heart race.

"My lord." She stood up from her seat and walked over to him.

She took his hand to kiss his knuckles, but he turned his hand

over and kissed hers instead. His lips felt cold, yet his kiss warmed her. Strange, she thought. He never made her feel that way.

Nyx helped him take off his crown and his royal robe before he sat down at the table. A maid served him his night tea and Nyx went to sit in front of him. She studied him carefully while he took a sip of his tea and wondered why he seemed so different. If her mother had returned her magic, she would have been able to read his thoughts.

"My lord, I have a request." She began.

He put down his cup and looked at her carefully. "And what is your

request?" He asked.

Nyx got a strange feeling as he spoke, but she shook it away. "I was wondering if I could stay with my family from time to time. I know that the rules don't allow such a thing, but can't you bend the rules for my sake once. I feel"

"Suffocated." He finished.

Nyx looked up at him, surprised.

How did he know?

He stood up and reached his hand out for her to grab. She took his hand, and he drew her into his embrace. His closeness made her heart skip a beat. "If you feel that way, why have you never called for me yet?"

Called for him?

She looked into his eyes and realized that this gaze did not belong to her husband.

"Lucifer!" Startled, she pushed him away.

Lucifer let his disguise fall and showed his true self.

"What do you want?" Nyx asked.

She knew the Devil never wasted his time on meaningless encounters. Lucifer narrowed his cold gaze. "I could not stop thinking about you since I met you. I believe you are the one."

The one? Did he mean his mate?

She shook her head. Nyx knew demons could know if someone was

their mate with only a few encounters, but she had only met him once.

"I believe not. I am married."

"That changes nothing." He said coldly.

She knew nothing could change the fact that he thought she was the one. Demons claimed their mates despite everything.

"I am a witch." She said hoping the hatred between their species would make him change his mind.

"I know. It still changes nothing."

"I don't want to be your mate." She said taking a few steps back.

Spending her life with the Devil?

What kind of nightmare was this?

"I thought you wanted to leave this place." He pointed.

"Yes, but that doesn't mean that I want to leave with you."

He strode toward her with determined steps until he trapped her between him and the wall. "I won't force you to come with me but I can tell you this. I would never let you spend your days alone, or leave you frustrated at night, or leave you alone in bed in the morning, or stop you from living your life the way you want. I would never suffocate you. I would treat you like an equal, give you the life you deserve."

Nyx looked into his cold eyes that

didn't match his warm words. The life he described was tempting, but he was the Devil and tempting people was his specialty.

He took a few steps back, "Think about it. I'll come back tomorrow." He said before vanishing and just as he promised he was there the night after.

Her husband had just taken her to bed and once he was done with her he fell asleep, leaving her unsatisfied once again.

Disappointed, Nyx slid into her nightgown and wrapped a shawl around her shoulders before going out to the garden. She looked up at the sky. If she only had her

magic, she would fly among the stars for a while, or maybe she would fly away from this place forever. Maybe that's why her mother took away her magic. If she knew she would have protected it. Suddenly the air became cold, and a chill went down her spine. Someone was behind her. Turning around slowly, she found him standing there, blending with the darkness as if they were one. His silver hair glowed like the moonlight and his cold blue eyes stared at her with a blatant appreciation. It reminded her that she was only wearing a nightgown, which made her wrap the shawl around her shoulders even

tighter.

"I am not coming with you." She said.

"People complain too much about their lives, yet when they have the chance to do something about it they don't." He said thoughtfully.

"Don't you wish to live the way you want?"

"I just wish for you to leave me alone."

He strode toward her slowly. "You are already alone. I wish to take your loneliness away. Together with mine."

Yes, she was alone. Alone, frustrated and unappreciated. She felt useless. No! She felt used and

then forgotten. How long would she be able to put up with this?

"How will you take my loneliness away?" She asked.

"Like this." He said lowering his head and then captured her lips with his.

Nyx never knew a kiss could make her so deeply inflamed. She was breathless, her stomach bubbling with excitement as he grabbed the back of her head and deepened the kiss. All rational thoughts fled her head and her body came alive. The intense feeling shocked her and soon she pushed him away, appalled and disgusted with herself.

"I can't." She shook her head in denial. "I am married and you...you

are the devil."

Yes, he was the devil, and he just made her sin. She ran back to her room without looking at him, because if she did she might have changed her mind.

But the devil was persistent, and he came every night, at first only stealing kisses, but he was also slowly stealing her heart. She found herself opening up to him and trusting him because he always kept his word. Sometimes he would take her away from her boring life and show her the world, and sometimes he would just hold her and chase her loneliness away. All that without asking anything in return.

Or so she thought.

"Come with me." He said one night.

"I can't."

He grabbed her face between his hands. "Even if I say that I love you? I love you, Nyx."

The words echoed in her mind.

Words her husband never said to her. Her eyes teared up. Why did the man she loved have to be the devil?

"I can't Lucifer."

"You can, but I can't. I can't stand the thought of you laying in the same bed as that man. I can't stand the thought of him touching you and... I just can't. I feel...suffocated."

It was the first time she saw him vulnerable, and at that moment she knew his feelings were true.

"Come with me. I want you...I need you next to me."

She wanted to leave with him so badly, but the consequences would be grave. The witches and even the demons would do anything to destroy their relationship. She knew they could never be, and that suffocated her. She grabbed his face and kissed him softly while tears ran down her cheeks. This would be the last time she would let him go. That night she let go as well, and they made love under the starry night sky. But who knew the

best night of her life would lead to 25 years of misery.

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"My Lady, You are pregnant." The midwife told her, excitement clear in her voice.

Nyx should have been dancing with joy but she wasn't. She loved children and she wanted so badly to have her own, so why wasn't she happy? At least her husband would be happy she thought but she was dead wrong.

The king barged into the room, his face red with anger. "Leave!" He told everyone and once everyone left he grabbed her by the neck

and pinned her to the bed. His grip was tight, cutting all air away.

"What ...are ..you doing?" She managed to ask while in pain.

"What have you done?" He growled bringing his face close to hers.

"Whose child is this?"

Nyx grabbed his wrist and tried to remove his grip but he held her in place. Her eyes teared up.

"It's...yours."

"Don't lie to me!" He yelled letting go of her neck. She took in a sharp breath and then began to cough while holding her neck. "Tell me whos child it is while I am asking?"

With a sore throat, "Why would you think it's someone else's?" She

asked.

He grabbed her arm and yanked her out of bed. "I have birds who whisper into my ears and I have been hearing a lot about you but I have been ignoring them. Now you have crossed the line."

Birds? Her mother had once told her that many powerful kings either had help from demons or witches. Why hadn't she listened and which one did whisper things into her husbands ears?

"Tell me you are not bearing a demon's child?" He said utterly disgusted.

Nyx froze in place. This couldn't be possible. She could not be pregnant

with the devil's child. She hadn't met Lucifer for a month, she could not be pregnant with his child.

"No! This is not his child." She shook her head. "No!"

"Who is he?" Her husband asked.

Nyx kept shaking her head in denial. "No! It's not." She kept repeating. What would she do now?

What would happen to her child?

"I don't need you, or this demon child. Guards!"

Nyx panicked as some guards entered the room.

"Lock her up!" He ordered. "Tomorrow you'll be beheaded in front of everyone."

Beheaded? What was he talking

about? What about her child?

The guards grabbed her arms and began to drag her out of the room.

"Wait! What are you doing? Let go!

This is absurd."

"Let her go!"

It had been so long since she had heard this voice.

Mother.

The guards dropped their hands and left the room as if nothing happened.

Nyx turned around still in shock and shaking in fear. "Mother." She squeaked relieved someone came to her rescue.

Her mother looked very angry as she stared at her husband. "I gave

my daughter to you, not so that you could abuse her." She told him. "You gave her to me yet there is a demon in her w.o.m.b." He said with revolt.

"I'll take care of it, but you won't lay a hand on her."

"You don't give me orders." He spat. With a twist of her hand, the king fell on his knees, his face twisting with pain. "Don't forget who gave you the power to order people around." Her mother reminded.

Everything fell into place. The witches supported her husband, the witches supported her husband.

That's why he was one of the most powerful kings.

"Nyx! Leave us alone." Her mother

ordered giving her a stern look.

Nyx hesitated for a while but then left the room with shaky breath.

What was going to happen now?

Whatever happened she would never let anyone hurt her child.

After what seemed like forever her mother called her inside again. Her husband walked passed her without giving her a look.

"Come here, dear." Her mother said opening her arms.

Nyx was surprised. She had thought that her mother would be furious but she wasn't. Relieved she ran into her mothers embrace and began to cry hysterically.

"I am sorry mother. I was just so

alone. I'll never meet him again. I promise."

"It's alright. It's not your fault. He is the devil, tricking people and ruining families is what he had done since the beginning of time."

"Please don't let them hurt my child. I'll do whatever you want."

Nyx begged.

Her mother grabbed her face. "No one is going to hurt you. I'll look after you." Her mother promised and just as she had promised she looked after her during her pregnancy.

She had stayed with her all the time, saying that she wouldn't let the devil manipulate her again. At this moment Nyx didn't care about

anything than her child's safety but sometimes she wondered what her mother told her husband to make him keep quiet.

"He hates me mother. How do you expect me to live with him? Take me home with you."

"This is your home from now on."

Her mother said with finality. "You better get used to it. I never said it would be easy."

Nyx didn't know what plans her mother had for her but as her stomach grew and she was near to giving birth she got a bad feeling. She even had nightmares where her mother took her child away from her. Somehow she knew they

weren't just nightmares, they were signs.

And then the day came. After much pain and agony, she heard the cry of her baby. The most beautiful sound in the world.

"It's a boy." The midwife smiled holding the baby.

Nyx her held arms out. She wanted to hold her baby. The midwife placed him in her arms and at that moment all the pain and suffering she went through were gone. She looked at her son. He was the most beautiful sight she had seen. His face so angelic that her heart melted and tears filled her eyes. She held him close for a while but

then she noticed something. His eyes. They were just like the ones in her nightmares, sometimes burning like wild flames and sometimes glowing like molten gold. They were beautiful but her mother would not think the same. She was going to take her child away from her.

Nyx stood up despite all the pain. She was going to run away with her child before her mother came, but just then the door opened and her mother stepped inside.

Nyx tightened her hold around her son while taking a few steps back.

"Nyx my dear" Her mother began walking toward her slowly.

"No! I won't let you take him."

Her mother sighed. "You are only bringing more evil into the world. You don't need him. You are still young and you can give birth to many more."

"He is a child. How can a child be evil?" Nyx said in his defense.

"He won't be a child forever. Now give him to me." She said reaching her arms out. "I won't let him suffer. It will be quick."

Nyx couldn't hold her tears. She couldn't believe what she was hearing. Her mother had let her go through childbirth just so that she could kill her child. What could be more evil than that?

"You" Her throat tightened. "You" Her throat tightened. "You are evil."

Her mothers face hardened and then she nodded toward the maids.

"No, no, no!" They held her in place while taking her child forcefully away from her arms before giving him to her mother.

Nyx fought, cried and yelled hysterically. "Please mother! Don't hurt him. He is just a child. I'll never forgive you if you do."

But her mother was not listening and that's when Nyx did something she never thought she would. She called Lucifer.

"Lucifer! Lucifer, please help!"

Her mothers eyes widened. "You

dare!" She said fuming with anger but there was also fear in her eyes.

"Lucifer!"

And just like that, he appeared to her surprise. Everyone fell to the ground except for Nyx and her mother. Whatever Lucifer did Nyx didn't care. She just wanted him to save their child.

"Shyla." He looked at her mother.

They knew each other?

"Lucifer." Her mother looked surprised but collected herself quickly. "My stupid daughter here thinks that you will save this child. Have you told her that your kind are not supposed to reproduce?"

"No. Have you told her that your

kind should not get involved with mine? "

Shyla's face turned into one of distaste and anger. "You both have done something forbidden and you shall be punished for it."

"Mother please." Nyx felt suddenly giddy and her legs couldn't hold her up anymore so she sat down carefully. "Lucifer plea"

As she sat down she realized there was a pool of blood underneath her feet. She was bleeding. "Mother."

Shyla turned and looked at her daughter and then slowly a frown settled on her forehead. But before she would hurry to her daughter Lucifer was already by her side.

"What's wrong? Why are you bleeding so much?" He asked.

With a snap of his fingers he woke the midwife. Nyx couldn't hold her eyes open anymore and her heart slowed down to a painful rate. What was happening to her?

"She is bleeding."

"Then stop the bleeding." Lucifer ordered.

"I'll try but she has already lost a lot of blood."

"What does that mean?" Lucifer asked anger evident in his voice.

It became dead silent. By the way Lucifer tightened his hold Lucifer tightened his hold around

her and by her mother's silence,

Nyx could tell it was bad news. She

could feel how the life drained out of her still she shot her eyes open. She had to save her child.

As she opened her eyes she found Lucifer holding her with a frown on his face. Was he sad? She couldn't tell but her mother was crying silently next to her while holding her baby.

"Mother" Nyx forced herself to sit up and Lucifer helped her. She reached her arms out, wanting to hold her child. Shyla placed him in her arms and Nyx held him tightly. Nyx looked at her son's face and a tear ran down her cheeks. Would this really be the last time she would hold him? She didn't want to

die.

She turned to her mother. "Mother, please promise me you'll protect him. Please."

Her mother cried shaking her head. "If I do others will hurt him in a worse way."

"That's why I am telling you to protect him." Nyx almost yelled.

"If that's what you truly want." Her mother wiped her tears away and then determination showed in her green eyes. Reaching out she took her grandchild away from her daughter.

"Wait. What are you doing?" Nyx asked confused.

Shyla looked at Lucifer and then

back at Nyx. "You told me to protect him. That's what I'll do. From now on no witched or demons will ever be able to come near your son."

"What do you mean?" Nyx asked confused.

"It means I won't be able to raise your son nor his father. He will grow up among humans."

"No! You can't do that. Lucifer say something." Nyx was terrified. Who would raise her son if not his family? He could not grow up among humans. He needed someone who could understand his abilities and help him hide them. The humans would kill him if they found out

what he was.

"Don't worry. Your husband knows of witches. He will take care of him." Shyla assured.

Nyx wanted to laugh. Her husband would not raise his wife's child from another man.

"He will," Lucifer said. "I'll make sure

of it so don't worry about it."

Nyx couldn't believe her ears. Even lucifer agreed with her mother. "Do you know what this means?" Nyx asked. "This means you will never be able to see your son."

"I know. But that's for his safety."

Nyx shook her head. "No!" She pushed Lucifer away and tried to get up but as soon as she stood up

her head began to spin and her legs wobbled. Still, she tried to get to her son but she could barely see where she was going and stumbled on her own feet.

Lucifer caught her before she fell and wrapped his arms around her tightly while she saw a foggy image of her mother walking away with her child.

"Mother! Come back now!" She yelled struggling to free herself from Lucifers hold. "Let go of me. Give my son back!" She cried.

"Nyx, please. He is safer with humans. The demons and witches will never spare his life."

After fighting a bit more Nyx gave

up and leaned into Lucifers arms.
Lucifer sat her back down onto the
ground and then loosened his hold.
He slowly stroke her back in a
comforting way but it didn't
comfort her at all.

She knew that he was right. Her
son was not safe among their kind
and the thought of her bringing
such child into this world weighed
her with guilt. On top of that she
was leaving him, alone in this world.
"I don't want to die." She whispered
and then felt a teardrop land on
her cheek. She looked up and saw
another tear fall down Lucifers
cheek.

Nyx was surprised. She thought the

devil had no feelings, how come he was crying?

"I think this is my punishment." He whispered. "I am sorry I got you involved."

He even apologized.

Why? Did this mean he cared? Did this mean that his feelings had truly been sincere? That he didn't manipulate her as her mother made her believe.

"Lucifer?"

"Yes."

"Am I really the one?"

"Yes. The one and only."

"Then why didn't you show up all this time?" Nyx was confused.

"I am the devil. Living with me will

not take you good places and you are a good person. You deserve good things."

But in the end, she was dying and leaving her child alone. What was so good about that? Or maybe this was her punishment for betraying her husband and sinning with the devil. She wondered where she would end up after her death? Would she end up in hell?

"Lucifer. I don't want to die."

She knew she was dying. Her heart had slowed down even more and her chest felt heavy making it difficult to breathe. Her skin turned cold and her throat and lips felt dry. Lucifer hugged her closely but that

didn't make her less scared or sad.
A cold shiver went through her
body and then she couldn't keep
her eyes open anymore.

"Nyx!" She heard her mothers
footsteps before she felt her hand
grab hers.

"Lucian." Nyx whispered. "I want to
name my son Lucian."

"He shall be called Lucian." Her
mother sobbed kissing her hand.

"Tell him I" Her voice cracked and a
cold shiver went through her. Her
body felt numb and there was no
pain anymore. except the one in
her chest. "Tell.. him.. I am sorry."
And then everything became dark.

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Nyx shot her eyes open with a gasp as if someone punched her soul back into her body. Then she took a few deep breaths but there was no air and she found herself trapped in what seemed like a box. It was pitch black, she could see nothing nor could she move or breathe.

Panic kicked in when she realized that she was suffocating. She tried to kick and push the walls that surrounded her but to no avail. She was locked inside and soon she was out of breath.

Air. She needed air now! What had happened to her and who had

trapped her in this dark place?

Her heart quickened because of the panic and her lungs burned. Her body jerked uncontrollably while every cell in her body screamed for oxygen until her eyes watered and she finally found peace in the darkness.

Then she was awake again, but she was still trapped without oxygen. She panicked again not wanting to go through the same pain. But she did. This time she managed to scream for help but no one came to her rescue and she fell into the darkness again.

The same thing happened a few more times before Nyx could

understand that she was in a coffin. Buried, under the ground. And there was no way she could come out. Another thing she realized was that every time she ran out of breath she died, but then she came back alive. How and why she didn't know.

She didn't know how to escape either. The little time she was alive she did everything she could. At first, she tried to open the coffin herself but didn't succeed and it didn't seem like the wisest choice. Even if she opened it the soil would suffocate her before she could crawl out.

So she tried to use her magic but

it didn't work. She called her mother and Lucifer but none came to her rescue.

Nyx slowly began to give up hope because there was not much she could do the short amount of time that she was alive without oxygen. But after a few days of torture, she felt that she heard something or someone.

"Nyx! Nyx!"

It was Lucifer! Nyx's eyes teared up of happiness.

"Lucifer!" She called beating the coffin so that he could hear her.

"Lucifer!"

She prayed that he would hear her because she was running out of

breath again. Her eyes teared up and her body jerked, her lungs screaming in pain. She was fading away again.

No!

Lucifer!

Did he hear her?

That, she wouldn't know until next time.

The next time she came back to life she couldn't open her eyes at once. It was too bright. She had to peak a few times to adjust her eyes to the brightness before she could open them completely.

Nyx looked around both surprised and relieved that she didn't wake up in that dark coffin. But where

was she?

Scanning her surroundings, she found herself in a large room with two big windows on each side of the large bed she sat on. Heavy velvet curtains hung on sides of the window leaving the faint sunlight to peek through. Antique furniture stood on the thick black rug that covered the ground and the walls were decorated with strange-looking paintings. Everything in the room was either black or red, even the bed she sat on. It was black with red silken sheets that felt so smooth against her skin.

How did she end up here?

Slowly she recalled hearing Lucifer's

voice. He must have saved her. Yes, he did. Suddenly she wanted to scream in joy. She didn't have to die anymore. She fell back on the bed, enjoying a simple thing like breathing the air inside the room. How long has it been since she was able to breathe? It felt like she was in that coffin forever.

Abruptly Nyx felt a heavy feeling inside her chest. She began to sweat and it became difficult to breathe.

Her son!

Where was he? What did they do to him?!

She climbed down the bed and rushed toward the door. Just as she

opened the door and was about to exit she ran into Lucifer's chest. Stumbling a few steps back she looked up at him.

"Where are you going?" He asked with his usually serious face. How he could maintain the same expression all the time she wondered.

"Lucifer. My son. Where is my son?"

"Our son is safe."

"I want to see him." She said and tried to get past him but he grabbed her arms.

"You can't."

"He is my son! Why can't I see him?!" She yelled.

"He is my son too!" He yelled back

while shaking her slightly as if to wake her up.

Nyx froze in place. He had never raised his voice before, but then she became angry and pushed him away.

"It's all your fault. It's your fault I

can't see my son!" She hit his chest but he just stood there and let her take out her anger on him.

Once she was done he wrapped his arms around her and let her cry.

She cried because she felt helpless.

"What will happen if I meet him?"

She asked with red swollen eyes once she calmed down.

"He will die. If you meet him other witches will find him and not only

kill him, therefore, your mother made it so that if you met him, he better die without pain."

Nyx could understand her mother's intentions yet she couldn't help but hate her. She knew very well that if witches caught demons they didn't just kill them, they tortured them until they admitted that they were sinful creatures. Then they burned them. Demons cannot die by getting burned therefore getting burned therefore they would burn until the witches decided to kill them.

Nyx had several times heard the cries of demons getting cries of demons getting burned over and over again and now she

felt bad for not ever doing anything about it.

"Can't you meet him then? You are the king of demons. Can't you protect him from them?"

"I probably can but who will protect you?"

"What do you mean?" Nyx asked confused.

"If I meet him you'll die. I just got you back. I can't lose you again."

Nyx pushed him away. "Don't worry about me. I want you to be there for him." She said.

"Didn't you hear me. I said you will die!"

"I don't care!" She yelled. "Please. I want you to raise our son. There is

no meaning in living when my son is out there alone." She pleaded.

Lucifer sighed. "I'll think of something. Get some rest first."

He tried to walk her back to the bed but she shoved him away.

"Mother. I want to speak to my mother."

Lucifer grabbed her face and made her look at him. "You are dead to your mother. I am the only one you have now so abandon everything and start anew."

Nyx slapped his hand away. "Tell my mother that I am alive!" Nyx ordered with a harsh tone.

"She already knows but you are still dead to her. The daughter she gave

birth to, her witch daughter whom she named Nyx, is dead. You are not one of them anymore. You are a demon now."

Nyx stiffened.

She had become a demon! Because... she gave birth to one.

Oh lord. Her mother hated her now and she would never help her get her son back. More tears fell down her cheeks. She should have just died. What would her life be like now? She could neither get her son back nor go back to her family.

Slowly she turned around and went back to bed. She lay down curled and cried silently. How did her life turn like this?

As days went by Lucifer tried to cheer her up in different ways but her heart felt numb from all the pain. All she could think about was her son. She kept trying to convince Lucifer to go meet their son, but he refused every time, and one day he had enough.

"Enough!" He rose from his seat. "He is not only your son. He is mine too. You didn't want him to die but you don't want him to suffer either. This is his fate, being the son of a witch and the devil, he either lives and suffers or he dies. You should have let him die."

Nyx rose hastily from her seat and slapped Lucifer across the face.

"Then why did you seduce me? Why did you make me pregnant? Why?!"

Lucifers eyes turned red and his jaw shook. It was a frightening sight she had never seen before. "I am sorry I forced you." He said trembling as if to control anger.

"And I am sorry I loved you."

Nyx realized he wasn't angry. He was hurt. He hadn't forced her to do anything. Everything had been her own choice and there was no time in her life that she had been so happy as when she was with Lucifer. He had been there for her in her loneliest times when even her family had abandoned her.

Lucifer turned and left, leaving her

standing there alone.

Nyx wanted to apologize but she still thought that he had been harsh with his words. Maybe he just didn't know how to comfort someone by not telling the truth.

Why did she hate the truth so much? Did she really make her son suffer by keeping him alive?

But he was alive and safe now.

Wasn't he? Even if it was without her she should be happy that he could be kept safe. She shouldn't be greedy.

Slowly Nyx came in terms with everything and one day when she discovered that she regained her magic she gained hope.

"How is this possible? I still have my magic." She told Lucifer.

"Demons have magic as well." He said simply.

"Well, yours are not called magic really. It's more like powers. I mean that I can still cast a spell."

Lucifer seemed surprised. Lucifer seemed surprised. "What

does that mean? Then...are you both a demon and a witch?"

They were both thoughtful for a while but then Nyx went on to practice her magic. She wanted to be stronger than her mother so that one day she could cast a spell that would protect her son but still make it possible for her to be with him.

"Irene."

"Who is that?" Nyx asked.

"It's you. Your new name. You got a chance at a new life. You should have a new name." Lucifer explained.

"Do you like it?"

Nyx nodded. "Yes."

Demons often kept two names, their original demon names and more normal names so that they could blend in with the humans.

Even though she wasn't just a demon it was refreshing to have a new name. She liked it.

"What is your other name?" She asked curiously.

"Lothaire."

Lothaire. She liked it. It sounded

very unique and...cold. Just like him, she thought with a smile.

Irene thought of her son. One day she would be able to call him by the name she gave him.

Lucian. Her angel, her light, her everything. She would meet him someday.

"Why are you crying?" Irene asked.

It was so sad and I couldn't help myself. All the pain she went through, just so that she could be with her son. It was painful to see all of that.

"I'll tell Lucian everything. He will understand. " I said crying.

"No don't. He has already gone through enough pain. I don't want

him to see mine."

I didn't want him to see either but I wanted him to finally be with his mother. I wanted them to hug and talk. To laugh together, eat together and walk together. I wanted them to stop hurting and start anew.

"Oh, Irene." I wrapped my arms around her and hugged her tightly.

"Oh, darling. Don't be so sad. I am alright now." She said hugging me back but then her stomach growled loudly and we both laughed.

I stood up and wiped my tears.

"Let's eat," I said.

We sat in the garden where the food was served. While Irene ate

with a great appetite I just mostly stared at the food. These days I had no appetite at all and everything seemed tasteless. Even things I used to love eating before. Now even certain smells made me feel sick.

I tried to breathe through my mouth instead of my nose. The smell made me nauseous.

"Are you alright?" Irene looked at my face worriedly.

"No, I feel" My stomach lurched violently at the sight of the food on the table. "I don't have an appetite. Excuse me." I said standing up.

I wanted to quickly get away from

this smell but the ground under my feet swayed and I grabbed the table as to not fall.

"Oh dear" Irene hurried to my side and grabbed my arm. "You don't seem alright. Come." She said and helped me back to the room. She sat me down on the bed carefully and then touched my forehead with the back of her hand.

"I am alright. I just feel a bit nauseous. That's all." I assured her.

"How long have you been feeling that way?" She asked.

"I am not really sure but the last two days I have been feeling really nauseous at the smell of food."

Without saying a word Irene took

my arm and placed two fingers on my wrist. She was quiet for a while but then she gazed up at me with a smile.

"Hazel. You are pregnant."

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Roshan did his best to give Klara some space and make her realize that she indeed liked him as much as he did. But as he watched her get closer to Noah, he could not control his demon who briskly turned green from jealousy. He never had problems keeping his demon at bay before but now the dark existence within him howled like a starving wolf.

Today, as he watched her walk around the garden with Noah, he felt queer possessiveness take over him. How dare that man look at his woman? How dare he speak to her? How dare he touch her?

Miffed at his own reaction he turned away for a moment to calm himself down.

Calm himself down?!

He was flabbergasted by the fact that he needed to collect himself.

He, who had always been calm and composed, how did he turn into this fretful and covetous beast. Was this all because of a woman?

No! Deep down Roshan knew she wasn't just a woman. She was the

woman. The one. His mate. He should claim her and not waste time. But he couldn't just throw her over his shoulder and abduct her. Well, he could but that was not his style.

When he turned back around he found Noah making an attempt to kiss Klara. Panic hit him so hard that for a short moment he imagined throwing himself at Noah and separating his head from his body but something stopped him from turning his imagination into reality. It was Klara's thoughts. She was going to let Noah kiss her because she wanted to know if it would feel like the kiss they had on

the rooftop.

The hell with that. He was not going to let that happen. Just when he was about to interrupt their kiss his limbs froze in place, and just then their lips locked. His demon shrieked in pain at the sight. He was for sure going to spill some blood today and it was going to be either Noah's or Enoch's.

"Don't you want her to figure out her real feelings?" Enoch asked appearing next to him.

Roshan wanted to curse but he couldn't since he was frozen. This was one of Enoch's unique powers and Roshan still didn't know how to undo it.

"If you don't let him kiss her, she will never know the difference. She will always think that kissing anyone will feel the same since she has no experience."

Enoch's words made sense and Roshan would think the same if he hadn't been so possessive of her but he knew that his friend was doing this mainly to annoy him.

Klara put her hands on Noah's chest and pushed him away lightly.

"I don't think she liked it," Enoch said shaking his head. "At least now you know and she knows."

Roshan had a strong urge to cut his friend's tongue and feed it to him just to silence him. Later, he

thought. He would do it later, but then he wouldn't just cut his tongue.

"You can thank me later." Enoch winked before releasing him and disappearing.

Roshan let out a breath of frustration once he could move again. He was enraged but he would deal with Enoch later. Now, where was Klara?

Klara hurried to her room bothered and flustered by her own actions. How could she let Noah kiss her just to compare it to Roshan's kiss? Just how?! Roshan was making her do all kinds of unusual things.

She should stop now before making anymore mistakes. Noah didn't deserve this. When they meet again she was going to end things before getting too involved. But if not Noah then who? Her brother was waiting eagerly for her to choose a suiter.

Astrid had already found someone and she was now engaged. Klara was happy for her sister but this put a lot of pressure on her.

She sat down on her bed with a sigh of frustration. What was she supposed to do now?

"Klara!" Suddenly Roshan was in her room. There was a look of dissatisfaction on his face and his

voice sounded rather harsh whilst calling her name.

Klara stood up slowly unsure of her feelings at the moment. She was happy yet anxious that he came to find her. Happy because she had missed him and anxious because she shouldn't have missed him.

Why him?! Noah was also good looking, smart and unlike Roshan, he had good manners. Yet she felt nothing when he kissed her. Why-why-why?! She had wanted to feel something so badly. She wanted to get over Roshan so badly. The last thing she needed was to like someone whom she couldn't be with and get heartbroken again.

"What are you doing here?" She asked.

He clenched his jaw and his eyes pierced into hers. "Remember I told you I might not be able to stop myself every time?"

Klara nodded holding her breath.

"I might take you with me today."

He said clenching his hands into fists.

She shook her head in denial. Again she wasn't speaking as if she had lost her voice. Why did this happen to her everytime Roshan was present?

Roshan slowly took a step forward eyeing her like a predator would eye its prey. Klara felt the dark aura

around him and it made her want to run yet she couldn't move her limbs. At that moment she knew he was inside her head making her unable to move.

"Roshan" She began carefully thinking of how to make him stop.

"You said you wouldn't let anyone hurt me. You said you don't want to do this."

"Sometimes we do things we don't want to. Just like the things you have been doing lately."

He knew what she has been doing?!

How could he invade her privacy like that? What did she even like about this rude man?

A muscle ticked in Roshan's jaw as

if he knew what she was thinking.

Wait!

He knew!

"You!" She raised her voice feeling betrayed. "First leave my head and then I will teach you a lesson." She threatened.

Roshan who had been so tense and serious suddenly chuckled darkly.

"I would love for you to teach me anything." He smirked. Then he grabbed her wrist and drew her into his arms and just like that they arrived somewhere in the woods.

Klara pushed him away as soon as they arrived. "Take me back n"

Before she could finish her sentence Roshan threw something

at her and she caught it in the air instinctively.

It was a sword.

"You wanted to teach me a lesson."

He shrugged casually.

Klara knew she could never win yet she drew her sword. This man had invaded her privacy in a way she could never imagine. He deserved a beating.

"Where is your weapon? I don't fight unarmed men."

Roshan pulled two daggers from each side of his h.i.p.s and flipped them swiftly between his fingers.

"Don't go easy on me princess."

"I don't plan to." She said and then without warning or hesitation she

swung her sword at him but unfortunately, she missed.

She swung again, and again, and again but missed every time until she was tired and out of breath.

Roshan, on the other hand, seemed to be enjoying the whole situation and not even one hair on his head was out of place.

"I hate you!" She yelled swinging her sword one last time but this time she felt it cut through something. Confused, she looked at the sword. There was blood on it. Looking up she found blood seeping down Roshan's arm.

Shocked she dropped the weapon and rushed to his side. "Oh lord.

You're bleeding."

She placed her hand on the wound not knowing what else to do.

"I am alright." He said placing his hand on top of hers.

"Why did you let me strike you?"

"You said you hated me. I would let you strike me a million times if it would make you hate me less."

Klara looked up at him, taken aback by his words. How could he make her heart melt so easily? Confused, she looked away from his dreamy eyes.

"You are crazy." She said.

"I guess I am. Crazy about you."

Klara could feel more blood seep from his wound and through her fingers, yet all she could do was

stare into his hazel eyes. She was caught. Caught under his spell and she could not escape. That's if she even wanted to.

"Klara," He stepped closer to her and she held her breath overwhelmed by his closeness. "I don't think I can stay away from you anymore."

Then don't, she wanted to say but she didn't have to since he could hear her. Her cheeks flushed and she looked down quickly. All this time he had been able to hear what she had been thinking. She felt betrayed again.

God! She was so confused. What was she supposed to do with this

man?

"Do whatever you want. If you want to punish me then do it, and if you want to have me then I am all yours." He said.

She wanted to do both. Roshan's lips curved into smile and Klara shrieked knowing he could hear her.

Now her cheeks burned painfully.

Roshan placed his hand on her cheek, his cold skin cooling her burning face. "Feeling better?"

Embarrassed Klara slapped his hand away with her bloody one which reminded her that he had been bleeding.

"Your wound."

"It has already healed." He assured

her rolling up his sleeve and showing her clear skin without even a tiny scar. Klara stared astonished at his arm where there had just been a deep wound but she didn't bother to ask how. If there were demons and one was standing right in front of her, anything was possible.

"You made me worry for nothing."

She snorted.

Roshan chuckled amused. The sound of his laugh always made her feel a certain way.

"Take me back home now." She ordered crossing her arms over her chest.

"As you wish, My Lady. But then you will have to hug me." He opened

his arms finding pleasure in the situation he put her in.

Rolling her eyes Klara made her way into his arms. "Stop enjoying this and make it quick."

"How can I not enjoy it?" He said wrapping his arms around her and pulling her closer.

As soon as they arrived she would kick him where the sun never shines.

"I can hear you." He reminded before teleporting them back into her room.

As usual, Klara pushed him away as soon as they arrived but this time he didn't let himself get pushed away. Instead, he held her tightly.

"What are you doing?" She used her authoritative voice but that didn't scare him.

"Klara." She cursed inwardly hating how her body responded to the sound of her name on his tongue.

"You still haven't told me. Do you want to punish me or have me?"

"How about both?" She blurted. God! Did that slip out of her mouth?

"Sounds good to me." He said simply.

"I...I" Why was she stuttering?

She was Klara, a confident princess, a strong woman, a smart general, and a respected warrior. Why was she acting like a little girl around this man?

"I'll be waiting for you then."

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Son Chapter 104 44

Klara watched the sunset at the horizon, bringing a splash of rich colors spreading all over the sky.

Oranges, blues, crimsons, and purples blended like the finest art creating a breathtaking canvas.

Once she had been like those colors. Warm, vivid, alive and full of passion. She had been someone who lived her life on her own terms. She was strong, confident and adventures. But nowadays she had been nothing but confused and scared. Even her sister Astrid had noticed.

"You don't want to marry him. Why are you doing this?" Astrid had asked.

"Rasmus is waiting for me to choose someone." Klara reminded.

"And when did you ever let brother decide things for you or anyone else for that matter?"

Klara sighed. "I am getting old." She chuckled.

"And when did you care about society's rules? Come on! Where is my rebellious sister who did whatever she wanted?"

"I thought you hated her." Klara wondered.

"I did, but now I miss her." Astrid smiled. "I don't want you to ever

stop doing what your heart tells you, just like you did before. I want you to be happy."

And here she was after having done what her heart told her. Admitting that she wanted Roshan. What would this lead to?

If Klara had met Roshan before getting her heart broken she probably wouldn't have cared if he was a demon or if her brother opposed to their relationship. She would have followed her heart and told him straight that she liked. Just like she did with Lucian.

But now, after knowing the pain of not being able to be with the person you love, she became less

fearless. Now she feared for her heart, which was beating erratically inside her chest while she waited for Roshan.

Klara looked outside the window.

The sun had set completely and the sky turned black. Klara had lied to her handmaidens that he was going to sleep and didn't want to be disturbed. Once she was alone she had dressed nicely, combed her hair and painted her lips all while her stomach fluttered with nervousness. Lastly, she put scented oils and perfume onto her skin before blowing a few candles off and waiting anxiously in her dimly lighted room.

While waiting Klara questioned her insanity a million times. Even if she went back to being fearless, she shouldn't be so fearless to invite a demon into her chamber at night.

What had she planned to do with him? Just what had she done?!

But as soon as she remembered his touch, his kiss and especially his words her fear turned into yearning. She already longed to be in his arms. Even if it was forbidden for a maiden like her.

After a while's wait, she grabbed a book to kill some time. Laying down on her bed she began to read, but soon she was getting tired and Roshan hadn't shown up yet. Did he

forget about her? Or was he making her wait on purpose?

If he didn't come tonight she would never meet him again. She didn't want someone who gambled with her feelings.

Annoyed and frustrated Klara went back to reading her book. For awhile she did her best to not fall asleep but gave up eventually and decided to take a nap. Adjusting her pillow she rested her head on it before closing her eyes. Right before she fell into a deep slumber she felt cold fingers caress her cheek.

Roshan.

The sleepiness she felt vanished in the blink of an eye and all she

wanted was to open her eyes, jump up and hug him. But she quickly reminded herself that he had made her wait.

"I am sorry I made you wait." He whispered.

Klara ignored him and kept her eyes shut.

"You can add it to my punishment."

He whispered again.

Klara kept ignoring him. If he wanted to be punished then this would be his punishment. After a short silence, Klara felt the edge of her mattress sink. Her heart skipped a beat. He was climbing into her bed and crawling under her sheets. She wanted to turn around

and scold him but he snuggled against her back and wrapped his arm around her waist, locking her in place.

Klara stiffened. She never let a man into her bedroom let alone her bed and now this man was holding her comfortable as if she belonged to him.

"Don't you want to belong to me?"

He asked his hot breath tickling her neck.

Klara could feel his hard chest pressed against her back. His fresh scent and the warmth of his embrace made her lose track of her thoughts.

"Klara."

She bit her lips. She could not resist every time he called her name.

"I want to make you mine." He buried his face in her blonde locks and inhaled her scent. "You don't know how long I have suppressed the need to touch you, to kiss you and hold you. I want you, Klara." His lips moved across her ear.

Klara's breath hitch, her brain stopped functioning and her body reacted in ways that frightened yet excited her.

Roshan's fingers brushed the Roshan's fingers brushed the hair away from her neck and then ever so lightly he pressed his lips onto her skin. The heat from his lips

made her skin tingle with carnal awareness as he slowly kissed his way up to her jaw.

Klara should have pushed him away or at least left the bed, but instead, she turned to him, her body drawn to his involuntarily. She took a moment to look at him and again she was fascinated by his beauty. The dim light in the room made his skin look golden and his l.u.s.trous black hair shine. Her eyes traveled to his, those hazel eyes and feminine lashes always had her trapped.

Roshan propped up on an elbow and studied her in turn. "You still haven't said a word." He noted.

"I don't think I have to. You already know what I am thinking," She stated simply.

"Still. We don't always choose to say what we think. I want to know what you choose to say."

"I choose to say that I hate that you know what I am thinking."

He chuckled. "Well, I can do nothing about it, princess."

"Don't call me that." She muttered.

"Ah, you like when I say your name."

He smiled knowingly.

Klara's cheeks flushed in embarrassment. She tried to get up but he grabbed her shoulder and pushed her down again.

"Do you really want to get

punished?" She threatened.

"Why do I get aroused by your threats?"

Aroused? How could he use such a word?

Roshan chuckled. "Than what should I say?"

"You are shameless." She said trying to get away from his hold but he still held her down.

Roshan leaned over her with a serious expression. "Would you rather I say I feel nothing while having your body next to mine?"

You don't know how much self-control it's taking me to just lay next to you and do nothing."

Klara inhaled sharply through her

mouth. This man did things to her body just by speaking.

"Should I keep quiet then?"

"No! I mean yes." She frowned at her own confusion.

Roshan grinned revealing his perfect white teeth. Klara took notice of his unusual long canines. They seemed longer than before, looking almost like fangs. She had never seen someone with such teeth before. Was it because he was a demon?

"Yes." He replied to her unspoken question.

"But they weren't this long the last time."

"Usually they are just slightly long

but they elongate when we are
angry, sad, frustrated or aroused."

He grinned at the last word.

"Why?" She breathed.

"You might get scared if I tell you."

He warned.

"Tell me." She urged her heart
beating fast.

He studied her for a short while.

"To bite."

Bite? "Like a vampire?" She
whispered.

He chuckled. "Vampires don't exist
and we don't bite for blood."

"Then what?" She was suddenly very
curious. If she was going to be with
him she needed to know everything
about demons.

Wait! Did she just consider the option of being with him?

"We bite to mark our mate. The mark creates a special bond between the partners and makes you connect on a deeper level. It allows you to somehow feel each other's emotions if they are strong enough."

Mark? Mate?

"What do you mean?" Klara asked dumbfounded.

Mate? like in soulmate? If he found his soulmate was he going to bite her? Does it hurt?

"Well, you can call it soulmate. And yes, I would bite her but only if she wants to and they all want to

eventually."

Now Klara had to push his arm away and sit up. She needed to think for a moment. A demon biting her. Why was she not scared? She tried to come up with different reasons to be frightened and despite coming up with a hundred reasons she was still not scared.

Roshan sat up as well and wrapped his arms around her from behind. "I wish you would belong to me forever but I won't bite you unless you want me to."

"Would you have me forever?"

That had been her biggest concern. That Roshan wasn't serious about her. That even if she came over her

fear of being with him, maybe he wouldn't want her the same.

"If you let me, I would have you even after."

"How can I trust your words?" She asked.

"If you let me I would be willing to bite you. The mark will bond us forever."

Forever.

Did that mean that he wanted to marry her? But wait! Could humans and demons even get married? Was it possible to be with each other physically? Or did demons function differently? And could

"Relax." Roshan chuckled. "It's very much possible for humans and

demons to be together in every way. Just the way your friend Hazel is able to be with Lucian."

Lucian?

Klara's mind went blank for a while and then it hit her. The rumors surrounding Lucian, the way she had felt when she had met him for the first time, his dark frightening aura, his fighting skills, and his strange eyes. It all made sense now. He was a demon. And he was married to Hazel. A human.

So... it was possible.

But Did Hazel know?

Of course, she had to know.

But what about children? Klara wanted to have children. Could

demons and humans reproduce?

Roshan suddenly pushed her back down on the bed holding her in place with his upper body. "Klara. Are you really thinking that far ahead now?"

Klara cursed inwardly with embarrassment.

"It pleases me." He added.

She glanced up at him surprised.

"Roshan?"

"Yes."

"Why do you want me?"

She had never been kind to him or done anything for him. Why was he willing to be with her? It could not be because of her beauty. A man like him could get any woman he

wanted so why her?

On the other hand, he had taken care of her. He had helped her escape and let her stay in his home without asking for anything in return. He had helped her visit her sister and once she wanted to go back home he had taken her back.

What she liked the most about him was that even though he called her princess he never treated her like one. That could be why she felt more free with him than other men who expected her to act according to her title. Roshan made her feel alive again, he challenged her, he angered her, irritated her yet made her heart flutter.

Did she make his heart flutter?
Without a word, Roshan took her
hand and placed it on his chest.
Klara could feel his heart hammering
against his ribcage but then he
leaned down and claimed her mouth
with his. The kiss came as a surprise
and Klara felt his heart race under
her palm in rhythm with her own.
Roshan kissed her tenderly, his lips
moving over hers slowly as if he
didn't want to frighten her. Then
he pulled away and studied her
carefully. Klara's cheeks flushed
under his scrutiny and her breath
came out in shallow pants. How
could a kiss leave her breathless?
"That's how much you affect me."

He said.

Now she understood why he placed her hand on his chest and kissed her. His heart was beating as fast as hers.

"I have been unable to sleep since I kissed you." He began.

Me too, she thought.

"You are curious as to why I want you? Why wouldn't I? You are beautiful, kind, smart, strong and stubborn of course."

Klara smiled at him. She was indeed stubborn but how could he say that she was kind? She had been everything but kind to him.

"Kindness is not just about being friendly, or helpful or charitable.

Anyone can be those things.

Kindness is mostly about being courageous because it takes courage to be kind when it's the hardest thing to be."

Roshan knew that Klara had saved Hazel. The woman who happened to be the wife of her first love. She even befriended her which really fascinated him. That someone of her status was willing to become a second wife also said a lot about her personality. She didn't care about those things. She was someone who followed her heart. Fortunately for him, Lucian was a demon and he had already found his mate, otherwise a man in his

position would be willing to marry as many women as possible. Especially beauties with high status.

"You think I am courageous?" She asked her bright blue eyes looking at with curiosity.

He never thought he would find a blonde, blue-eyed, pale-skinned woman beautiful but he did. Her blue eyes made him think of clear summer skies and her golden locks of warm sun rays. Her pale skin made obvious whenever she blushed and those rosy cheeks made him weak. He imagined himself kissing every inch of her pale skin until her whole body flushed.

Roshan clenched his jaw Roshan clenched his jaw and

discarded the thought quickly.

"Yes, you are." He smiled at her.

She gave him a satisfied look and then snuggled against him with a smile.

"Will you stay here till I fall asleep?"

She whispered.

"Of course."

But soon he was regretting his words. Having her warm, luscious body against his the whole night without doing nothing was pure torture. He would make sure to make her pay for this.

"You are going to have many sleepless nights with me, princess."

He whispered.

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Son Chapter 105 45

I am pregnant. I am pregnant, I am pregnant.

I kept chanting those words to myself the whole day. I could still not believe it, nor could Irene. She kept repeating that she was going to be a grandmother. Her whole face had lit up and I had never seen her so happy before.

"I need to tell Lothaire." She said excitedly. "I'll be back very soon." And then she was gone leaving me alone to figure out a way to tell Lucian.

Would he be happy to have a child in this mess? He had never said anything about wanting to have a

child ever which made me a bit concerned. Somehow I felt that he wouldn't be thrilled.

I tried to imagine his reaction in my head several times but I couldn't figure what his expression would be like.

"Ylva. I am pregnant." I told her as she prepared me for the night.

Ylva stared at me through the mirror. Her eyes twinkled with both surprise and happiness.

"My Lady" She exclaimed after she opened her mouth several times but not been able to say anything.

"Can...I hug you....once?"

I blinked a few times in surprise.

Ylva had never asked for a hug

before. The only time she had hugged me was when she found out that I was alive. This would be the second time.

I stood up and embraced her, unable to help the smile that settled on my face. Ylva hugged me tightly and soon she began to sob.

"Are you crying?" I asked surprised. She pulled back and wiped her tears away. "I have witnessed you grow. I have been with you since you were a baby. To see you have one of your own now makes me so...so" She began to cry again. "I am just so happy to have the chance to take care of your baby as well."

I wrapped my arms around her

getting emotional myself. Ylva and Lydia had raised me like their own daughter. Without them, I wouldn't have been able to stay sane in my own home.

"I am glad to have you. I will need your help a lot since I know nothing about raising a child."

"Don't worry I am here for you, My Lady." She sobbed. "Oh God, I need to tell Lydia. She is going to be so happy. Have you told His Highness?"

"Not yet."

"He is going to be so thrilled, My Lady."

I wasn't sure about that.

She adjusted my hair one last time.

"I'll leave you alone then, before His

Highness comes. Have a good night,
My lady."

"Goodnight," I said and she left
singing in joy.

I sat down in front of the mirror
again and stared at my reflection. I
was probably worrying for nothing
and Lucian was going to be as
happy as I was to hear the news.
But would he come tonight or was
he too busy?

He had told me to call him anytime
but I didn't want to disturb him?

I let out a sigh and stood up. Just
as I was about to turn I saw

Lucian's reflection in the mirror.

I turned to him with a smile. "I was
waiting for you."

He crossed the distance between us and took my hand before kissing my knuckles. "My Queen, I am sorry I made you wait." He said charmingly. I pulled my hand away. "Hmm...you need to apologize with actions, not words." I played along pretending to be displeased. Then I turned away from him and crossed my arms over my chest while a smile crept to my face at my own childishness.

Lucian wrapped his arms around me from behind. "What can I do to please My Queen? Shall I feed her with my hands? Or let her rest in my arms? Or shall I keep her up all night?"

"How about feeding me with your

hands and then after keeping me up all night let me rest in your arms? "

Lucian chuckled. "You delight me, wife. "

Despite having eaten, I let Lucian feed me fruits while sitting in our bed. He reached his hand out and I took a bite of the strawberry in his hand before he popped the rest into his mouth. Then he peeled a clementine and fed me a piece of it.

I had never eaten in a bed before and I could say that I found pleasure in it. Lucian seemed to enjoy himself too. I fed him some grapes and we just looked at each

other while we chewed the food.

I felt more at ease now once I saw his face. It felt as though I could tell him anything and not be afraid. "Is everything going alright now?" I asked.

Lucian nodded. "There are a lot of things to do but everything is going accordingly. You don't need to worry."

"What happened to Pierre?"

I had been avoiding that question but now that he seemed relaxed I thought I should ask.

A muscle ticked in his jaw. "He is getting what he deserves."

From the look in his eyes, I didn't want to know what was happening

to Pierre. I just hoped that Lucian wasn't hurting himself by hurting his brother. Even if Pierre wasn't his real brother Lucian had grown up believing so.

Lucian took a bite from his apple and chewed it grimly. Now he was in a bad mood.

"Shall we move on to the next task?" I asked to avert his attention from bad thoughts.

Lucian stopped chewing and swallowed slowly before turning his gaze to me. For a short moment, he seemed surprised but he seemed surprised but then a smug look crept on his face.

"What was the next task? Could you remind me, wife?"

I knew he was playing with me so I decided to give it back to him. I grabbed the fruit basket, climbed out of bed and put it on the table. Then I went back to bed removed my robe before laying down.

Lucian watched me curiously and a bit confused the whole time.

"The next task is to sleep, of course. I am tired." I said trying my best to maintain a serious expression.

The next thing that happened, I never expected. Lucian laughed out loud. It was a sound that I hadn't heard in a long time and it made my stomach flutter.

"You have really learned how to deal

with me." He smiled then leaned down and placed a kiss on my forehead. "I am proud of you."

At that moment I felt more special than ever. I never had someone tell me they were proud of me so I got a bit emotional.

"I love you, Lucian." I blurted in my emotional state.

Pure joy washed over his face. "I love you too." He said and drew me into his arms. The only place I wanted to be forever and in that comfortable state I fell asleep.

When I woke up in the morning Lucian was already gone. I scolded myself for not telling him that I was pregnant. I knew I was worrying

for nothing and that the news would probably make him very happy. After getting dressed I decided to look for him immediately. Callum and Oliver were waiting outside the room as usual and started following me wherever I went. As I walked through the halls I came across Lincoln.

"Lincoln."

"Good morning, Your Majesty." He greeted.

"Where is Lucian?"

"His Majesty is sitting in a meeting." He informed.

"Show me the way," I ordered.

With a nod, Lincoln led the way. We arrived at a place in the castle

that I hadn't seen before. Suddenly a large door in the hall opened and a crowd of men began to exit the room. Imperial officers, generals, and soldiers chattered as they left.

"I believe the meeting has ended, Your Majesty," Lincoln spoke. "I'll inform His Majesty that you are here."

He made his way into the room and after a short while, he came back and gave me an indication that I could come in.

I walked into what seemed a large hall. A huge table took most of the grand space in the room and Lucian sat at the end of it, almost fifteen feet away. He seemed

engrossed in the papers in his hands.

I cleared my throat to capture his attention.

Lucian put the papers down on the table and stood up before looking at me. "Did you already miss me, wife?" he smiled.

"Am I disturbing you?" I asked walking over to him.

"No. But you are distracting me much." He said letting his gaze rake my body.

I did nothing extra to prepare myself so that he found me distracting despite everything, made me confident.

Lucian tilted his head to one side

and studied me even more closely.

"Did you gain some weight?" He asked and my confidence went out the window.

"I am not sure," I mumbled.

How could I gain some weight when I have been eating nothing?

"You look" His eyes darkened. I knew that gaze and it brought a fluttering feeling to my stomach.

"You look enticing."

A blush crept to my face. He seemed to find me more attractive with some weight on.

Lucian put his hands on my h.i.p.s and drew me closer. "Why do you distract me so much?" He spoke in husky tones. Leaning down he

brushed the hair away from my neck and kissed me softly.

"Lucian, someone might come in," I said nervously knowing that the door was open and Oliver and Callum were waiting outside.

He drew away from me. "Lincoln!" He called and the next moment Lincoln came inside.

"Your Majesty."

"Close the door and don't let anyone in."

Lincoln nodded and shut the door behind him as he left. As soon as the door closed Lucian grabbed my waist and lifted me up before sitting me down on the table. His hand slid under my dress touching

me eagerly while his mouth nibbled at my neck. I let out a gasp, surprised by his action but also by how quick my body responded to his touch. I wrapped my arms instinctively and tilted my head back.

Lucian began to untie my dress as his lips searched mine. I m.o.a.ned into his mouth by the sudden heat of his kiss.

"Lucian, wait!" I was already breathless.

Lucian pulled back and watched me with a l.u.s.tful gaze. "I can't wait for too long so tell me."

My gaze fell on his mouth. His canines had elongated but this time

they seemed longer and sharper
than before

"Your teeth." I pointed.

"Yes. Many things changed since I
came back to life." He explained.

It was strange that I found him
sinfully beautiful with those teeth
instead of being worried that they
would cut his lips or mine.

"Does it hurt?" I wondered.

"No, it doesn't. But it itches badly
and makes me want to bite
something."

Did he want to bite me again? Was
it normal? Looking at his teeth, it
felt like it would hurt more than
last time.

While thinking Lucian's gaze fell on

my neck. The color of his eyes slowly changed to red and he looked away quickly.

"You wanted to say something?" He said looking everywhere but my neck. It looked like he was fighting himself.

"You want to bite me?" I breathed. A muscle ticked in his jaw and his gaze darkened.

"God Hazel!" He hissed. "I don't know what you are doing to me. I don't know why I find you more beautiful for every day that passes by. I don't know why with every kiss you taste sweeter and with every touch, you feel better. You make me feel starved."

His words made my blood run hot.

"So yes, I do want to bite you." He added. Volume 2: Return Of The Devil's Son Chapter 106 46

"So yes, I do want to bite you."

"Then do it." The fear that it would hurt suddenly disappeared.

Lucian stared at me surprised. "It might hurt." He warned.

Despite his warning, I bared my neck for him then wrapped my arms around his and tugged him closer. He hesitated for a while but then buried his face in the curve of my neck. His tongue swept slowly over my skin as if he wanted to savor the taste. I

buried my fingers in his hair and tilted my head to the side giving him more access.

Lucian sucked and nipped at Lucian sucked and nipped at my neck until it ached and tingled with a strange sensation. It was almost as if I wanted to be bitten. As his teeth grazed my skin a sigh escaped my lips.

It was coming.

I held on to him and I shut my eyes tightly both in anticipation and nervousness. Lucian grabbed nervousness. Lucian grabbed my hair and tilted my head back. Then he flicked his tongue over my neck one last time before his sharp teeth pierced into my skin.

I whimpered in pain, but it was quickly replaced scorching heat. A heat that inflamed the blood in my veins. A heat that made everything else fade away except the need to be taken. I became hot and needy, slowly getting lost in a raving l.u.s.t. But then suddenly I remembered. I was pregnant.

I shot my eyes open. "Lucian." I gasped.

I didn't know much about pregnancies but losing blood was probably not good for the child and from the wetness dripping down my neck I was concerned.

Lucian took his time, licking the blood away from my neck before pulling back. His lips were stained with my blood but with a swipe of his tongue, they were back to normal. Quickly I placed my hand on my neck to see if I was still bleeding, but I wasn't. I let out a sigh of relief then gazed at Lucian who was studying me carefully.

"What is wrong?" I asked.

"You tasted different this time and your pulse...it's strange but it's like you have two separate heartbeats." A frown settled on his face.

Two heartbeats? It took me a

moment to digest what he said.

"Lucian...about that...I came here to actually tell that...I am pregnant."

Lucian stiffened and the Lucian stiffened and the room went quiet. I could hear my own heart race and it felt like forever before he said, "What...did you say?"

"I said you will become a father soon," I told him a bit louder and with more confidence.

Slowly, Lucian took a few steps back and then turned away.

Oh, God! He was not happy.

Hopping down from the table I went up to him. I put my hand lightly on his shoulder. "I

understand if you are not happy."
Not having a good relationship
with both his real father and the
one he believed to be his father,
could explain his reaction.

"Happy?" He turned to me
carefully and grabbed my arms. "I
am not happy Hazel. I am lucky.
You make me the luckiest man
on earth even though I don't
deserve it."

I could see a mix of emotions in
his eyes. Happiness, sadness,
and worry.

"You deserve every bit of it," I
assured. "And you will be an
amazing father."

His hands slid up to my face,

holding it gently. "Hazel, you are a blessing in my cursed existence."

I didn't know whether to be happy or sad by his words so I just leaned into him and kissed him. It was instinctively as if he would find comfort in my kiss. I hoped so at least. Lucian kissed me back, this time holding me gently in his arms while kissing me tenderly.

These kinds of moments made me want to never leave his arms. Lucian spent the rest of the day by my side. To be more correctly glued to my side. He followed me everywhere, showering me with hugs, kisses, and praises. He

kept telling everyone to take special care of me since I was pregnant, and he even arranged a special cook after finding out about my nausea and loss of appetite.

"You will serve my wife and only her. Make sure to especially find out what she likes and" He kept rambling on to serve me healthy food and to serve on time or any time I feel like eating. He was even specific about telling the cook to not serve food that had a strong scent.

Later on the day, Lucian arranged for a midwife to come and educate the servants on

pregnancy so that they could take better care of me. This caused the maids to swoon over Lucian.

"The King is so romantic. He takes such good care of his wife."

"He is so good looking and gentle."

"The Queen is so lucky. He even crowned her on his own coronation ceremony."

"Oh, I wish to find a man like that."

I stood outside the room where the maids received their lecture about pregnancy and listened to their chattering. They could not stop themselves from praising

Lucian and squealing over him.

"Should I seduce him?" One maid whispered to the other.

At this Oliver scoffed and Callum's lips curved into a smirk.

"Shall I teach her a lesson?"

Oliver whispered.

If I was the old me I would have waved it away but after getting myself a bit educated I learned that it could be good to

sometimes let people know their place. "Bring her to my chamber,"

I ordered. Oliver nodded. I ordered. Oliver nodded and

went inside.

I turned my heels to go back to my room but all of a sudden the floor under my feet swayed. My

hands instinctively searched for something to grab on to but I only grasped thin air and almost fell before I felt strong arms carrying me up.

"Excuse my behavior. I'll just take you back to your room." Callum spoke.

"Callum put me down I can walk on my own." I protested my own." I protested.

"His Majesty will not spare my life if I let you fall."

"You are my guard now. No one will hurt you without my permission." I told him.

At that, he just smiled.

Once we arrived at my chamber he put me gently on the bed. "Do

you want me to call the
midwife?"

I shook my head. "I am fine now."
Shortly after Oliver came with
the maid. He held her by the arm
and walked her inside. When they
were close enough he put one
hand on her shoulder and pushed
her down on her knees.

I knew this maid. Jessica. The
one who made my life into a
living hell while working in the
kitchen. Now she dared to speak
that way.

"Jessica!"

"My Queen." She trembled and
kept looking down at her hands.

"Do you know why you are here?"

I asked.

She nodded.

"Why? "

"I...I wasn't nice...when... in the kitchen." She stuttered.

At least she remembered.

"That's not why you are here," I told her. "Do you find my husband attractive?"

At this, she looked up at me and shook her head violently. "I wouldn't dare, My Queen. I...I apologize if I said something."

She rubbed her hands together as her forehead got lightly beaded with sweat.

"So you are saying my husband is not attractive?" I asked.

I wanted to torture her a bit.

Her eyes widened. "I wouldn't dare"

"Do you find him attractive or not?" I cut her off.

"I...I" She shut her eyes tightly as if it would make it all disappear.

"He is" Just when she was about to speak Lucian entered to speak Lucian entered the room.

He paused when he took notice of the situation. "What is happening?" He asked.

I reached my hand out gesturing for him to come and sit next to me. Lucian took my hand with a frown and sat by my side. He looked around questioningly.

I turned to Jessica. "Jessica. His Majesty his here. Why don't you look at him and tell me if you find him attractive or not."

Jessica shook her head and looked down even further.

"It's an order," I said more sternly. She lifted her head hesitantly, shaking and sweating even more.

Her eyes darted around before she could look at Lucian.

"Now tell me. Do you find His Majesty attractive or not?" I asked.

She squinted her eyes and her face twisted in fear. For a short while, I felt bad for doing this but then I remembered how much

my hands and feet would ache after washing the same clothes over and over again. How my skin would burn under the sun and how my head would throb from all the heat. It made me angry again.

Jessica nodded slowly.

"I didn't hear you," I said.

"His...His Majesty is attractive."

She breathed looking at him in both fascination and fear.

"See, it wasn't so difficult," I told her with a smile. "You may leave now."

She turned her gaze to me, her eyes wide in confusion. She probably thought this was some

king of trick and that I would kill her later. Maybe a few sleepless nights would make her think twice before saying inappropriate things or making someone's life difficult next time.

She stood up slowly her legs wobbling. I nodded for Oliver to help her go back since she had a hard time standing still. Oliver grabbed her arm to hold her steady and helped her leave.

Callum followed them leaving us alone.

As soon as they were out of sight I turned to Lucian. "Was I too harsh?"

Lucian smiled and patted my head. "Well done." He said. "This way you punished her yet showed her that you can be merciful. Where did you learn this?" He asked.

"I read a few books," I told him proudly.

He kissed my hair. "I see you have been busy without me."

"Of course. I want to be someone worthy of you."

"You are more than worthy. I am the one not worthy of you." He said.

"Why? Because you couldn't protect me? Or because you couldn't remember me? Both

those things could have been avoided if I had been less selfish and let you marry Klara. Instead, I let you die and while I was here crying over small things you were alone in that dark place dying over and over again. That you felt so guilty and lost your memory makes me feel even more guilty. I know you did your best to protect me but I can't say the same. So don't ever feel guilty or say that you are not worthy of me. I don't want you to hurt anymore. Just don't. Forget about torturing Pierre or anyone. Just be with me and let me make you happy."

I have had enough of him hurting.
I knew very well I was the one
lacking yet he was the one to
always apologies. Why was always
apologies. Why was he
the one apologizing when he was
the one who died protecting us?
"Hazel" His voice cracked as if
he was about to cry. Then he
turned away as if he didn't want
me to see him like that.

I stood up in front of where he
sat and grabbed his face
between my hands, making him
look up at me. His eyes were wet
with tears.

"Lucian. With me, you don't have
to endure alone. Whether it's
happiness or pain, share it with

me." I said.

Lucian wrapped his arms around my waist and buried his face in my chest. His shoulders shook uncontrollably while he cried silently in my arms. I held him closer and stroke his hair until he released all of the pain and sorrow that he could. Then we lay in our bed, holding each other in silence.

"Thank you." He finally spoke while staring at the ceiling. He seemed embarrassed to have cried like that.

Why did men feel embarrassed about crying?

"For what?"

"For everything." He said.

"Then can I ask for one thing?

He turned to me. "Ask for anything."

"Can your mother stay here? I need her now that I am pregnant with a demon baby. No one knows what to do more than her."

That was actually just an excuse. I wanted Lucian to get closer to his mother. I know that he had been worried about her the few days that she was here. When she was unconscious I had found him several times in her room, sitting next to her bed waiting for her to wake up. He had made

sure to bring physicians to look after her health but once she woke up he avoided her most of the time.

Except for one evening, when I had promised to walk Irene around the garden since she had difficulty walking alone. When I arrived I already found her getting help from Lucian. He lent her his arm and she held onto it tightly while he patiently walked her around the garden. I was happy to see the progress but also frustrated since none of them said anything.

"If that's what you, then she can stay here as long as she wants."

He said.

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"Good morning!"

Klara was stretching in her bed
and yawning loudly when she
heard Roshan's voice coming
from nearby. Panicking she sat
up hastily on her bed. Roshan
was sitting at her table while
holding a newspaper in his hands.
Klara could smell freshly made
tea and bread before she looked
at the table and found that
breakfast was already served.

"You are still here?" She
whispered surprised.

He looked up from his
newspaper. "Yes. Why would I
leave when I could have a royal
breakfast."

Klara got out of bed quickly,
slipped into her slippers and
walked up to him. "Who served
you breakfast?" She asked
anxious.

"Your servants." He replied
relaxed.

Klara hit herself on the forehead
which made Roshan chuckle.

"Are you insane?! How could you
show yourself?" She scolded.

"Ah...about that. Don't worry, I

manipulated everyone." manipulated everyone." He winked.

Someone knocked on the door and soon a maid came in. "My lord, here is your coffee. I made it strong just the way you like it." She smiled putting the tray She smiled putting the tray on the table.

"Thank you." He smiled at her charmingly making a blush creep to her cheeks. "Would you like coffee or tea?" He then asked turning to Klara.

Klara kept staring at the maid dumbfounded. Why was the maid not asking questions about who this man was? Was Roshan that

great at manipulating people great at
manipulating people?

When she said nothing Roshan
waved his hand in dismissal and
the maid left.

Klara turned to Roshan. "Can you
do that? I mean who does she
think you are?"

"No one in particular. I just made
her believe that I am someone
she had always been serving." He
said wrapping the newspaper
and tossing it aside on the table
before standing up.

"Are you leaving?" Klara hurried to
ask.

Roshan was glad to see that she
didn't want him to leave. He
walked up to her and put his

hand lightly on her cheek. She had been torturing him the whole night so he needed some time alone, besides he had things to take care of.

"Yes I have some things do to, but I'll be back." He assured her.

"By the way, you look cute when you snore."

He had been watching her the whole night while she turned back and forth while heavy grunting sounds came from her mouth. He never thought that he would find such sounds endearing.

"I don't snore!" She said as her cheeks flushed.

He grabbed her face between his hands. "You do princess, but don't worry I won't tell anyone about it." He teased her.

She gave him a hard glare. "You annoy me, Roshan."

"And you delight me." He placed a kiss on her cheek and looked at her face one last time before he left.

Roshan arrived at Decresh, more specifically in the throne hall where Lucian just recently got crowned.

"What are you doing here?"

Lucian's voice came from behind.

Roshan wondered the same

thing. He couldn't understand why he agreed to help Lucian. He hated the man for breaking Klaras heart yet he was thankful. Lucifer had asked Roshan to help Lucian understand his powerLucian understand his powers and become stronger. Roshan could have denied his request since he had already paid his debt but knowing what Lucifer and Irene endured all these years he wanted to help. Not for Lucian's sake but for his parent's sake.

"Just as I came here easily other demons can too," Roshan spoke without turning to him.

"I was waiting for you."

Now Roshan had to turn around and look at him. "I thought you didn't want my help?" He asked. "I don't want to but I need your help. My wife is pregnant and I want to protect my family."

Lucian explained. "Of course. Nothing was stronger than the need of a demon to protect his mate."

"Then maybe you should introduce me to everyone since I'll be spending a lot of time here," Roshan suggested.

Lucian introduced Roshan to his men as someone who would guide and train them. Roshan took his time to study each one

of them. He wanted to get rid of anyone who thought of betraying Lucian but he also wanted to find a few very trustful ones.

The one who followed Lucian everywhere seemeverywhere seemed like someone who could be trusted with a secret.

"That man can be trusted."

Roshan nodded toward Lincoln.

"I know," Lucian said.

"I mean, he can really be trusted."

Lucian narrowed his gaze. Lucian narrowed his gaze. "You want me to tell him that I am a demon?"

"And a witch. Just in case."

Roshan added.

"Do I have to tell him?"

"As a king, you need to have people who are going to be by your side no matter what. If he can't handle it then he is just not the right person. But believe me, he can. I am good at reading people." Roshan explained.

Lucian was thoughtful for a while but then he made his decision.

He called Lincoln into a separate room and they sat in silence for a while. Roshan was begging to get impatient so he took charge.

"So...Lucian called you here to tell you that he, in fact, is the devil's son," Roshan said it as a simple fact.

Lincoln didn't blink but his

expression turned into one of confusion. "What?"

"And he is also half-witch. And since demons and witches are enemies and Lucian is both, he is everyone's enemy." Roshan continued.

Lincoln turned to Lucian. "Your Majesty, what is this man talking about?"

"Also, I am not a man. I am a demon." Roshan corrected.

Lincoln kept looking at Lucian for confirmation. Lucian nodded. "It's true."

Instead of looking surprised Lincoln seemed concerned by the fact. "When did you find

out?" He asked.

"After I died. I came back to life."

Lucian explained.

Lincoln nodded as a deep frown settled on his face while finally putting the pieces together.

Roshan knew that Lincoln had already suspected that

something was different about

Lucian otherwise he wouldn't

have been able to stay so calm.

"Are you under some kind of threat now?" Lincoln asked.

Roshan liked this man. He was quick.

"The witches and demons will try to harm him. I have the demons under control for now but

anything can happen. It's good to be prepared."

Lincoln nodded, still concerned.

He had a lot of speculations going on in his mind and it would take him some time to get used to the new information.

"Lincoln. I'll tell you everything eventually." Lucian assured eventually." Lucian assured him.

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Roshan could see that Lucian cared for Lincoln. It was good to see that he at least had someone by his side all those years.

The rest of the day he spent observing for the most part. He wanted to see how Lucians men worked, which of them he could trust and which of them to depose. Roshan noted that Lucians men were trustworthy but not all of them could handle his secret. He had to find some tough ones.

There were two men, in particular, that caught his attention and he took them separately to the side.

"Your names?" He asked.

"I am Martin, My Lord."

"And I am Declan."

Roshan nodded. They were

tough but not as much as
Lincoln. He would have to tell
them gradually or drop hints.
Roshan continued with his
search, walking around the castle
and observing the soldiers as
they did their daily tasks. While
on his search he came across
Hazel in the hall. She had two
guards trailing behind her.

"Roshan?" She seemed
surprised. "How come you are
here?"

"My Lady," He took her hands and
kissed her knuckles. "I heard the
news. Congratulation."

"Thank you. When did you come
here?"

"I have been here for a while."

"Oh. Did you have something to eat or drink?" She asked.

"No. Your husband lacks hospitality." He smiled.

"I am sorry about that. Why don't you have some tea or coffee with me?" She asked.

"Coffee sounds good."

Roshan and Hazel sat in the garden where they had some hot coffee served.

"Lucian told me that you are his cousin," Hazel spoke starting the conversation.

"Yes."

"You don't look like him?"

Roshan took a sip from his

coffee. "The strongest demons agreed to settle in different empires where they could rule. After living there for centuries they developed the same appearance as the resident people to blend in. My father settled in the Persian empire where I was born and that's why I look like this. Of course, as a demon, I could change my appearance but that would only be considered a disguise." He explained.

Hazel nodded thoughtfully. "I am glad he has you." She then smiled.

At this Roshan paused. He had

never thought of Lucian as a cousin or as a friend. He was just here to help and then leave.

"How is Klara doing?"

Why would she think that he knew how Klara was doing?

"She is fine." He replied shortly.

Hazel nodded but it seemed that she wanted to know more.

"Do you consider her a friend?"

Roshan asked.

He hoped she would because he knew Klara did.

Hazel nodded. "But I don't think she likes me much?"

"If that is the impression you get then she likes you. She is usually bitter toward people she likes."

He told her.

Hazel chuckled in agreement.

Roshan stood up from his seat.

"My Lady, I should keep going.

Thank you for the coffee and
the company."

"You are welcome to visit

anytime." She smiled at him.

Roshan bowed and left. On his
way out he took a closer look at
Hazel's guards who were waiting
outside. One of them, the taller
one with short brown hair, dark
eyes, and an angular face
radiated power and confidence.

Roshan walked up to him to take
a closer look. The man looked
back at him suspiciously as if he

knew what he was. Curious,
Roshan went into the guard's
head to see what he was thinking
and found out that the man
suspected him to be what Lucian
was. But what was Lucian? That,
the man wasn't sure of.

Demons had a different aura but
only a few people were smart
enough to actually pay attention
to it. Most people ignored it
while getting too caught up in
their appearance.

"What's your name?" Roshan
asked.

"My name is Callum, My Lord."

Roshan nodded with
satisfaction. This man would be

able to handle their secret. Now he had enough men. He didn't want all too many to know. Just a few who could guide and influence the rest and four would be enough. Lincoln, Martin, Declan, and Callum. This would do for now.

At the moment he wanted to leave quickly so that he could go back to Klara.

"I'll be leaving now." He informed Lucian who seemed busy going through some papers.

"Why don't you have dinner before you leave?" Lucian asked without looking up.

"You feed me now when you

starved me the whole day?"

"I was busy, besides you have already made yourself at home. I don't see you as someone who seeks permission to do things."

"You are right." Roshan nodded. "I made myself at home and had a delicious cup of coffee with your wife."

Now Lucian looked up and Now Lucian looked up and shot

him a hard glare. Roshan knew how to catch a demon's

attention. Just name his mate and he will burn with jealousy.

"What? I can't have a cup of coffee with your wife?" Roshan asked raising a brow.

Lucian stood up from his seat

and strode toward him. When they stood face to face he looked him in the eyes. "Next time you want to have a delicious cup of coffee with my wife, make sure to at least drink three cups because they will be your last ones."

The man knew how to make threats. At least he wouldn't have to teach him that part. Roshan placed a hand on his shoulder and squeezed it. "Don't make threats you can't keep, brother."

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Brother?!

It was a word Lucian hated to hear. Every time someone called him brother, they said it with distaste. It reminded him of his hateful brothers.

But today when Roshan called him brother, he detected no distaste in his tone. It was rather playful and for a short moment, Roshan felt like a brother.

Lucian shook his head in denial of his feelings. Why would Roshan feel like a brother? That man was annoying. Still, Lucian had to admit there was a sincerity in Roshan's eyes that made him feel cared for. Like an older brother caring for his younger

one.

He shook his head again. Maybe he was being like this because he had always wished to he had always wished to be treated like a younger brother by his older ones. Brothers who showed him nothing but contempt.

He sighed frustrated.

"Is everything alright?" Hazel spoke next to him in a sleepy tone. She had her eyes closed in the darkness and was almost falling asleep.

"Yes. Everything is alright." He whispered.

She mumbled something and then fell asleep. Lucian studied

her face in the darkness. He could still not believe that he was going to be a father. Of course, he was happy but he was also fearful. Now with witches and demons chasing him, he was afraid they would hurt Hazel and his child. That's why he finally decided to speak to his parents. No, he wouldn't forgive them, but he was going to use them to protect his family. He was also going to work on learning his powers and becoming stronger. Hazel turned back and forth next to him. She seemed to be having a bad dream. Lucian pulled her into his arms and eventually she

calmed down and he fell asleep
as well.

As usual, Lucian woke up early in
the morning. Hazel was still
asleep. Putting on some clothes
he walked out to the garden. He
loved early mornings when the
sun hadn't risen completely yet,
and the sky was painted with
different shades of pink and
orange. He liked the cold
morning breeze and the sounds
of birds singing. It was strange,
he was drawn to the darkness
yet enjoyed the colors of an
early morning.

But who had come to disturb this
peaceful moment?

"Your mother likes early mornings. She says it's the birth of a new day. After a long time of darkness, you can finally see the light. That's what she felt when she gave birth to you. That she finally saw the light and therefore she named you Lucian, meaning light."

Light? It was his mother who named him?

Lucian turned to his father. "I don't appreciate you coming here." He said.

"I thought you wanted to use me?"

Lucian clenched his jaw. Lucian clenched his jaw. "You owe me that at least. Don't you

think? "

"I owe you more than that and I am here to give."

Then why didn't you appear earlier? Why didn't you give earlier? When I needed to.

Lucian wanted to ask all those questions but his father already knew what he was thinking. So if he wanted to give answers to his question he could, but he didn't.

"You can hate me all you want. I am not here to seek forgiveness." His father spoke. "I am here to be useful. I want to help you."

The thing was that Lucian wanted his father to seek

forgiveness or at least explain himself. He didn't want to hate. He was tired of hating.

"Lucian." His father's tone softened which surprised him.

"No explanation is good enough and I am not deserving of your forgiveness. I told you I wanted you dead. You are alive because of your mother."

Something felt strange. It was the feeling in which his father spoke. Lucian knew this feeling. He knew the familiar look in his father's eyes. He had seen that look a million times before, when he looked himself in the mirror. His father was punishing himself

by making Lucian hate him on purpose.

"You don't have to make me hate you. I already do." Lucian told him. His father nodded.

"But I need you." He continued. "I want you to keep the demons away."

"You worry about learning your powers. I'll deal with the demons. No demons are going to hurt you or your family as long as I am here." His father assured him. "His father assured."

"Good." Lucian turned his back to his father and went back inside. If his father was not going to explain himself or seek forgiveness, so be it.

Lucian dressed and prepared to leave for his meeting. He had a meeting with the tax minister and the finance minister.

"Your Majesty. If the poor pay less tax than the rich, the rich are going to stop supporting you."

The tax minister advised.

"Tell me? The majority of people in this kingdom, are they poor or rich?"

"Poor, Your Majesty."

"Good. What I need is the majority's support." Lucian said.

"But Your Majesty. The rich have power." The tax minister argued.

"Power in the form of capital is not what I need. I already have it. I

need power in the form of
community."

The tax minister and the finance
minister looked at each other
not understanding Lucian's logic,
but they nodded in obedience.

"Just do your part. I'll deal with
the rest." Lucian assured the rest."
Lucian assured.

Once they left he proceeded
with his other meeting. Before
lunch, he had an appointment
with Julian.

"Your Majesty. I see things are
going well for you." Julian
pointed.

"How are things going for you?"
Lucian asked.

"Not very good. I have met a few

covens and told them about you. They have a hard time believing that you are not siding with the demons, just because you are half-witch." Julian explained.

"Bring the leaders to me. I want to meet them."

Julian's eyes widened. "It's not safe to bring them here, Your Majesty."

"They won't dare to hurt me in my own home. Bring them to me." Lucian orderme." Lucian ordered. Julian seemed concerned but nodded at last.

Speaking of witches Lucian thought of his mother. He had promised Hazel to tell her to

stay so he went to the guest room where she has been staying. With the help of a spell, he learned from Julian he tried to summon her.

While waiting for her to come his hands began to sweat and his heart hammered against his ribs.

He was nervous. Why?

"Lucian." She was here, calling his name in a way that made him feel weak.

Now he knew why he was nervous. He couldn't resist her. He wanted to be mean to her, he wanted to hate her but as he looked at her face, his mother's face all he wanted was for her to

hug him. And why did her sad expression pain him?

"You came." He managed to say.

"Now that I can, I'll come anytime you call me."

Lucian's eyes darted around the room unable to look at his mother. "My wife would like for you to stay with her. That's if you want to." He said avoiding to meet her gaze.

"Of course. I would love to stay."

She said with a smile.

Lucian couldn't deny the Lucian couldn't deny the joy he felt that she was staying. He shouldn't be happy about it but he was. Bothered by his own feelings he decided to leave.

"Lucian." Her voice made him stop in his tracks.

He turned to her, "Yes."

Her eyes teared up. "Thank you."

She croaked. "And I am sorry for being a horrible mother, and"

"Why would a horrible mother name me Lucian?"

Lucian was surprised by his own question. It sounded as if he was defending her. Nyx seemed surprised as well.

"Lucian...it means light." She began. "I was right to give you that name. It suits you very well."

She smiled sadly. "Your kind heart is the light."

"I am only being kind because my

wife likes you." He said.

Was he convincing her or himself?

She nodded. "You love her a lot."

"Yes."

"Then I will take very good care of her."

Lucian nodded. "Make yourself at home." He said and left the room quickly.

Once he went back to his chamber he took a deep breath to calm himself down. He felt like his heart would burst. Why was he being kind to her? And those sad eyes of hers, they bothered him. Why was she hurting when he should be the

one hurting?

The fresh scent of Hazel interrupted his thoughts. She came into the room, wet and wrapped in a towel with Ylva trailing behind. Once she trailing behind. Once she took notice of him a frown settled on her face.

"You may leave." She told Ylva and then came to bed and sat next to him.

"What's wrong?" She asked.

Lucian shook his head. "Nothing."

"You look pale and" She touched his forehead. "you are sweating. Are you ill?"

He shook his head again but he did feel ill. His mother made him

feel defeated. He didn't know what to do. All the anger and pain he had kept inside, he thought he would take it out on her but instead, it was all still kept inside and it was suffocating him.

"Can you hold me for a while?" he asked.

Hazel leaned into him and wrapped her arms around him.

Lucian buried his face in the crook of her neck, finding comfort in her sweet scent and the warmth of her closeness.

This woman, his wife, his life and his love. She was the cure to all his pain.

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Klara lay on the grass under the starry night sky. Something she thought she would never do. The stars and the moon brought back memories of her mother.

Klara could still clearly remember Klara could still clearly remember how her mother used to sing to her lullabies while they watched the stars. But it was also under those stars that her mother got killed. Just as clearly as she remembered the sound of her mother's singing she remembered her screams as well.

Her mother, a brave woman with a big heart had hidden Klara,

Astrid, and Rasmus under the ground when they got attacked.

"Stay here and don't come out no matter what happens." Her mother had warned them.

"Rasmus, take care of your sisters."

Then with muffled cried Klara and her sibling watched their mother fight big scary-looking men through a narrow slit between the wooden planks of the floor.

If it wasn't for Rasmus who covered their eyes with his hands Klara and Astrid would have witnessed when their mother got stabbed to death.

Seeing her lifeless body laying in a pool of blood was already a memory painful enough.

Klara remembered dragging her mother's lifeless body and burying it together with her siblings while tears fell down her cheeks. She was a child and couldn't understand why they had to put her mother under the ground but her brother told her that she would find peace that way, and be able to move on to the next life.

"Will she not stay with us anymore?" Klara had asked.

"Maybe if she comes back as a bird she will sing for us and if she

becomes a star she will watch over us. Maybe she is already one of the stars up there."

Rasmus pointed at the sky.

This was the reason Klara could never hate her brother despite his outrageous behavior. She could understand why he behaved the way he did. He had witnessed not only one but both their parent's death and despite all the pain he managed to take care of them well. In their darkest times, he was the one who comforted her and Astrid. Klara could never pay him back for all he did.

She looked at the stars again. If

her mother was one of them
then she wished the sun would
never rise again.

"Klara."

Startled she turned her head and
looked at Roshan who lay next to
her. She had almost forgotten
about him.

Oh lord, he probably heard her
thoughts. Klara hated to speak
of those things so she hoped he
wouldn't ask.

"Maybe we should go back." She
suggested sitting up.

Roshan had been kind and taken
her out. They rode through
beautiful landscaped, visited the
city and now they lay on the

grass next to a river. The sound of the water combined with the soft night breeze was calming. She wanted to stay a bit longer so why did she suggest to leave?

Roshan rested his head on his hands and watched the sky. "Or maybe we could stay a little while longer." He spoke.

Klara lay back again in silence. At least he wasn't asking.

"I spoke to Hazel yesterday. She asked how you were doing. I told her you were fine."

"You were in Decresh? Why?"

"I am helping Lucian with a few things." He explained.

Klara nodded. "How is he doing?"
Becoming a King after all the war
could not be easy.

"He is doing well so far."

"How is Hazel?" For some reason,
that woman made her worry.

"She is pregnant."

Preg...nant?

Pregnant!

"What?! Really? When?" Klara sat
up again and looked back at
Roshan.

Roshan chuckled. "You seem
more excited than her."

She was. Wait! Why would she
be?!

"No, I was just surprised." She
said trying to calm herself down

and lay back again.

Hazel was pregnant! Just a few months ago she would have died of jealousy but now for some odd reason, she felt excited like Roshan said. Klara loved children. She already longed to become a mother, but that would probably not happen anytime soon. Her brother would never allow her to be with Roshan so why was she staying with a man she could not be with?

Did she want to get heartbroken once again?

Klara stood up quickly "I should go back home." She said.

Roshan took her back home

without any questions. Once they arrived she was still in his arms and he didn't let go of her.

"I won't let you get heartbroken."
He promised. "I'll speak to your brother."

Klara shook her head. "No! Don't!
You don't know my brother."

Her brother would only marry her off to either a man with a powerful position or a very wealthy man. Rasmus believed that money and power meant protection and he wanted to protect her more than anything.

Roshan grabbed her face between his hand. "Klara. Do you want to be with me? Forever."

She nodded.

"Then trust me and don't worry about anything anymore. Now that you are mine, I'll take care of the rest. I'll take care of you."

Klara nodded again lost in his eyes and her heart melting at his words. Normally she would've hated if someone calling her "mine" but this man, she wanted to belong to him. She felt strangely safe in his arms.

"Goodnight then. " He said grabbing her chin and kissing her forehead.

"Won't you stay here?" She asked.

"I am a demon Klara. We are not

very good at controlling
ourselves. You will be safer
without me tonight."

Klara shook her head. "I feel
safer with you."

If she only knew. Roshan's blood
was on fire. He had been
controlling himself for too long
specially after a night of torture
in her bed. All he wanted to do
now was push her on the bed
behind and fulfill all of his
fantasies.

"Klara" He wanted to protest but
she put a finger on his lips.

"You said you would take care of
me." She whispered.

He knew she didn't mean what

he was thinking because the way
he was thinking of taking care of
her was sinister.

"I don't want to be alone tonight."

She admitted looking down.

She was recalling the memories
of her mother from earlier.

Roshan never thought that a
starry night sky could make
someone so sad. But everyone
had scars, no matter how
perfect their life seemed.

"Why don't you go and change. I'll
wait for you in bed." He
suggested.

Klara nodded and hurried away
relieved.

Roshan lay comfortably in Klara's

bed and waited while she changed. Again, he could feel how his demon was crawling to the surface and urging him to let go of his control and satisfy his needs.

Roshan shut his eyes tightly fighting back his urges but it wasn't helping that he was in her room, laying in her bed where her sweet scent lingered. It wasn't helping that the lights were dimmed either and that she just walked into the room wearing a light pink nightgown that complimented her fair skin. This woman was driving him mad.

With a smile Klara went to the

dresser picked up a hairband and tied her hair revealing her long slender neck. Roshan's felt his gums itch badly and tried to focus on something else to calm himself down.

"Did you wait too long? I did my best to change quickly." She smiled while climbing up on the bed.

Roshan stretched out his arm for her to lay one. She rested her head on his arm and he pulled her closer.

"No. You changed quickly."

"Good." She mumbled snuggling against him.

Roshan could feel her hot breath

on his neck and then slowly she inhaled his scent. She thought he smelled good and she liked his body next to hers. Her train of thoughts tempted him even more than his own.

"Do I really snore?" She suddenly asked.

"Yes."

"Is it loud?"

"No. It's endearing." He said

She went quiet for a moment.

"Roshan?"

"Yes."

"I am...scared. I don't want to lose anyone anymore." Her voice trembled.

Roshan was surprised by her

confession. He knew she was someone who never admitted or showed anyone her doubts and fears. He was glad she was opening up to him.

"I won't let you lose anyone. I'll convince your brother. You won't have to lose any of us." He promised.

Normally he would have just manipulated her brother but Roshan knew how much Klara cared for him so he would try his best to convince him without any tricks.

Klara pushed herself up on an elbow, leaned over him elbow, leaned over him and pressed her lips to his. Roshan

stiffened not expecting what happened. The self-control he had been holding onto so tightly snapped at that moment.

Klara pulled away quickly, her eyes darted around. She, herself seemed surprised by her own behavior. She had begged him to stay, snuggled against him and now she kissed him. What if he thought that she was trying to seduce him?

"I" She didn't know what to say. Roshan grabbed her shoulder and pushed her down placing her under his body. "You shouldn't have done that." He said.

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"No!" Klara shot her eyes wide open and her heart jumped inside her chest.

Quickly, her hand flew to her neck and she let out a sigh of relief when she realized that it was only a dream. In the dream, Roshan had bitten her against her will. Was it maybe because of what happened last night? Klara had seen Roshan's eyes turn a dark red and his fangs elongate.

"You shouldn't have done that." He told her and then leaned into her neck.

Klara had stiffened in fear. It

wasn't that she was scared of him, she was just scared of the bite. She couldn't yet comprehend how someone who looked just like a human could bite another one.

Roshan had sensed her fear pulling back from her and out of the bed. "I don't think I can stay here tonight. I told you. You are safer without me."

Klara couldn't understand what made Roshan suddenly react that way. It couldn't be her kiss, could it?

Still confused she got out of bed. While getting ready for the day Astrid came by.

"Did you know that the king of Trevish declared war against us?" Astrid asked as she made herself comfortable in Klara's bed.

Klara turned in her chair. "No. Why?!"

"Clearly Rasmus threatened to take over their Kingdom so their king got mad and wanted to show his power," Astrid explained.

"Trevish is a powerful kingdom. Why would brother do that?"

Klara was confused.

She knew her brother could sometimes get power-hungry but he was always strategic. This

seemed like a stupid move.

"I am sure Rasmus has some plan. Like a powerful ally or something." Klara said with hope.

"Trevish has many allies as well and since they declared war first I am sure their King has a secret weapon".

Astrid was right. Klara needed to speak to her brother.

Once the maids finished preparing her she made her way to the throne hall where Rasmt to the throne hall where Rasmus was speaking to some generals.

"Excuse us for a while. I need to speak to His Majesty alone." Klara spoke.

Rasmus motioned for the

generals to leave and once they were alone Klara gave her brother a hard glare.

"What have you done now?" She asked accusingly.

"I have done nothing sweet sister. I really don't know why Trevish declared war against us, besides that man always wanted to have my kingdom."

"So he is the one who wants your kingdom and not the other way round?" Klara crossed her arms over her chest.

"Of course it's the other way round as well. Our lands are too close. Sooner or later one of us will rule over the other. So, I have

been thinking of taking the first step but I guess I am too late."

Rasmus explained.

Klara sighed. She didn't like war.

Her people would suffer but she didn't want someone else to rule over them either because then they would suffer even more.

"What do we do now?"

"I need a very powerful ally. This time it's not only about winning the war, but it's also about taking over a kingdom." Her brother said thoughtfully.

"And where do we get such an ally?"

"That, I am not sure."

Klara spent the rest of the day

planning for war and trying to find an ally willing to help. She couldn't say she missed it but she missed her men. What she couldn't understand is why they always seemed excited to always seemed excited to go on war. Did they not care about their lives or what would happen to their families if they died? Tired after a whole day of planning she went back to her room. Her maids helped her change to her nightgown and prepare for sleep. As she lay comfortable on her bed she thought of Roshan. Would he come tonight? Were things alright between them or did

something she was unaware of
happen last night?

"Roshan." She whispered his
name in the darkness as if he
would hear her.

Strange she thought. But even
stranger was that he actually
came just after she called his
name.

"Klara." His voice came from
behind.

Klara sat up on the bed and
turned so that she could face
him.

Roshan stood in the dim light,
only half of his face visible and
the other half was hidden behind
the shadows. Klara didn't know

why having him in her room, in the dark made her heart race.

All of a sudden she felt as though she could not speak.

Roshan walked slowly toward her bed until she could see his whole face. He gazed at her just the way he did in her dream, eyes filled with l.u.s.t.

"I am not sure if I should be here at night?" He spoke.

"Why?" She whispered.

"At night, my demon awakens."

Klara wasn't sure what he meant by that but it didn't sound good.

"I almost bit you last night. I told you I wouldn't but I wanted to so badly. If I stay I might break my

promise." He continued.

"But you stayed with me many times before without biting me."

Klara didn't want him to leave.

"The more I stay with you, the more I want you."

She could relate to that. She wanted him more as well.

His eyes darkened. "Then do you want me to stay?" He asked.

"Will you bite me?"

"I might." He warned. "You should tell me to leave if you aren't ready."

Klara studied him for a while weighing her options. For some reason, she trusted that he wouldn't bite her if she didn't

want to.

"Stay." She whispered.

Roshan watched her for a moment before taking off his coat and crawling into her bed.

Klara grabbed the sheets around her tightly, suddenly feeling like prey from the way he looked at her.

Roshan's hands slid under the sheets, grabbing her ankles he pulled her across the bed against him.

Klara gasped as she fell back on the bed and her dress slid above her knees. "Roshan!"

She tried to pull her dress down but Roshan grabbed her wrists

and pinned her hands above her head.

"Do you trust so easily even after I told you what I wanted to do to you?" He asked his face close to hers.

"You told me to trust you." She breathed.

"I didn't know you were so obedient." He leaned down burying his face in the crook of her neck.

Klara stiffened feeling every muscle in her body tense.

"Relax. If you are going to trust me then trust me all the way." He spoke next to her ear.

Klara tried to relax but her body

refused to listen.

Roshan pulled back and gazed into her eyes. There was no fear in them, which meant that she was only nervous. Letting go of her wrists he let his fingers trail down her arms and to her face.

Klara closed her eyes as Roshan's fingers softly moved across her face, tracing her lips they continued further down her neck.

Her body grew hot under his touch and her muscles slowly relaxed. She opened her eyes and found him staring at her with admiration. She knew very well that she was beautiful but she

never felt more desirable than at this moment. The way he undressed her with his eyes made her body flush.

Roshan's hands slide to her shoulders, pulling her nightgown off each shoulder and down her arms slowly. Klara shut her eyes tightly this time as she felt her gown sliding down her b.r.e.a.s.t.s. She had never been n.a.k.e.d in front of a man before.

Roshan stopped when he felt her tense again. Instead, he leaned down and pressed soft kisses across her collarbone kisses across her collarbone and up her neck and jaw until he could feel her relax again. Then

he captured her mouth with his in a gentle kiss.

Klara sighed into his mouth, her hands instinctively moving to the back of his head as he deepened the kiss. She pulled him closer, feeling his hard body against hers. Roshan trailed kisses down her jaw and nipped at her throat. His hands slid under her gown caressing her thighs while pulling her dress up. He kissed a path down her chest and stomach and even though it was through the thin fabric of her gown, Klara could feel the heat of his lips, making her body ache for his.

Roshan moved further down,
prying her legs apart he kissed
the tender skin of her inner
thighs. Klaras muscles tensed
again but not in an
uncomfortable way. Her back
arched as his lips sensually
played over the sensitive skin.
She held onto his hair as he
slowly moved up and kissed her
hip and then further up to her
stomach. Klara felt shy being
half-n.a.k.e.d but she was so
inflamed by his touches and
kisses that she ignored every
other feeling.

Roshan paused and drew back.

He knew she wasn't very

comfortable being n.a.k.e.d so he thought of undressing first. Unbuttoning his shirt swiftly, he tossed it aside. Klara's mouth fell open as her gaze fell on his torso. This man was perfection and she wanted to feel his body with her hands. She knew she was staring but she couldn't stop until he began to unbutton his pants. Klara averted her gaze quickly, looking up at the ceiling instead while her cheeks burned. She heard Roshan chuckle softly before he grabbed her hands and placed them on his chest. "I thought you wanted to touch me." He spoke.

Klara felt the heat of his body under her palm and the way his muscles flexed as he leaned down and placed a soft kiss on her lips. She felt his bare skin against her thighs and his hardness pressed against her stomach. Panic and excitement bubbled inside her while her hands still rested hesitantly on his chest.

"Don't hold back, because I won't." He captured her lower lip and sucked on it.

Klara m.o.a.ned into his mouth, her hands sliding to the back of his head to pull him down. Just like he said he didn't hold back.

He kissed her until her lips felt sore, and her skin burned and her body ached in places she could never imagine. She found herself curling her toes and wanting to clasp her thighs together to stop the throbbing between her legs.

This time she let him take her gown off and her undergarment. She wanted to feel his skin against hers. She wanted to be touched everywhere, kissed everywhere.

"Oh, I am planning on doing that and more." He promised with a grin.

Roshan moved his gaze swiftly

of her bare body. She was more beautiful than he imagined and he already ached to be inside of her. But it was her first time, so he wanted to be gentle. He had to control himself even though his demon was howling like a beast.

You will have her forever. She is yours now so calm down. He told his demon.

It was true. He didn't need to rush things. He wanted to make her first time to feel safe and comfortable. But after that, he would show her his sinister ways.

"Roshan?"

He looked into her concerned

eyes and saw a reflection of himself. His eyes had turned red and his fangs had elongated even more. His body was telling him to claim her.

"Don't be afraid." He told her as if being sure he could control himself.

What if he didn't? She would begin to fear him or maybe she would never trust him again.

"I am not. I am just...nervous."
Did that mean she was embracing herself to get bitten?

"Do you want me to bite you?"
He asked.

"If you can't control it then it's alright."

Roshan caressed her cheek with the back of his hand. Klara didn't know why this gesture and his gaze made her suddenly feel loved instead of desired. Slowly his eyes returned to their normal color but his fangs remained the same. Klara got curious as to why?

"Can I touch them?" She asked.

Roshan was taken aback by her question. Women had touched him on many places but never his fangs.

"Yes."

Slowly she lifted her hand and traced a finger over his fangs. A strange sensation went through

Roshan's body, intensifying the hunger he already felt for her. Klara continued to play with her finger around his mouth. He had very kissable lips, a beautiful yet masculine face, and his neck. Her hands trailed down his neck. She never thought she would find a man's neck inviting. Her hands continued further to his strong shoulders, grabbing them she pulled him down on her. His bare chest pressing against her bare b.r.e.a.s.t.s, creating a friction that made a m.o.a.n escape her lips. Rosha devoured her mouth, while his hand slowly and teasingly slid

between her legs, touching her where she ached the most. Klara m.o.a.ned against his lips and her back arched. She was embarrassed, yet she didn't want him to stop. She had never experienced such sweet torture experienced such sweet torture before.

Her entire body burned, flushed, tingled and ached until she couldn't control the sounds that came out of her mouth.

Roshan grabbed her legs and pulled her closer adjusting himself between them. Klara's heart skipped a beat, embracing herself for the pain to come.

Roshan leaned down and kissed

her belly. "Relax." He spoke
against her skin. "I'll take it slow."
He kept kissing and caressing
every inch of her until her body
begged for his. As if he knew he
leaned into her and then gently
pushed himself inside. Klara
gasped at the intrusion but it
didn't hurt as she had expected.
It was only uncomfortable.
But Roshan was slow and gentle
and her body adjusted quickly to
his.

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Klara woke up looking forward to her day after such a long time.

Her body ached sweetly from

last night's activity and her

cheeks grew hot as she

remembered the details. Oh lord,

how could she have behaved

that way?

Slowly she turned in bed

expecting to find Roshan

sleeping next to her but to her

surprise and disappointment, he

wasn't there.

Sitting up she looked around. He

was nowhere to be seen. For

some reason, her heart raced

and her stomach turned.

"Roshan." She called.

But no one answered.

"Roshan!"

Nothing again. Her heart tightened making it hard for her to breathe. Her eyes stung, tears threatening to run down her cheeks like rivers. She wrapped her arms around herself as if that would take away the pain.

"Roshan." She croaked as tears began to fall down her cheeks.

How did this happen? He had used her and left her. How could he do this to her? Why did she trust him so easily?

She was stupid, a fool and a

moron.

Oh, God!" She cried burying her face in her hands.

"Klara." She heard Roshan's voice through her cry.

Shocked, she looked up. Roshan stood in her room with a concerned look on his face.

Klara got hastily out of bed, holding the sheets around her body with one arm.

"Where have you been?" She asked angrily.

"I was" He looked down a bit embarrassed. She had never seen him like that before. "I brought flowers." He said raising his hand in which he held a

bucked of pink roses. "I wanted to surprise"

Before he could finish his sentence she threw an apple at him that she grabbed from the basket on the table next to her. "You idiot!" She screamed as she threw it on him.

Roshan caughted it before it hit his face. He stared at her appalled.

Quickly Klara grabbed another fruit from the basket and threw it on him. "Arse!"

He dodged it swiftly, but another one already flew his way. "You fool!" She screamed.

He dodged it again.

Now a pineapple came his way.

She was really angry. "Stupid demon!"

Roshan sliced the pineapple with his dagger in the air. Klara stared at him furiously.

Roshan looked around at the wasted fruits on the ground.

"Princess, no need to waste food if you don't like roses."

She threw on more fruit at him before turning her back to him as more tears fell down her face. How could he not understand how she felt? He had scared her!

Roshan wrapped his arms around her from behind. She tried to

push him away but he held her tightly.

"I am sorry." He spoke against her hair. "I shouldn't have left but I needed some air to not bite you in your sleep. But I am disappointed in you. Do you think so low of me, that I would leave after our first night?"

Klara didn't know what she had been thinking. Why did she imagine the worst? Why did she believe that everyone would leave her?

"I am sorry." She apologized suddenly embarrassed of her behavior.

Roshan turned her around,

grabbing her face he made her look at him. "Klara. If you are going to trust me then trust me all the way." He wiped her tears away with his thumb.

She nodded.

"Good. Now I have another surprise for you. " He said.

"What is it?" She asked.

"A surprise." He grinned. God, he knew how to annoy her. "You can look forward to it during the day but I need to leave to prepare it."

He explained.

"Now? "

"Yes." He nodded.

"Alright." She agreed slightly disappointed.

Leaning down he kissed her in a way that made her fall on her knees. "I'll see you later." And before she could catch her breath he was gone.

Roshan arrived at his father's home. He should have called it his own home but he had been staying with Irene and Lucifer for so long that this place didn't feel like his home anymore.

"Ramiel!" His father cheered "Ramiel!" His father cheered upon his arrival. As usual, his father was surrounded by women and liquor. "Come and join us."

The women observed him and then nodded in appreciation.

Roshan was used to it so he just ignored them.

"Father, I need to speak to you."

"Oh," His father took a sip of his whine. "What makes my son concerned?" He asked.

Roshan manipulated the women to leave.

"Ah, it's a woman." His father grinned. "I knew you liked that blonde."

"I don't just like her. She is my mate."

His father put his glass down as his expression turned serious.

"A human? I was expecting." He waved his hand in which he held his glass of wine. "Nevermind."

Congratulations son!"

"Thank you, but I need your help!"

"Finally you ask for my help. What is it?"

"Her brother won't let her marry anyone so...." Roshan began.

"Anyone?!" His father cut off.

"Who said you are anyone? You are my son. That is not just anyone."

Roshan wasn't sure if his father was complimenting himself or him.

"You are rich, handsome, powerful, the highest class of demons. What more can he ask for?"

Roshan shook his head. His

father was clearly intoxicated.

"Well, telling him that I am the highest class of demons will not help me in any way." Roshan reminded.

"Yes right. Then...what's the problem? Just get inside his head." His father suggested.

"That's why I am here. I don't want to do that."

"Then I'll do it."

"No!"

His father chuckled. "You care too much son. Just don't get your heart broken...like me. Maybe it's good that she is human."

His father's mood suddenly went

down the hill. Both of them always avoided speaking of his mother.

"Father, will you help me or not?"

"Of course, of course." His father waved.

"Good. I have a plan."

Klara tried to think of what kind of surprise Roshan was preparing. What kind of surprise would need this much preparation? It was already past lunchtime and he still hadn't come back.

Wait! Was she was being too much? She had been doing nothing but thinking about him

and waiting for him. What was wrong with her? She had a lot to do. She had a war to plan.

"Ugh," she groaned.

"What is wrong?" Her brother stood at the door with a smile. He seemed to be in a good mood.

"What is wrong or right with you?" She asked.

"I am just glad I have a sister like you." He smiled.

Klara frowned not sure where her brother was going with this. What had she done to make him happy?

Rasmus walked into the room and sat at the table in front of

her. "Now tell me" He said leaning in. "Just how did you find us such a powerful ally? How did you even get hold of him?"

"What ally? What are you talking about?" Klara was confused.

"Oh come on. I know everything already. He is already on his way."

"Who is on his way?" Astrid interrupted their conversation.

"The richest man of the five kingdoms. Dariush Golchin. He helped the king of Shinai to unite the five kingdoms and thats how the Persian empire came into existence. He is the right man to help us." Rasmus explained.

Shinai? Persian empire?

Oh lord! It was Roshan!

"I am impressed, Klara." Her brother said with pride.

"But why would he want to help us?" Astrid asked skeptically. "I am sure he will ask for something in return. Something we probably don't want or can't give, since he is so rich and would probably have everything else."

Astrid was always the one to think ten steps ahead. Suddenly Rasmus became thoughtful.

"What did you tell him, Klara?" He asked sternly.

"Nothing!" She hurried to say. "I mean I am...I am not sure why he

wants to help."

It was true. She wasn't sure if this was Roshans doing. It was only a feeling she had and she could be wrong.

"Anyway, both of you be prepared for his arrival. He will be here very soon." Rasmus told them before leaving.

Klara panicked. If this was Roshan than what was he planning?

"You look like you have seen a ghost," Astrid noted.

How about a demon? Klara thought.

"Do you think he wants you?"

Astrid asked. "I think he does. He

must have seen you somewhere.

Have you seen him?"

"Astrid, I need to prepare myself so if you will excuse me." Klara motioned toward the door telling her sister to leave.

"Rude," Astrid said flipping her hair and then leaving.

Klara paced back and forth in her room, not sure what to prepare for and before she could even get her thoughts together she was informed that Dariush Golchin had arrived.

Slowly she made her way to the parlor and found her brother sitting with two other men. She knew both of them.

It was Roshan and his father!
Her brother laughed at
something Roshan's father said
when he took notice of her.

"Oh, here is my sister. Come."
Klara walked inside gracefully
and tried her best to keep a
straight face. Once she was
close enough she curtsied, while
her brother introduced them.

"This is the famous lord Golchin
and his... son Roshan. And this is
my sister Klara."

From the way, Rasmus said son
she knew he had a hard time
understanding how they could be
father and son. They looked
more like brothers.

"Thank you for honoring us with your presence," Klara spoke and then got seated in one of the armchairs.

"As you know we don't discriminate between men and women." Rasmus began. "My sister is also a war minister, therefore, she is here. I hope that won't be a problem."

"Not at all. I admire the fact "Not at all. I admire the fact that Her Highness is active in politics." Dariush admitted.

Rasmus nodded "I'll be straightforward. What is it you want in return for your help?" Speaking of being straightforward, "Your sister."

Dariush said.

Rasmus tilted his head slightly and narrowed his gaze. He usually did that when he didn't like what he was hearing. "Both of my sisters are unfortunately betrothed." He lied.

Klara panicked. She was not betrothed to anyone.

Dariush lips curved into a cryptic smile. "Since you said you don't discriminate between men and women I am sure you would let your sister decide whether she wants to break the engagement or not. I am sure your sister is smart enough to know which engagement will bring more

benefits to her and the kingdom." He spoke while looking at Klara.

"You are willing to accept my sister despite her having been betrothed to another man?"

Rasmus asked a bit appalled.

"It's not me who is willing to accept. It's my son."

Rasmus nodded thoughtfully as he shifted his gaze to Roshan.

"Why would I give my sister to you?"

"Because you care for her. You raised her to be a strong woman raised her to be a strong woman who can make a difference.

I won't let everything you taught her go to waste." Roshan

promised.

Rasmus seemed a bit impressed. He turned to Klara and looked at her for approval. She looked down shyly.

"Since you said she is wise enough to make a decision I'll let her decide," Rasmus said surprising her.

Klara was so happy she wanted to rush and give her brother a hug but all she could do was give him a smile.

"Fair enough."

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"Do you have any siblings Roshan?" Rasmus asked as they

took a walk in the castle.

"No," Roshan replied.

"Then you probably don't know how I feel."

"How do you feel?" Roshan asked even though he already knew since he could read his thoughts.

"My sisters are all I have. I have raised them, educated them, protected them, provided for them and in return, they gave me a reason to live. Now, both of them are leaving." He paused.

Rasmus had a difficult time letting go of his sisters.

"I want them to be in good hands. Yes, being a king and

ruling over big lands feels good but I would leave it all for my sisters. So if anyone ever hurts them, I'll look for them wherever they hide." He continued.

Roshan nodded.

"Klara is not as tough as she looks. Her toughness is only a shield. She has been through a lot and seen a lot that she shouldn't have seen. She keeps it all inside and hides it with her tough attitude but on the inside, she is a kind soul. Someone who can't sleep in peace if she has done something bad. She even escaped home just to help those she thought she had

wronged." He chuckled. " She is very stubborn."

Roshan already knew all this. "She is." He agreed. "She agreed to marry me with one condition."

Rasmus came to a halt. "What is the condition?"

"To visit you once every month."

Rasmus was shocked. When a woman left her family she never came back home. That was a disgrace to her husband's family.

"I can't believe it. I'll speak to her." He said.

"No need. I already agreed to her condition."

Now Rasmus seemed even more surprised. "Why?"

"Why not? Who made those stupid rules anyway? If people can make rules they can break them as well and create some new ones more suitable for them. I don't follow rules I don't like." Roshan said.

Rasmus nodded impressed. He was thinking of doing the same thing. He was a king after all so he should abandon rules he didn't like set new ones. Ones that society would slowly accept and changes would take place eventually.

"This is Klara's quarters. Here is the dining room. I'll let you two have dinner alone while I

accompany your father. I am sure you want to discuss a few things with each other."

Rasmus motioned for him to go inside. Roshan had to admit that Klara's brother was openminded. He liked that about him. Helping him as a king would not be a bad idea.

Roshan got seated at the table and waited for Klara once Rasmus left. A few servants were setting the table when Klara arrived.

They still had to pretend like they didn't know each other since servants were present and they could spread gossip.

Roshan stood up from his seat. Walking over he pulled the chair out for her. After she got seated he went to his seat and sat down. The butler served them food and poured them drinks and then all the servants stood at the corner of the room, pretending not to see or hear anything.

They had already spoken earlier but only for a very short while, and about the one condition, it was all a lie. He knew she would want to meet her brother at least once every month so he lied about it.

"So My Lady. Tell me about

yourself. I am very curious." He said picking up a fork and a knife. "Well as you can see, if you are not blind of course. I am extremely beautiful, charming, smart and isn't that enough?" She asked straightening her shoulders.

He knew she was playing with him but he could see the servant struggling to keep a straight face at her comments. They probably thought that she was shallow.

Roshan manipulated the servant to forget what they heard, leave and close the door after behind them.

Klara was about to pick a carrot with her fork when the servants suddenly began to move. Why were they leaving? As they left they closed the door to the dining room leaving her locked inside, alone with Roshan.

She turned to him to ask if he manipulated them but he was not sitting on his seat. She looked around wondering where he disappeared when she suddenly felt warm strong hands on her shoulders.

"What did you think of my surprise?" He asked standing behind her.

Klara tried to think straight

despite his hands slowly crawling to her neck. "I liked it. But you should have told me. Don't you know how fl.u.s.tered I was?"

"I know. " He said removing the hair away from her neck. Leaning down he pressed his lips to her neck making all the feelings from last night come alive. Suddenly she imagined him scooping her up in his arms and taking her to bed. She abandoned the thought quickly.

"I can't believe my brother agreed to this easily." She said.

"He cares for you a lot. I told him that I would let you visit him every month."

Klara stood up and turned to him.

"Would you really let me do that?"

He grabbed her face between his hands. "I would do and give you anything you ask for."

Klara wrapped her arms around him. "Thank you."

He hugged her back holding her tight. "I can't wait to take you home." He spoke next to her ear.

Klara's heart skipped a beat. The thought of this man taking her home brought a fluttering feeling to her stomach.

"Tonight I'll be visiting Lucian. "

He began. "Do you maybe want to come with me and meet

Hazel?"

Lucian. She hadn't seen him since the day she helped him escape and she wasn't sure if she wanted to see him now. On the other hand, she really wanted to see Hazel.

"I'll think about it." She said.

And she did. She thought about it carefully the whole evening.

Yes, she loved Lucian once but not anymore. So there was no reason to avoid him. Now her heart belonged to someone else.

Once she made up her mind she dressed nicely and waited for Roshan.

"So I see you are going." He said when he came.

She nodded. "Yes."

"Good. Now come here." He opened his arms widely.

Klara shook her head with a smile as she made her way into his arms and wrapped her own around him. As usual in the blink of an eye, she found herself somewhere else.

From the interior design, Klara could tell they were inside a castle. While looking around the clicking sound of footsteps caught her attention. She turned to where the sound came from and found Lucian walking from and found Lucian walking from a

distance.

Klara's heart skipped a beat. She hadn't prepared herself to meet him yet. Her hands began to sweat and she looked down afraid as he came closer.

"Klara?" His voice was just like she remembered and she couldn't help but look up. He seemed surprised. His gaze shifted between her and Roshan.

"How come you are here? Do you know each other?"

Klara just stared at him for a moment, taking in his appearance and making sure he was alright. She had believed he was dead after all, but he

seemed just fine. More than fine actually. He seemed more she couldn't put it into words. Something just seemed different about him. And of course, his long flawless hair was gone. Now it was shorter and fell just beneath his shoulders but it didn't make him any less good-looking.

"She is my wife to be," Roshan said shortly wrapping one arm around her shoulder. For some reason, she felt strange having the man she used to live in front of her and the one she loves now next to her. A situation she never thought would occur.

Lucian nodded thoughtfully but didn't reveal what he was thinking. Klara just kept her mouth shut. She didn't know what to say and Lucian didn't ask any further questions. He just led the way to the parlor and then ordered a servant to bring Hazel.

"So...can I ask how you two met?"

Lucian asked breaking the awkward silence in the room.

"She ended up in my home while saving your wife," Roshan said emphasizing the last part as if to remind him.

Lucian turned to Klara. "Hazel told me everything. I never thanked you for helping her."

"You don't have too." Klara cut off. "Since Hazel and I are friends now." She grimaced at the word friends. She couldn't believe she said that.

Why did she say it when she didn't even know what the word meant since she never had any friends.

"Then thank you for being her friend. She could use one." He said.

Just then Hazel came into the room. She looked around until her gaze fell on Klara. Klara stood up slowly from her seat, not sure why. She looked at Hazel who smiled widely at her

before crossing the distancing between them and wrapping her arms around her.

Klara stiffened but then hugged her back loosely not sure how to respond.

Lucian and Roshan gave each other a look.

"I am glad you came," Hazel said as they let go of each other.

"Me too."

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Klara and Hazel sat at the garden, watching while Roshan trained Lucian on how to fight. Klara already knew that Lucian was a very skilled swordsman,

but she was very surprised at how quick Roshan was. She could barely detect his movement and he avoided every strike coming from Lucian without effort.

While fighting he was instructing Lucian on how to hold his sword, how to stand and how to strike.

For someone as skilled as Lucian to receive instruction just seemed unimaginable for Klara but at the same time, Roshan's movement was unimaginable as well. No human could move that way but again, he wasn't human.

"Thank you for coming. I know it might feel uncomfortable." Hazel

spoke.

"No, I am fine, as long as it's not uncomfortable for you." She said.

Hazel shook her head. "I am glad you are here."

Klara wondered what Hazel liked about her. She was not very friendly. She didn't know anything about being a friend.

"So you and Roshan? Tell me about it. I am curious." She said leaning into the table with prying eyes.

"Well, I...I don't know where to start." Klara looked down at her hands. She never spoke about personal things with other

people than her siblings. This felt strange.

"Do you like him?" Hazel asked.

Klara nodded.

"What do you like about him?"

She turned and watched him while he spoke to Lucian.

"He is relaxed and funny and spontaneous. The opposite of what I am." She shrugged realizing how different they were from each other.

"But he is also straightforward, and charming and a great fighter from what I see. Just like you."

Hazel smiled. "I can see you like him very much."

"How?" Klara asked curious.

"The way you blush and smile while you talk of him," Hazel explained.

Klara looked down at her hands again. She had been unable to stop the bubbly feeling in stop the bubbly feeling in her stomach since last night and her cheeks flushed every time she remembered. Which was almost every time she looked at him or spoke about him.

"So, how does it feel to be pregnant?" Klara asked changing the topic.

"It feels great so far."

"Are you scared? I mean it's not a human child."

Hazel paused her eyes widening.

"Roshan told you what he is?"

She said with realization.

Klara nodded.

"How...I mean what do you feel about it?" She asked.

"To be honest, I was very confused and scared at first. I didn't know what all that would mean and how it would affect my life. I just didn't know what to do."

"It's normal to feel that way. I mean I had a long time to figure out and despite all the time that I had I was still shocked when I found out. It's something you would never expect. I had all the signs in front of me but my brain

refused to believe in them."

Hazel rambled.

"Yes right. That's how I feel. It still feels unreal to me. I am just imagining him to be human."

"Yes me too."

They both giggled looking at their respective partners.

"I think they are laughing at you,"

Roshan spoke.

"Why would they do that?" Lucian asked aiming at him again and missing again. He wanted to throw his sword away in frustration and give up. He could barely see when Roshan moved. How would he strike him then?

"Because you are a terrible

fighter."

"Then aren't you supposed to teach me instead of laughing with them?" Lucian retorted with them?" Lucian retorted.

"Come on! Son of the devil and a powerful witch. You are supposed to teach me and not the other way round. You are not channeling your inner strength. Power without strategy is useless."

Lucian paused. "Do you always talk this much?"

Roshan ignored his question and continued. "When you want to do something, you think about it while channeling your inner strength. When I avoid your

attacks I am not actually moving,
I am shifting position. That's why
you can't detect my movement.
Like this." He said and then
suddenly he disappeared from
his sight.

Lucian looked around wondLucian looked
around wondering

where Roshan dissapaered when
he felt someone behind him.

Turning around he found Roshan
standing there.

"Hello!" Startled Lucian turned
around to find Roshan standing
behind him.

"How did you do that?" He asked.

It happened so fast. Usually,
when Lucian teleported himself
it took time.

"Now try it," Roshan told Lucian.

"Just think of standing behind me while taking a step to do that."

Lucian cleared his mind and then followed Roshan's instructions.

He took a step and imagined himself standing behind Roshan and just like that, he found himself shifting to where he imagined himself to be.

"See, it's not difficult," Roshan said impressed. "But...when you fight you have to think faster. Much faster. This is still slow."

Roshan taught him how to move fast, how to make his movements unpredictable and movements unpredictable and a

few tricks on how to easily kill demons.

"I suggest you use daggers when fighting demons. In fast movements, swords are difficult to use since they are bigger and heavier." Roshan explained and then gave him two small silver daggers. "You can have these. They are completely new."

"I don't know how to use daggers," Lucian said looking at them.

"You are the devil's son. You will figure it out. I need to leave now and take her home." He glanced at Klara who was chatting happily with Hazel.

"Will you come back and teach me more?" Lucian asked.

Roshan couldn't understand how Lucian could be so sharp yet gentle at the same time. A perfect combination of his parents, he thought. Maybe that's why he liked him.

"Only if you call me brother." He teased knowing that it annoyed him the last time he called him that.

"I've had enough brothers," Lucian said coldly.

"Had."

"I don't want a brother." He said.

"Do you want a mother then? Have you reconciled with your

mother?" Roshan asked.

"That's none of your business,"
Lucian spoke calmly but Roshan
could see that he didn't like the
topic.

"I have not seen my mother in
three hundred years. She left us
and never came back. I looked and never
came back. I looked
for her everywhere thinking that
maybe she got hurt or maybe
she is unhappy but found that
she was perfectly fine and living
with her new family. She didn't
come and look for me even
once. I don't know what you have
been through but I know your
mother. I have been with her long
enough to know that she missed

you every single day." Roshan sighed not knowing why he was telling him this. Why did he even care?

"I'll take my leave now." He said and left Lucian standing there alone.

"Klara, it's late." He said as he neared the table where she and Hazel sat.

"Are you leaving?" Hazel asked disappointment clear in her tone. They probably had an interesting conversation.

"Yes, My Lady."

They both stood up and Hazel took the initiative to hug Klara first. Klara hugged her back, less

awkward this time. "Come and visit some other time." She told her.

"I will," Klara replied.

Once they arrived back in her room Klara still had her arms wrapped around him and didn't let go. Roshan looked at her but did his best to not read her thoughts. Because Only God knew what he was going to do to her if she was thinking something naughty.

"Thank you for taking me out today." She smiled at him. "I had fun."

"I am glad."

"Will you stay tonight? I want you

to stay." She said without blushing this time.

She was getting bold. Let's see how bold she can get, he thought to himself amused.

"What are you willing to offer in order for me to stay?" He asked. Her expression turned serious.

Something he didn't expect.

"Roshan. I am willing to give myself to you entirely.

Just...don't break my heart."

Roshan tightened his hold around her. He wanted to go back and fight Lucian for real this time for breaking this woman's heart. He didn't know what to say to convince her that he had no

plans of breaking her heart or leaving her. Ever!

"Klara," He grabbed her face gently and like every time he said her name her heart skipped. He loved the effect he had on her.

"Then give yourself to me, entirely and eternally."

His hand slid to the back of her head. Grabbing her hair he tilted her head back slightly. Leaning down he grazed his fangs against her neck, just to warn her of what he was about to do.

Claim her! Make her his. Forever! Klara didn't flinch back, nor did she push him away. She simply leaned into him as if approving

and without hesitation, Roshan sank his fangs into her flesh.

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Lucian couldn't stop thinkinLucian couldn't stop thinking of what Roshan had said to him. He couldn't stop recalling his mother's sad eyes. He couldn't stop recalling what it had felt like when she had hugged him. The way she had made him feel warm and safe. Lucian couldand safe. Lucian couldn't

understand why she had abandoned him but he thought that she probably had a good reason. He hoped so at least.

The sweet scent of Hazel

suddenly filled the air. It made Lucian turn in bed so that he could see her. She had just changed into her nightgown and was letting her hair down as she walked toward the bed. These days she seemed to glow even more and he fell in love with her all over again.

She came and sat on her side of the bed with legs crossed. She seemed happy. "Roshan and Klara, Isn't that amazing. They look perfect together."

Lucian agreed. He was glad Lucian agreed. He was glad she found someone. He could still remember the pain in her eyes when he had turned down her

proposal.

"Are you uncomfortable with her being here?" Hazel asked.

"No. You seem to enjoy her company."

"I do." She smiled. "She is stiff but she is genuine."

That's what he thought about Roshan. He was annoying but he was genuine. The genuine couple.

Hazel turned to him and studied him with eyes glowing with desire.

"Don't look at me like that." He warned.

These days she had been more craving, whether it was food or

s.e.x. She had never come at him like that before, without shying away. He wondered what changed.

"Are you tired?" She asked playing innocent.

"Yes." He said just to see her reaction.

She nodded but he could see the disappointment in her eyes. He couldn't understand why he enjoyed this version of her so much.

"Goodnight then." She forced herself to smile and then tucked herself under the sheets turning away from him.

"Hazel"

"Sleep if you are tired. Hearing your voice in the dim light makes it more difficult for me." She admitted.

Lucian couldn't stop smiling
Lucian couldn't stop smiling to himself. He was glad that he wasn't the only one struggling to control himself sometimes. He thought of letting her experience it for a while. But Hazel was restless. She kept turning back and forth in bed unable to sleep.

Once she even called his name to see if he was awake but he pretended to be asleep.

How could he be so cruel? He thought to himself.

With a sigh, she turned the other way again.

Lucian opened his eyes. He watched her back for a while than ever so slowly he reached his hand out and trailed his fingers down her back.

"Hazel," He shifted closer to her. She turned on her back and looked at him surprised.

"Did I wake you?" She asked.

Lucian nodded.

"I am sorry. I just" She tried to come up with an excuse.

"You just what?"

"Nothing. It's...too hot in here. I'll just open the window." She said trying to get out of bed he

stopped her placing one arm
over her waist.

"Hazel, it's autumn and it's cold
outside."

"Oh yes, I"

He knew he was being petty,
wanting her to admit what she
wanted.

"I won't bother you anymore."

She said apologetically.

"But I want you to bother me."

It took her a while to understand
what he meant and then slowly
her eyes gleamed again. Lucian
leaned down to kiss her unable
to stop himself but to his
surprise, she pushed him away
and down on his back before

placing herself on top of him. Lucian was stunned by her sudden strength but didn't comment on it. He was too caught up in the moment and didn't want to ruin it. The way she looked at him, it was as if she had never seen him before or as if she just fell in love with him again.

Hazel leaned down, capturing his lips in a soft kiss while her hands trailed down his bare chest. The simple touch of her fingertips inflamed him but he stayed still. Tonight he would let her be in control. He was curious to know what she would do to him.

Hazel kissed a path down his jaw and neck. "You smell so good."

She murmured.

"And how do I taste?" He asked breathless.

"I'll have to taste again," She said before capturing his mouth again.

Lucian smiled against her lips.

"Mhmm...you taste like spices."

She said.

Spices? Not what he expected, but she seemed to like it.

Hazel's hand's trailer down his body restlessly as if she was in a rush, then she took off the remaining of his clothes. Her eagerness was infectious so he

pushed himself up and grabbed the hem of her nightgown. Hazel stretched her arms above her head making it easier for him to take it off. Despite having seen her bare body many times he felt his mouth fall open again and this time she didn't shy away or try to cover herself up. Instead, she grabbed his shoulder and straddled him.

The warmth and softness of her made his body instantly react which caused her to smile. She grasped his hair and kissed him hungrily. He could feel her need in the kiss and in the way her hands eagerly touched him. She

had no patience and he was
losing his.

Grasping her hair he pulled her
head back and then kissed and
licked a path down her throat. His
hands went to explore her body.
Hazel shuddered in his arms as
her hands clutched his back.

He could feel her sensitivity. The
way her body shivered with every
flick of his tongue. He loved the
way he could easily affect her
and the way she surrendered to
him completely.

Her body was flushed. He could
feel her heat under his palm and
the fullness of her curves. Lucian
wanted to savor the moment but

his body was aching and he could no longer wait. With a swift movement, their bodies became one.

A gasp escaped her lips and Lucian held onto her tightly as her warmth enveloped him, enslaved him. He was in sweet torture while trying to hold on to the last string of his control. Hazel was still for a while letting her body adjust to his but then slowly their bodies began to move in harmony.

She dug her fingers in his shoulder urging him on. Lucian groaned against her neck feeling his heart accelerate in rhythm

with hers. Her body flushed even more and her heat consumed him. He felt her body strain, her muscles clench, before she cried out in pleasure.

Lucian was amazed. She had never finished this fast before. Hazel rested her head on his shoulder breathing heavily. Lucian stroke her back and tried to be patient despite his still hungry demon. He was not done yet.

"Are you alright?"

She nodded unable to speak.

Lucian rolled her over so that she was laying on her back with him on top. He studied her for a while. She was still shaking

slightly. He caressed her slowly.

"Tell me when you are ready to go again." He said grazing his fingers down her thighs. She usually needed a moment to recover. But not this time it seemed.

Reaching up she grabbed the back of his head and brought his lips down on hers. If she was so hungry he was going to give it to her without holding back.

They went a second time until they both cried out in satisfaction and then fell asleep with bodies entwined under the sheets.

Lucian didn't know how long he

had been asleep when he woke up but Hazel was still in bed and awake.

"Good morning." She smiled while tugged under the sheets.

"Good morning." He said turning so that he lay fully facing her.

"Aren't you late? It was almost lunchtime." She said.

Lucian groaned not wanting to think of anything else but laying in bed with his wife. "I don't want to leave." He admitted reaching for her under the sheets. She was still n.a.k.e.d.

Good lord. He wanted to touch her all over again as he remembers her bare body. He

always thought she looked
she looked

beautiful but now she was
exquisite. She was fuller, more
radiant and alive. She was
ravishing.

"Not again, Lucian." She beamed
at him.

He was touching her under the
sheets, enjoy the feel of her
again.

"Why not?"

"Because I need to be able to
walk."

"Oh, but I would rather have you in
bed all day." He joked although it
was partly true.

"You never get enough, do you?"

She shook her head at him.

If she only knew, he thought.

Hazel sat up on the bed and then swung her legs down. "Oh god!" She groaned startled.

"What?"

"Nothing." She giggled and then stretched her limbs.

While stretching he noticed a few marks on her body. His fingers were faintly imprinted into her skin but with his preternatural sight, he could see it clearly.

He pushed himself up on one arm. "Are you in pain?" He asked worried that he might have been a little rough last night.

She turned back to him. "Just

sore but starved." She said her eyes becoming distant as if imagining something. "Oh, I am craving strawberries or I could have meat. Yes. A lot of it." Her eyes lit up, probably imagining what the food would taste like. Usually, she would hurry to put some clothes on, but now she kept dreaming of food.

Lucian just smiled, amused
Lucian just smiled, amused by
this new version of his wife.

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I don't know what happened to

me. I went from having no

appetite at all to craving food all

the time. But food was not all I craved. I glanced up at Lucian from where I sat across him on the table. He was eating calmly compared to me who was trying to stuff everything at the same time in my mouth.

My body ached as I studied him in silence. Even though I was sore, I wouldn't mind going back to bed and do last night's deed all over again.

"You are looking at me like that again." He smiled.

Stop smiling, I wanted to yell. His smile was not making it easier for me. I stuffed the grilled meat in my mouth and tried to focus

on how it tasted instead of him.

Lucian chuckled. "Eat slowly. You might get indigestion."

I cursed inwardly. Even his laugh was inviting.

What was wrong with me?

I felt different both physically and emotionally. I was very sensitive, whether it was to touch, taste or smell. My senses were heightened and my body felt stronger. I guessed it had to do with the pregnancy. The midwife had said something about feeling sensitive and emotional or be very craving. I felt all those things but I never thought it would be to this

extent. I had to ask Irene.

Once Lucian left for work I went to Irene's room. She was sitting on the bed and knitting something.

"What are you doing?" I asked curious.

"I am knitting a sweater for the baby." She smiled.

I went to sit next to her. She had chosen a beautiful turquoise color.

"Isn't the color beautiful?"

Whether its a girl or a boy they can wear it." She explained.

"Yes. It's very beautiful." I agreed.

"Irene?"

"Yes, darling."

"Did you feel different when you were pregnant? Like really different." I asked.

"Are you talking about the cravings?"

I nodded.

"Well, your body is changing. A child is growing inside of you so it's just normal to feel different. Things might taste and feel different. You might feel more sensitive both physically and emotionally. Maybe you get angry easily or sad. It's different for every woman."

I nodded again feeling relieved that it was normal but there was something else.

"Did you also feel stronger?" I asked.

Irene paused and then turned to me slowly. "Oh right. I forgot. Your baby is a demon, witch, and human. The human and witch side don't have side effects but the demon side does. You are probably turning."

"Turning?"

Wait! I was turning into a demon because of my child.

"Half-demon." Irene corrected.

"You will feel more powerful and your senses will heighten. Trust me, everything will feel much better now when you are pregnant. Enjoy your time." She

winked.

A blush crept to my face remembering that Irene was not only my friend now. She was my husband's mother as well.

"Well, I'll let you finish your work."
I

excused myself and left.

The weeks passed by quickly with my cravings only increasing and Lucian being busy state affairs. Roshan would visit often to train him and sometimes Klara would accompany him. Now they were even planning for their wedding and Klara seemed very happy.

"I wish I could invite you, but you know my brother," Klara said

apologetically.

"It's alright. I wish I could be there too. But I'll root for your happiness from here."

Klara and I had become very close and to our surprise, we weren't so different from each other as we thought. We had many things in common that we enjoyed and could chat and laugh about the whole day. I noticed that even Roshan and Lucian become close Lucian become close and sometimes they would just sit and talk. I was happy that Lucian found a friend in a demon so that he wouldn't feel alone. I was also happy that he was

slowly opening his heart for his mother. Sometimes I would find him sitting with Irene and having long talks. He had said that she was only teaching him how to use his witch powers but I could see that he enjoyed her company. Even Lothaire would visit sometimes but things didn't seem to go well between him and Lucian.

"Lucian. Have you forgiven your mother?" I asked one night as we lay in our bed.

"No. There is nothing to forgive. I think I knew it from the beginning but I just"

I knew what he wanted to say. He

had been in so much pain so he wanted someone to blame. He wanted to release his pain somewhere so that he wouldn't have to keep it inside.

I put my hand gently on his cheek. "Let it go, Lucian. You deserve to be happy. That pain and anger is your enemy, so don't let your enemy win."

He took my hand and kissed my palm. "I won't." He promised. "I want to be happy now."

"Yes. Let's live happily together."

"With our daughter." He put his hand on my stomach.

"Daughter?" I said surprised. "You want a daughter?"

Kings usually wanted a son.

Someone who could carry on the line.

Lucian nodded. "Yes. I want a daughter that I can spoil. A son will only suffer."

"What if it is a son?" I asked.

"I'll do my best to give him a good childhood and protect him." He said.

"Whether it's a daughter or a son, they will be lucky to have you as their father." I ensured him.

"I hope so."

That night, despite craving something else I was content with just sleeping in his arms. But as soon as the morning came I

was not content anymore. I felt like a wild beast ready to eat anything and everything. I knew I had gained some more weight but I didn't care. At least not when food was laid in front of me. But when Lucian was in front of me, I craved him.

I really tried my best to not jump on him every night. Sometimes I would succeed and sometimes I would not. I wondered if he thought differently about me now. Did he find me bothering maybe? Not that he showed any signs of that but I just found myself bothering sometimes.

"Do I look fat?" I asked Klara one

day when she came to visit.

She studied me for a while. "You look voluptuous." She said.

"So I am fat?!"

"Nooo...It's not the same thing."

She tried to explain.

"You are just trying to sound nice. I know you think I am

fat!" Klara raised her brows

surprised by how I acted. It was

unlike me to get angry with

people without a reason.

"Well I...I think you still look beautiful. I mean you are

pregnant so you are not going to

look the same." She explained

calmly.

"I am sorry." I apologized. "But

uhhhh.I want to eat something."

Klara laughed. "I thought you were worried about being fat just now."

"Well, I don't care anymore. Let's go eat some meat!"

Klara shook her head as she followed me to the dining room.

"So your wedding is very soon.

Are you nervous?" I asked.

"Nervous? No. Should I be?"

"Well...I don't know. I was very nervous."

"Oh" She said nodding as if finally understanding something. Then she gestured with her hand for me to lean closer. "I have already done it." She whispered.

Slowly I leaned back into my chair while trying to digest what she said. "You already did it?"

She nodded with a blush.

Of course. What was I expecting? Klara was not as shy or scared like me. She was adventurous and Roshan seemed like the type who knew exactly how to seduce a woman. With his looks, he probably didn't need to put in a lot of effort. My gaze fell on her neck but her hair was down so I couldn't tell if he claimed her or not.

"Did he also" I pointed at my own mark.

She nodded again. "Yes."

"How did it feel?" I asked unable to stop myself.

"It was a bit painful but very...pleasurable."

I agreed with her. "Did he only do it once?" I was curious since Lucian had done it more than once.

"Yes. But when the mark starts to fade he will get the urge to bite me again. That's what he told me." She explained.

I nodded, now understanding why Lucian had bitten me again.

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Things were going well for

Lucian. The people of Decresh liked and appreciated the changes he had made, he had learned a lot about being a demon from Roshan and being a witch from his mother. His brother and those who wronged him were rotten in the dungeon and he would visit them sometimes to add salt to their wounds. His enemies still feared him and kept their distance. Maybe the rumors that were not rumors at all were good for him. Most of all he was happy because his beautiful wife was pregnant and she was shining more than ever.

Was she demanding?

Oh yes!

Did he hate it?

Oh no!

He loved it and he gave in to all her demands. It's not like he could resist her when she was all over him with those lushes curves and seductive eyes. Oh, how he loved this delicate version of her where she reacted to the slightest brush of his fingers. She melted in his arms with only a kiss. She was too distracting for his own good. He knew he had to focus on other things as well. He forced himself to get out of

bed again while Hazel slept peacefully. He changed in his personal room as to not wake her and then left to do his Royal duties. Today he was going to meet leaders from a few powerful covens. He wasn't sure exactly what to tell them yet. He was just mostly curious to see what they thought of him.

When he arrived at the throne hall he was surprised to find Nyx there. She was sitting next to one of the large windows and looking outside.

She turned around when She turned around when she heard his footsteps then smiled.

"Good morning."

"Good morning." He greeted back. "What brings you here?" He walked closer to where she sat.

"I wanted to speak to you." She said and then motioned for him to sit next to her.

Lucian wondered why Lucian wondered why she

seemed so serious but he went and sat beside her.

"You are meeting with the wretched soon?" She began.

Lucian nodded.

"The witches will probably not accept you. I would advise you to focus on the demons. Demons usually follow those they fear. If someone is strong enough to lead them they will follow. They

are not like witches. Witches think it's their duty to protect the weak and innocent but they don't realize that humans can be as evil as some demons. Now, that hazel is pregnant they will become even angrier."

"Why?"

"Demons are not supposed to reproduce except with their own kind. But the demons race is mostly male, so for those males who were without a mate, they sought human females to reproduce with. Witches were not happy with that since they thought that these demons manipulated the females to

expand their race. But the fact is that these male demons found their mate in those female humans."

"They will not hurt Hazel!" Lucian said clenching his fists.

"They won't dare to do that in your own home. Witches are not reckless. They don't know the extent of your power since you are a half breed and they don't know your allies, if the demons are backing you up, so they wouldn't dare to attack." She put her hand on top of his as if assuring him.

"Is that why you couldn't be with me? Because"

Because she, a witch gave birth to the devil's child. Her family must have hated and abandoned her.

"Yes. My mother...she put a curse on me so that I wouldn't be able to see you again." Her voice cracked as she spoke. It was as if she was reliving the pain again. She fought back her tears. "But don't worry. That won't happen to your child. There are many demons that are mating with humans. The witches can not fight them all. My case was different since I was a witch. I was never supposed to be with a demon." She chuckled darkly.

"Especially not the devil himself."

Lucian could finally understand why his mother couldn't be with him. But that didn't take his anger away. Now instead he felt angry at those who separated them and caused his mother so much pain.

"So what do you suggest I do?"

Lucian asked.

"I suggest you summon the demons instead. Show them that you are not scared. Show them your authority and that they shall fear you. Because you, my son, you are the devil's son. And now that you learned about being a demon and a witch you just need

to trust your inner power. You need to believe that you are strong. If you have the demons by your side you won't need the witches."

"I thought the witched were very strong," Lucian said confused.

"They are. Together they are strong and that's why witches have covens. One witch would have a hard time fighting a powerful demon alone.

Therefore they can not sneak on you. If the witches plan to attack you, then you will know and if you have the demons by your side you only need to summon them."

Lucian nodded thoughtfully. He

had thought about it many times. The witches would never accept him because even if he was half-witch, his mother had sided with the demons, therefore, they would think that he would have no genuine intention of siding with them. Lucian hadn't actually thought of choosing sides but he learned that demons and witches would never accept each other. They had been enemies since the beginning of times, therefore, he would have to either chose a side or not choose at all.

There was a chance that the demons would accept him but

not the witches. Evil should never be accepted according to them and they would rather die here on earth than go to hell later. But Lucian had decided that if the witches were not going to side with him then he would make them fear him so much that they would tremble and the mention of his name. He would show them what it truly meant to be a witch with demon blood running through his veins.

"Your Majesty. The guests have arrived. " A guard informed.

"I'll stay here with you." His mother said.

"And me too." Roshan suddenly

spoke from behind him.

Roshan noticed that Lucian's aura suddenly changed as he made his way to the throne and sat down. He seemed more confident in himself but also frightening. That's how he had wanted him to be all along. It would be interesting to see how he would handle the witches.

With a wave of his hand, Lucian signaled for the guard to let them in.

After a short moment, several men and women entered the throne hall. They walked along the red carpet that led to the throne and when they were close

enough to see him their mouth
fell open. Some of them blinked
a few times as if to make sure
what they were looking at was
real.

Well, the man was too good-
looking to be true, Roshan had to
admit.

One of the older males who
seemed to be in his late forties
went out of his haze and
greeted him.

"Your Majesty. I have heard great
things about you." He spoke.

Roshan could hear a hint of fear
in his voice. Now that Lucian
looked as though he could kill
someone with a look anyone

would be petrified.

"I am sure. I have worked hard for the people in this kingdom to feel safe." Lucian said calmly yet there was a storm under that calm voice and the witches could sense it.

"I can see that. Still, we came to tell you that we have no intention of making peace with you or the demons. We will keep protecting our people and humans." The man said trying his best to not seem the least scared. But Roshan was good at reading body language.

"The way you protected my mother?" Lucian asked motioning

toward Nyx.

Nyx froze and Roshan turned to Lucian surprised. It was the Lucian surprised. It was the first time he addressed Nyx as his mother.

The man turned his gaze to Nyx and gave her a disgusted look.

"Your mother chose to abandon her people. There was no reason for us to protect her." He almost spat.

"And I? I didn't choose anything. I was born this way." The way he said it should have sounded sad but it didn't. It was more like a reminder that they had also abandoned someone who was one of their own people. Himself.

The man was taken aback by the question. It was something he hadn't expected.

"You said you protect your people and the humans. I am your people even if it is only half of me. As for the human, I have done more for them than you have. Am I wrong?" Lucian still spoke with that same tone. Calm yet authoritative. He spoke like a true King. A true leader.

The man seemed to be at loss of words but he still straightened himself after a moment. "Yes, you didn't choose anything. But the demons didn't choose to be demons either but

they are. Unfortunately, we don't support evil."

"Are you telling me that no witch is evil? And that no humans are evil either? Then I must say that you are either blind or lack judgment." Lucian sounded rather mocking.

They all tensed, clearly offenThey all tensed, clearly offended by his statement.

"Unfortunately for you, you have no intention of making peace but I hope that you have no intention of fighting either."

"We fight evil. That's what we do." Another man spoke behind him. Another man spoke behind him.

"Then I shall show you what real evil looks like," Lucian had never looked as evil as when he said those words.

It was like he made them a promise but also gave them a warning. To not even think of coming near him.

Lucian stood up from his seat and Roshan could see how some of them flinched. He walked down the stairs to where they stood beneath him. They stood their ground but the fear was clear on some faces. Only those who came from very powerful covens were able to hide their feelings.

Lucian walked up until he
walked up until he stood
very close to them before he
spoke.

"I sincerely advise you to not
provoke me. If any of you even
try to hurt the people I care for,
I'll come for yours. I'll make sure
you know the feeling of being
utterly alone in this world."

Roshan wanted to clap. He felt
proud for some odd reason. One
thing witches cared for was their
own people, especially their
families. Threatening their
families would make them think
twice.

"So" The harsh lines suddenly
disappeared from his face and a

smile appeared. "It was nice meeting. I'll arrange for you to reach back home safely." He said confusing them.

Lucian knew what he was doing. He was showing them that he was a peaceful and respectful man who was not looking for a fight. But if someone wanted to be on his bad side then he was going to show them just that. His bad side.

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"You handled the witches very well," Roshan told Lucian.

"I know," Lucian said.

"Arrogant bastard," Roshan

muttered which caused Lucian to smile.

"I learned that from you." He said.

"I am not arrogant." Roshan denied.

Lucian raised a brow. "You are. But in a tasteful way."

"Is that supposed to make me feel better?"

"No."

Roshan chuckled. "You are becoming more fun to be around."

Lucian came to a halt. "Roshan. I need to know everything about demons."

"You are going to meet them?"

Lucian nodded. Before it was too

late he wanted to solve all his problems and then just enjoy his time with his wife and child.

Roshan took his time and told him everything. From the creation of demons, how they came to rule different parts of the world, the war between themselves and how they became enemies with the witched. He also told him about different powers that demons could shield, how the rank system of demons worked and weaknesses he could use against them.

"Look demons are simple. They are not speakers so don't try to

convince them with words. Use actions to communicate."

Roshan suggested. "And don't be afraid. I am here."

Lucian felt a strange feeling in his chest at Roshan's words.

"Why are you helping me?" He asked.

Roshan tilted his head slightly and narrowed his gaze. "I am glad things are going well between you and your mother. I don't even remember what my mother looks like anymore. It has been a very long time since I saw her last. Irene is like a mother figure to me. She is the one to always ask if I ate well or slept well and

when I come late or get myself into trouble like I always do, she is the one to scold me. Of course, there is my father and we are very close but he is a troublemaker himself. " He chuckled.

"That was a long answer to my question," Lucian said.

Roshan chuckled again. "I am saying you matter to me because you matter to Irene." Lucian already knew what he meant. Maybe he just hoped to hear something else.

"Now, are you ready to leave?"

Lucian nodded.

Roshan was a bit concerned. He

didn't know what Lucian had in mind but he knew what he had to do. If anyone tried to hurt Lucian he would get rid of them.

Without hesitation. Once Lucian was ready Roshan took him to the underworld as they called it. It was a place where demons It was a place where demons liked to spend most of their time, but it was also where the lords of the demons ruled their subjects. And it was those lords that Lucian was going to meet. If he had the lords fearing him then he would have the subordinates fear him as well.

"Where are we going?" Lucian asked confused as they walked

through a dark tunnel. They could hear laughter and instruments playing in the distance and the stench of liquor filled the air.

"We are going to a brothel. There is nothing demons enjoy more than women and liquor."

When they came to the end of the tunnel there was a large door blocking the way. The door opened by itself as if it knew that they were there. Roshan walked in and Lucian followed. Half-n.a.k.e.d women walked all around the place, some of them swinging to the music, others carrying alcohol around and serving some guests.

"Lord Ramiel. Long-time no see. Are my woman not enticing enough anymore?" A woman in less revealing clothes came forward and greeted them. Lucian could tell she was a demon from her elegant movements and extremely good looks.

"Lady Tania. Your women are enticing but you know I am insatiable." Roshan replied. Tania chuckled. "That I know." Then she shifted her gaze to Lucian and tilted her head. "And who is this lovely man?" "I am Lucian," Lucian said as if that was enough for her to know

who he was.

Tania pretended to shiver and wrapped her arms around herself. "Ohh...even your voice is delicious, young man." She said in a seductive tone.

Now the other women had gathered as well and were eying him with fascination.

"I'll give you a ride for free." One of them called and winked at him.

"I'll give you a ride you and pay you for it." Another one called and they all giggled like little excited girls.

"Alright now. Everyone, go back to work!" Tania called giving them

a stern look. "Oh, you make everyone excited."

"I am not here for women," Lucian said.

"I know. You are already taken. I can smell her scent on you." She smirked. "So what brings you here?"

"We are here to meet some of your most precious guests," Roshan said.

Tania frowned. "I hope there will be no fight."

"I hope the same." Was Roshan's short reply.

Tania led them further in, through several rooms and halls as if she was taking them to a

secret place. Then when they arrived in front of a door she motioned for them to wait as she walked inside alone. After a short while, she was back and gestured for them to go in. Roshan walked in first and Lucian followed. He was surprised to find that the room they walked into looked just like one of the rooms in a castle and didn't give a feeling of being in a brothel. It was clearly made for special guests and those guests sat in antique furnishings, wearing the most luxurious clothes and drinking the most expensive liquor, all while being surrounded

by n.a.k.e.d women.

Women who forgot all about them as soon as they laid eyes on him. Before he could ignore their l.u.s.tful gazes Roshan gave them a nod to leave and just like that, obediently they left.

"Ramiel! Why are you ruining all the fun?" One of the four men spoke. Clearly, they knew each other. "And who is that?"

They all turned to Lucian, studying him carefully as if he was some unknown creature. Oh yes, he was. Probably the first of his kind.

"This is Lucian. I am sure you heard of him."

The man was about to take a sip from his drink when he suddenly paused. His gaze turned slowly into one of anger and disgust. Roshan ignored their reactions and continued with his introduction.

"And this is Antoine" He said gesturing toward the man who had spoken. "Valentine, Erez, and Davor."

"You brought a witch here?"

Antoine asked with a venomous tone while tightening his hold around the wine glass in his hand. Lucian could tell he would break it soon.

"Yes, a witch and the devil's son,"

Roshan said as a reminder.
That somehow made Antoine
calm down a bit, or more
correctly force himself to calm
down.

He turned his gaze to Lucian, still
disgust clear in his eyes. "If you
came here to ask us to stand by
your side against the witches
then don't waste your time."

Pretending to ignore him he took
a sip of his wine.

Lucian didn't let Antione's
actions affect him. "Who said I
came here to ask?" Everyone
looked at him confused. Even
Roshan. "I came here to
command."

Oh no, was the first thing Roshan thought but at the same time, he couldn't help but think oh yes. He liked fights after all and now Lucian had provoked some demon lord.

Antione was quiet for a moment as if trying to digest what Lucian said then he burst out into laughter. The others joined him. Eventually, Antione stopped laughing when Lucian didn't react. Putting his glass down he stood up from his seat and walked up to Lucian. When they stood face to face he grabbed Lucian's jaw harshly. Roshan didn't interfere. He

wanted to see how Lucian would handle the situation.

"Listen to me kid. How old are you? Twenty-four? Twenty-five? Do you know how old I am? I am three hundred years. Three hundred! And you, a kid, dare to command me. Did you think I would fear you because of your father? He doesn't care about you." He spat.

Lucian didn't flinch all the time Antoine spoke in his face.

Instead, he let him finish talking and then grabbed Antoine's arm in a firm grip. The evil gaze Roshan had seen before returned in Lucian's eyes as he

slowly removed Antione's hand away from his jaw.

"You shouldn't fear me because of my father. You should fear me because I am his son."

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"You shouldn't fear me because of my father. You should fear me because I am his son."

Antione grimaced in pain, that he tried so hard to hide but couldn't. The other men tried to rush to his rescue but Roshan pulled out his daggers and gave them a warning look. They stopped in their tracks knowing better their tracks knowing better than to fight a demon who was known

for his skills to kill other demons. Antione looked like he was being strangled. His face became pale and he fell on his knees. He could barely utter a word and all Lucian was doing was holding his arm. Roshan wondered what was going on.

Finally when Antione looked like he was going to die Lucian let go of his arm. As soon as his arm was free Antione fell back and crawled backward as if afraid to stay anywhere near Lucian. The other demons stared surprised, even Roshan.

Antione was a demon lord. He was much older than Lucian and

he was known to be fearless and a skilled fighter. For him to look so scared, Lucian must have done something even if they saw him do nothing.

The other demons looked at each other, scared and confused. When Antione was a safe distance away from Lucian he finally let out a breath then tried to get up on his feet. He stumbled a little but then turned to Lucian with a straight face.

"What do you want?" He asked breathless and still pale.

"At my command, I want you to send your subordinates at any time and they shall obey me."

"You bast" Erez began to curse as he tried to lurch at Lucian but Antione put a hand on his chest to stop him.

He shook his head at him as a warning then turned back to Lucian again. "Alright. If that's all you want." He said.

The others looked at The others looked at him appalled.

"I hope you spread the word and if anyone disobeys report back to me and I shall pay them a visit," Lucian said in his most threatening tone.

"I shall do so, My Lord."

My Lord? That sounded funny coming from him. Roshan put his

daggers back knowing that he wouldn't be needing them.

Lucian's commands were already cutting through the air like sharp knives.

Without a word, Lucian vanished probably teleporting back home and Roshan followed. Once they arrived in the throne hall Roshan had to ask what Lucian did to frighten them so much.

"What did you do?"

Lucian sat on his throne with a thoughtful look. "I wasn't sure it would work but it did." He said.

"What worked?"

"Well, you know witches can draw power from nature like earth,

sun, moon but also from each other. I am half-witch so I thought I would be able to do that. So when I grabbed his arm I drew power from him and used his own power against him." He explained.

Roshan never thought about that, maybe because no witch has ever done that before. Now he understood why Antione had looked so terrified. Lucian was already too powerful for his age as a demon thanks to his parents and adding Antiones power on all that must have been shocking.

"Are you saying witches can "Are you saying witches can draw power from demons as well?"

Roshan asked. Then they were in danger.

"Probably not. Witches are not physically as fast or as strong as demons. In fact, without their magic, they are no different from humans. Therefore grabbing a demon's arm long enough to withdraw power is not only difficult but suicidal as well. I, on the other hand, have the advantage of also being a demon."

Roshan listened fascinated.

"That's genius. I knew you would be beast."

Lucian frowned. "I'll take that Lucian frowned. "I'll take that as a compliment."

"You should. Always. Especially if it comes from a woman." He winked leaning against the wall and crossing his arms over his chest.

"Do you think they are scared enough?" Lucian asked.

"They are. Trust me I know demons and now when you have them under your command you don't need to worry about the witches." Roshan assured.

Now finally everything was under control. For a long while at least.

"By the way. Klara and I are getting married next week and...you are not invited." Roshan shrugged jokingly.

Lucian chuckled. "You made a good decision. You don't want the devil's son and the bloodthirsty King to turn your wedding into a battlefield."

"Oh, I would love that. It would be good entertainment for the guests. I just don't think the bride would like it very much. Especially when she gets blood on her white dress."

Lucian shook his head with a smile. "Congratulations." He then said.

"I'll see you then...brother," Roshan said teasingly before disappearing.

Strangely Lucian didn't feel

annoyed this time.

All relaxed he made his way to his chamber. He longed to see Hazel and be with her for the first time without worrying about anything, but when he walked into their room he found his mother instead.

Irene sat next to the window, knitting what looked like a sweater. She looked up at him with a smile, her eyes twinkling just like every time she saw him. It was like she was looking at the stars or something more beautiful, more magical, more beloved.

"Lucian." She said his name with

such longing. "Look" she held up the sweater. "Isn't it beautiful? I can't wait to see my grandchild wear it."

She looked at the sweater and held it as if it was the most precious thing in the world.

"It is beautiful," Lucian said.

"I did so many of those when I was pregnant with you, imagining how you would look in them." She still looked at the sweater while she spoke. Lucian knew she didn't want him to see her cry but he didn't have to see to know that she was about to. "I made them in all colors just in case. I even made a little blanket

to keep you warm. All those things...you never got a chance to wear them."

Now she looked up to meet his gaze and just then a tear fell down her cheeks. She wiped it away quickly and smiled at him. "I am not crying because of sadness. I am happy for you. You will be a wonderful father just like you are a wonderful son. I am so happy I got the chance to meet you and talk to you. I never thought I would." She shook her head. "I am talking too much." She chuckled. "Hazel is taking a bath. I'll leave you two alone." Standing up from her seat she

gathered her things and headed toward the door.

"Mother."

The world suddenly went still. That simple word, that word he had wished he could say his entire life but never thought he would. He said it now.

Irene froze in place and stayed like that for what seemed like forever before turning around slowly. She could not believe her ears. Did she hear it right?

"What...what did you say?" She breathed her heart pounding in her ears.

"Mother," Lucian repeated "Mother," Lucian repeated now more softly as his eyes teared

up.

Irene's heart tightened in joy and she burst into tears. Dropping everything in her hands she ran to him and wrapped her arms around him.

Lucian hugged her back as she cried into his embrace. "I love you son. Your mother loves you so much. So so much." She grabbed his face and kissed his cheeks.

"Mother." Tears fell down his face and she wiped them away gently.

"Oh no, don't cry." Him crying made her cry even more and they both cried in each others arms.

It was tears of sadness, pain,
loneliness, frustration but most
of all it was tears of joy.

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Three-month later.

Pregnancy was not easy. That I
realized as my stomach grew
and I became more and more
afraid and worried. I worried
about all the things that could go
wrong during labor. I did not want
to die. I wanted to be there for
my child.

Besides the worry and fear,
there were my mood swings. I
had to say that Lucian was being

very patient with me and I felt bad for him sometimes. I even felt bad for Ylva and Lydia who had to endure my outbursts.

Oliver and Callum followed me everywhere as usual and once in a while, I would yell at them as well. Sometimes because I just wanted to be alone and sometimes for no reason at all. Well, that's what happens when you don't get enough sleep because your stomach is in the way, when you constantly feel hungry and when everything feels uncomfortable.

"Lydia, Ylva I don't want you to work for me anymore. Bring

someone that I won't feel bad yelling at. Like that maid Jessica or anyone you don't like." I said feeling really bad for my mood swings.

"No My Lady. I don't trust anyone to take care of you now besides this is what I always wanted to do. To take care of you and your child." Ylva said and Lydia nodded in agreement.

"Alright but don't hate me, please." I pleaded.

"That's impossible, My Lady."
Lydia smiled.

I was so lucky to have them, even Oliver and Callum and everyone who had been patient with me.

Irene who was there for me like a mother and Klara who listened to all my bullshit.

Oh, and now she was married to Roshan. Their wedding was extravagant and known to all the kingdoms. Clearly, Roshan's father was a very powerful man who even helped Klara's brother to expand his kingdom. Now the bloodthirsty king was even more feared. I always found Klara's brother frightening but I had to admit he was very smart.

Lucian was also feared but the people in our kingdom loved him. Most of them at least. He had established a few enemies on

the way, especially the wealthy and powerful. Those wanted to feed on the poor instead of helping them. But Lucian was untouchable now, especially with his demon army.

Apart from my own pregnancy struggles I had to say that these last three months had been very peaceful. Lucian wasn't as busy as before and after reconciling with his mother he spent a lot of time with her. Things were also going a little bit better with his father. Men are just slow when it comes to expressing themselves I realized which made the matter more difficult

than it should have been.

Roshan and Lucian became Roshan and
Lucian became even
more close and sometimes the
four of us including Klara would
have Lunch or dinner togethave Lunch
or dinner together
while chatting about all kinds of
things. Sometimes Irene and
Lothaire would join us, as well.
One night as Klara and I spent
time together she seemed sad
and absent. "What's wrong?" I
asked.

She shook her head. "Nothing."

"Is it you and Roshan?"

She sighed. "No, not really. I
just...I

feel bad for keeping the demon

thing a secret from my siblings.

It's like I can't look them in the eyes anymore because I have been lying too much."

"Your brother might already know," I said.

I remembered my conversation I remembered my conversations with him. He had believed that Lucian was the devil. Also from Irene's story, powerful kings usually knew about demons and witches just like the previous king of Decresh. There was a big chance that Rasmus already knew and that could be the reason why he had been so curious about Lucian.

"I don't...think he does." She said

skeptically.

"Just ask and see," I suggested.

"Ask if he believes demons exist and what he thinks of them and from there you can decide if you want to tell him or not."

I could see from her face that she wasn't convinced but she was going to give it a try. Klara cared for her family a lot and if they did not know about demons telling them would be a life-changing decision for both her and her family.

"Everything is going to be alright,"

I assured her and I really thought I assured her and I really thought it would. I had seen how Astrid and Rasmus treated Klara. They

were so protective that they treated her more like a daughter than a sister. I knew they were a family who would always stick together.

Sometimes it made me wonder what it would be like to have such a family and sometimes it made me miss my mother, even if she never acted like a mother. I wanted her to see her grandchild. I would surely visit her someday. Even if she wasn't a good mother she was still my mother. The woman who gave birth to me and carried me for nine-month. Now being pregnant myself I knew the difficulties she

went through.

That night I sat in our room and wrote her a letter. I told her about my pregnancy and that I would visit her sometime. I also told her that I missed her.

"What are you doing?" Lucian towered over me where I sat and looked at the letter. He put a hand on my shoulder. "You miss your mother?" He asked.

I nodded.

He sat at the table and took my hand in his. "You will meet your mother. I'll arrange for it. Whether you want to go visit her or bring her here you decide."

"Thank you." I smiled.

I never thought mother would
reply to my letter so fast and I
could almost hear the joy in her
voice yet there was a hint of
sadness I felt. I cried and I wasn't
even sure why. Maybe I had
missed her more than I thought
and I was so happy she replied.
We kept sending letters back
and forth as the month passed
by and the day for labor neared. I
told her about my fears and she
comforted me. In all the 18 years
I lived with her we never spoke
this much like we did these last
month. I made a good decision in
contacting her.
And then the day came, after a

few painful days the pain hit me like never before. I remembered telling the midwife to just take the baby out and make it all end and sometimes I really thought I would die. Then I heard the cry of my child and the pain fled to the back of my head, so far back I didn't even know or care that I was in pain. All I wanted was to hold my child.

"It's a girl, Your Majesty." The midwife said sounding sympathetic.

I reached my arms out and she placed her in my arms. Tears flooded my eyes just from the feeling of holding her and then

they ran down my cheeks like rivers upon seeing her face. I had never seen anything more beautiful. My heart melted in an instant. The joy was so overwhelming that I wasn't even paying attention to Irene and Lucian who had been there the whole time.

Lucian looked so pale and scared yet relieved at the same time. He had addressed his fear of losing me to childbirth a few times before so I could understand why he seemed so terrified. He looked like he was going to faint but tried to keep it together. I reached my hand for him.

"Come."

Unsteadily he came closer and sat beside me. We both stared at our child in my arms for a while. Both of us fascinated, awed and very emotional.

Everyone in the room left us alone, even Irene knowing that we needed some time together.

"Do you want to hold her?" I asked him since he was so quiet.

"I might drop her or...or hurt her."
He said panicking.

"You won't, Lucian. You are the last person to hurt her. Here."

Slowly I placed her in his arms.

He held her gently and slowly tears filled his eyes as well as he

studied her face. He touched her clenched small hands with his finger and that's when a tear fell down his cheek.

"Heaven." He whispered.

"I know." I smiled. "She feels like heaven."

He nodded. "Her name. We should name her Heaven."

Heaven. It was a beautiful name

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Lucian had been both excited and worried for the last few days. Excited because his child was coming into this world soon and worried because he was afraid to lose his wife to

childbirth. Hazel was the only thing that kept him happy and sane. He could not live without her. But last week she had been in so much pain and many times he thought she was about to give birth.

Not being able to do anything for her Lucian felt helpless.

"Don't worry. She won't die. She has demon blood in her veins now." His mother assured him when she noticed his concern.

Still, he didn't like to see Hazel suffer and many times she looked like she was going to die. Especially when he heard her screams on the day she was

giving birth.

"Your Majesty. It's better if you stay outside." The midwife

advised him but he didn't listen.

He wanted to be beside Hazel.

How could he leave her when she was in so much pain? But after witnessing the whole situation of

giving birth his head began to

spin. He tried to keep his calm

and be there to support his wife

but soon, he was losing it.

"You have to push, Your Majesty."

The midwife told her.

"I don't want to anymore. Just

take it out!" Hazel yelled.

The situation became more

stressful and Lucian was tense

the whole time while he held
Hazel's hand.

"There is not much left. Just one
more push."

The veins in Hazel's neck and
forehead popped out as she
pushed one last time before her
head fell back with a sigh and
the baby's cry filled the room. At
first, Lucian didn't pay attention
to the child. He just looked at
Hazel to ensure that she was
alright. He was not going to let
her leave him.

After a few deep breaths, Hazel
reached her arms out eagerly to
hold their child. It was like she
didn't care about her own

condition and just wanted to see the baby.

When the midwife placed the child in her arms a smile lit up her face.

Finally, Lucian felt his muscles relax after being tense the whole day. Now he just stared at the beautiful sight in front of him.

His wife alive, holding his child.

The world went suddenly still and everything around them faded.

All that mattered and all he could see was the two most important people in his life. The ones who made living through hell worth it.

It was the happiest moment in his life, or so he thought before

Hazel placed their daughter in his arms. His chest felt heavy with joy and his eyes became wet with tears. He didn't want to let go of her. He never wanted to let go of this feeling. The feeling of holding her. The feeling of being in heaven.

And so he named her. Heaven.

If he was his mother's light, then his daughter was his heaven.

What more could he ask for?

"Your Majesty. I need to bath her." The midwife said with a pleading look when he didn't want to let go of her.

Hazel chuckled. "Yes, and I need to feed her."

"Yes, yes of course."

He handed her over to the midwife carefully.

Oh, he never wanted to let go. But he had a lifetime to spend with these two precious people and he began by spending time with them today. He was still very emotional and all he wanted to do was hold them both. As they lay in their bed Lucian leanelay in their bed Lucian leaned in and placed a kiss on Hazel's forehead.

"Thank you for this beautiful gift." He said and then looked at their daughter who was sleeping between them.

"Hmm" Was all Hazel said as she

was falling asleep as well. He could see the exhaustion on her face.

Lucian kissed her on the cheek one more time before slowly getting out of bed. His mother had kept her distance, probably letting them have their time together but Lucian knew she was very eager to see her grandchild.

Slowly he lifted Heaven from the bed and carried her to his mother's room. On his way, he got even more emotional. After seeing Hazel go through childbirth he understood the pain his mother went through. He

understood the love of a parent and the strong desire to protect their child. He even understood why his father wanted to kill him. Not because he hated him, but because he wanted to save him. And many times during his childhood Lucian had actually preferred death over living in utter loneliness. If he hadn't met Hazel he would still have that wish.

Lucian knocked on the door Lucian knocked on the door to his mother's room and before the second knock his mother opened the door already with a big smile on her face. Her gaze fell on Heaven in his arms and

without a word, she leaned closer to take a closer look. She couldn't even wait until he came in.

"Do you want to hold her?" Lucian asked.

Irene nodded and then slowly he placed Heaven in her arms. What happened after he couldn't quite explain but it was a magical moment. His mother holding his daughter was a picture he never thought he would see and this picture was breathtaking and heartbreaking at the same time. Knowing that his mother never got the chance to hold him long when he was born was the

heartbreaking part. He couldn't imagine living without Heaven so he understood his mother's pain. Irene broke down in tears but Lucian knew they were tears of joy. "She is so beautiful." She sobbed. "She looks just like you but she has my eyes."

Heaven had woken up but she wasn't crying. She seemed to look at Irene curiously with eyes green as emerald. Yes, she had the exact same eyes as his mother.

Lucian just sat and watched as Irene adored her granddaughter, singing her songs, kissing her singing her songs, kissing her and talking to her. He never thought

that a child could bring so much happiness to a whole family.

Suddenly Heaven began to cry.

"She is hungry now," Irene said.

"Yes, I should take her Hazel,"

Lucian said standing up.

Irene placed Heaven in his arms still unable to look away from her.

"Grandma will see you later." She whispered the turned to Lucian.

Grabbing his face she kissed both his cheeks.

"I am lucky to have you both."

She smiled.

Lucian leaned down and placeLucian leaned down and placed a

kiss on his mother's forehead.

He had wanted to do that since

he saw what a mother went

through to bring a child into this world. His respect grew for both his mother and his wife and he was lucky to have them both.

But his father, where was he?

Lucian had expected him to be here to see his grandchild but he wasn't. Once again he was disappointed. Maybe he should just stop expecting things from his father.

Feeling somehow disappointed

he went back to his room.

Putting the thoughts of his father aside he decided to enjoy this time with his family. He just lay in bed with them while Hazel fed Heaven. his very moment

felt more intimate than anything he ever experienced and Lucian wished for it to last forever. But he knew that even more beautiful moments would come in his life now that Heaven was part of it.

Eventually, all three fell asleep. Heaven slept in her crib and Hazel slept in Lucian's arms.

In the middle of the night, Lucian woke up feeling strange.

Someone was in their room but before he could draw his weapons from under the bed his father spoke.

"It's just me." He said.

Lucian turned to find his father

standing next to the crib where Heaven was sleeping.

"I couldn't help myself." His father said sounding apologetic. Lucian removed the sheets and climbed out of bed. He went up to his father who kept standing still in the darkness.

"Why didn't you come earlier?" Lucian whispered as to not wake Hazel and Heaven.

"I shouldn't be here." He said more to himself than to Lucian. Then he looked at Heaven. "Your daughter, she is beautiful."

"Your granddaughter." Lucian pointed out.

Lucifer kept staring at Heaven

and Lucian couldn't tell if he and
Lucian couldn't tell if he was
getting emotional.

"Do you want to hold her?" He
asked.

Lucifer's eyes widened. "I
shouldn't." He shook his head.

"I didn't ask what you should. I
asked what you want?"

Lucifer looked up at him. "May I?"
He then asked.

Lucian could hear the
excitement in his father's voice
and his hands shook slightly as
he picked up Heaven carefully.
From the way, he picked her up
and held her Lucian could tell it
wasn't the first time his father
held a child.

"I have not been a good father."

He said as he studied Heaven lovingly and held her as if she was the most precious thing in the world.

"Then be a good grandfather,"

Lucian said. It was his way of saying that he forgave his father.

Lucifer looked up and met

Lucian's gaze. In those eyes,

Lucian could see gratitude but also a possible beginning of a

relationship between them. Volume 2:
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The End

It was summer again. The sun shone brightly in the blue sky and the warm summer breeze

spread the scent of flowers in the air. But despite the beautiful weather and view, all Lucian could do was stare at his now Five-month-old daughter in his arms. Nothing was more beautiful to him in this world. The last five months of his life had been a blessing. He was surrounded by people he cared for. His wife, his daughter, his mother even his father. They were slowly getting along. What more could he wish for?

Hazel was well and healthy, and an amazing mother. She was also a wise queen. Lucian was proud of her. Now being half-demon

she became even stronger and radiated beauty and confidence. Now he wasn't afraid to hurt her as before.

His mother was always there to support Hazel and help her understand her demon side and his father was often there offering his help to run the kingdom. But Lucian was managing well so far without any help.

"Are you going to stare at her the whole day?" Roshan suddenly appeared disturbing his peaceful moment as always.

"Sometimes I believe you exist to annoy me," Lucian said giving

Roshan a stern look.

"That's what brothers are for."

He smirked. "Didn't you call me brother last week?"

Lucian sighed. He did call Lucian
sighed. He did call him
brother last week. Why? He
wasn't sure, but he was definitely
regretting it now.

Roshan leaned over Heaven.

"Hello there. Remember me?"

Uncle Roshan." He smiled.

Heaven waved her arms in the air.

"Oh, I miss you too." He replied.

Lucian had been surprised by
how comfortable Roshan was
with children. Now with his own
child on the way he was very
excited.

Klara visited often as well now that she and Hazel were very close. Sometimes they could chat for hours and other times Klara would teach Hazel how to fight. At first, Lucian was worried since Hazel had just given birth but she recovered so quickly and was so eager to learn. Maybe it was her demon that was giving her strength.

"Your Majesty, My Lord." Lydia came to the garden and before she could speak Lucian knew that Hazel had sent for Heaven.

"Her Majesty wants to feed the princess."

"I'll bring her myself," Lucian said

not wanting to let go of his daughter.

Lydia bowed and left without a word.

"I'll take my leave as well. I just wanted to say hello to Heaven."

Roshan spoke.

"Will you come by for dinner?"

Lucian asked.

"If you ask nicely." Roshan teased.

Lucian chuckled. "I wasn't asking you to come. I just wanted to know so that I could poison your food."

"I guess you will have to wait and see if I want to die or not." He said before vanishing.

"Your uncle is not in his right mind," Lucian told Heaven before carrying her to Hazel.

Once he arrived at their chamber he found Hazel in bed reading a letter. She had been exchanging letters with her mother lately and he noticed it made her both happy and sad at the same time. He could tell she missed her mother.

When she heard his footstep she looked up and put the letter away quickly. There were tears in her eyes that she tried to hide.

"Is your mother alright?" Lucian asked as he walked closer.

Hazel nodded. "She is fine." She

smiled giving him a reassuring look.

Lucian sat next to her on the bed. "You will meet your mother someday soon. I promise." He said hating to see her sad.

Hazel nodded again, then carefully she reached for Heaven. Once Heaven was in her arms a smile lit up her face.

"I can't believe she grew so fast. It feels like I gave birth to her yesterday."

"I know." Lucian agree "I know." Lucian agreed.

Time was running by fast and there were too many people Lucian wanted to spend time with all while taking care of the

kingdom. He wanted to be with his daughter and wife but also with his parents. The last few months he discovered the fun side of his mother and the caring side of his father. He enjoyed spending time with both, but he had to say that he enjoyed spending more time with his mother than his father. Lucifer was still a bit difficult to figure out.

Hazel began to feed Heaven.

Lucian kissed her hair before standing up to leave. "I'll see you at dinner." He said and left to proceed with his royal affairs. A king always had a lot to do.

The sun went down with Lucian still being busy with state affairs and then it was already time for dinner.

As he made his way to the dining room he was surprised by the many voices he heard inside the room. Who else was here? He used to dine with his wife and parents, sometimes even with Roshan and Klara but this time he heard other voices as well.

Curious he continued until he walked into the room and to his surprise found Julian and his family sitting at one side of the table and his parents, Hazel, Roshan, and Klara sitting on the

other side. Witches on one side and mostly demons on the other and.... they weren't fighting. They were actually chatting happily. Lucian never thought he would ever see this happen. His real family together with the family that took him and helped him when he was lost.

Suddenly someone screamed.

"Lucian!" A girl came running toward him and wrapped her arms around his waist. "I missed you."

"Elle!" Julian suddenly stood up from his seat with a look of shock on his face. "It's His Majesty." He warned.

Julian's family stood up quickly after him wearing an apologetic look on their face as they bowed to greet him.

Upon the word, Majesty Elle stiffened with a gasp and was about to let go of him when Lucian wrapped his arms around her.

"I miss you too, Elle." He chuckled and then slowly she relaxed.

Irene stood up from her seat and walked up to him. "I invited Julian and his family. I hope it's alright?" She asked.

"You did well." He replied.

Elle looked up at him and smiled while still having her arms around

him. Lucian patted her head him.
Lucian patted her head with
a smile. "Shall we eat?"

She nodded and then followed
him to the table. Lucian greethim to
the table. Lucian greeted
each one of Julian's family and
welcomed them. They seemed
happy to see him as he was to
see them and congratulated him
on becoming a father.

Lucian sat at the end of the
table. To his right side, his family
were sitting and to his left side
the family who had saved him.

They were dining and chatting
happily. Lucian looked at happily.
Lucian looked at each
one of them and warmth filled

his chest.

Once Lucian had been utterly alone. He had no mother at all and no father who cared for him. His siblings were his main enemies and he had no friends. There was no one who knew what he was and no one had cared to know. Even he didn't know. He had been confused, sad and lost. He had given up on life. Until he met her.

His wife. The one who changed his life. The one who took his sadness away. The one who made his life worth living every day.

Hazel.

His eyes searched for her
across the table. She looked up
from her plate hearing his silent
call and looked at him with
concerned eyes.

I love you.

A smile lit up her face at his
words and even though he
couldn't hear her he knew she
was saying the same words
back.

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Bonus

Heaven ran through the long halls
of the castle holding her of the
castle holding her dress
up as to not fall while the air
whipped her hair back. She loved

running and didn't understand why she had to wear a dress. It was hindering her from running the way she wanted.

"Your highness, be careful!" Lydia called as Heaven ran past her.

"There she is running again." She then told the maid next to her.

Heaven kept running until she neared a crossway in the hall and heard some chattering voices.

She slowed down and stopped before leaning against the wall and looking from behind the corner. It was her father speaking to some soldiers. He had that serious look on his face that he only had when speaking

to men or when scolding her.
Heaven didn't want to anger her
father or bother him so she
lifted her dress again and began
to tiptoe over the crossway
hoping her father wouldn't hoping her
father wouldn't notice
her. But as usual, he did.

"Heaven!" His voice made her
freeze in place with one leg still in
the air. Oh no, she thought.

Slowly she turned her head and
found her father walking up found her
father walking up to
her. "Are you running again?" He
asked.

Heaven put her feet down,
adjusted her dress quickly and
curtsied. "I am, Your Majesty."

Every time she tried to behave like a lady she could see a hint of a smile on her father's face but he tried to remain serious.

"And without shoes again?" He crossed his arms over his chest. Heaven looked down at her bare feet. She forgot her shoes again.

Looking up she smiled brightly at her father and just when she thought she was getting away she heard another alarming voice.

"Heaven!"

Oh no. It was her mother's turn to nagging her.

"Here you are." Her mother said

as she came around the corner.

"I was looking for you
everywhere."

"What about me?" Her father
asked smiling brightly at the
queen.

Oh no! Heaven felt embarrassed
every time her parents became
loving toward each other in front
of her.

"I'll be looking for you when your
daughter gives me time to look
for someone else except for
her. Look at her. She hasn't
dressed properly yet, and her
hair is still unwashed and...oh no."

Her mother shook her head as
she also noticed that Heaven

was barefoot. "And she is still running without shoes. You spoiled her too much."

Lucian gave his daughter a stern look. "Do you see? I am getting scolded because of you again."

"I am sorry, Your majesty. I'll dress properly from now on."

Heaven told her father. She knew she was her father's weakness.

Even when he scolded her he never raised his voice.

"See. I haven't spoiled her. She is a clever girl." Lucian told Hazel.

Heaven nodded her head in agreement. "Yes, mother. I can almost read and write as good as Zarin."

"Almost." Her mother emphasized. "And he is younger than you. I want you to read and write better than him."

"I can't do that," Heaven said looking down.

"Why?" Her mother asked.

"Because he wears trousers and I have to wear a dress."

Heaven's parents looked at each other then laughed. Heaven didn't understand what was so funny.

"Do you want to wear trousers?"

Her father asked.

Heaven looked up suddenly excited. Would her father let her do that?

She nodded.

"But then you will have to be better than Zarin not only when it comes to studies but also fighting skills."

Heaven couldn't believe her ears.

"Does that mean I can wear trousers?"

Her father nodded.

"Papa!" Heaven jumped in excitement then wrapped her arms around him. "I love you. I'll do my best."

Lucian hugged her back and stroked her hair. "I love you too. Now hurry, your lesson starts soon."

Heaven had almost forgotten

that she had to study soon with her cousin Zarin. Zarin was uncle Roshans son and their teacher was none other than her grandmother Irene.

Once Heaven arrived at the class she had already changed into a pair of trousers and tied her hair up into a ponytail. Her grandmother and Zarin were already there waiting for her.

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Was she late again?

From the look on her grandmother's face, she knew she was late. "I am sorry I am

late." She apologized then looked at Zarin who seemed annoyed with her.

"You are always late. There is no use to apologize if you won't change your behavior." Zarin told her.

Zarin was ten years old, one year younger than Heaven yet he acted as if he was much older than her.

"I am trying," Heaven said getting annoyed with him too.

"Try harder." He said and they both glared at each other with anger blazing through their eyes. Zarins's eyes were the brightest blue just like his mothers and his

hair was raven black just like his father. But his attitude was unlike anyone's. He was utterly annoying, Heaven thought.

"Alright, both. Let's not fight today." Irene interrupted.

Luckily they finished class without killing each other and then Irene gave them hugs and kisses before sending them off.

"Don't fight now alright?"

They both nodded before leaving.

"What are you wearing?" Zarin asked confused once they were outside the room.

"That none of your business."

Heaven snapped then turned her

heels and began to walk away.

The sound of footsteps followed her.

"Why are you following me?"

Heaven asked turning around.

"I am not. You are walking in front of me." He said simply.

"No, you are following me!"

Zarin shook his head. "You are crazy." He said and walked past her.

Heaven's face turned hot and red with anger. Did he just call her crazy?

"You!" She yelled behind him.

"Stop right there!"

But Zarin kept walking away.

More anger built inside of

Heaven threatening to explode.

All those times he had belittled her, all those times he had scolded her and treated her like a stupid person came a stupid person came to her memory and made her explode.

She ran after him then grabbed onto his hair tightly.

"Ouch! What are you doing?!"

Zarin groaned in pain surprised by her attack. He tried to take her hand off his hair but she held on tightly.

"Apologize!" Heaven ordered.

"Let go of my hair!"

Heaven pulled him down on the floor holding onto his hair for life.

"Let go of me!"

"Apologize first!"

They began to roll on the floor, Zarin trying to come loose from her grip but it wasn't easy.

"You are crazy!"

Heaven pulled his hair harder and he groaned in pain again.

"Heaven!"

Suddenly her mother's voice cut through the air before she got pulled away from Zarin. Both her parents were there and even Zarins's parents.

Zarins's mother helped him up and adjusted his hair while he gave Heaven an angry look.

"What are you doing?" Her mother asked appalled while her

father held onto her as if she would escape attacking Zarin again. Maybe she would if he kept staring at her like that.

"What happened?" Klara asked Zarin.

"She just attacked me out of nowhere." He explained.

"That's because you called me crazy," Heaven yelled.

"That's not a reason to attack someone." Her mother spoke.

"Zarin, you shouldn't call someone crazy." His mother scolded. "You should apologize."

"You too, Heaven." Her father gave her a light push.

Heaven looked at Zarin. She

really didn't want to apologize to him. Why would she?

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Bonus 2

Heaven was taken aside by her mother who had a serious expression.

"Listen, Heaven. That wasn't good behavior. I want you to apologize." Her mother said once they were alone. "Sincerely" She added knowing how stubborn knowing how stubborn

Heaven was.

"But mother, why do I have to apologize? He is always rude."

Heaven was still holding her ground.

"Because that makes you a bigger and stronger person. Fighting doesn't make you strong. Being kind does."

That was so her mother. Heaven sighed. She couldn't understand how her mother could be so good with words and kind all the time.

"Alright. I'll apologize." Heaven said.

"And you won't do it again." Her mother added.

"I won't."

Meanwhile

Zarin sat in front of his father who seemed displeased. He had his arms crossed over his chest

and a stern look in his eyes. His father was silent for a long while instead of scolding him and that made Zarin feel uncomfortable.

Soon he couldn't handle the awkward silence.

"Alright. I know I did wrong." Zarin began.

"What exactly did you do wrong?"

His father asked.

"I called her crazy."

"And why did you call her that?"

"Because" Zarin did think she was crazy but he couldn't say that out loud. She was crazy, stubborn, odd and annoying.

Suddenly Roshan laughed.

Roshan's laugh always made

Zarin nervous. It was as if his father knew what he was thinking.

Suddenly his uncle Lucian came into the room. "You shouldn't be so hard on him." He told Roshan. Then he turned to Zarin.

"Zarin."

Zarin stood up from his seat.

"Yes, Your Majesty."

"Is your hair alright?"

"Yes, Your Majesty. Thank you for your concern."

"I told you not to be so formal with me." Lucian reminded.
"I told you not to be so formal with me." Lucian reminded.

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our group

"I am sorry Your ma...I mean uncle Lucian."

Lucian smiled at him.

Zarin liked his uncle very much.

He was always kind to him

despite all the fights with his daughter.

"I know Heaven is lacking in many ways but that's not her fault. It's not easy living protected and isolated from the rest of the world. Other children, including you, go out and play with other children and you have many friends, but she doesn't. I hope you can be the friend she never had." Lucian explained.

Zarin never thought about it and now he could understand a bit more. It must be sad not having any friends at all. He couldn't imagine being without his friends.

"I'll try," Zarin said unsure if he could succeed.

His uncle patted his head before leaving him alone with his father again.

Roshan gave his son a stern look.

"First I want you to apologize." He said.

Zarin's shoulders dropped. Even though he felt bad for Heaven he was not good with apologies. How was he supposed to

apologize?

He came up with many different ways to do it while he was looking for Heaven but none of them sounded good.

"Zarin!" Suddenly her voice came from behind.

No! No! He wasn't ready yet.

Slowly he turned around Slowly he turned around and

there she stood looking at him with those fascinating green eyes.

Slowly she walked closer to him and he clenched his teeth trying hard not to show that he was nervous.

"I have something to say to you."

She said and then looked down

at her hand.

At that moment she looked so innocent and vulnerable that he felt bad. It was really sad that she didn't have a friend and always had to stay protected.

"I I am" She began.

"I am sorry." He blurted.

She looked up, her eyes widening with surprise. He was surprised himself but then quickly he decided to man up and tell her straight and clear.

"I am sorry I called you crazy." He said. "It was rude."

She blinked a few times then smiled. "Yes, it was very rude." She agreed. "But I forgive you."

He nodded feeling awkward again. "Thank you." He said and then tried to leave quickly but she blocked his way.

"I need to apologize too. For pulling your hair." She pointed at his head.

"Oh, it's alright." He said despite that his head was still hurting. Then he tried to walk past her.

"Are you leaving?" She asked looking somehow concerned.

"Yes."

Heaven looked down at her hands again. Yes, she did find Zarin annoying but at the same time, she liked it when he was here. Sometimes she wondered

what he did when he wasn't here.
Did he have friends? Did he play
with them? Did he have fun?
Because she was very bored
being at home.

Sometimes Heaven wished that
Zarin was a girl. Maybe then he
wouldn't be so annoying.

Suddenly an image of Zarin in a
dress popped up in her head and
she burst out laughing. Zarin
gave her that look again. The
look where he thought that she
was crazy.

"What's so funny?" He asked.

"Nothing." She put her hand over
her mouth and kept laughing.
Zarin shook his head. And he

actually thought he could be friends with her. That would never happen. "I am leaving." He said turning his back to her.

"Wait!"

He ignored her and kept walking away.

"I am sorry."

He stopped. Did she just apologize again? He turned to her just to see if he heard it right.

"I just imagined you wearing a dress. You looked funny." She explained.

He sighed. He couldn't understand this girl.

"What's funny about that? You

have dressed like a man already. I don't need to imagine that."

"At least I don't look funny in it."

She said.

He had nothing to say to that.

She actually looked good in it.

"I actually wore this so that I could play with you. I can't play the games you play with a dress."

She explained.

She wanted to play with him?

"Then what game do you want to play today?" He asked.

Suddenly her eyes lit up as if she couldn't believe what he said and her lips curved into a wide smile.

"All of them." She replied.

Watch out for volume 3

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