

"Oww, my ass..." Caylen groaned as he slowly sat up.

"On your feet. You're not here to lazy around," Wren replied as he twirled a large sword in his left hand.

"Are you kidding me? You just gave me the biggest ass-whopping in my life and you expect me to just stand up and do it again?!" Caylen exclaimed as he stared at Wren.

"Stand up or I will kick your ass where you lay instead!" Wren said in a harsh tone, pointing at Caylen with one of his swords.

"You're so cruel," Caylen whimpered as he slowly got on his feet.

Wren nodded and walked behind Caylen, "Straighten up now."

"I am straight!" the half-demon objected, though he was still leaning down, his hands on his thighs.

"Are you kidding me? You look like you're trying to blow yourself," standing behind him, Wren wrapped his arm around Caylen and pulled his back straight, a slight crack was heard and a howl of pain from the young 'student'.

"You ok?" Wren asked, still holding on to Caylen.

"I... think so," he let out a slight snuffle.

"Caylen!"

Wren turned his head and saw Sita running across the courtyard.

"Caylen honey, are you all right?" She panted as she stopped to take a breath before reaching out and touching her sons face.

"I'm fine mom!" Caylen objected as he pulled away from her touch, "We're training!"

"I heard a terrible scream, what did you do Wren?"

"What? Me? I'm innocent," the large man mumbled as he looked away.

"Wren!"

"He hurt his back a little! I just helped him straighten it out."

"What?! You're training to hard! Caylen you should rest, I can have Asmodai check up on you."

"No! I'm fine mom, please! Don't worry so."

She frowned, "Wren. I'm disappointed."

"Why are you disappointed in me?! He's the one who wanted to be trained!"

"You're too violent! You hurt him!!"

"Sorry..." Wren mumbled.

"Help Caylen back to his room," she looked to her son before walking back. "No more training until you feel better!"

"You heard her. Let's go kid," Wren said, patting Caylen on his shoulder.

The young demon grunted in reply and took a few slow steps forward, holding his back while doing so, "Oww..."

"Need a hand?" Wren asked, still toying with the sword in his hand, flipping it over occasionally.

"I'll be fine!" he exclaimed in an annoyed tone while inching his way forward.

"Fucking lucky I don't die of old age or I'd be dead four times over by now," Wren commented as he watched Caylen slowly, slowly creeping forward.

"Shut up!"

"Come on already, up you go," Wren knelt down and scooped up Caylen by his legs on his one arm, carrying him like a child.

The young prince wobbled and let out a yelp, "H-hey put me down!"

"Don't complain, I can think of a great many other ways of carrying you in a humiliating manner," the tall man said as he proceeded in to the castle, leaving the sword to rest against its wall before he passed through the enormous gates.

Caylen muttered quietly at that but let Wren carry him back to his room. He was careful to hide his face from any guards or servants that they passed, though with his signature blood-red hair, he was hardly fooling anyone. Any onlookers however were wise enough to hold any feelings of amusement to themselves.