

Married To The Devil's Son (WN) – Chapter 129: Vol3  
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[Married To The Devil's Son \(WN\)](#)

Chapter 129: Vol3 Chapter 6

Suddenly the world around her disappeared and the only thing she could see was the mysterious stranger sitting alone at the dark corner. Unaware, she stood up from her seat and started to walk toward him. It was as if he was calling to her, pulling her toward him with an unknown force.

Heaven didn't resist. She wanted to see him and to know him, but she couldn't ignore the part of her that was terrified. He didn't seem to have good intentions. What if he was an enemy and wanted to cause her harm? What if she was putting herself in a dangerous situation?

But again, the curious part of her was stronger than the fearful part. She wanted to know what he wanted from her, otherwise he would keep appearing in her dreams. Maybe even nightmares.

When she was close to where he was sitting he suddenly stood up and walked away.

'Wait!' Heaven called, but he ignored her and continued further.

Heaven lifted her dress slightly and hurried her steps. She pushed through people, keeping her gaze fixated on his back as to not lose him in the crowd. He was walking fast and getting further away from her.

Afraid that she would never get the chance to see him she began to run after him. She followed him out of the hall, then out of the mansion.

‘Excuse me! Excuse me!’ She even waved her hand, but he kept on walking.

How could he be so fast? She was losing him.

Soon he walked out of the gate and she was right behind him but when she came arrived at the gate, he was gone. Just like that, he disappeared.

Heaven kept looking around, confused as to why he ran away from her. Wasn’t he the one who visited her dreams every night?

She turned to the guards who stood at the gate. ‘Excuse me. Who is the man that just left?’ She asked.

The guards looked at each other. ‘What man?’ One of them asked.

Heaven looked closely at them. ‘Are you human?’ She whispered.

‘No, My Lady.’ the other one grinned, showing his fangs.

Then how did they not see him? She was sure he left through the gate.

‘Heaven!’ Zarin came running to her. ‘Where did you go? You know I will be held responsible if something happens to you.’ He scolded.

‘Zarin, did you see the man with silver eyes?’ It was as if she didn’t listen to what he was saying.

**The source of this \_chapter;**

‘No. Why?’

‘Do you know a demon with silver eyes? Anyone with such eyes?’ She asked desperately.

‘No! Are you looking for someone?’

Heaven sighed. ‘I saw him in there. In the party. He just left.’

Zarin was utterly confused. ‘Who is he? Who are you talking about?’

Heaven kept staring at the gate. She lost him. Now, how would she know what he wanted?

‘Heaven?’ Zarin tapped her shoulder. ‘What is wrong?’ He asked when she turned to him.

‘Nothing. Let’s go home.’ She said feeling disappointed.

Once they were back to her chamber Zarin gave her a questioning look. ‘What happened to you?’

‘I don’t know.’ Heaven said letting herself fall on her bed. She stared at the ceiling.

He exists, she thought to herself. She had just met the man in her dreams. What was he doing there?

‘Heaven! Are you listening to me.’ Zarin loomed over her.

‘Zarin. I need to get some sleep before the morning comes. Thank you for taking me out.’

‘Are you asking me to leave?’ He asked, confounded.

She nodded. She needed to sleep in order to see the man in her dreams.

‘Fine.’ He said. Heaven could hear that he was upset, but he would forget about it by tomorrow.

Once he left Heaven changed into her nightgown and hurried to get some sleep. Unfortunately, she woke the next morning without having a dream.

Wait! Why was she feeling sad about it? It was what she wanted. But now she was too curious, and she couldn’t stop thinking about him.

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He had told her to remember him, then why didn’t he come to her? Why did he run away from her?

While pondering, alone in her room the door guard informed the Kings arrival.

Heaven turned to the door, and soon her father entered. A smile lit up his face upon seeing her, and he opened his arms for her.

Heaven ran into his embrace. With her father, she still felt like a child.

‘My Princess.’ He said holding her tightly and placing a kiss in her hair.  
‘Did you sleep well?’

Heaven nodded. ‘And you?’

‘I have slept well. Thank you. I have some free time and thought you might want to go to the market.’

‘We are taking guards with us, right?’

‘No. Only you and me.’

‘But that is dangerous. I told you.’ She felt like a parent scolding her child.

She knew her father felt bad for keeping her in the castle or sending many guards with her everytime she left, but she couldn’t blame him. He was only trying to keep her safe.

She remembered this one time when they left the castle and were attacked by demons who tried to kill her father. That day they were lucky. Her grandparents and Roshan were there to help them protect themselves.

Since then, Heaven feared for her father every time he left the castle. She would rather go by herself. No one would recognize her, anyway. Her father had kept her away from every demon and witch, while everyone knew him.

‘Don’t worry. Nothing will happen.’ He told her.

Heaven wondered what kind of plan her father had in mind. Whatever the plan was, she decided to trust him.

As to not get recognized by the citizens they dressed up as commoners and then rode into the market.

When they arrived Heaven realized that changing clothes wasn’t helping much. People gawked at them. Her father had every woman’s attention, and whispers and giggles followed soon. That didn’t seem to bother him. What bother him and her was the way men looked at her. It was with carnal fascination. Their eyes gleamed with l.u.s.t and if her father hadn’t been with her, she knew they would come up to her.

Heaven felt uncomfortable. She realized she didn't belong here. Her father noticed her discomfort and tried to avert her attention to something else.

**The source of this \_chapter;**

'Is there anything you would like to buy?' He asked.

Heaven looked around. There was nothing she didn't own.

'Father, lets go to that lake with the ducks.' She said.

When she was little her father once took her to a beautiful lake where many ducks swam.

'All right.' Her father nodded.

They climbed their horses and then rode away.

Once they arrived they sat on the grass near the lake and watched the ducks swimming. It was calm and quiet. The only sound being heard was that of the nature. Birds singing, the wind blowing and trees moving to it.

Her father sat quietly next to her and even though his gaze was fixated on the lake, she knew he wasn't looking at it. His mind was somewhere else.

'Heaven.' He finally spoke.

'Yes, father.'

He turned to her. 'Are you happy?' He asked.

The question surprised her.

‘Yes, father. Why?’

‘You know. I wanted to give you a better life than mine and your mothers. I didn’t realize that I was giving you the same isolated and lonely life that your mother had. You didn’t choose this life and I...’

‘Father,’ Heaven cut him off and put her hand on his shoulder. ‘No one chooses the life they get born into. Neither did you nor mother. It’s not your fault. No one lives a perfect life. Everyone has different struggles and mine is to live secluded from society. But I have you and mother and Zarin and Gina and grandmother and grandfa...’ Heaven abruptly stopped.

Grandfather was not in her life anymore. He left them. Heaven shook her head. She didn’t want to think of him now.

‘What I am trying to say is that I am a happy father and I have never blamed you or mother.’

Her father put his arm around her shoulders. ‘I didn’t realize how much you have grown up and how wise you have become. You make me proud.’ He smiled. ‘And about the marriage. Take your time. When I met your mother, my loneliness disappeared. Still, I never feel lonely. I hope you can find someone you can share everything with.’

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Heaven smiled. ‘Me too. But father... the men I am meeting now are all humans. Shouldn’t I meet demons and witches as well?’

A frown settled on her father's face. 'Demons hate witches and witches demons.' He explained.

Oh, and she was both. No demon or witch would accept her as their partner.

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

### Chapter 130: Vol3 Chapter 7

Heaven was surprised to find Gina in her room once she was back from her trip with her father. Zarin must have told her about the marriage thing. Heaven hoped that this wouldn't change anything in their friendship.

Gina was reading a book while waiting, as usual. She probably didn't even realize that Heaven had arrived.

'Hello,' Heaven called, throwing herself on the bed next to her friend.

'Oh,' Gina looked up from her book. 'You are here.' She smiled, putting the book aside. 'Where were you?'

'Father took me out for a while.'

'And where did you go last night?' Gina wiggled her eyebrows.

'So you know?'

'I do know. So tell me. Did you meet anyone interesting?' Gina leaned in, curious to know.

Heaven shook her head. 'It doesn't matter. Demons hate witches.'



‘But they love beautiful woman and you are stunning, my friend. Just look at you.’ She encouraged. ‘Once they see you, they won’t care about anything else.’

‘I am not sure about that.’

‘You should be. Listen, tonight we will go out again. I’ll prove it to you.’

Heaven didn’t protest. Gina was too stubborn to deny. Besides, a part of her still had hope to meet someone. Maybe she would meet the silver-eyes stranger again.

When the night came and the palace became quiet because everyone was asleep, Gina came to her room. Gina was already a stunning woman, but tonight she dressed to kill. She wore an olive green dress with long sleeves and a v neckline. It was adorned with lace and ribbons and flowed from the waist down. Her black hair was braided and attached to her head like a crown. Her hazel eyes were surrounded by thick dark lashes and she had added some colour to her pale cheeks. Gina looked innocent when smiling but when being serious her sharp facial features gave her a very elegant aristocratic look.

‘So...’ She said twirling. ‘How do I look?’

‘Beautiful.’ Heaven smiled

‘Thank you. I put in a little extra effort. It’s the first time we are going to a party together, after all.’

That was true.

‘Now. What have you decided to wear?’ She asked.

‘I don’t know what’s appropriate.’ Heaven wondered.

‘Come, let’s see what you have.’

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Gina picked a wine-red dress for her. ‘This will suite your skin color so much.’ She explained.

Without questioning her friend’s choice, Heaven slid into the dress. It looked like Gina’s except for the lace and ribbons. This one was adorned with golden embroideries and a golden belt at the waist.

When she was done, Gina helped her put some paint on her lips and cheeks, and since none of them were good with hair, they just let her hair down.

Gina took a step back to take a good look at Heaven. ‘Good Lord. You are going to provoke some demons tonight.’ She smiled, satisfied.

Heaven on the other hand didn’t like the idea of provoking demons. ‘Maybe I should change then.’

‘No, no.’ Gina crossed the distance between them and embraced her. Before Heaven could think of what to say, they had already arrived outside the party.

‘Come on.’ Gina said, taking her hand and leading her inside.

This party seemed different from the last one. It seemed calmer. The hall was dimly lit with slow music in the background. It had somehow a romantic feel to it. Probably why Gina brought her here.

‘Regina.’ A familiar voice called from behind.

As both of them turned, they froze in place. For different reasons.

‘Uncle?’ Gina seemed embarrassed and a little scared.

It was Enoch. The angelic looking demon. Heaven had seen him a few times when she was young and actually believed he was an angel. Now she was staring at him with the same fascination.

‘What... what are you doing here?’

‘I should ask the same.’ He spoke.

‘Eh... we just...’

‘It’s my fault. I told her to take me out.’ Heaven hurried to save her friend.

Enoch turned to her and looked at her for a moment, as if trying to recall who she was. Then his eyes widened with realization.

‘Princess Heaven. You truly shouldn’t be here.’

‘Please uncle. Can’t you just pretend you saw nothing. And please don’t tell father.’ Gina begged.

Enoch looked around, unsure.

‘Please uncle. Zarin is coming too. We will keep an eye on Heaven.’

**The source of this \_chapter;**

So this was about her now ?

Enoch sighed. 'All right. Only this time. Don't get into trouble.' He warned her, then turned to Heaven. 'It was nice meeting you, Princess.' And then just like that he was gone.

Gina let a breath of relief. 'Lord. What was he doing here ? He isn't the party type.' She wondered.

'Why not ?'

'I am not sure. He isn't very talkative. Anyway, that guy there has been staring at you.' She nodded toward a handsome male staring at her through the crowd. When their eyes met, he smiled at her.

Heaven averted her gaze quickly, feeling slightly uncomfortable.

'Oh Heaven. Come on. Dont be shy. If you don't like him, pick anyone in the room and talk to them.'

Heaven panicked. Was she supposed to make the first move ? She would never dare.

'Alright. I'll just leave you alone to... Oh, someone is coming here.' Gina gave her a push with her elbow.

Who ? Heaven looked around quickly. A man was approaching them. Good. Then she wouldn't have to make the first move.

'My Lady. May I have a dance ?' He reached his hand out for Gina.

Gina raised her eyebrows. Surprised, he asked her for a dance instead of Heaven.

Heaven would have been happy for her friend if it wouldn't mean that she would be left standing there alone. But she forced herself to smile. She didn't want to ruin the night for Gina, so she gave her a nod to go on.

Gina took the man's hand, and he led her to the dance floor. Heaven could tell they were flirting by the way they leaned into each other and Gina giggled. If she only had half the confidence her friend had.

'My, my. What do we have here?'

Of course he was here. She turned to him. 'Zarin. What are you doing here?'

'Well, I couldn't miss the party my sister and my friend were attending.' He let his gaze slowly travel up and down her body. 'And I am glad I came.' He added.

Heaven felt something strange in her stomach. It was as if his words meant something else.

'Why?' She asked.

'Because it's dangerous the way you dressed. It must be Gina's doing. She dressed you to be a meal for many hungry demons in this room, and I can't let that happen.'

'What do you mean?' His words confused her.

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'Come. Let's dance while we speak.'

He took her to the dance floor and drew her into his arms before they began to dance to the music.

Heaven realized this was the first time she danced with him. It also made her realize the man her childhood friend had become. He wasn't the silent, broody and innocent little boy she knew anymore. He was confident, mischievous and very tantalizing.

'So. Have you thought about my offer?' She asked.

'What offer?'

She leaned closer and whispered. 'To marry me.'

He chuckled. 'Are you still on that? I thought we moved on from it.'

'Is the idea of getting married to me that unpleasant?'

'Yes.' He replied.

Heaven felt hurt by his words. 'Why?' She asked.

'Because I like to live freely. I don't want to be bound by royal duties.'

Oh, so it wasn't because of her.

'Also, I wouldn't make a good King.' He added. 'But don't worry. We will find you someone.'

'Demons won't like me when they find out I am partially witch.' Heaven whispered.

'Well, your grandfather liked your grandmother.' He reminded.

‘That was a onetime thing.’

‘If it happened one time, it can happen twice. You just need to find a very powerful demon, like your grandfather. One who is centuries old. Then he won’t care that you are a witch if he truly likes you.’

Powerful, centuries old demon didn’t sound good.

‘And if he doesn’t like me, he will kill me on the spot.’ Heaven added.

‘Oh. It will be very difficult not to like you in this dress.’

Heaven’s cheeks flushed, which caused Zarin to laugh. ‘What is funny?’ Heaven asked, annoyed.

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‘You are adorable. You need to become bolder than this. If you get together with a demon, I promise you giving compliments is the least he will do.’

Heaven knew demons were very s.e.x.u.a.l creatures. She could only imagine what they could be doing behind closed doors. Nothing she would want to know, yet.

‘So where do we find this powerful, centuries old demon who won’t kill me?’

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

Chapter 131: Vol3 Chapter 8

Zarin introduced Heaven to his friend Lozan, a man who according to him knew almost every demon.

‘You need to be more specific.’ Lozan inquired when Zarin explained that he was looking for old male demons. ‘There are many old male demons.’

Zarin turned to Heaven. ‘Anything specific you would like?’

Heaven felt as if she was ordering a meal or buying clothes.

‘Someone kind.’ She said.

That made both Zarin and Lozan laugh out loud. ‘Your friend is funny.’ Lozan told Zarin.

Zarin tried to hold in his laugh. ‘We are looking for someone who might be interested in finding a partner.’

‘Oh,’ Lozan turned to Heaven. ‘You can’t possibly have difficulty finding someone.’ He said surprised. ‘But that’s not how it works with demons.’

‘I know, I know. They have to be mates, but that will only happen once they meet, right?’

‘All right. But why does it have to be an old demon?’ Lozan asked.

‘We have our reasons.’ Was all Zarin said.

‘How old are we talking about?’

‘Well, at least five centuries old.’ He looked at Heaven for approval.



Heaven had to think. That sounded a lot, but she decided to go with it for now.

‘Preferably rich.’ Zarin added.

‘Then you are looking for a demon Lord.’

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Heaven knew demon Lords were the ones that ruled over a group of demons. They were the leaders.

‘That will do.’ Zarin said.

Lozan seemed concerned. ‘Your friend seems too innocent to get involved with a demon lord.’ He pointed out.

‘She just looks innocent. It’s her charm.’ Zarin explained.

Her charm? Heaven wanted to laugh.

‘If you want to meet a demon Lord, you need to go to different kinds of parties. Ones that are heavily guarded, therefore you will need an invitation. I am sure your father can get you one easily. Once you are inside, your friend can use her charm. I am sure it will work effectively.’ He grinned.

If Lozan knew almost every demon, then maybe he knew the silver-eyed stranger.

‘Do you know a male demon with silver eyes?’ Heaven asked.

Lozans expression became serious. 'Silver eyes? That's very rare nowadays. Have you seen one?' He asked.

'No, my friend has.' She lied.

'I don't know if she is lucky or unlucky.' He said scaring her.

'Why?'

'Well, lucky because she got to see something rare. Unlucky because they are very dangerous and she might be in serious trouble if she provoked him.'

Now she was terrified.

'What do you mean they are dangerous?' She asked.

Lozan leaned in, his eyes gleaming with excitement of what he was about to tell her.

**Updated \_at**

'They are the original ones. The created ones. They lived from the beginning of times, here on earth, before the humans were created. Even though all of them were demons, they were different by nature. There were the fire demons, they had fiery eyes. You could see the flames in their eyes.'

Heaven thought of her father's eyes. But he didn't exist from the beginning of times. Was it maybe because her grandfather did?

'Then there were the smoke demons. They had metallic silver eyes, and the water demons had multicoloured eyes. When humans were created

and sent to earth, the demons moved to the oceans. But the water demons wanted the waters for themselves, so they banished the fire demons and the smoke demons from the oceans and forced them to live on land. Amongst the humans. Now you probably understand why they are dangerous. They are ancient, therefore extremely powerful. Only a few of them exist today, and they usually conceal their eye colour so that no one can recognize them. Unless they really want to scare someone.'

'Why do only a few remain?' Heaven asked curiously.

'Living for many thousand years can become tiring, so some of them decided to move on to the afterlife. Others have gone into a deep slumber, planning to wake up when the world changes into something that might excite them.'

'How do you know all this?' Zarin was surprised by his friend's knowledge.

'You have to know your history.' He winked. 'Tell you friend to be careful, and if possible avoid him.' He then warned Heaven.

An original demon. Not centuries old, but ancient and powerful. That was bad news for her.

What could this original demon want from her? Maybe she should stop looking for him and hope that he never comes to see her again.

Heaven thanked Lozan for his help before turning to Zarin. 'We should go home.' She said. 'Where is Gina?'

Zarin said goodbye to his friend and then they both looked for Gina in the crowd. She was still with the handsome male who had asked her for a dance.

‘We should leave her alone. She knows you’re with me.’

‘Will she be alright alone?’ Heaven asked.

‘Trust me. This is not her first time.’ Zarin assured.

Once they were back to her chamber, Heaven felt afraid. She didn’t let go of Zarin.

‘Can’t you stay here tonight?’ She asked.

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Zarin gazed into her eyes for a long moment before he shut them tightly and pushed her away gently. When he opened his eyes, he took a deep breath before looking at her again.

‘Is there something you are not telling me?’ He asked. ‘Who is this silver-eyed demon? Is he troubling you?’

Heaven shook her head. ‘No. It’s just the nightmares again. Please stay.’

She could see that he didn’t believe her, and that was probably why he agreed to stay.

‘Alright. Go and change.’ He said.

‘Thank you.’

Heaven hurried to change into her nightgown and when she came back, she found Zarin lying on her bed.

‘What are you doing?’

‘No more luxury for you Princess. If I am going to sleep here, then I am sleeping on the bed. You can try the sofa. If it doesn’t suit you, you are always welcome to sleep next to me.’ He smirked.

Heaven wanted to slap the smirk out of his face but forced herself to smile at him instead. She was the one who asked him to stay, after all. ‘I’ll sleep on the sofa. Enjoy the bed.’

Taking her pillow and blanket, she lay down on the small sofa that barely fit her length. This was at least better than having nightmares, she comforted herself.

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Here comes a new discord link. Hopefully, it works for everyone this time.

For those who don’t know about discord, it’s basically a platform where you can chat and connect. In this case, meet other readers and chat about the book.

Here is the link

**The most up-to-date are published here !**

[discord.gg/zu2Smp7](https://discord.gg/zu2Smp7)

Let me know if you have problems.

Lots of love ♥

## Married To The Devil's Son (WN)

### Chapter 132: Vol3 Chapter 9

Heaven woke up feeling cold despite being wrapped in her thick, heavy blanket. But it wasn't the weather that was cold.

It was him.

Every time he came, the room would turn cold. Or maybe it wasn't the room but her body that froze.

Sitting up, her eyes searched for him in the darkness, but she couldn't find him. Yet she knew he was there. Gripping her blanket, she held it tightly against her body, as if it would protect her.

'Hello?' Her voice trembled. 'Are you there?'

Slowly he emerged from the darkness. The sight of him made her draw in a sharp breath and want to hide under the bedcovers. He was beautifully terrifying, if that made sense.

The stranger took a step toward her.

'Don't! Please.' Heaven shrieked, crawling back in her bed.

'I won't hurt you.' He assured.

'What do you want?' It came out as a whisper.

He came closer. 'I want you. Come with me.💎💎💎'

'Why?' She asked.

‘Because we belong together.’

‘I don’t even know you.’ Her heart accelerated with every step he took toward her.

‘But you have been looking for me. And if you really want to know me, then come to Black rosewood.’ He said.

‘What if I don’t want to?’ She asked, afraid.

In the blink of an eye, he stood right in front of her, causing her to squeal in terror. Leaning down, he brought his face close to hers. Heaven held her breath.

‘Then I’ll come back to convince you.’ He smirked, leaning even closer.

Heaven shut her eyes tightly, praying he would disappear. When she opened them again, she was sleeping in her bed. The morning sun shone through the window, lighting up the room.

Heaven let out a breath of relief. It was all a bad dream.

But wait! How did she get into her bed? She had been sleeping on the sofa.

Turning to her left, she found Zarin sleeping next to her.

What on earth was happening?

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‘Zarin!’ She rocked him. ‘Wake up!’

Slowly, his eyes fluttered open.

‘How did I get here?’ She asked accusingly.

He rubbed his eyes before looking at her. ‘You don’t know?’

She shook her head.

‘Well, I don’t either.’ He smiled tauntingly.

Heaven took her pillow and started hitting him with it.

‘All right, all right, stop.’ He held his arms up in defense, but Heaven kept hitting him.

‘Stop!’ He grabbed her wrists turning her over he pinned her down on the bed.

She struggled to free herself, but he was strong.

‘I am still stronger than you,’ He reminded. ‘And faster too.’

But that was not what made Heaven stop.

It was him, in her bed, on top of her. When he understood her reaction he released her.

‘You will get me in trouble one day.’ He muttered before vanishing.

Heaven was confused for a brief moment before her handmaidens knocked on the door. While they assisted her to get ready for the day, she kept thinking of the silver-eyed stranger. He wanted to meet her after so many visits.



Why now? What changed? And what did he mean by them belonging together? She shook her head. It didn't matter. She would not go meet him.

When her handmaidens were done with her, she looked at herself in the mirror one last time before making her way to the great garden, where she would have breakfast with her parents.

When Heaven neared the garden, she heard her grandmother's voice. She became thrilled and hurried to meet her.

'Grandma!'

'Heaven!' Her grandmother Irene stood up from her seat, meeting her halfway for a hug.

'I miss you.' Heaven said.

'I miss you more, my Angel.'

Heaven was so happy to see her grandmother. They chatted happily while they ate their breakfast. But Heaven knew her grandmother was not as happy as she looked. Since her grandfather left, she could see the sadness behind her grandmother's smile. Until this day, Heaven could not understand why her grandfather left.

**Updated \_at**

He had never been the warm type to begin with, but she never thought he would abandon them.

She could still remember the day he decided to leave. He had explained that he was on earth for a purpose, and that he for a moment got distracted and forgot why he was here.

‘What is the purpose that is more important than your family?’ Her father had asked.

‘I am here to mislead God’s creation. That’s the purpose of my existence. I am not here to live a normal life.’

‘You say that now?’ Her father had been outraged and Heaven could understand why. But her grandfather had remained calm.

‘I did not plan to have a family. It just happened, and I got caught up in it. Now I am back to who and what I should be.’

‘The devil?’

‘Yes.’ Her grandfather replied calmly.

‘So you want to leave us?’

‘You can come with me. We can mislead everyone. We can make the world ours.’

Her father shook his head. ‘I don’t want to be part of your evil schemes.’

It was the first time Heaven heard her grandfather laugh. Until this day, she never heard a more malicious sound. ‘You are part of me, Lucian. Evil is part of you, whether you admit it or not.’

‘No one is born evil. It’s a choice you make, and I choose not to be what you have become.’

Heaven had felt proud of her father, but she had been very disappointed in her grandfather. She couldn't understand why misleading people was so important to him, but when she grew up, she learned the reason to why the devil was on earth. He had rebelled against God.

'Father, do you believe in God?' One day Heaven had asked her father when she was a little girl.

'Yes.' Her father answered simply.

'I don't mean if you believe there is a God. I mean, do you believe God is good?'

Her father who was busy reading some papers put them away and looked at her. 'Yes. I believe God is good.'

'But those who believe that God is good are also those who believe demons are evil.' Heaven argued.

Her father studied her for a moment. 'If those people believe God is good, they should know that God does not create evil. It's something his creation chooses to be, and as demons we have the choice to be what we want.'

And so Heaven chose to be good, despite not knowing what it truly meant. At that time, when she was a little girl, to be good meant listening to her parents, not fighting with others and being kind. But today Heaven wondered what it truly meant to be good.

Could she still be good despite being the devil's granddaughter?

'Is something wrong?' Her grandmother asked, breaking her train of thoughts.

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Heaven realized everyone had emptied their plate while she was lost in old memories.

‘No, no.’ Heaven shook her head.

Now, both her parents looked at her worriedly.

‘I am fine. I am just trying to eat less. I have gained some weight.’ She lied.

Heaven was thankful that demons couldn’t hear demons thoughts. Otherwise, her parents and grandmother would have known she was lying.

After the breakfast Heaven took her grandmother aside. ‘I need to talk to you.’ She whispered. Then they went to her room to speak privately.

‘So, what troubles you my dear?’ Her grandmother asked once they arrived.

‘Grandma, I don’t want to worry anyone, but something had been troubling me for a long time.’

‘What is it?’ Her grandmother looked very concerned.

‘Dreams or nightmares. I don’t know. But they feel so real, and it’s the same person as everytime. I think it might be more than just a dream.’ Heaven explained.

Her grandmother listened carefully.

‘I think it’s a demon. He has silver-eyes, and he comes almost every night.’ She continued.

‘What does he do when he comes?’

Heaven’s cheeks flushed.

‘Oh dear. It’s that kind of dream.’ Her grandmother said.

‘No!’ Heaven’s blush deepened.

‘It’s normal.’ Her grandmother cut off. ‘You have grown. You are a woman now and you yearn for a man.’

Heaven sighed. She didn’t expect her grandmother to react the way Gina did.

‘Who is he?’ She asked curiously.

Heaven shook her head. ‘I don’t know him. But he seems to know me. That’s why I am afraid.’

The concerned look returned to her grandmother’s face. ‘You don’t know him?’

‘No.’

She was quiet for a long moment before she stood up. ‘Come. I’ll perform a spell on you. It will make demons unable to enter your mind.’

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## Married To The Devil's Son (WN)

### Chapter 133: Vol3 Chapter 10

Heavens grandmother gave her a necklace with a magic spell that would keep demons away from her. Despite that, the silver-eyed stranger visited her once again. Just as he promised.

If the spell didn't work, then maybe he wasn't a demon.

But... what else could he be?

She would guess a witch, had she not seen him at the party. As a witch, he would not risk coming to a party full of demons.

One thing Heaven was sure of. He was not human. He was far more sinister. The way he crawled into her bed made her shrink and shiver. What would he do to her this time?

She could feel him looming over her while she pretended to be asleep. She tried not to panic, but her heart was beating so fast she had a hard time breathing normally.

'I know you are awake.' He spoke.

Heaven kept her eyes shut. Tonight she would not open them until he disappeared.

The stranger leaned closer. His soft hair fell on her face and tickled her. Then she felt his icy fingers on her neck. Heaven squealed internally but kept it together on the outside.

It's just a dream. He will disappear soon, she chanted inside her head.

But the stranger went nowhere. Instead, she felt his cool fingers get a grip on the necklace around her neck. Then she heard him chuckle.

‘Did you think this would protect you from me?’ He asked, amused.

Heaven continued to pretend to sleep, but he wasn’t willing to leave.

‘You don’t need protection from me. I wouldn’t hurt you.’ He caressed her cheek with the back of his hand.

‘Look at me.’ He urged softly.

His words were compelling, somehow taking control over her and forcing her to open her eyes.

No! Why did she open...

The words faded from her mind as soon as she saw his face. There was something about his appearance that took her breath away, yet when she woke up she couldn’t remember what he looked like. Except the eyes.

‘Why did you not come to meet me?’ He asked.

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‘I was afraid.’ She blurted.

‘You need not be afraid of me.’ He traced his fingers along her jawline and down to the curve of her neck.

His cold touch made her shudder, yet her body grew hot. Her senses came alive and his scent filled her nostrils. He smelled like wet earth after rain.

Heaven inhaled his delicate scent. She loved rain. The smell of it, the sound of it, and the feel of the cold water dripping on her skin.

Why did this man remind her of rain and storms ?

‘I’ll wait for you tomorrow.’ He said, but it sounded more like a question. As if he was asking her if she would go to meet him.

‘I can’t.’ She shook her head.

His lips curved into a smile. ‘At least this time you didn’t say you don’t want to.’

Heaven stared at him, confused. ‘It’s the same thing.’ She said.

Suddenly he was out of her bed, standing on the other side. ‘I’ll be waiting for you.’

Heaven sat up. ‘I told you I can’t.’

‘I am sure you’ll find a way.’

‘I...’ Before she could say anything else, he dissipated into smoke.

When she woke up this time, she was covered in sweat. This nightmare was affecting her more than she thought.

She reached for the necklace around her neck. It was still there, but it didn’t protect her.

Her grandmother was a powerful witch. If her spell didn’t work, then there could be two reasons. The first would be that the stranger wasn’t a demon, and the second, he is too powerful for the spell to keep him away.



After all, he had laughed at her attempt to protect herself, but he had also told her he had no intentions of hurting her.

Could she trust his words ?

And if he didn't want to hurt her, then what did he want ?

Rubbing her eyes, Heaven forced herself out of bed. She had her training with Princess Klara and Gina today, so even if she wanted to sleep a little more she couldn't.

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Her handmaidens helped her as usual before she made her way to the backyard of the castle where she usually trained. Today it seemed her mother was joining them.

Not wanting to interrupt the fight between her mother and Princess Klara, Heaven went to sit next to Gina who was also watching the fight.

'Good morning,' She greeted her friend.

'Good morning.' Gina smiled without tearing her gaze from the fight between their mothers. 'Aunt Hazel has become so much better.'

Heaven nodded proudly. Her mother was truly a fighter, never giving up. Yet she was gentle in everything she did. That's why everyone loved her. Even now while fighting, every time she felt she struck too hard she would make sure Princess Klara was alright. She was so caring.

While their mothers fought Gina and Heaven decided to fight as well. Unlike their mothers, they were not gentle with each other. They really

attacked one another, without holding back. Kicking, punching and wrestling, they bruised each other until one of them gave up.

Today Heaven gave up first. She had too many sleepless nights and her mind was somewhere else.

‘All right, I give up.’ Breathless, Heaven accepted defeat

Gina fell on the ground, also gasping for air. They took a moment to catch their breath before retiring to her room.

Heaven ordered for some food and drink. She was starving. Then she threw herself on the couch to rest.

‘So, how was he? The man you were chatting with at the party?’ Heaven asked.

Zarin and she had left Gina behind that night because she seemed to have a good time.

‘His name is Wren, and he was very charming. But I met someone else last night.’

‘Oh,’ Was all Heaven managed to say. Her friend was juggling men. Heaven didn’t know how she felt about that.

◆◆How was it for you? Did you find someone?’

Heaven shook her head. ‘No, but I found something. I think the man in my dreams might be an ancient demon.’

Confusion settled on Gina’s face. ‘But you said he was just a dream.’

‘Yes. I mean no. I don’t know, really. But he feels so real and he told me to... meet him.’

‘What? Why didn’t you tell me all this?’ She hurried to sit next to her on the couch.

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‘Because I am not sure myself. A part of me wants to find him, the other part tells me it’s dangerous.’

‘Why?’

‘Well, if he is an ancient demon what could he want from me? Other than to hurt me. Maybe he is my father’s enemy and wants to cause him harm through me.’

‘If he is an ancient demon, then he wouldn’t be scared and hide in your dreams. Trust me. He would already have caused you harm. Also, ancient demons have no reason to be your father’s enemies since they won’t see him as a threat. They already have enough power of their own.’

She had a point. ‘If so, what does he want?’

‘Maybe he likes you, but is too afraid to approach you. Because you know, your father and grandfather. Did he indicate that he likes you?’

Well, he had said they belonged together. Did that mean he liked her?

‘I’m not sure...’

‘I think you should give him a chance. You are looking for someone to get married to so it wouldn’t hurt to get to know him. ‘

Gina made everything seem simple, but something was telling Heaven this was more than just a demon liking her. He wanted something else from her. She had felt it in her dreams. The fact that the necklace didn’t protect her was also distressing. If he wasn’t an ancient demon, then he was something else. Something as dangerous if not more.

And if she didn’t go to meet him, then he would come for her again, and again, Also, she couldn’t deny the fact that she wanted to meet him. She wanted to know who he was and what he wanted.

Heaven knew she was about to make a selfish and dangerous decision, but she couldn’t help it.

‘Yes, maybe I should give him a chance,’ She finally said.

Her friend’s eyes widened in surprise. ‘Good.’ She nodded excitedly.

‘Now where do we find this man?’

\*\*\*\*\*

Here comes a new discord link for those who couldn’t access the last one.

[discord.gg/KaS5kYJ](https://discord.gg/KaS5kYJ)

I am available on discord and would be more than happy to reply to your questions.



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

### Chapter 134: Vol3 Chapter 11

Heaven told Gina where she was supposed to meet the silver-eyed stranger. Black rosewood.

Gina knew where it was, but she didn't like the idea of going there.

'Why did he tell you to meet him there? I heard that forest is eerie.'

Heaven wanted to back down, but then she gathered her courage and decided to get it over with.

'Should we feel scared? I mean, we are what people fear.'

Maybe people believed supernatural beings like ghosts or demons to dwell in the forest, but Heaven didn't believe in ghosts and she was a demon.

Gina shrugged. 'Yeah. I guess we have nothing to be afraid of.'

But once they arrived at the forest, Heaven could feel that something was definitely different about the place.

It was dark, the leaves from the many tall trees covered the sky like dark clouds. The air was cooler, making her flesh creep and her body squirm. She turned to Gina who was walking next to her with arms wrapped around her shoulders.

'Why is it so cold?' She asked.

'I don't like this.' Heavens said. 'Maybe we should go back.'

Gina shook her head in denial, as expected. Her friend liked the scary and the dangerous.

‘Since we are here, we might as well take a good look. What could be in here? Animals?’

No, not animals. But surely predators.

The silence was haunting. There was no sound or signs of life around them. Only the trifling noise of rustling branches and leaves and the howl of the wind.

Heaven and Gina scampered through the wispy trees, stumbling over stones and roots.

Suddenly Gina drew her sword. The scraping sound of sharp metal echoed in the silence.

‘Did you hear that?’ Gina whispered.

Heaven straightened her ears.

‘Hear what?’

‘You were right. We should go home. I don’t think it’s safe here. Not a romantic place to meet either.’ Gina said, looking around with hawk-like eyes.

Heaven knew her friend was right, but something far away, deep in the forest, was calling to her.

‘Heaven, what are you doing?!’ Gina hissed.

She was already walking into the forest without realizing. Gina came after her fast and grabbed her arm.

‘We should really leave. I don’t like this place.’

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‘Gina, we are close.’ Heaven said without knowing what it meant.

‘Close to what?’ She was still looking around for any threat.

Close to him. He was here. Heaven knew from the way the icy wind gusted. Every time he was near, she felt cold.

Ignoring Gina’s question, she continued further into the dark forest.

‘You will get us in trouble.’ Gina muttered, following behind.

A smile curved Heaven’s lips. She was usually the careful one. It was fun now that they switched roles.

As they continued further into the forest, it became colder and darker.

◆◆ Oh God,’ Gina shivered. ‘Do you think ghosts exist?’

‘Are you asking me or God?’

‘Are you being sarcastic right now?’

Heaven thought this was the perfect opportunity to scare her friend.

Turning around, ‘maybe you can ask the ghosts themselves.’ She said nodding behind her.

Gina swung her sword behind her, just to cut through thin air.

A laugh escaped Heaven's lips.

'This is not fun!' Gina turned, looking angry.

'I am sorry. I have just never seen you so scared.'

'I am not.' She denied. 'But... we should really go back. I don't feel good about him calling you here.'

'Just a little further.' Heaven returned to walk, but after a few steps she discovered a cave a few feet away.

'Gina.' Heaven nodded toward the cave. 'Look.'

The cave's mouth was an impenetrable darkness covered with spider nets.

'I don't like this.' Gina repeated, looking at the entrance. 'We should go home.'

Gina was usually not an easily scared person, but Heaven could resonate with her fear. There was something about this forest that indicated darkness and danger which erected fear in someone's heart.

But Heaven was too drawn to the darkness now that she couldn't back down. The further she got into the forest, the stronger the pull toward the darkness became.

Despite the force that drew her closer, Heaven took safety precautions. She withdrew her daggers from her pockets while strolling toward the cave.



‘Heaven. Where are you going?!’ Gina sounded annoyed.

‘Let’s take a look.’ Heaven said waving for Gina to follow.

**New \_ chapters are published here:**

Gina shook her head. ‘You are getting us in trouble.’

Yes. She was, but why couldn’t she stop. This was dangerous. She was putting her friend, her family and herself in risk?

Why were her feet taking her toward danger?

When they came near the entrance, Heaven looked inside. It was pitch-dark, so she couldn’t see anything. Suddenly she became afraid, yet she continued to step inside.

Gina used her sword to remove the spider nets from the way.

When they entered the cave, it engulfed them in a chilling darkness. Underneath her feet, rocks shifted, causing her ankles to twist left and right. The noise from the rattled stones echoed off the heavy walls. Ahead, she could hear the sound of water dripping.

Heaven got an ominous feeling. She tightened her hold on her daggers as the road darkened. She could still see because of her supernatural senses, but if she continued, it might not last. Just when she chose to turn back because it was getting difficult to see, she stumbled over something and fell on a hard surface.

‘Are you alright?’ Gina called, but then paused when she noticed something.

Heaven got up on her feet before taking a look. Her eyes widened in surprise.

‘Is that a coffin?’ She asked.

‘It seems so.’ Gina shrugged. ‘But look at this.’

Gina touched the surface with her fingertips. Symbols were carved into the wooden coffin. Heaven got closer to see. She knew these symbols, or to be more correct, spells.

Her grandmother had taught her how to perform basic spells, but these seemed a lot more complicated.

‘These are spells.’

‘Why would someone carve spells into a coffin?’

‘I don’t know.’ That confused Heaven as well.

Leaning down, she tried to figure out their meaning. It seemed the spell was to protect what was inside from getting out or to hinder someone from getting inside.

But why?

‘I think there is something in there, and it’s not a dead body.’ Heaven said.

‘What do you think is in there?’

‘I don’t know. But something valuable enough to hide in a cave and lock with a spell.’

‘Oh, then we should open it.’ Gina got suddenly excited

‘I don’t think I am powerful enough to open it. The spell is complicated.’

‘Well, try before giving up.’

‘Maybe we shouldn’t open it. It probably belongs to someone.’ Heaven hesitated.

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‘We don’t have to take it. I am just curious to see what’s inside.’

Heaven couldn’t deny that she was curious too. What could there be inside, that someone would go through so much trouble to hide?

Thinking that she probably wouldn’t succeed in opening it, she performed the spell.

And she was right. Nothing happened.

‘I told you. Let’s go home now. All this was a terrible idea.’

Gina let out a sigh. ‘Came all this way here to see nothing.’ She muttered, disappointed.

As they turned back to leave, they heard the creaking sound of wood, making them stop in their tracks. Heaven glanced behind at the coffin. Then she looked at Gina.

‘I think it opened?’ Gina whispered.

She made her way to the coffin and tried to lift the lock. It wasn't opening.

'God this is heavy. Help me.'

Heaven hurried to help Gina, ready to use all her strength, but when she lifted the lock it opened so easily.

A heavy smoke came out of the coffin, blurring their vision and making them cough. When the smoke slowly followed the wind and disappeared, they saw what lay in the coffin.

A gasp escaped Gina's lips. It was indeed a dead body. It lay unmoving like a statue, with only bones and skin. The skin was a pale grey and blue and seemed to rot, making the veins underneath visible.

Heaven stared, shocked. This was not what she expected, and she was still confused. It made no sense. Why would someone put a spell on a coffin with a dead body?

It's not like the body could escape.

Unless...

It was alive.

Oh, no!

Heaven was about to step back when a skeletal hand grabbed her wrist, making her unable to escape. Her heart jumped to her throat when the dead body opened its eyes.

A pair of unearthly silver eyes.

A scream erupted from her throat.

\*\*\*\*\*

You guys have been asking for an update schedule and I have finally decided what days to update. I'll update on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. Please note that we have different time-zones, so for you guys it might be different days.

Thank you so much ♥ ♥ for all the support and love. I wish I could update every day, trust me, but life and studies get in the way.

**New \_chapters are published here:**

Please be patient with me,

Lots of love ♥

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

Chapter 135: Vol13 Chapter 12

‘Your Majesty, the people are still asking for the princess’s wedding day. We need to give them a date soon before they cause a rebellion.’  
One general spoke.

Lucian looked around the table. All the others in the meeting seemed to agree.

‘They will have a date once I give a date.’ Lucian said calmly.

He could see disappointed looks around the table, but he didn't care. This was a matter of his daughter's happiness, and if it needed to take time, so be it.

'You are dismissed.' He said standing up from his seat and then leaving.

How he hated those meetings lately. All they talked about was his daughter's wedding day.

As he strode through the hall, he came across Lincoln. 'Your Majesty. Princess Heaven left the castle.' He informed.

Lucian nodded, a bit confused. He knew this wasn't the first time Heaven snuck out of the castle, but she had never done it during daytime before. He wondered if something happened.

'Princess Regina accompanied her.' Lincoln added.

'Alright. Does Hazel know?'

'I am not sure. Maybe her guards told her already.'

'Tell me when she comes back.' Lucian ordered.

Lincoln nodded and left.

Lucian went to his chamber where he expected to find Hazel. Ylva was helping her get dressed when he entered the room.

'Your Majesty.' Ylva bowed before getting back to helping Hazel.

**Updated \_at**

His wife turned to him. 'Your daughter left.' She stated simply. This time she sounded less accusing.

Lucian always felt the need to correct her. It was their daughter, not just his, but he knew what she meant. He was the one who spoiled her.

'And you are angry again.' He said.

Hazel shook her head. 'No, I am not. I have been thinking.' She dismissed Ylva before sitting down on a chair.

Lucian went to sit next to her, sensing that she was about to tell him something unusual.

Hazel sighed heavily before she spoke. 'I feel that my fear of losing her has made me into the kind of mother I don't want to be. I am giving her the same fate that I had and I am making her unhappy.'

'You are not making her unhappy and you are a wonderful mother.'  
Lucian assured her.

Hazel shook her head, her eyes getting a little teary. 'I feel that I have to choose between her happiness and her safety and it's so difficult. I don't know what to do. That's probably why she likes you more. I don't want her to dislike me, so I think I have to let her decide what to do with her life. If she wants to go out, then...' She shook her head, a tear falling down her cheek.

Lucian knew motherhood had been difficult for Hazel. She hated that their daughter had to have the same fate as she had. If someone knew what it felt like to live isolated, then it was Hazel, therefore she had

hoped to give their daughter a different life. But it was easier said than done.

Lucian took Hazel's hands in his. 'You are doing great and Heaven loves you and she doesn't blame you. She told me herself. We have taught her everything we could, now that she has grown up we have to let her decide the way she wants to live. It's alright to let go.'

But Lucian had to admit that even he was worried. Where did Heaven go this time? Hopefully, she would come back unharmed as she usually did.

Maybe Roshan knew where she could be.

After making sure that Hazel was alright, Lucian teleported himself to Roshan's home. He hated to arrive uninvited, but that's what Roshan always did.

Roshan loved to live a luxurious life. His house was built like a castle and had the most expensive furnishing.

'Oh, look who is here?' Roshan beamed as he found him in the parlor. It was almost as if he had been waiting for his arrival. 'I have been waiting for this day but...' He looked closely at Lucian. 'Did something happen?'

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'Nothing besides our daughters being gone.'

Roshan raised a brow as he sat down on the couch. 'Well, they have to leave sometimes.'



‘I just want to know that they are somewhere safe.’

Roshan shook his head. ‘You can’t always keep an eye on your daughter. She will suffocate. But if you insist to know, then they are probably attending some feast or festival.’

‘It’s easy for you to say. You don’t have enemies waiting to get their hands on your daughter.’

‘No, I don’t. But I know one thing. I would rather live a short happy life than a long boring one.’

Of course. Roshan and fun went hand in hand, but Lucian thought deeply about what he said. A life without happiness might not feel worth living.

‘You should try it to. You know, to live a less boring life.’

‘My life is not boring.’ Lucian disagreed.

Roshan chuckled. ‘I am sure. Only dealing with state affairs and then going to sleep must be so much fun. Don’t you miss going out there and fight?’

Lucian sighed. Yes, he missed it, even though he hated to admit it. But war only brought destruction, and it was always the innocent who payed the price.

‘I don’t miss it.’ He said.

Roshan tilted his head, studying him closely. ‘You know, since your father left you have been bitter. We live a long life. You will get used to it with time.’

Lucian knew Roshan was thinking of his mother, who left him.

‘Get used to the idea that my father wants to corrupt people’s minds.’

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‘He is the devil and even the devil gets tempted. He got tempted to have a normal life and forgot about his mission. Now he is back to his duties.’

‘Are you siding with him?’ Lucian asked, appalled.

‘I am not. I have chosen a side a long time ago. I grew up next to your father. He taught me all evil tricks. Me and my father were ready to follow in his footsteps and we did for a while. Until I asked myself what I was gaining by tricking people. Nothing. Was I losing something? Yes. My morality. So think. Your father has been doing this since the beginning of times. He has no sense of morality. So while you are here feeling bad, he doesn’t care.’

‘But you were with him all this time.’

‘Yes. I really thought he had changed for the better when he was with Irene. But I was wrong.’ Roshan sounded disappointed.

If he grew up with Lothaire, he probably saw him as a father figure. But now that Lothaire hadn’t changed as he had hoped, he became disappointed.

Lucian had enough caring for people who didn’t care for him. If his father didn’t want to be in his life, then he didn’t want him in his life either.

Suddenly Roshan stiffened, glancing behind Lucian.

‘Gina!’ He called rising hastily.

Lucian turned back. Before he could see he already knew something was wrong. He could smell the scent of blood in the air.

Gina walked into the parlor, clothes torn and stained with blood. She was bruised and in pain. Roshan was next to her in the blink of an eye before she fell into his arms.

‘What happened? Are you alright?’

Lucian’s looked around for Heaven and when he couldn’t find her, he quickly put the pieces together.

His daughter was in danger.

‘Heaven. She is in danger.’ Gina hurried to inform.

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

Chapter 136: Vol3 Chapter 13

The first thing Heaven saw when she opened her eyes was the dark ceiling and the broken, dusty chandelier that hung from it. It was covered with spider webs, as if it hadn’t been used for ages.

Heaven sat up slowly; her movements causing the bed to make a creaking sound. Her eyes searched the dimly lit room she was in. It looked gloomy and uninviting. The furniture was old and dusty, and looked as if it would collapse anytime soon. Mold ate away at the damp

freckled walls and floor, and she could hear insects crawling around.

Where was she?

Suddenly pain shot down her neck, and she reached for it only to feel wetness on her fingers.

Blood.

Gradually, her memories came back to her. The dead body. The skeleton hands. It was him, the silver-eyed stranger.

She remembered his skeleton hand grabbing her wrist, and she had screamed at the top of her lungs. Horrified, she had cut his arm with her dagger, but before he could bleed his wound had already healed.

Gina tried to jab him with her sword but ended up stabbing an empty coffin. Just like that, he had dissolved into smoke.

Their eyes searched the cave carefully. Heaven tightened her hold on her daggers and Gina was ready to sprint anytime.

The sound of footsteps made them look behind quickly. There he stood in the shadows. The sight of him was very frightening. A walking dead body was not something you would expect to see in a lifetime, or ever.

'Heaven step back!' Gina ordered before attacking him.

With a wave of his hand, the skeleton man caused Gina to crash into the cave's wall by an invisible force. She hit the wall so hard Heaven was sure her ribs and spine cracked. Then she fell to the ground and got covered by enormous stones that fell off the wall.

‘Gina!’ Heaven screamed in horror, running to save her friend, but the stranger blocked her way and grabbed her by the neck.

She tried to stab him with her dagger when he spoke, ‘Don’t move.’

Heaven halted. What was happening to her?

He was compelling her.

How?

She was partly demon, so it shouldn’t be possible.

His eyes. She had to look away from them. Compulsion happened by looking into someone’s eyes, but it was too late now and she couldn’t look away. She was spellbound.

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Those silver-eyes that had haunted her dreams were now right in front of her. But the face was terrifying.

‘Good.’ He said when she listened to his command.

Releasing her neck, he drew her into his arms. Heaven panicked. What was he doing?

Removing the hair from her neck, he leaned in.

Oh, God! He was going to bite her. No!

Heaven screamed internally. That would be marking her. He can’t! She didn’t want to!

Suddenly his teeth sank into her flesh. Heaven whimpered in pain, but she couldn't move. He was drinking her blood, and he wasn't stopping.

Heaven began to feel weak and lightheaded. If he didn't stop, he might kill her. She wasn't sure if the little part of her that was demon could save her.

Her legs became weak, unable to hold her, and she fell back in his arms. Would this be how she died?

Suddenly he stopped and drew back. His lips were stained with her blood before he licked them.

Heaven's vision became blurry, but she could see how his skin slowly came alive, changing its color and healing itself. Some flesh appeared on his bony face, giving him some structure. His hair thickened and elongated, and his earlier blue lips turned into a pale pink. His veins retracted and his skin became radiant.

Once he looked alive Heaven recognized his face. All this time she had seen him in her dreams, but she hadn't been able to remember. Now that she saw him in reality, he was even more breathtaking.

Heaven wanted to take a closer look, but her vision was darkening.

Was she dying? She didn't want to die.

Please save me! She begged before falling into a fathomless abyss.

Later when she woke up, she found herself in this gloomy room. The stranger must have brought her here. She needed to escape.

Heaven's eyes scanned the room. It had no windows, but the door was open. First, she would need a weapon if she was going to escape through the door. He could be anywhere and she needed to protect herself.

As she rose from the bed to find something sharp, her head spun. She was still weak from the loss of blood.

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Carefully, trying not to lose her balance, she searched the room.

'Are you looking for these?'

Startled, Heaven turned hastily to where the voice came from.

There he stood at the entrance behind the shadows, holding her two daggers up. He threw one at her and then the other and she caught them in air.

Confused, she gazed at him. Why did he return her weapons to her? Was he telling her she could never hurt him?

Slowly he walked into the dim light so she could see him. The first thing she noticed was his silver eyes, as usual. They reminded her of smoke coming from a fire that burned deep, or the storm on a rainy night. They were cold and metallic, glistening in the dimly lit room.

His hair flowed down his shoulder like black ink, thick and shining. It looked so well kept, not one strand out of place. He had a strong, defined face with sharp edges, but his long thick lashes and pale pink lips gave him a softer look. He was a mix of roughness and delicacy.

Heaven tried to avert her gaze, but she couldn't. She found herself unable to move, just like her dreams. But this time she knew he wasn't compelling her, she was just lost in his dark web.

The stranger took a few steps forward, but Heaven backed away and held a dagger out, defensively. 'Don't come close.'

He lifted his hands in surrender. 'If I wanted to hurt you, I would do it while you were unconscious. Don't you think?'

'Maybe it's not really me you want to hurt?'

He tilted his head to one side and seemed genuinely confused. 'Then who would I want to hurt?'

'My Father.'

'Who is your father?'

Heaven paused. Did he really not know or was he tricking her?

'My father is probably looking for me. Trust me, you don't want to be on his bad side.' She warned.

His lips curved into an amused smile. 'No trust me. Your father would not want to be on my bad side.' He corrected her.

'Then you don't know my father.'

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'Tell me about him.' He urged getting closer to her.



Heaven stood her ground, trying to not be intimidated by him. But her prenatal senses warned her of the danger she was in. She could tell this stranger yielded great power. He could destroy her with ease. He had to be the ancient smoke demon Lozan told her about.

‘Are you an ancient demon?’ She asked.

‘If by ancient you mean did I exist before the human race, then yes.’

Oh, no. She was in trouble. What would happen to her now? What would happen to her family?

Gina! Where was she?

Her stomach churned thinking of what could have happened to her friend. Her head spun, her legs gave in and she started falling. Before she could hit the ground, the stranger caught her and carried her up.

‘What have you done to her?’ She asked as he carried her to bed.

‘She is alive, don’t worry.’ He assured, as if knowing who she was talking about. Carefully, he laid her down on the bed.

‘Where is she?’

‘Probably back home.’

Heaven let out a breath of relief. She was feeling so weak and tired. Her eyelids felt heavy falling over her eyes, before darkness embraced her.

\*\*\*\*\*

I know the wait is it tough, but writing a chapter in two days is also tough. Please be patient as I am back to uni now and have a lot of studies.

Join my discord and chat about the book while waiting. It might help. I check in now and then as well, to answer questions you guys might have or just chat. Use the link below. Hope to see you there.

Lots of love ♥

[discord.gg/Cwk3Xp3](https://discord.gg/Cwk3Xp3)

Updated \_at

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

Chapter 137: Vol3 Chapter 14

Heaven woke up with headache and chest pain. Her heart was beating too slow, that it was painful to breathe. Carefully, she pushed herself up in a sitting position.

More candles were lit, illuminating the room. The scent of freshly baked bread replaced the musty smell from earlier. Heaven's stomach growled loudly, and her gaze hunted the scent. Far in a corner, food was served on a clean table.

Was it for her?

She didn't care.

Removing the blanket, she swung her legs down off the bed and then stood up slowly. She made sure she could hold her balance before

stalking to the table. Sitting carefully down on a chair, she ate without hesitation.

Heaven knew she shouldn't. It could be poisoned. But she knew the stranger didn't want to kill her. He had other plans. To know his plans and be able to escape, she needed to refill and regain her strength.

While stuffing bread and meat in her mouth, she thought of what this stranger could want from her. And why was he locked in a coffin with a spell? How long was he locked and by whom?

All this time that he had appeared in her dreams, he had wanted her to release him. But why her? He could lure any witch to perform the spell. Maybe the witches knew he was someone who shouldn't be released, and she was stupid enough to free him.

What had she done?

He would probably seek revenge on those who locked him inside. Heaven hoped her grandmother had nothing to do with it, but since he abducted her, she probably did.

Pain shot down her neck, making her hiss.

Oh no. She had a bigger problem now. He had bitten her! Marked her! How could he?

Marking was like marrying someone in human language. It was a bond even more sacred than marriage. How could he have done it so easily? She did not want to be his.

Or wait! He was probably going to kill her at the end so he didn't care about the mark. She was part witch after all, and demons hated witches, especially this demon since they locked him in a coffin. He was just waiting for her family to come looking for her so he could destroy them all together.

She had to escape.

Getting up hastily, she turned back but came face to face with the silver-eyed stranger. A gasp escaped her mouth, and she stumbled back, hitting the table behind.

'Didn't you like the food?' He asked.

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Heaven let out a deep breath.

'I did. But there is no need in feeding me if you are going to kill me.'

The stranger chuckled darkly. 'I haven't decided what to do with you yet. But if I spared your life, it would be a pity if you died from starvation.'

'Why don't you just tell me what you want?'

'I wish I knew what I wanted. It's the first time in my life I am confused.' He said.

Heaven had this strange feeling when he spoke. She believed him. She could easily tell when people lied, but this man spoke his mind every time he opened his mouth.

'So, you are not my father's enemy or my grandmother's?' She asked.

‘Your father must have many enemies since you seem so concerned. Who is he?’

‘Lucian. The king of Decresh. Son of the devil. He won’t be happy that you are keeping me here.’

‘Son of the devil?’ He furrowed his eyebrows.

‘Yes.’

‘Then is it your mother who is the witch?’ He asked.

‘No. My grandmother.’

Suddenly he laughed cynically. ‘The devil and a witch. That was unexpected.’

Heaven had hoped he would be a little scared knowing her grandfather was the devil. But it only seemed to amuse him.

Smiling evilly, he went to sit on a chair. He didn’t mind that it was covered with dust.

‘Please sit.’ He told her and she sat down without hesitation just to realize later that he had compelled her for a short moment.

**New \_ chapters are published here:**

‘How did you do that?’ She asked.

‘What?’

‘Compelling me.’

‘The benefits of being ancient.’

‘So you are a demon? A smoke demon?’

‘I don’t like to be called demon. The devil’s puppets and those who follow in his footsteps are called demons. I am a Djinn.’

Djinn? Heaven had never heard of such a thing.

As if sensing her confusion, he decided to explain.

‘Djinns are beings created from smoke and fire. Therefore, smoke djinns and fire djinns. When djinns choose to corrupt people in order to disobey God, they are called demons. That’s why people associate demons with evil.’

Heaven nodded while trying to digest what he said. So was he a demon or not? Clearly, he didn’t like the word demon.

‘So you are not evil?’ She treaded carefully.

‘I have no intentions of making people sin or turn them against God. The rest you can judge for yourself.’

‘So you are not a demon? I need to know because you bit me and...’ She shook her head, unwilling to believe it.

‘People call all kinds of Djinn demons so yes. In your language I am what you call a demon and...’

Before he could finish the sentence Heaven stood up angrily causing the chair to fall backwards. ‘Then why did you bite me? Do you know what that means?’ She almost yelled.

His face hardened as if trying to control his anger. 'I know what that means.' He said with clenched teeth. 'Trust me, I had no choice.'

'You needed my blood?'

The latest \_episodes are on \_the website.

'Yes.'

'Why?'

'To recover. I was in there for a thousand years.'

A thousand years? Heaven couldn't believe her ears. Then he could not be her father's enemy.

'Why? Who locked you inside?' She asked.

Suddenly the silver in his eyes looked like storms ready to destroy everything in their path. His anger frightened her.

'A witch.' He said with clenched teeth.

Since the topic seemed to anger him, Heaven didn't pry. The last thing she wanted was an angry ancient demon who was already provoked by a witch.

If he didn't want to harm her father or her, then could she just leave? Would he let her go?

Heaven decided to not ask and just go for the door. If he stopped her, then it meant he disapproved. But why would he?

Even if she was part witch, she had saved him. He owed her.

‘Alright. I’ll take my leave now.’ She said and walked toward the door.

Suddenly he stood next to her with a hard grip around her arm. ‘You are not leaving anywhere!’

\*\*\*\*\*

Just wanted to say that please don’t freak out if I don’t update according to schedule sometimes. Remember I am human and could be going through something. If I don’t update according to the schedule a day or a few days please be patient. I am just saying this because I have had a tough time recently. Nothing serious so don’t worry. Just informing in case.

Anyway, let me know what you think so far.

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Lot’s of love ♥

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

Chapter 138: Vol13 Chapter 15

‘You are not going anywhere.’ He said, his tone firm.

Heaven gazed into his stormy eyes. She knew very well that fighting him was not a good idea, but she had to speak up.

‘Why?’ She asked. ‘I need to go home or my parents will worry.’

Why was she explaining as if he would understand or care?



‘I don’t care.’

Of course he didn’t.

‘I saved you. This is not how you repay someone, I saved your life so spare mine and we are done. I won’t tell anyone that I released you. I promise.’

For some reason, he found that funny.

‘You can tell whoever you want. I am not scared of anyone. Now while I am being nice, go back in and sit down.’

With a groan, Heaven went back into the room and sat down on the bed. Once her father comes looking for her hell would break loose and someone would get hurt. So before that happened, she had to find a way to escape.

Or wait!

Escaping was maybe not the best solution. He was ancient and could find her easily, and when he does he would surely hurt someone. What she had to do was to convince him to let her go. The question was how?

More importantly, why was he keeping her if none of her family were his enemy?

‘It is because I am a witch, right?’ She asked out of nowhere.

‘Yes.’ Was his short reply as he went back to his seat.

‘I know a witch locked you in, but I saved you.’ She reminded.

‘Not because you wanted to.’

‘No, because you deceived me.’ She tried to make him feel bad.

‘You would do the same thing if you were locked in a coffin for a thousand years.’

He had a point, but she still felt angry for being used. Then she remembered when he said they belonged together.

Was that also a lie?

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Well, not anymore since he marked her. Perhaps he knew he was going to do it, and that could be the reason he was keeping her here. But Heaven was not going to be someone’s bride without her consent. She did not care about the mark.

‘You can’t keep me here forever. You don’t want my grandfather to come looking for me.’

‘He won’t. And if he does, it is not because he cares for you. It is only because his pride will be hurt if people knew his granddaughter was missing.’

‘You don’t know my grandfather.’

He raised a brow. ‘Oh, I do. Since the beginning of times. And I don’t know how you stayed so... pure being his family.’

Heaven looked down at her hands. She didn’t want to talk about it, but she let it out. ‘He left when I was little.’

The Stranger tilted his head to one side and studied her closely.

‘He will be back.’ He said.

It surprised Heaven that he was trying to comfort her. He was very confusing.

‘Don’t be happy about it. It’s not a good thing. The devil needs his children to rule his army. He is just waiting for the right moment when you and your family are at the lowest points of your lives. Then he will come back and lure you.’

‘You seem to have something against my grandfather.’ She retorted.

He laughed. ‘Who doesn’t? Please tell me. Even you have something against him. You just don’t want to admit it because you still have hope.’

‘As I should. My father told me everyone has the choice to be good or bad.’

‘Your father is a clever man. But how many lifetimes does a person need to leave the bad and turn to good? The devil has been doing evil deeds for so long. What makes you think he will change now?’ He asked in a curious manner.

‘It’s never too late.’ Heaven insisted.

The stranger watched her silently for a moment. He seemed amused for an unknown reason.

‘Only those willing to change will change.’ Was all he said.

It felt like he was telling her something more than that.

Standing up, it looked like he was about to leave.

‘Where are you going?’ She hurried to ask.

His lips didn’t move, yet it felt like he was smiling.

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Slowly, he stalked toward her. Heaven’s heart skipped a beat. This was it. He probably had enough. He was going to kill her.

Her head implode with so many thought on how to defend herself, but there was none that was helpful. Either she would die with dignity or beg for her life. But once she was dead, what would dignity mean.

It would be better to beg, but her mouth refused to talk.. Heaven cursed inwardly.

Too late. She was looking into his eyes.

‘You are exhausted and you want to sleep.’ His tone was hypnotic.

Heaven felt suddenly sleepy and her eyelids fell over her eyes. She tried to fight it but to no avail and soon after darkness embraced her.

\*\*\*\*\*

The stranger stared at the young woman sleeping on the bed. He wondered why he still kept her alive. Killing her as soon as he got his chance was the plan, but when he heard her voice begging to be saved, he hesitated.

Deep down, he knew he was just avoiding the inevitable. If he didn't kill her, he would be bound to her forever, just like the witch wanted.

How clever. Locking him inside just to make another witch awaken him so he would mark her unwillingly.

He didn't want to be with this woman or with anyone that had anything to do with witches.

While pondering on what to do with her she stirred in her sleep and slowly opened her eyes. As usual, her eyes widened when she took notice of him and her pupils enlarged in panic. Yet she tried to mask her fear and appear calm as she sat up.

'What are you doing?' She tried to keep her voice firm, but he could hear the slight tremble in her tone.

'What is your name?' He asked.

No!

Why would he care? He was getting attached.

'Heaven.' She whispered.

Heaven.

How ironic.

So Heaven had saved him from hell?

'Who named you?' He asked curiously.

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‘My father.’

This father of hers made him curious. He had always expected the devil’s children to follow in his footsteps, but this man had been able to resist the devil’s whispers.

‘What is your name?’ She asked.

‘Zamiel.’

She nodded, but her body language showed she was uncomfortable. Not that he expected anything less. He was after all keeping her against her will.

‘Are you hungry?’

She shook her head. ‘I want to go home.’

Zamiel cursed to himself. He should just kill her, but he had never killed the innocent. Just looking at her made him feel guilty.

She was so young, a little girl just beginning to live her life. He could not take that away from her.

And there was a part of him that wanted to protect her, but he shouldn’t listen to it because it was probably the mating process messing with his head.

He wondered if she was feeling it too?

‘Please, let me go home.’

Probably not.

‘Heaven! Heaven!’ Suddenly a voice called from the outside.

Heaven’s sad face suddenly lit up, and she bolted out of bed. ‘Zarin!’

Zarin? Who was he?

As if realizing something, her expression quickly changed from happy to concerned and frightened.

Who was this man who made her worry?

He would pay a heavy price.

\*\*\*\*\*

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A few kind words can make someone feel so much better, so thank you so much for all the well wishes and support ♥ . I am fine, as I said it’s nothing serious, just the usual lows that everyone goes through.

Anyway, hope you enjoy the chapter.

Lots of love ♥

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

Chapter 139: Vol3 Chapter 16

Heaven’s heart accelerated in fear upon hearing Zarin’s voice.

No! Why was he here? She could already see the anger in Zamiel’s eyes.

‘Heaven!’ He was suddenly inside the room with a sword in his hand.

Heaven’s heart jumped to her throat. He was going to get hurt today.

Zarin’s eyes darted between her and Zamiel before he lifted his sword and pointed the tip at the stranger.

‘Heaven come here!’ He ordered his eyes boring into Zamiel’s, warning him to not move.

Zamiel crossed his arms behind his back, not feeling the least threatened. ‘Don’t move Heaven!’

Heaven didn’t move. She wasn’t stupid.

Instead, she turned to Zarin. ‘Zarin leave. I am alright.’ She gave him a warning glare.

Zarin held onto his sword, still pointing at the stranger. ‘You don’t need to be afraid. Come here now!’

‘I told you to leave Zarin!’ Heaven warned.

‘I said come here!’ He shouted, startling her. It was the first time he raised his voice.

Zamiel didn’t seem to like his behavior, so he stalked toward him. ‘Who are you?’ He asked Zarin.

‘Please don’t hurt him. He is a friend, and he is just worried.’ Heaven pleaded, but Zamiel still had his eyes fixated on Zarin.

‘Who are you?’ Zarin asked, turning the question back to him.



‘Someone you shouldn’t provoke. I would listen to your friend if I were you.’

‘I am not going anywhere without her.’ Zarin didn’t show any sign of fear.

‘Very well then.’ Zamiel replied.

**Updated \_at**

Zarin lifted his sword to strike.

‘Zarin no!’

But it was too late, and Zarin ended up cutting through thin air.

Oh no! Now the ancient stranger was probably enraged.

Suddenly Zamiel stood behind Zarin and with a light push of his hand caused him to crash through the wall and end up landing on the terrace outside. Zarin quickly got onto his feet, ready to strike again while Zamiel was relaxed with his arms still crossed behind his back as he stepped outside.

Zarin began to attack again, but Zamiel dodged every strike and seemed to almost enjoy Zarin’s effort.

Heaven watched in horror, but then decided to stop it before it was too late. She stepped through the broken wall, ‘Zarin stop!’ But he wasn’t listening.

Zamiel knocked the sword out of Zarin’s hand and then grabbed him by the neck, lifting him up from the ground with one hand. His nails

elongated, piercing through Zarin's throat, causing blood to spurt out of the wound.

Zarin struggled to get out of his grip. His legs dangled in the air, kicking Zamiel who didn't get the least effected. He stood still like a wall.

'Stop! Please!' Heaven called and when he didn't listen, she hurried to pick up Zarin's sword.

Grabbing it steadily, she stabbed Zamiel from behind. The blade went through his back and came out of his stomach.

Zamiel dropped Zarin before turning to her. If she thought he was angry before, now he was furious. He reached for the sword behind his back and pulled it out without flinching. Heaven stood there horrified as blood seeped from his stomach. She didn't know whether to keep her eyes on him or on Zarin, who lay motionless on the ground behind him. Was he alright?

The stranger slowly stalked toward her, and she stepped back. 'I didn't mean to... I was just trying to stop you.' She explained.

'Step away from her!'

Another familiar voice.

Heaven turned back. Her father found her. She felt a mix of emotions, relieved yet concerned.

Roshan and her grandmother stood by his side.

If Heaven didn't know her father well, she would think he was calm and collected, but she could see the fury behind his calm expression.

Unaware, Heaven placed herself between her father and the stranger as he approached them.

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‘Heaven.’ Her father searched her body for any wounds before drawing her in for a hug.

‘I am alright father.’ She didn’t want any fight to happen.

Her father drew back and stared at the stranger. Zamiel’s wound was still bleeding, and Heaven wondered why he wasn’t healing.

‘I am taking my daughter back with me.’ Her father said with resolution while holding her arm.

In the back, Roshan and her grandmother were tending to Zarin.

Zamiel put his hand on his stomach and seemed confused to why he was still bleeding. Did she stab him somewhere shouldn’t have?

‘You can take her.’ He said surprising her. Why would he suddenly let go of her so easily?

‘If you defeat me in a fight first.’

No! Heaven shook her head and gripped her father’s arm to stop him, but she knew he wouldn’t listen.

Her father removed her hand. ‘Heaven step back.’

Before she could protest, he pulled his daggers out and they already began to fight.

Heaven hurried to her grandmother. ‘Grandma, do something. Stop them. He is very dangerous.’

‘You are his daughter. You can’t expect him not to fight for you.’

‘He is ancient. Killing him won’t be easy.’

Her father was very skilled, but he was no match for Zamiel. He was already getting badly hurt. Roshan left Zarin to her grandmother and went to help her father. Still, both of them were unable to defeat him.

The stranger moved as fast as a wild storm. So fast that no one could detect his movement or keep up with him. Demons were usually fast, but his speed was on another level and he ended up knocking Roshan and her father to the ground. Both of them were covered in blood.

Unlike both of them, Zamiel had no weapons, but his claws looked sharper than a blade. Blood dripped from the pointy tips and onto the ground as he waited for them to get up.

All while her grandmother was doing her best to stop Zarin’s bleeding. He was half human, so he didn’t heal as fast. Heaven didn’t know who to worry about. Zarin or her father?

**New    chapters are published here:**

Deciding to leave Zarin to her grandmother, Heaven went to save her father instead, who was getting up on his feet. Zamiel picked Roshan’s sword from the ground and was about to strike her father when Heaven placed herself between them.

‘Stop!’ She covered her face with her arm, waiting for the sword to cut through her skin, but nothing happened.

Slowly she looked from behind her arms at the stranger. He stopped mid action, still holding the sword up.

‘I’ll stay with you. Please let them go.’

‘No!’ Her father tried to move her out of his way, but Heaven refused.

She turned to him and gave him a pleading look. ‘Father I am fine. He hasn’t hurt me. I’ll come home soon, you just go home, please.’ She begged.

‘Heaven stay out of this!’ Her father spoke in harsh tones.

Then he pushed her away before glaring at the stranger. ‘What is it you want?’ He asked.

Something was happening to the stranger. He was not listening to her father anymore and looked down at stomach again. He was still bleeding. What was happening to him?

Suddenly Roshan came from behind him and slit his throat.

Heaven squealed in terror as more blood drained down his body. Her father took the opportunity and stabbed him with his dagger.

Zamiel fell on his knees and Roshan wrapped his arm around his neck. He gave her father a look.

Oh no! They were going to kill him! Stabb him in the spine!

Heaven looked into the stranger’s silver eyes. She could see he was in pain. Why wasn’t he healing?! What went wrong?

A pool of blood gathered underneath him. Heaven had never seen so much blood before.

Her father handed Roshan his dagger.

‘No!’ Heaven yelled, surprising herself, and Roshan, and her father.

But the stranger seemed to be the most surprised. He lifted his gaze and looked into her eyes.

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

‘I am sorry, Heaven.’ Roshan said before stabbing him.

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

Chapter 140: Vol3 Chapter 17

Heaven lay curled in her bed, still shocked and shaking from everything she had witnessed. Her grandmother sat next to her and stroke her hair.

‘Are you alright, dear?’ She asked.

Heaven nodded.

‘Do you want to talk about it?’

Heaven shook her head. She didn’t know what to say. She didn’t even know why his death affected her so much. If they hadn’t killed him, he would have killed them. They did the right thing and she shouldn’t feel sad about it. She should be happy now that everyone was safe, including her.

As her grandmother stroke her hair, she noticed the mark on her neck.  
'What is this?' She asked.

Heaven hurried to sit up and covered her neck with her hair. 'It's nothing.' She said.

'No! Let me see.' Her grandmother reached for her hair and removed it from her neck. 'Oh, dear.' She said looking shocked. 'He bit you. Why didn't you tell me?'

Heaven looked down at her hands. 'It means nothing.'

'It does. That's why you are sad. He...'

She stopped when she noticed the tears in Heaven's eyes. 'Oh, come here. Don't cry.' She said enveloped her in hug.

Heaven began to sob in her grandmother's arms. She was still confused as to why she was sad. Did the mark effect her this much?

'It will get better with time. The mark will fade away and now that he is gone it will fade away quicker.' She explained, clapping her on the back gently.

How quick, because she was in pain? Was this how her grandmother felt when grandfather left her?

'I am sorry.' Heaven apologized.

'For what?'

'That grandfather made you go through this.' Now she hated her grandfather. How could he inflict so much pain on someone?

‘It’s alright.’ Her grandmother smiled.

Heaven drew back and wiped her tears, before looking at her grandmother.

‘How is it alright? Don’t you hate him?’

‘I don’t blame him. That’s how he is. I should have known better but now... I am just paying for my sins.’

‘What sins?’

**New \_chapters are published here:**

Her grandmother sighed and looked down at her hands.

‘You don’t have to tell me.’ Heaven hurried to say.

‘No. I think you should know everything.’ She began. ‘I was married when I met your grandfather. Yes, my husband was not the most affectionate, but still I committed a crime against him. I was unfaithful. Your grandfather knows when our hearts and souls feel empty, and that’s when he comes. When you are at the lowest point of your life, he shows you the life you wished to live and the things you wished to have, and he presents them to you. He tempts you and I fell for it. I was lonely, and he made me feel loved and cherished. But meeting him was not a coincidence. Nothing is coincidence with the devil. He plans his every step, and I was part of his plan. He was looking for a powerful successor, therefore he needed to find a powerful mate. Demons don’t have many females, especially powerful ones, therefore I was the perfect choice for him. But my mother spoiled his plans when she put on a curse, and he realized that mixing demons and witches was much more complicated than he had planned. Both sides showed resistance, so he did nothing to



break the curse. It served his purpose. His successor would stay protected until he grew up and learned his powers, and only then your grandfather would try to break the curse. All this time I thought he wasn't breaking the curse because he cared for me, but I was wrong.'

Heaven could hear the pain of betrayal, the self-blame and the anger in her grandmother's voice.

'Anyhow. I got my punishment by not being able to be with my son. Now I want to make things right and be happy, and nothing makes me happier than to be with you. As for your grandfather, he will also pay for his sins some day.'

Heaven gave her grandmother a tight hug before looking at her. 'I think you should start anew. Find someone who truly cares.'

Her grandmother waved her hand dismissively. 'No... I am fine. Right now I am enjoying the small things in life and I am content this way.'

'Very well, then. As long as you are happy.' Heaven smiled, but then she remembered something.

Zamiel had told her that her grandfather would come back and lure her when she was at the lowest point of her life. Just like her grandmother explained. He was looking for a successor. Did that mean he would come back for her like Zamiel had said?

'There is more I need to tell you. I have been trying to find the right moment and I am not sure if this is it, but you need to know soon. When you disappeared, I thought it was your grandfather who took you. Even if it wasn't him, it could have been him therefore I need to tell you now.'

Heaven was suddenly worried. Why did she think her grandfather had something to do with her disappearance? What was it that she needed to know?

‘Your grandfather will come back. For you.’ She said.

Oh. Zamiel was right. But how did he know?

‘He wants me to lead his army.’ Heaven breathed.

Her grandmother nodded. ‘Yes. He will try to convince you or rather manipulate you.’

‘That won’t work. I don’t want to lead his corrupted army.’

‘Don’t underestimate him. He knows what we desire and he will find your weak point and use it against you and you won’t even realize. Promise me that if he comes to meet you, you will tell me.’ She said.

Her brave grandmother seemed truly worried, which made Heaven worry. ‘I will.’

‘Good.’

Heaven dismissed the disturbing thought. She had other things to think of now.

‘Grandma, can you take me to Zarin? I need to see if he is alright.’

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Heaven felt suddenly guilty that she was sad for the man who had hurt her friend.

Her grandmother teleported them to uncle Roshan's house and Heaven hurried to Zarin's room. Gina and Princess Klara were tending to him. Heaven felt ashamed walking inside. They probably hated her since she was the reason he got hurt.

'Heaven!' Gina called and hurried to hug her. 'Thank God you are alright.'

'Are you alright?' Heaven asked.

Gina backed away and twirled. 'See, I am perfectly fine.' Then she leaned in and whispered into her ear. 'Don't blame yourself.'

How did she know?

Princess Klara stood up from her seat and came up to Heaven. 'Are you alright?' She asked.

Heaven nodded. She felt like bursting into tears. Why was everyone nice to her when she put them in danger for selfish reasons?

'Yes. I am fine. Thank you. Is Zarin alright?'

'Yes. He is just resting. You can stay here if you want.' Said his mother.

'Thank you.'

Klara left, leaving her with Gina and Zarin. Heaven slowly went to Zarin's bed where he lay with eyes closed. Her gaze traveled to his neck. He had healed, but scars were still visible. Suddenly she felt hatred toward the man who hurt her friend. She would not mourn his death.

Slowly she sat on the bed next to him. 'I am sorry, Zarin.' She whispered.

He stirred in his sleep and opened his eyes. 'Heaven!' He tried to get up as if she was still in danger when she gently put a hand on his shoulder to stop him.

'Don't! You need to rest. I am alright.'

He leaned back into his pillow again.

'How are you feeling?' Heaven asked.

He touched his neck. 'Good. Who was that man?'

'No one that matters. He is gone now, so there is nothing to worry about.' Saying those words pained her, but she dismissed her feelings quickly.

'What do you mean by gone?' He asked.

'Dead.'

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Zarin frowned, confused. ❖❖He can't be dead.' He said.

Something seemed to disturb him.

'Why not?' Heaven asked.

'You didn't see his power. I could feel it. He could have crushed me easily without a fight.'

Heaven was confused. 'I don't understand.'

'I don't think he intended to kill me. He was... holding back. He was...'

'Stop! Please. I don't want to know.' She didn't want to talk about him anymore.

He was gone, so there was no use in adding to her guilt.

Zarin gazed at her with concern. 'Is everything alright?'

Heaven nodded. 'Yes. I just don't want to talk about him.'

'Did he hurt you?'

Well, he almost drained her of blood and bit her against her will. Then he had other plans for her. Kill her, it seemed, yet not. He was confusing.

She shook her head. 'No.' There was no reason to make him worry.

Zarin suddenly turned his head as if listening to something. Heaven could hear distant voices in the room nearby. It was her father and Roshan. It seemed like they were talking about the stranger.

Heaven stood up from her seat and went to the wall. Gina followed, and both of them put their ear against the wall to listen. Eavesdropping was wrong, but Heaven couldn't help it.

'We should be careful.' Roshan said.

'You don't think he is dead?' Her father asked.

Wait! He could be alive? Heaven's heart skipped a beat.

'It was too easy. He is a smoke demon, an ancient one. Killing him should almost be impossible. Something is wrong.'

'Why would he pretend to be dead?'

'I don't know.' Roshan sighed. 'But we should be careful until we are sure.'

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Heaven started shaking. If he was alive, they were all doomed. He would not go easy on them this time. He would come back and hurt everyone she loves and cherishes.

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

Chapter 141: Vol3 Chapter 18

The sleepless nights began again. Caused by the same person, but for a different reason. Heaven couldn't close her eyes without seeing a pair of angry silver eyes.

She could not relax to sleep. What if he came and killed everyone while she was sleeping? It would be all her fault.

'You are still awake again,' her mother spoke, who lay next to her on the bed. Her mother had been sleeping with her the last few days. Heaven found comfort in her presence, and her father was probably feeling lonely at this moment.

'I can't sleep.' Heaven admitted.

‘You don’t have to worry about anything as long as I am here.’ Her mother said .

‘I know. I am not worried.’ Heaven lied. ‘I am just not sleepy.’

‘But you haven’t been sleeping for many nights now.’ Her mother sounded concerned.

Heaven didn’t reply. Instead, she closed her eyes and tried her best to sleep. She didn’t want to worry her mother.

The truth was, Heaven was counting the days till the stranger comes to have his revenge. She wondered what was taking him so long. Or could he actually be dead? She also wished for her mating mark to fade away quickly so she could truly hate him for what he did.

When the morning came Heaven woke up still feeling tired. After her handmaidens helped her get ready, she studied herself in the mirror, especially the mark on her neck. How long would it take to see a difference? A week had already passed.

‘It won’t fade away so quickly.’ Her grandmother suddenly spoke from behind her.

Heaven turned around. ‘How long will it then?’

‘Don’t be discouraged, but it might take a few months since he is an ancient demon!’

Well, she was already discouraged. What would she do till then to get rid of this feeling? This curiosity to know his story and what happened to him, this guilt and this other feeling that she couldn’t quite understand. Was it caring, maybe?

She shook her head. Why would she care for such a person ?

**This \_content is taken from**

The day went by as usual, with her either worrying, yawning or eating. Nothing felt enjoyable anymore. She was always tense or sad and guilty.

Meanwhile, her father was dealing with troubles because she didn't get married yet. He didn't tell her himself, but she could hear whispers in the castle. People blamed her for being selfish and putting her father in a difficult situation.

Yes. She was selfish. Not only for putting him in a difficult situation but also in danger. What else was she supposed to do now ? How could she get married when she already belonged to...

No! She shook the thought away. She didn't belong to anyone. If she didn't get married, then her father would have to deal with angry citizens. She had to do something.

Heaven made her way to the throne hall where she expected to find her father. He sat on his throne and spoke to Lincoln when she walked inside.

Her father paused his speech when he took notice of her. He gave her a nod to come forward, then dismissed Lincoln.

'Your Majesty,' Heaven curtsied. 'I have come here to tell you I am ready to meet more suitors and find a groom.'

Her father studied her for a moment, 'You don't have to do that.'

'Yes, I do. It's my duty.' She said



‘And mine is to make you happy.’

‘But as a king your duty is to care for the welfare of this kingdom and it’s people.’

‘I am not speaking as a King now. I am speaking as your father.’

‘You are a king before a father, Your Majesty.’ She reminded him.

Her father sighed as he stood up from his seat. He walked down the stairs to where she stood and then put his hands on her arms.

‘I know why you are doing this. But you don’t have to worry. I’ll handle it.’ He explained calmly. ‘Just take care of yourself.’

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Yes. That is exactly what she intended to do. Take care of herself and her problems.

‘I will. So when do I get to meet the next suitor?’

Her father shook his head at her stubbornness.

‘I will send Lincoln with information.’ He said.

‘Thank you.’ Heaven curtsied again before excusing herself to leave.

Why was she acting like this, she didn’t know.

‘Why are you doing this?’ Gina scolded when she told her about her decision. ‘I am sure your father will find a way.’

That was the problem. She was tired of people cleaning up her mess. She had to grow up someday and deal with her own problems.

‘What am I doing? I am just trying to find someone to marry.’

‘Suddenly you changed your mind?’

‘Yes.’

‘You are blaming yourself, that is why you are doing this.’

‘I told you why I am doing this.’

‘I don’t believe you.’ She said.

‘You don’t have to and I don’t want to talk about this anymore2

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Gina was silent for a while before she clapped her hands together.

‘Alright then, I am leaving since you don’t want to talk. Have a good night.’

‘Gina!’

Before she could say anything she disappeared.

Great! As if being a terrible daughter wasn’t enough., Now she was also an awful friend.

Heaven threw herself on her bed, her thought drifting away while she stared at the ceiling. Why wasn’t the stranger coming to have his revenge if he was alive? Now she started to believe that he was actually dead.

There was something that went wrong that day. He wasn't healing. It was very strange for an ancient demon to not heal. Could he have been weak after being locked inside for so long?

Why was he locked?

Closing her eyes, Heaven took a deep breath. She should not think of him now. She had other things to worry about, like getting married. But that was the problem. Every time she thought of getting married it felt like she was being unfaithful, since she didn't know for sure if he was dead.

'Heaven?' Her mother hovered over her. Had she been so lost in her thoughts that she didn't hear when her mother came in? Her mother was wearing her nightgown and came to sleep next to her again.

Heaven sat up. 'Mother. You don't have to stay here with me anymore. I am fine now and I would like to sleep alone.'

'Are you sure?'

'Yes,' Heaven didn't want to be a burden. It would be best for her and for everyone if she behaved like an a.d.u.l.t.

Her mother was hesitant, but without arguing she left her alone in her room. Heaven blew out a few candles, then went back to her bed to sleep. She was very tired, but whatever she did, she couldn't sleep. Frustrated, she turned back and forth, trying to find a comfortable position to sleep in. But everything felt uncomfortable.

Suddenly she felt a chilling cold in the air that made her shiver. She knew this feeling, the feelings of someone watching her, lurking behind

the shadow. Heaven stiffened in fear, knowing very well that he was here.

The silver-eyed stranger had finally come for his revenge.

\*\*\*\*\*

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TWO chapter updates today. Yeeey!! If you want to support this story, make sure to comment and vote. Hope you enjoy.

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

Chapter 142: Vol13 Chapter 19

Heaven slowly sat up on her bed and looked around. This time he didn't bother to hide. He stood a feet away from her bed and stared at her with his smoking silver eyes. If he was angry he didn't show it, He looked rather relaxed and in good condition.

The sound of her heart beating loudly filled the room, and she swallowed the lump in her throat. A thousand images appeared inside her head. Her family slaughtered their bodies on the floor in a pool of blood. Her friends dead, the maids and guards dead, everyone dead.

The Stranger took a step forward. Heaven didn't flinch back. If everyone were dead, then she might as well die. What was she supposed to do without her loved ones? Oh, how she wished this was just a nightmare, but she knew it wasn't.

‘My...my parents...’ she stuttered.

‘I didn’t kill them if that is what you are asking.’

Relief washed over her. She still had a chance to convince him.

Heaven bolted out of bed and went down on her knees before him, something she had never done in her life before. She bowed her head.

‘Please. My family were only trying to protect me. Please don’t hurt them. Please.’ She shut her eyes and rubbed her hands together nervously.

The room went quiet. The stranger didn’t utter a word.

Heaven peaked through one eye to see if he was still there, and he was. Standing exactly where he had been standing.

‘Please. They are all I have.’ Heaven said realizing that she could lose everything because of a stupid decision she made. Her eyes welled with tears.

The stranger’s hand went under her chin, lifting her face gently so that she was looking up at him.

‘Stand up.’ He ordered and Heaven did as he said.

A tear fell down her cheek.

‘You stabbed me.’ He said as a matter of tact.

‘I am sorry. I was afraid you would kill my friend.’

‘You hurt me.’

Heaven looked up and into his eyes. Was she imagining things, or could she see pain swirling in those silver eyes?

‘How could I hurt you?’ She asked.

Letting go of her chin, he reached behind his back and took out a dagger. First she thought that he was going to hurt her, but to her surprise he held the dagger out for her to take.

‘Here.’ He said.

**New \_ chapters are published here:**

Heaven stared confused at the weapon in his hands. Why was he giving it to her?

Carefully she took it from him and gave him a questioning look.

‘Stab me.’ He said.

‘Why?!’ Heaven was utterly confused.

‘Just do it. You wanted to kill me, anyway.’

Heaven looked at the dagger in her hand. He came back alive so a little knife would probably not hurt him. Yet, just in case, she only stabbed him on the arm. Blood seeped from the wound. Heaven stared, waiting for it to heal, but it didn’t. His silver eyes met hers in realization. She could inflict pain on him, and he didn’t like that. Yet another reason for him wanting to kill her.

‘I don’t want to kill.’ She hurried to say. ‘I just want my family to be safe.’

‘Just because you can hurt me doesn’t mean you can kill me.’

‘Exactly. I mean I stabbed you with a sword yet you are here.’

Oh no. She was making the situation worse.

‘Are you disappointed?’

‘No... I mean...’ No. She wasn’t disappointed. Strange because she should be.

‘No, I am just scared.’ She admitted. ‘Please don’t hurt my family. My father is just very protective of me.’

He stared at her for a long moment. ‘As he should be. I would have done the same for my daughter.’

‘You have a daughter?’ She almost burst.

Did he have a wife? How could he?

‘Had.’ he corrected. ‘Your people killed her.’

Killed her? The witches killed his daughter? And then locked him inside.

‘She was only a child. Her soul still pure. What crime did she commit?’

They killed a child. Who were they exactly? How could they do such a horrible thing?

‘They took my wife away from me and my child and then a thousand years of my life. Tell me why I shouldn’t do the same thing? Tell me!’ His voice was venomous.

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Heaven flinched back. Afraid by the rage in his stormy eyes.

‘I’m sorry for what happened to you. But all witches are not the same. I would never do that to anyone.’

While talking Heaven noticed that his wound still didn’t heal. He was loosing blood.

‘Wait.’ She said, turning back to her bed. She tore a piece of clothes from her bedsheet using her claws, then she walked back to him.

‘You are still bleeding.’ She said approaching him carefully. Slowly she reached for his arm and wrapped the piece of clothes around the wound. The whole time she could feel his intense gaze on her. She wondered what he was thinking.

She knew he was so focused on his pain that he was blaming everyone, but she hoped he would calm down, eventually. What happened to him was awful, and she couldn’t imagine the pain he went through.

Once she was done she took a step back and looked at him. ‘All wounds heal eventually. Some just take longer to heal.’

He gazed at her appalled, as if she was speaking a foreign language. He probably thought she was insane for believing what she said.

‘You think So?’ He asked.



‘I hope so.’

‘Hope?’ He repeated the word as if it was useless. ‘And you hope that I won’t hurt your family?’

‘I beg you.’ She said unashamed.

He looked at her for what seemed like forever. Heaven waited for an evil laugh or a raging anger, but nothing of that sort happened. Instead, his gaze fell on her neck where he had bitten her.

‘It will fade away with time. I won’t bother you again.’ He said.

Heaven’s eyes widened with surprise. ‘You won’t kill my family?’

‘No.’

Were her ears deceiving her? She searched his face, trying to see if he was telling the truth.

‘You released me. See this as me repaying you. Now I owe you nothing.’ He explained when he saw the questioning look in her eyes.

‘Thank you.’ She breathed, relieved and still in shock.

He just nodded and turned away to leave.

‘Wait!’ She said, grabbing his shirt’s sleeve.

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He turned to her, surprised.

‘I...I’ She began to stutter, but he waited patiently for her to speak. ‘I am getting married.’ She said.

He raised a brow. ‘And?’

She stared into his eyes while containing her anger. How could he be so indifferent?

‘And I can’t. Because you bit me and the bite hasn’t faded away.’

‘Then don’t get married.’ He said simply.

‘It’s not that simple. The kingdom needs a future King.’ Heaven explained.

‘Why a King? Can’t they have a Queen?’

‘I can’t become a Queen without a husband and Queens don’t rule.’

‘Then be the first Queen to rule.’ He said.

Heaven sighed. Why couldn’t he understand? He made everything sound so simple.

‘It’s not that simple.’

‘You either take a step to make a change or you follow the rules. It’s up to you.’

Heaven looked into his eyes. There was this honesty she felt when she first met him. He spoke his mind in a genuine way and he believed what he said even though it sounded impossible. So she didn’t want to argue about the impossible yet maybe possible.

Instead she asked, 'where will you go now?'

'Wherever my feet takes me.'

That sounded lonely. She wanted to ask him to stay. He couldn't just bite her and then leave her.

'What about the bite?'

'What about it?' He asked.

'When it starts to fade, you will get the urge to bite me again.'

'I'll be long gone by then.'

**This content is taken from**

Heaven felt as though his words stabbed her in the heart. Slowly she let go of his sleeve. She looked at his face and his beautiful eyes one last time before he vanished into thin air.

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

Chapter 143: Vol3 Chapter 20

Zamiel walked through the dark streets as rain poured over him. He didn't care about getting soaked or the icy wind that whipped his hair into his face. He could just teleport himself back to his house, but he enjoyed the walk. It helped him clear his mind now that his thoughts and even his feelings were complete chaos.

Heaven.

Heaven saved him from hell.

He laughed cynically to himself. If there was a good reason to kill her father, it would be because he named her Heaven. It felt like he was being mocked. Saved by Heaven to live in another hell. And she, Heaven, was his main torturer.

Why did she affect him so? The way she begged for her family reminded him of his own. But when he had begged, nothing had changed. Nothing could bring his family back.

He reached for his arm and removed the piece of clothes from the wound. It had healed. He seemed to be hurting only in her presence. What did she do to him?

The way she had hurried to tend to his wound, left something in his heart. Something he wanted to get rid of. He wanted no feeling for that little girl. And the way her eyes became sad when he told her he was going to leave, it made him hesitate even if it was for a brief moment. How could a person be so naïve? He expected hate after what he did to her, but it had to be the mark affecting both him and her. They would hate each other once it faded away.

Before knowing he had already reached the abandoned house where he stayed at the moment. It was an old broken house, looking like it was invaded by ghosts.

With a thought, he took himself inside the house. It was pitch dark, but he didn't bother to light the candles. He could see clearly in the darkness. Walking to his room, he threw himself in his bed without changing clothes. Lying in it felt just like lying inside that coffin. What was the difference? He was alone there, and he was alone here too.

Closing his eyes, he saw her face.

Heaven. That little naive girl was nothing like his wife. Yet there was something about her that intrigued him, and he hated to admit it because he wanted to give her no place in his heart.

The only woman who would ever have his heart was his wife. He still remembered clearly the first time he saw her. She was buying fabric in the market, negotiating with the seller about the price. They seemed to have a disagreement, and the seller was being rude. Unable to just stand by, Zamiel interrupted their argument.

‘Is there a problem?’ He asked, turning to her.

She was wearing a green veil that covered most of her black hair, and her amber eyes were adorned with kohl.

She avoided to meet his gaze. ‘My lord, this man wants to sell this fabric for one Daric.’

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‘My lord, this is the latest fabric, worn by royalty. I am trying to explain it to her, but she doesn’t believe me.’ The seller defended himself.

Zamiel touched the fabric. It was indeed an expensive one. Pure high quality silk.

‘He is telling the truth. This kind of fabric is expensive.’ He explained.

‘Oh,’ the woman looked down, embarrassed.

‘What did you need it for?’ He asked.

‘My sister is getting married. I wanted to gift it to her.’ She explained.

Zamiel reached inside his sleeve and took out a leather pouch filled with gold coins. When she realized what he was about to do, she held her hands out.

‘No, my lord. You don’t have to do that.’

‘It’s your sister’s wedding. I am sure she is looking forward to receive a gift.’ He said taking out two gold coins and handing them to the seller.

‘I’ll take two.’ He told the seller.

The woman looked at him, surprised.

‘You need to dress well for your sister’s wedding as well.’ He explained.

The seller packed two fabrics before handing them over. ‘Thank you, my Lord. My sister is going to be very pleased. How can I repay you?’ She asked.

‘There is no need.’ He said.

She looked up at him for the first time and their eyes locked. There was a spark in there and he was sure she felt it too because she looked away quickly as a blush crept to her cheeks.

‘Can I have your name?’ He asked.

**This \_content is taken from**

‘Gamila.’ She replied.

Her name suited her perfectly. She was indeed a gorgeous woman.

‘I would still like to repay you.’ She insisted.

‘Do you sew clothes?’ He asked since he already knew the answer.

‘Yes.’

‘I am looking for a tailor. I live right behind the market in the big white mansion.’

There was only one of that sort, so she wouldn’t have a hard time finding it.

Her eyes widened. ‘You live there?’ She asked.

He nodded. ‘You are free to come by.’ He said.

He tried not to seem desperate.

‘I will.’ She said surprising him.

The next day she came by with her sister. He didn’t expect any less of her. He knew she wouldn’t come alone to a stranger’s house. Zamiel asked a servant to show her around and give her the fabrics she needed to sew the clothes.

Every day, he watched her from a distance, knowing very well she wasn’t the type of woman to speak casually with men. She was a woman with a good reputation, and he didn’t want to taint that reputation of hers. Yet sometimes he couldn’t help but have small conversations with her.

She didn’t speak much, but her words had a great impact. There was maturity and a confidence in her voice that intrigued him. For every time

he spoke to her, he found out something new about her that made him fall for her even more.

If she felt the same way about him he didn't know, but he knew he had an affect on her from the way her voice quivered sometimes when they locked eyes and her cheeks flushed when he caught her looking at him. But she always kept a safe distance from him. She never tried to get close to him or flirt with him like other women usually did.

### **The source of this chapter;**

One day she knocked on his room. 'My Lord, I need to have your exact measurements.' She said.

He was surprised. He never thought she would be willing to come near him this much. But while measuring him, she tried her best to not touch him, and he did his best to stand still and endure the torture of her closeness.

'I have got what I need. Thank you.' She said and hurried away.

The next time she knocked on his door was to tell him she quit her job.

'Why?' He asked.

'People are talking. They say I come here every day and...'

Zamiel cursed. He did ruin her reputation.

'Now, no one wants to marry me.' She said as tears fell down her cheek. She wiped it away quickly with her veil.

He walked up to her. 'Then marry me.'



She blinked a few times in surprise. ‘My family is middle class. We don’t have much to offer you.’

‘You are enough for me.’

\*\*\*\*\*

TWO chapter updates today as well. Yeey!!

The other chapter will be updated later during the day. I’ll let you know on Discord and Instagram. Until then, make sure to leave comments and vote.

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Love ♥

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

Chapter 144: Vol13 Chapter 21

The day after the entire city knew about their wedding shutting down all the gossip that circulated. Zamiel sent carriages and servants with gold and expensive fabrics to her home. Now people started to gossip about how lucky she was instead.

‘You didn’t have to send all this.’ She told him.

‘I wanted to.’ He said.

She smiled at him, this time looking into his eyes. There was no avoiding to look at each other now that they were getting married. She looked happy and so was he, except for the one thing that bothered him. He was

a djinn, and she didn't know. She deserved to know, but he was afraid of losing her.

'Gamila, would you love me no matter what?' He asked.

'As long as you don't hurt me, I will love you for eternity.' She said.

'I need to tell you something.' He began. 'Whatever I tell you, I want you to know that it doesn't change who I am or how I feel about you.'

She nodded. 'You can tell me anything.'

'I am a djinn.' He said.

She looked at him for a long moment. It felt like forever before she laughed. 'You are funny.' She said hitting him jokingly.

'I am serious.' He told her.

'Alright.' She said, but he could tell she didn't believe him.

He would have to show her, so he vanished and then materialized back again.

That night she ran away from him, locking herself inside her room. Even though it hurt him he knew these kinds of things could be difficult for humans to accept. She would need a few days to let sink in.

But Gamila was quick, and the day after she came knocking on his door.

'Zamiel, would you ever hurt me?' She asked.

'May I never see the daylight again if I ever hurt you.'

‘Don’t say such a thing.’ She scolded. ‘May you have a long life.’

He smiled at her. ‘You are not afraid of me anymore?’

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‘No. I can’t be afraid of my future husband.’ She smiled back.

And so they got married, and he gave her the love bite, strengthening their bond. But someone was not so happy about their marriage and it was none other than his witch friend, Razia. Despite the animosity between their races, they stayed friends for many years.

Now she was angry with him. ‘How could you not tell me you got married?’

‘It happened suddenly.’ He explained.

‘Still.’ She crossed her arms over her chest.

‘Alright, I am sorry.’

‘Who is here?’ His wife came into the parlor.

‘Gamila, come here. This is my friend Razia.’ He introduced. ‘And this is my wife, Gamila.’

They greeted each other and before he knew they sat down and chatted happily until the sun went down. Razia come often to their home to spend time with Gamila and Zamiel was happy they became friends. His two-year-old daughter was also very fond of Razia.

One night while lying in bed next to his wife, she asked him a surprising question.

‘Do you like Razia?’

He took a moment to think. He didn’t want to say anything to hurt his wife. ‘I like her as a friend.’ He said.

‘But a man and a woman can never be just friends.’ She said.

‘To me, she is just a friend.’ He assured her.

‘But to her, you are not just a friend.’

‘What do you mean?’

‘I mean, she likes you. As a man.’

‘There must be a misunderstanding. I have known her for a very long time.’ He said.

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‘Yes. But only a woman can know another woman very well.’ She explained.

‘You are worried? That I might like her back?’

‘I can’t blame you if you did. She is very beautiful.’

‘Nothing compares to your beauty.’ He told her.

She smiled widely at his compliment, but that night was the last time he saw her beautiful smile. The day after when he came home, he found his

wife and daughter slaughtered, their lifeless bodies lying in a pool of blood. His wife was badly beaten, he could tell she fought for her life and for their daughter's life.

Zamiel fell on his knees, his vision darkening, his head spinning. He had the urge to vomit from the way his insides twisted in pain. Crawling to their bodies, he gathered them in his arms and held them close while he cried, a silent stifled sound.

When he could finally breathe, he screamed, cursed, begged, but nothing changed the fact that they were gone. His wife had always prayed for him to live a long life. Why did he never do the same? Why?!

Who had done this?! They would pay for it dearly.

It had to be someone who didn't know about him, otherwise they would never dare. Maybe some humans who didn't know what they were dealing with, but he was wrong. These beings knew exactly what they were doing.

When Razia came home to him she was horrified at what she found.

'Zamiel.' She hurried to his side but then stopped. Again he could see the horror on her face as she looked at the dead body of his daughter. She put a hand on her mouth.

'Look!' He said, holding his daughter up. 'She refuses to wake up. She refuses to talk to me.'

'Zamiel, please. Come.' She grabbed his arms and tried to get him away from the dead bodies.

'No!' He pushed her away. 'I am staying here.'

‘You can’t stay there forever. We need to bury them.’

He shook his head violently. ‘I am not burying them before I bury those who killed them. Find them for me, Razia. Find them!’

It didn’t take long for Razia to find out who they were, but he could see she was ashamed and terrified when she told him. It was her own people. What better way to hurt an ancient demon? They couldn’t kill him, so they killed his family.

He knew why. It was all his fault. His type were not supposed to procreate. Demons had broken that rule many times before. It was one created by the witches, anyway, but his case was different. They probably felt threatened that an ancient demon was procreating. It would disrupt the balance of nature according to them. But how could they kill a child?

**The source of this \_chapter;**

His vision become red with anger. Razia had every reason to be afraid. At that moment, he forgot their long years of friendship. All he could think of was that she was a witch, one of those who brutally murdered his family. He was close to killing her right there and then.

‘Leave before I kill you.’ He told her.

Tears fell down her cheeks. ‘You need someone by your side now. Please let me be there for you.’

He needed to just give her a look to let her know that if she spoke one more word; he was not going to show mercy.

Quietly, she turned and left.

Zamiel buried his family. He had sworn to avenge them first, but now his plans would take much longer and he wanted them to find peace soon. His vengeance would be nothing short. He would teach everyone what it meant to anger an ancient djinn.

The horror of his actions spread fast, and witches started to hide. He burned down and buried every witch village he knew until they themselves brought to him the one responsible for the death of his family. Only to end the terror.

Zamiel thought of all the possible ways to torture them, but nothing seemed satisfying enough. So he handed them over to the demons. Those who hated witches the most. They could come up with gruesome ways to kill and torture. He never enjoyed watching suffering as much as he did that day. But then only emptiness followed.

Once he executed his revenge, there was nothing else to do. Together with his family, he had buried a part of himself that day. Now only the pain remained.

‘Zamiel.’ His friend Razia returned to him. He thought she would never want to see him again after what he did.

‘What are you doing here?’

‘If you are done hating, I want to be with you.’

Be with him? His wife had told him that Razia liked him. It turned out to be true.

‘But I don’t want to be with you. Every time I see you, I am reminded of them.’

He could tell his words cut deep. ‘It’s not my fault I am a witch.’

‘I did a mistake by befriending you. Our people can never mix. Demons and witches, it will never happen.’

‘You say you can never love me?’ She asked, tears welling in her eyes.

‘Never!’

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

Chapter 145: Vol3 Chapter 22

‘Your Highness. It’s time to wake up.’

Heaven could hear her handmaiden pleading with her to wake up, but she didn’t feel like getting out of bed today. Waking up would mean dealing with her thoughts and emotions, and she didn’t have the energy to do that.

‘Your Highness. If you tell me to leave, I will.’ Kate spoke.

She was such a gentle soul, and Heaven didn’t want to be rude to her.

‘Why don’t you come back later.’ She told her.

‘How much later, Your Highness?’

‘Later.’ Heaven groaned, still half asleep.

Heaven could hear Kate’s footsteps and then the opening and closing of the door. Finally, she was alone.



She closed her eyes, but the silver-eyed stranger was still haunting her even while awake. Those sad eyes. There was so much pain and hatred in them.

Why did the witches kill his family? Was it because of the animosity between the races or was there something else?

How was it to be locked inside for so long?

She was curious about so many things, and all she had been thinking of the entire night was him. If she wanted to stop this madness, she would have to distract herself. Lying in bed wasn't doing much good.

After getting ready for the day, Lincoln informed her that a suitor was coming to meet her. She had almost forgotten that she told herself to take responsibility. Thanking Lincoln, she went to meet the suitor. On her way, she prayed that this man would catch her attention. She didn't feel like meeting a dozen more men.

When she arrived at the parlor, the man was sitting on the sofa holding a cup of tea in his hand. When he took notice of her, he put the cup on the table and stood up quickly.

'Your Highness.' He bowed deeply.

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Heaven knew him. He was a very respected General. A young one and her father was very fond of him. She was curious because of what she had heard about him. Despite his young age, he was spectacular at leading the royal army, protecting the kingdom and planning for war.

'General Kian, please be seated.'

He sat down, and she sat opposite him. He seemed nervous, unlike most Generals who radiated arrogance. Especially when they saw her. She knew exactly what most of them were thinking. Probably that they were more influential than a Princess and therefore superior.

Maybe they were, and it gave her a sudden urge to prove them wrong.

Speaking to General Kian wasn't bad. He didn't annoy her at least, and he had good manners. He also seemed too wise for his age, being only a few years older than her. He made her realize how childish she was, and she still had a lot to learn and a long way to grow.

But she couldn't see him as a man. Or more correctly, her man. She was already taken. It would be very confusing to marry someone before the mark faded. Would that even be right to do? It felt like she was betraying him.

No! She couldn't do this anymore. She refused. Now, she had only one option left. To try the impossible.

'General Kian. Have a woman joined the royal army before?'

He was surprised by her question.

'No.'

'Why is that?' She asked.

'I am not sure, but no woman has ever expressed that she wants to join.'

'I am sure you know the warrior Princess Klara. She is also a General of the royal army in Gatrish.'

‘Yes. Everyone knows her. I am sorry to ask Princess, but are you considering joining the royal army?’

‘Yes.’

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He nodded thoughtfully, but she could see that he was trying to hide his emotions on the matter.

‘I am sure you can discuss it with His Majesty.’ He finally said.

Heaven could tell he was being careful with his words.

‘I will, but can I count on you if I join the army?’ She asked, knowing she would meet a lot of resistance. Having a General on her side would help a lot.

‘I am at your service, Your Highness.’

She observed him for a short moment, then decided to trust his words. He seemed genuine.

At least the meeting wasn’t a total waste. Heaven had taken a step toward her goal, but she still had a long way to go.

After the meeting, she went to meet her father. When she came to the garden, her parents were sitting in her mother’s favorite swing. Her father had one arm wrapped around her mother’s shoulder, holding her close while they spoke of something that made them both happy.

Heave stood and watched them from a distance. Even after so many years, she could see the love and affection they had for each other. It made her smile without realizing.

Unexpectedly, they looked her way as if sensing her presence. Her mother motioned for her to come.

Heaven walked up to them.

‘I am sure our daughter is here to speak to you.’ Her mother said, looking at her father.

‘She is jealous.’ Her father joked.

‘I love you, mother.’ Heaven said, knowing very well her mother always felt that Heaven was closer to her father.

Maybe she was. But she didn’t love her mother any less. If her father was her sky, then her mother was the earth beneath her feet. Without her, she wouldn’t be standing.

**Updated \_at**

‘But yes. I do need to speak to father.’ She continued.

Her father listened carefully, nodding for her to proceed.

‘Father, I have changed my mind. I don’t want to get married. I want to rule.’

Eyes wide with surprise, her parents looked at each other before her father laughed, amused.

‘That was unexpected.’ He said.

But her mother didn’t think it was funny or entertaining. ‘Heaven,’ She stood up from her seat and came up to her, putting her hands gently on her arms. ‘Is everything alright?’

‘Yes, mother. Everything is perfect.’

‘If you don’t want to get married, you don’t have to. We will find a way.’ Her mother assured.

‘I know. But I still want to do this.’

Her mother frowned. ‘Is there something you are not telling me? To be a ruler is not easy, especially to be the first female ruler you are going to go through a lot of hardsh.i.p.s.’

Heaven knew her mother wanted to protect her, but someday Heaven wanted to be able to do the same for her parents. Protect them.

‘Mother, I know the road is difficult, but I have made a decision. I would be very glad if you could support me. I am going to need all the support I can get. You can also teach me and lend me your wisdom.’

Her mother looked back at her father as if asking for help.

‘Heaven,’ Her father stood up from his seat as well. ‘You can’t know what you want before you have tried it. I’ll let you rule under my watch. If you still want to rule after that I’ll support you. Just know that being a ruler will change you and not always for the better.’

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I decided to update tomorrow's bonus chapter today instead. There will be one more chapter update tomorrow so you can look forward to it.

Lots of love ♥ and see ya tomorrow

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

### Chapter 146: Vol3 Chapter 23

Irene was keeping an eye on Heaven. So many things were going on, starting with the stranger who marked her and her grandfather who had plans to make her his successor. Danger surrounded her and Irene would do everything in her power to protect her granddaughter, hopefully without suffocating her. Therefore, she kept an eye on her from a distance.

After making sure that Heaven was asleep, Irene went to take a break and relax in her room when she suddenly got a visit from someone she expected to show up sooner or later.

Lothaire.

'Why are you here?' She asked, turning to him.

'I missed you.' He said, walking closer.

'You wouldn't have left me then.'

'I didn't leave you. I never wanted to. I wanted you to follow me, to be by my side, to be my Queen, but you refused.' If she didn't know better now, she would have believed that he was sad.

‘Of course. Did you expect me to leave my son to come with you?’

‘You didn’t have to leave him if you stood by my side. We would have convinced him together.’ He explained.

Irene shook her head. ‘Or you could have stayed with us.’

Lothaire sighed, then he crossed the distance between them and took her hands in his. ‘Irene, my love. Have I not stayed with you all this time? Can’t you now stay with me? Can’t you be by my side? Imagine our lives together, all the happiness we shared. We can do that again. Yes, I might have lied about many things, but my feelings for you were never a lie.’

‘I know. Your feelings for me were not a lie, but that is your feelings and that is all you care about. You never cared for my feelings. You sacrificed my happiness. If you truly cared about how I feel you would have tried your best to bring me our son knowing how empty I felt all those years without him. How could you do that to me? How could you do that to someone you claim you love? You even sacrificed your son’s happiness for your evil plans.’

‘You don’t understand.’ He said with clenched teeth.

‘I do. You don’t know what real love means. Your version of love is twisted because you are selfish, and real love is not selfish.’

He nodded, dropping her hands. ‘Very well, then. If you think I am selfish, alright. But what I did was best for everyone. Yes, it was difficult for you and Lucian, but look at him now. He was protected all those years, and he grew up to be a fine man, and now you can be with him. The result benefited everyone.’ He explained.

Irene stared at him, appalled. Why did she expect that he would understand?

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‘Where you sure this would be the result? What if things turned out differently? Like the time our son almost committed suicide, or the time when he actually died. What if he hadn’t come back?’

‘He did come back. Bad things could have happened even if he stayed with us. There is no avoiding that.’

‘What about all the scars and loneliness you made him go through then? You took his childhood away.’ Her eyes teared up, recalling all the hurt her son must have gone through.

‘That made him stronger. Difficulties make people stronger.’

‘Yes. And strong benefits you because then he will fit perfectly into you plan.’

‘Don’t twist my words.’ He warned.

‘I don’t need to. You are more twisted than your words. And your actions are even worse. Don’t come back here. We have nothing left between us and don’t you dare come for Heaven. I know what you are planning.’ She spat.

‘Heaven is my granddaughter, too. You can’t stop me from meeting her. I will come for her whenever I want. She is old enough now to decide for herself whether she wants to meet me or not.’ He sounded angry this time.



‘So it’s not enough you ruined two lives. Now you want to ruin another?’

‘No. I wouldn’t call it ruin. I call it freedom. With me, she can do whatever she wants.’

Irene clenched her hands into fists, trying to contain her anger. ‘Leave!’ She said in a calm yet threatening tone. There was no use in talking to him anymore.

His lips curved into a smile. ‘I will. For now. But I will come back for you. We will be a family again.’ He caressed her cheek with the back of his hand before he vanished.

Irene stood there for a while. Anger and hatred boiling within her. Why could he just not leave her to finally stay happy with her family?

She would not let him lay a finger on Heaven. She would not let him hurt her children again.

When the morning came the first thing Irene did was to visit her granddaughter. To her surprise, she was awake early this morning and already dressed.

‘Good morning, grandma.’ She smiled brightly upon her arrival.

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‘Good morning. You seem to be in a good mood.’

‘I am trying.’ Heaven smiled. ‘I need your help.’

‘Alright. What is it?’

Heaven frowned. 'You don't know? Father haven't told you?'

'Told me what?' Irene asked.

'That... I want to become a ruler.'

Irene paused for a moment, surprised, before asking, 'why would you want that?' She couldn't understand. She didn't want Heaven to bear that burden. It was enough that her son already went through all those horrible things.

'Grandma. I feel like... I was born for this. I can either complain about my life or embrace it.' She smiled as if discovering something.

Irene became concerned. Who had changed her granddaughter into this woman? Did Lothaire already meet with her?

'Did you grandpa come here?'

Heaven frowned. 'No, why?'

'Nothing.' Irene shook her head, but Heaven's sudden change in attitude still disturbed her. Something must have affected her.

'So will you help me?' She asked innocently.

'Of course.' Irene smiled. She didn't want to discourage her now that she finally seemed happy. 'What do you want me to do?'

'Well, you could first take me to uncle Roshan. I need to speak to him.' She said.

Without asking why, Irene teleported them to Roshan's house.

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Klara and Roshan were fighting in the garden and it didn't look like they were fighting for training purpose even though they used swords.

'Alright, we have guests, maybe we can continue later.' Roshan said while blocking a strike with his sword.

Irene wasn't surprised. She was used to their physical fights whenever they were angry with each other, but shortly after they would make up and it would be like nothing ever happened. But Irene knew Roshan too well. He rather enjoyed the fight then looking at it as a punishment. Klara on the other hand made sure he enjoyed it as little as possible.

When Klara didn't drop her sword Roshan gave her a pleading look. 'You can kill me later.' He promised her.

Klara threw her sword aside before turning to them. 'Irene, Heaven. It's still early. I was on my way.' She told Heaven, probably referring to the fighting lessons they had in the early mornings.

'I know. I came here for Uncle Roshan.' Heaven explained.

'Oh...' She said turning to her husband.

'Princess.' Roshan came forward. 'How can I help you?'

'I want you to teach me how to fight. I mean... Princess Klara is very skilled but I want to learn to use my demon powers while fighting.'

'Or maybe you just want to learn from the best.' He said sending his wife a teasing smile. She gave him a hard glare, which caused him to chuckle.

‘Your father told me you wanted to become a ruler.’ He said.

‘Yes.’

‘Well, you have all my support. I’ll enjoy watching all those men being ruled by a woman.’

‘Thank you.’ Heaven smiled, then turned to Klara. ‘I would also love to have your support, Princess Klara. There is a lot I can learn from you.’

‘You have my support.’ She said shortly.

Irene could see that Heaven was determined to make it as a ruler, and everyone was supportive. But she was sceptical. She really didn’t like this idea.

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

Chapter 147: Vol13 Chapter 24

Roshan was teaching Heaven how to fight like a demon, but it wasn’t going very well. She was too human compared to him. He was too fast and too strong, and soon she became discouraged. But Roshan was a skilled teacher and every time she gave up he motivated her to do better, and try harder.

‘Heaven, I can’t tell you what to do. You and I are different. What works for me won’t work for you. You need to find your own strength. Look deep into yourself.’ He told her.

Heaven knew what he meant, but it wasn't that easy. On the other hand, her lessons with Klara were going well. Heaven never thought war and politics would interest her, but studying it she understood why her parents and her grandmother didn't like her decision. In politics you often have to choose between two evils, but

the hardest and most scary part was that her decision would affect so many lives. She would be responsible for the people of this whole kingdom when she could barely take responsibility for herself.

Besides politics and demon powers, she was also learning her witch powers. Her grandmother tried to teach her a few spells.

'I think it's important that you can take yourself from one place to another in case you are in danger. So that is the first thing I'll teach you.'

Heaven was happy to know that she would finally be able to teleport herself, but mastering the technique was not easy and it took her few days to only learn one spell. She jumped around with joy when she finally managed to transport herself from one place to another by creating a portal and that she could walk through to the other side, which was where she wanted to go. But shortly after her success, she felt useless that it took her so long to learn just one thing. How long would it take before she learned how to be a real witch?

Zarin and Gina were surprised when they found out about Heaven's decision to become a ruler, but while Gina was happy and supportive, Zarin opposed to her idea.

'Why would you want that? I don't understand. All that responsibility you are taking on and all the danger you are putting yourself in is not worth it.' He argued.

Heaven knew he was only worried for her. He had always wished for her to live freely and happily, and he was the one to sneak her out sometimes.

‘Zarin, I am tired of hiding and feeling pity for myself. It’s not people I want to rule. I want to rule over my life that I felt I had no control over before. Now I really feel like I can control my life to some extent and plan for my future.’

Zann shook his head, clearly not satisfied by her reply. ‘You are making a mistake, Heaven. You don’t know what it is like to rule.’

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‘You are right, I don’t but there is only or way to figure out.’

He stood up from his seat. ‘I am not supporting you in making a mistake.’ He said

‘How do you know it’s a mistake?’

‘I just know. People are only going along with your idea because you have been feeling sad.’

‘So you mean everyone is just pretending to support me to make me happy, and not because they believe in me?’ Heaven was baffled.

He sighed. ‘That is not what I meant.’

‘Nevermind. You won’t understand because you never wanted to be a ruler.’ She couldn’t help but feel disappointed and sad. Zarin had always been the one to support her.

‘You are right. I won’t understand.’ He shrugged. ‘I don’t understand why you changed your mind so suddenly. You never mentioned before that you wanted become a rule.’

‘Zarin, people grow and change.’

‘I can see that.’ He said nodding.

Heaven shook her head at his resistance. He would come around eventually, she thought.

But as days went by things didn’t get better with Zarin and he always played deaf whenever she spoke about her plans. Soon she couldn’t stand it.

**Updated\_at**

‘What is wrong with you these days?’ She asked.

‘Nothing.’ He shrugged.

‘No! There is something.’

‘I just... I don’t understand this new you.’

‘There is nothing to understand. I just found a purpose in life. Maybe you should try it than just spending time with women.’

As soon as the words left her mouth, she regretted them immediately. She could see clearly that he got offended.

‘I am sorry.’ She hurried to say.

‘No, you are right. I should go find a purpose.’ He said and then vanished before she could apologize again.

Yes, she didn’t like his promiscuous behavior, but she shouldn’t have spoken like that.

Heaven groaned, frustrated. Why was it when things got better in life they also got worse at the same time ?

With sunken shoulders, she went to sit in front of the mirror and began to remove the silver pins from her hair. She was exhausted, which was good because then she would sleep immediately without thinking about other things. Preparing herself to become a ruler had helped her keep her mind clear from unwanted thoughts. She was too occupied to think of anything else, yet still sometimes she would see those silver eyes in front of her.

Three weeks had passed, but she could still remember him as if she had seen him yesterday. Sometimes she woke up in the middle of the night believing or wishing he had come back for her, but she never felt his presence again. Just as he promised he didn’t come to bother her, but still, she was bothered.

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Heaven shook her thought away quickly. No more thinking of him. She just had to put up with this a few months and then it would be over. Looking in the mirror, she gathered her hair up and tied it in a bun. Her gaze fell on her now bare neck and she noticed something unusual.

Unable to believe her eyes, she leaned closer to the mirror. Where was the mating mark ?



It was gone.

How ?

It had only been three weeks. It would never fade away this fast unless....

No!

Her heart dropped to her stomach. Did something happen to Zamiel ? She remembered the despairing look in his eyes and his words.

‘Wherever my feet takes me ?‘

She hoped it wasn’t where she thought it was.

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Early chapter update. I am planning to either update another chapter later at night (night here where I live) or updating it tomorrow. Hope you enjoy.

**The source of this \_chapter;**

Lots of love♥

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

Chapter 148: Vol3 Chapter 25

Heaven went to sleep ignoring the fact that the mark had faded away and that it probably meant something was wrong with Zamiel. But she would not care. He was a grown man, powerful and ancient. He didn’t need her help; she tried to convince herself, and it didn’t work.

She lay in bed turning back and forth, her mind filled with questions and her heart hammering loudly at the thought of what might have happened to Zamiel. Ancient demons might not be killed easily, but they could probably kill themselves.

Zamiel wouldn't do that. Would he?

What if she didn't do something soon and ended up regretting it for the rest of her life? This was a matter of someone's life. She shouldn't even be thinking and hurry to save him before it's too late.

Getting out of bed, she dressed quickly and then used the magic her grandmother taught her to transport herself. It was still not easy to perform it, and she had to try several times before it worked. She was so happy at first, but looking around she realized she ended up somewhere else. She found herself inside the dark cave where she first found him instead.

Her grandmother had told her to vividly imagine where she wanted to go. Heaven remembered the spooky house where Zamiel had kept her. Closing her eyes, she tried to envision it clearly, and this time it worked. She stood outside the old

house that looked abandoned and her heart began to beat erratically. She had to admit that she feared what she might find.

Either she would find something she hoped to never see or nothing. She hoped for the latter, but she would be more relieved if she found him safe and sound. Although that would put her in danger. He would not appreciate her visit.

Slowly she made her way inside. To her surprise, a few candles were lit, and the moonlight penetrated through the large windows without curtains.

Walking further in, she smelled a familiar scent. The scent of rain and wet earth. She could tell he was here by the musky scent and she followed it to find her way around.

The scent led her to a room. Heaven's eyes fell on the bed where someone was lying. Her heart skipped a beat, realizing she was in a dangerous creature's home without permission. But she couldn't help to take a closer look, just to ensure herself that he was alright.

He lay without a blanket and with his hair covering his face. She couldn't tell if he was just sleeping since he wasn't moving. She looked at his hands, the only part of his body that was visible. His fingers were bony and his skin pale, almost bluish. It was as if he was dead.

Without a second thought, she ran to his bed and began to shake him.

'Zamiel! Zamiel! Wake up!'

Oh Lord, she was too late.

When he didn't respond she shook him harder, almost violently when he suddenly shot his eyes wide open.

He was startled, but Heaven let out a breath of relief.

'You are alive.' She said.

He was alive.

He blinked several times. It looked as if he had slept for days, but not healthily. His face looked thinner, his skin paler, and his lips were blue. He looked sick and starved.

‘Are you alright?’ She loomed over him where he lay.

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He looked at her surprised, as if he couldn’t believe that she was there with him.

‘Heaven?’ His voice was strained, like someone who hasn’t spoken for days.

‘Yes. It’s me.’

Stupid her.

He was just fine. What did she think would happen to him?

But what about the mark? Why did it fade away?

He sat up hastily, recoiling from her touch.

‘I am sorry. I just thought something bad happened to you.’ She explained.

He looked at her with eyes so cold she shivered.

‘And why would you care?’

Good question. Why did she care?

‘I don’t know. I just... the mark has faded away.’

His gaze traveled to her neck before looking at her again.

‘Good. Isn’t that what you wanted?’

Heaven wasn't even sure what she wanted anymore.

'Now you can get married.' His eyes became dark.

He didn't like the idea.

But then, as if unable to stand her nearness, he took himself out of bed and for away from her. He even refused to look at her while he stood in the corner. He looked afraid.

'I am not getting married anymore.'

Slowly, he lifted his gaze to hers.

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

'Why? I thought you had to?'

'Not anymore. I took a step to make a change. I decided to become the first Queen to rule.' She said proudly.

Zamiel just stared at her for a moment. She couldn't tell if he was impressed or not. 'Good for you. Now you should leave and never come back.'

His hands fisted at the sides of his body and his eyes turned red before he shut them tightly. When he opened them again, they returned to normal. But Heaven's gaze was fixated on his mouth. His fangs had elongated, and she suddenly realized what was happening.

'You want to bite me again?'

She could tell he did not want to admit it. It seemed to her that wanting to bite her sickened him.

‘Why did the mark fade away so quickly?’ She asked.

‘Because your people love to torture. They want me to keep biting you. Now go away, because I would rather kill than bite you again.’

To keep biting her was a torture?

Heaven didn’t know what to feel. She knew a mate’s urge to renew the mark could be very strong, sometimes to the point where it became painful. But that he would rather endure the pain than bite her told her clearly that he wanted nothing to do with her. His hate for witches was so strong, and it scared it. But it also made her curious to know what exactly happened to his family and how he was locked inside a coffin.

But right now it would be best for her to leave.

Getting up, she performed the same spell that took her here, while envisioning her room, but it didn’t work. Embarrassed, she glanced at Zamiel but he ignored her and she went back to try again. Still, it didn’t work.

She knew she would have to try several times like just like before, when suddenly Zamiel chuckled darkly.

‘You can’t even perform a spell? What kind of witch are you?’

Anger boiled inside of her. ‘One that is also part demon and part human.’

‘Or maybe just a useless one.’

Heaven knew he was trying to hurt her on purpose. So she tried to not get angry and try again.

‘What is wrong?’

‘I don’t know. It’s not working.’ She hated to admit it. It made her feel weak.

‘Why did you even come here?’ He growled.

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‘I don’t want to be here either.’

‘Then you wouldn’t have come here.’

‘I was just...the mark faded away, and I wondered why. Don’t you?’

‘No. I already know and it’s because I hate being your mate.’ He emphasized the word hate.

He didn’t need to tell her. The resentment was evident in his gaze.

He shut his eyes again before opening them. She knew he was fighting the urge. She should leave as fast as she could but since the spell wasn’t working, she decided to leave the normal way and when she was a bit far away from him try again.

‘I won’t come back to bother you.’ She said and then headed for the door.

‘Where are you going?’ He asked, almost annoyed.

‘You told me to leave.’

‘Yes. The way you came. You are not thinking of walking back.’

‘Why do you care?’

‘I don’t. Maybe it’s better you walk back and get killed by some blood hungry demon. There are a lot of them out there and they can even sniff witch blood.’

Heaven wasn’t sure if he was warning her or just scaring her.

‘I can protect myself.’ She said.

‘Says the person who can’t perform a simple spell.’ He scoffed.

‘It’s not that simple.’

Suddenly he was right in front of her, his face close to hers. His eyes gazing into her own, intensely. He would not compel her, would he?

‘If you are thinking of compelling me to let you bite me, then don’t. I rather you do that without compulsion.’

‘You won’t resist?’

Heaven just stared into his eyes, not knowing what to reply.

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

Chapter 149: Vol3 Chapter 26



‘You won’t resist?’

Zamiel stared into her emerald green eyes. There was innocence and vulnerability in them. He could tell she didn’t know much about the world and it’s people. She was raised sheltered and learned to love and trust. And here he was, knowing and feeling nothing but resentment. How different they were.

For a brief moment, he actually thought of compelling her. The urge to bite her had been so strong that it swayed his judgement.

‘I.. I..’ Was she hesitating? ‘I don’t know.’ She admitted.

This would change things if she became willing to be bitten. The mark would not fade away as quickly. The mark stayed longest when both parts consented to the bond.

Stupid girl. Maybe he should have scared her even more. Just in case he become willing in a moment of weakness she would still be unwilling.

The damn witch would enjoy this if she was still alive. Him biting a witch as soon as the mark faded.

The more he resisted, the quicker the mark would fade and the more he would need to fight the urge to bite her. There was only one way out. If he resisted the urge long enough without biting her, then it would disappear forever and he would be free from the bond.

Zamiel heard that resisting the urge was almost impossible, but he was different. He had already endured so much pain, a little more wouldn’t hurt.

He grabbed her wrist over the dress and took her back to her room. She looked around surprised before looking at him.

‘Thank you.’ She breathed.

When he dropped her arm her eyes darted in panic. She didn’t want him to leave. He should have frightened her more.

‘You look sick.’ She pointed.

Yes, he weakened himself so he could fall into a deep slumber until the urge disappeared, but she ruined his plans. Now he would have to start from scratch and try for several days, maybe even weeks, before he could fall into a deep slumber.

‘Heaven. Next time you come to meet me, I’ll send you to heaven.’ He threatened.

To his surprise, she smiled. ‘How can you be sure I’ll end up there? I thought all witches were bad and would end up in hell.’

She baffled him. He didn’t know what to respond, and that caused her smile to widen.

‘I think deep down you know I wouldn’t hurt you.’ She said.

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It should have been the other way round. Him telling her he wouldn’t hurt her, but she understood the true meaning of hurt.

‘If I come to you, then you should hurt me if you don’t want me to bite you.’

‘If you come to me, then I understand why.’

He wished he could shake the innocence out of her.

Suddenly someone materialized into her room. It was the man she called friend.

‘Heaven!’ He drew his daggers.

Heaven turned to him, startled.

‘Zarin!’ He could hear the shock in her voice.

Zarin kept his gaze fixated on Zamiel while his eyes blazed with anger.

‘Get away from him!’ He ordered.

Again with the ordering around.

‘It’s not what you think.’ She held her hands out, signaling for him to calm down.

If he didn’t Zamiel knew the perfect way to do it.

‘He is not here to hurt me.’ She said.

Zamiel fought the urge to laugh, but Zarin was not amused at all. As if disappointed, he dropped his arms.

‘You went to see him.’ He said with disgust.

‘I... I can explain.’

Zamiel didn't feel like listening to their fight. So he just took himself back home, back to his room where her scent still lingered.

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What was he supposed to do now? He needed to find a plan to fight this extreme urge.

By the way, who was that friend of hers? From the way she spoke to him, it seemed like she cared for him deeply.

No! He was starting to care again. He should go try to fall back into his slumber as soon as possible. There was no other way he could fight this.

He lay down thinking back of the time when life felt as lonely as it did now. Before he was locked inside the coffin he had isolated himself inside his home. Day in and out he just slept, not eating or drinking.

Razia would come to him sometimes and try to talk some sense into him, but he wouldn't listen. He didn't even care to chase her away. He just shut her voice out. Someday she would get tired.

One day she came to him. 'Zamiel, I am moving somewhere else. I came to say goodbye.' She said, but he kept ignoring her.

'I baked this bread for you. Your wife taught me how to do it. I thought since you are not eating you wanted to... nevermind. I will put it on the table.'

She went and placed the baked bread on the table. 'Won't you even look at me before I leave or ask me where I am going?'

He continued to ignore her. She sighed. 'Alright. I hope you make some changes. This is not called living.'

And just like she left him. Now he felt the loneliest. The only person remained to care for him had also left him now. He couldn't blame her.

Being starved, he couldn't ignore the scent of freshly baked bread. It smelled like the one his wife used to bake. He loved it. Unable to ignore hunger that rose within him, he went to the table and ate the bread alone.

It tasted exactly like the one his wife used to make. As he chewed a bite tears fell down his cheeks. All the happy memories came back to him, paining him even more.

Gamila.

Why did she leave him all alone? She promised to stay with him for eternity, but he couldn't blame her for breaking her promise. It was his fault. He had promised to protect her, but he failed miserably.

'I am sorry Gamila, I am sorry Mikah.' He whispered.

Zamiel remembered the day Mikah was born. The warmth that spread inside his chest. He never thought he would one day soon hold her cold, dead body in his arms. He failed not only as a husband; but as a father as well.

He didn't even deserve to eat this bread, but he had already finished eating it. He went back to bed. The only way he couldn't feel pain was to sleep. He even decided once to fall into a deep slumber and wake up after many years, but he had a mission now. To protect demons from

facing the same fate as him. He would put the witches in their place and make all of them know to never mess a demon.

He closed his eyes. Tomorrow would be a new day, he thought. But before that day came, he woke up with an extreme pain. It felt like someone was stabbing and twisting his organs. He felt sick and vomited.

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It was blood.

What was happening to him? It felt like something was eating him from the inside, like his body was corroding away.

Blood ran from his nose. Something was wrong with him.

‘Zamiel!’ Suddenly Razia stood in the room.

She looked at him in the state he was and didn’t seem the least surprised.

It was her.

‘What... what did you do?!’ He growled, trying to get out of bed.

He would kill her!

‘I am sorry. I had no choice.’ She said calmly. ‘At least you enjoyed eating it.’

The bread. She must have poisoned it. She knew very well poison couldn’t kill him. What did she plan to do?

‘This poison is deadly. Well, for humans anyway. It eats at your organs one by one. So while one heals another one rots. Oh, I also added some magic to make it more effective.’

He got out of bed, furious and ready to kill her, but his legs gave in and he fell to the ground. His body burned, his limbs trembled.

‘Don’t fight it, Zamiel. I won’t kill you. I just want to help you understand a few things.’ She spoke so calmly while he choked on his own blood.

He wasn’t only enduring the damage caused by the poison, but also the process of healing.

She loomed over him. ‘After I am done. You will understand everything.’ She assured him.

\*\*\*\*\*

You probably noticed that I am updating more frequently than usual. It’s thanks to the amazing readers who support me on discord. If you want to chat with these amazing people, talk about the book and exchange ideas, then join my discord.

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Lots of love ♥

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

Chapter 150: Vol13 Chapter 27

Zamiel turned back and forth on the ground, groaning in pain. It wasn't stopping. How long would it take until it was over?

Then abruptly he just stopped fighting it. He didn't want to give Razia the satisfaction of seeing him suffer. He just lay there trying to move as little as possible. He told himself it would be over soon.

Razia crouched and then watched him where he lay. There was no emotion in her eyes. Only emptiness.

'Don't hate me, Zamiel. I am just trying to help. You were not doing anything with your life, so I had to do something. You wanted to go into a deep slumber, I'll help you with that. If you just slept here, anyone could come inside and hurt you. So I found the perfect place for you to sleep in and hide. A very comfortable coffin. It won't be cold inside. I made sure it's warm. You can sleep without worrying about anything. I will lock the coffin with a spell so that no one can open it.' She explained.

Then the look in her eyes changed, darkened. 'But someone has to open it someday, right? You don't want to be locked for eternity. How about this? Only someone with a witch and demon blood will be able to release you. Sadly, you don't believe such creature will ever exist, but now at least you will hope they do. Because only that person can free you. If this mixed race creature never come to exist, then...' She shrugged. 'You can sleep peacefully in your coffin knowing that you were right.'

She smiled, satisfied with her plan before a frown settled on her face. 'I am missing something.' She said thoughtfully.

Zamiel listened while trying to focus on the anger instead of the pain.



‘You hate witches, so let’s do this. If you get released, let’s hope you do, then the person who releases you will become your mate. But then she has to be a female.’ She paused and thought for a while. ‘The first female with demon and witch blood will free you but bound you to her. Sounds poetic, doesn’t it?’

Zamiel glared at her, thinking of how his friend turned into this merciless person. Was it his fault? Did he make her this way?

**The source of this \_chapter;**

Maybe this was his punishment for the horrible things he did and for not being able to protect his family.

Razia’s lips moved again. She was speaking to him, but he couldn’t hear her. Soon he couldn’t see her either. Darkness was swallowing him slowly until he drowned in it.

When he opened his eyes, he was already inside the coffin. He tried everything in his power to get out of it, but nothing helped. He hoped Razia would calm down and come to release him, but she didn’t.

Years went by and he spent them in anger and agony. The darkness, the loneliness, the helplessness, it tortured him, tore him apart, ate at his heart until it was filled with nothing but darkness. Sometimes it felt like he was losing his sanity. How could his friend do this to him? He thought she would come back to him eventually, but now after almost two hundred years she had already passed away.

Now there was only one way for him out. The female with the mixed blood.

As an ancient demon he could get into anyone's mind, so for years he jumped from mind to mind just to find her. After five hundred years, he gave up. He was exhausted, hungry and furious. Maybe it was good that he would never get released because if he did, he would wipe witches off the face of earth and he would start with the one to release him. That is, if he ever found her.

After enduring more years of torture, Zamiel decided to fall into a deep slumber despite knowing that he could miss the chance to find the mixed blood female. But he could just not endure the pain anymore. He was fed up of looking and needed recovery, so he fell asleep until a strange feeling woke him up.

The need to locate someone.

He tried to find his way through many minds until he ended up in the one he was looking for. It was a young girl with the greenest eyes and the darkest hair he had ever seen.

### **Follow current \_ on**

Zamiel knew it was her, and immediately he started his mission to make her release him. It was difficult staying in her mind, at first. He didn't know why, so he appeared in her dreams instead. It was easier since she was relaxed and asleep. But even then, he couldn't get to her in the beginning. It was as if she was denying him access into her mind. But Zamiel was slow and patient and thought of ways to make her curious or make her trust him so she would let him in. Eventually she did.

And soon the day he had waited for a thousand years came. He was released. He still remembered the first time she opened the lock, as if she had opened his lungs. He felt alive, breathing, smelling and seeing. But most of all, the hungering. He never felt anything like it before.

It wasn't only an extreme urge to bite her, but also the need to feed himself. He was confused at first, not understanding this need to feed on someone. It was unnatural, but he had no control over it. His gums itches and once his teeth sunk into her flesh, the world around him faded away. He could only focus on the euphoric feeling her blood gave. The way he came alive again, felt alive again.

When he had enough he still continued. Almost draining the life out of her. Even if she was part demon, she was still part witch, and he planned to get rid of each and every one of them. Starting with her.

Then he heard her voice in the back.

'Please, save me.' She begged. 'I.. I want to live.'

Zamiel's body froze.

She wanted to live.

He wished he could say the same. But as he held her almost dying body in his arms, he couldn't finish what he started. He couldn't bring himself to do it no matter how much he tried to convince himself.

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So he took her with him thinking that eventually his hate would come back and he would end her life. But his hate had always been there, still he hadn't been able to kill her.

Now, because of his stupid decision to let her go, he was fighting something he wouldn't have to, had he just killed her.

Why?!

Why was it so difficult ?

She was just a witch. What good did they do ?

Even his friend whom he had watched over since she was a little girl had betrayed him. They killed innocent beings in the name of doing good and removing evil. What could be more evil than that ?

The rest of them were all the same. Instead of condemning the act, they protected and praised the ones who committed the horrible crime. They were all the same.

But Heaven...

What was she doing to him ? He should not trust her. She was probably bewitching him for her advantage. He would not fall into the trap of trusting a witch ever again.

The latest episodes are on the website.

Never!

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

Chapter 151: Vol3 Chapter 28

Zarin looked at Heaven with a disappointed and a disgusted look. It was like he couldn't believe what he just saw.

'Zarin, I can explain.' Heaven began, but he raised his hand, telling her to stop.

'What explanation could make me understand the reason you are with the man who put you and your family in danger?'

Heaven knew this looked bad. She didn't know how to explain herself. Even she didn't know what was right or wrong in this situation.

'I am having a hard time Zarin. I don't know what to do and I am just trying to figure out... the situation.'

'By being with the man who abducted you, held you against your will, hurt my sister and your friend and threatened your family? What... what does that mean?' He looked at her as if she had lost her mind.

'How long have you been meeting him?' He asked.

Heaven shook her head. 'This is the first time. I know I shouldn't but...'

But what? Why did she go meet him?

'I was worrying for you, looking out for you all these days in case something happened to you, knowing what you went through. I never thought you would purposely put yourself in danger.' He shook his head.

Heaven looked down at her hands, her eyes tearing up. She was already feeling guilty. Why was he adding salt to her wounds? Why didn't he even try to understand her?

'You have changed. You are becoming.... I don't know.' He shrugged.

Heaven looked up at him. This time more hurt by his words. 'What am I becoming?'

He had already said it once before. That she was changing, and it was not in a good way.

Zarin just looked away, sighing as if her question was not what mattered.

‘No, tell me! What am I becoming? Why is my change so bad? Tell me!’ She urged.

‘You are becoming selfish.’ He blurted.

Heaven couldn’t believe her ears. Had he called her careless, childish, stupid, then she wouldn’t mind. She would even agree with him. But calling her selfish made her heart ache.

‘What have I done to be called selfish?’ She asked, fighting her tears. She would not cry in front of him.

Zarin shut his eyes tightly and pressed his lips into a thin line as if regretting what he said. ‘Heaven, I am just looking out for you.’ He said trying to sound calm.

‘You are not my father. It is not your duty to look out for me. As a friend, you should support me and be there for me when I am having a hard time. You are not even willing to listen. You are the one who suddenly changed as soon as I told you I wanted to become a Queen.’ Now she was furious. He had been ignoring her all these days and now suddenly he wanted to be her protector.

If her father didn’t have anything against her becoming a ruler then what was his problem?

‘As I friend, I should be honest with you. You will go through a lot of hardship to become a ruler. I just don’t want you to go through that.’ He explained.

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‘You don’t think I am going through hardship now ? Right now I need my friend the most, but he is angry at me because of the hardships I might go through in the future.’

Zarin dropped his shoulders as if defeated, but he didn’t look at her.

‘I was always here, Heaven. You are the one that left. I don’t think you need me anymore.’

They looked at each other for a long moment. Heaven tried to figure out what that meant. It sounded like he was abandoning her, breaking their friendship.

A tear fell down her cheek when he just vanished.

The next morning Heaven woke up with a newfound energy. She had convinced herself to not let sadness defeat her. She was going to become a ruler so she wouldn’t let anything make her cry easily, but was easier said than done because only a few hours later she was in her room crying a river.

She had attended a meeting where her father let her be the one to lead. He went to sit among the generals and councils, letting her face all those scary, powerful men alone. She had watched him lead these meetings many times before and studied his tactics. It didn’t seem difficult while she watched, but now when all eyes were on her she began to sweat.

‘Your Highness, as you know the Kingdom of Valish don’t want to trade with us anymore. So many of our food supplies have been suddenly cut off and winter is coming soon.’ One council spoke.

‘Your Highness, the cheating of tax payment have increased among sellers despite knowing its severe punishment. We have captured a few

of them. I think we should set an example of what happens when you cheat the tax by punishing these criminals in public.' Another one presented another problem.

'Your Highness....' And a third problem.

'Your Highness...' And a fourth problem, and so it continued until all parts presented the issues within the department they were responsible for.

Heaven only understood the first two questions, and then she was confused. She was supposed to lead the discussion, but after they presented their problems, she just listened to their debate trying to follow and understand what they were saying. Then suddenly they turned to her to make the last decisions based on what they had discussed.

Heaven could see some of them were fighting hard to stay passive in front of her father and try not to insult her, but she could already feel that they thought she was unfit for the role.

Everyone stared at her as they waited. It felt like they could see through her, see her fears and insecurities. Her voice trembled slightly when she began to speak. 'I think we can find another Kingdom to trade with.' She wasn't even sure if her voice was heard before one of them replied.

'I am not sure if you are aware, Your Highness. But Valish was the last Kingdom who wanted to trade with us.

'Oh,' Heaven didn't know. Her cheeks burned with embarrassment.

'Why?'

The men looked at each other as if she was stupid and she could see her father shake his head.



‘Your Highness, as the largest Kingdom we are a threat to many Kingdoms, especially our neighbor Kingdoms. No one would feed their enemy.’

Heaven nodded, feeling foolish. She knew these times were special. The Kingdoms in Europe wanted to build Empires like the Kingdoms in Asia. The whole of Asia was four Empires while Europe still had many small Kingdoms. Now the European Kingdoms also wanted to build Empires, and the first Kingdom to take a step toward becoming one was the Kingdom of Gatrish. King Rasmus, Zarin’s uncle, was known for his tactical ways to expand his Kingdom. Heaven didn’t want to use his method, but from the debate the council and the generals had, it seemed that they were suggesting war.

What Heaven learned from her father was that war should be avoided as much as possible and should be the last option when nothing else was left. Heaven agreed with him, but in this situation she didn’t know what other options she had. She looked at the men around the table, then her father, but she could see he was not going to help her.

‘I need to think about this.’ She said, not knowing if she did the right thing.

‘As for those who didn’t pay tax, you can punish them the way you see it fit.’ She added.

Heaven noticed slight changes in expressions that made her wonder if she did something wrong. Things got only worse after that. She realized that even if she had learned a lot; she was not even close to knowing enough.

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And every time she made a decision, they seemed to oppose to it. They made her feel uneducated and small. She just wanted to shrink in her seat and hide.

‘Your Highness, may I ask you why do you want to become ruler.’ One of them lastly asked.

Heaven was surprised by the question and didn’t know how to reply.

‘I want to ensure the wellbeing of the people in our kingdom.’ She said, but saying what she said made her realize that she didn’t speak the truth and that made her feel guilty. Maybe she was selfish, like Zarin said. She was becoming a ruler for selfish reasons.

‘Your Highness, to ensure the wellbeing of the people in our Kingdom, you need to know the people first and understand what they want and what they need.’

Heaven’s cheeks flushed with embarrassment. It was true she knew nothing. She humiliated herself in front of everyone.

After what felt like forever, the meeting finally ended and they all left. Heaven listened to their conversation outside the hall. They muttered about how immature and spoiled she was.

Tears pricked her eyes, but she tried her best to not cry until she reached her room. Once she arrived she threw herself on her bed and cried.

Her dreams of becoming a ruler were crushed. She had no purpose anymore.

Heaven spent the whole day in her bed feeling bad for herself. If people saw her like this, they would never accept her as their ruler.. She was too weak for it.

Crying and feeling sad was not going to solve her problems, but she couldn't help it. It made her realize she was not for the role. Maybe she should just give it up.

She had lost hope for her dreams; hope to find love and she lost her friend. Thinking about it made her cry again.

Suddenly she shivered when the room become cold. A familiar scent invaded her senses.

Before looking up, she already knew who had come to her room.

It was him.

He stood in the corner and looked worse than she remembered. His skin color turned ashy and his lips were purple. The whites of his eyes were red and his hair had lost its shine. Fighting the urge to bite her must have been so difficult for him, and he seemed to suffer. But Heaven didn't feel like thinking about the bite or getting bitten today. She just wanted to be left alone.

'I can't help you today.' She said.

In the blink of an eye, he stood right next to her, his tall figure towering over where she sat on her bed.

Her heart skipped a beat. Why was he frightening her so? He was not going to forcefully bite her again? Would he?

‘Why are you crying?’ He asked.

Heaven quickly wiped her tears away. ‘Why do you care?’

‘I don’t know.’

His reply surprised her. He didn’t deny that he cared.

**The source of this \_chapter;**

‘You made me dream of something I can’t achieve.’ Now she just wanted someone to blame.

‘Of course you can’t. You are just a woman. A young, naive and a foolish woman. You know nothing but being emotional.’

Anger made her jump out of bed. ‘What is wrong with being a woman? Just because I am a woman doesn’t mean I know nothing, and being a woman doesn’t stop me from achieving my dreams.’

‘No?’ He raised a brow. ‘I thought you said you couldn’t achieve your dreams?’

‘I can!’ She said with finality.

The stranger crossed his arms behind his back. He was showing great self-restraint despite his already elongated fangs. ‘If you are being this emotional now, I doubt you will become a ruler in this lifetime.’

Why was he discouraging her when he was the first to encourage her? Walking closer to her, he reached his hand out and Heaven flinched back, unsure of what he was going to do.

His gaze hardened, and he grabbed her shoulder in a strong grip. 'As a ruler, never show fear.' He said firmly. 'Relax your shoulder.' He then ordered.

Heaven was confused at first, but she did as he said.

'Stand with a straight back and relax your arms.'

Again she listened to him. Then he grabbed her chin and made her look at him. His cold silver eyes stared back at her, demanding her attention. 'And never bow your head in front of anyone.'

Heaven didn't reply. She didn't even nod. She just gazed into his eyes as her breath caught in her throat. He wasn't compelling her, yet she was hypnotized.

Then his lips moved, and her focus went to his mouth. 'Did you hear me?' He asked.

Heaven nodded as she stared at his fangs.

'Does it hurt?' She blurted.

He slowly let go of her chin. 'I am used to it.' He said simply.

It pained her to hear him say that. 'You shouldn't be.' No one should be used to hurting.

He turned away from her, but she grabbed his sleeve. It was becoming a habit. 'Didn't you come here to bite me?' She asked.

He clenched his jaw.

‘If you have to... I won’t resist.’ She said.

\*\*\*\*\*

Sorry, couldn’t update yesterday but this update is as long as 2 chapter so I hope you enjoy it.

**The source of this \_chapter;**

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

Chapter 152: Vol3 Chapter 29

‘If you have to... I won’t resist.’ She said.

Slowly, he opened his eyes and turned to her. Grabbed her wrist, he drew her gently into his arms. Heaven’s heart beat erratically inside her chest. Butterflies filler her stomach and her breath came out in shallow pants. Was she excited or afraid she didn’t know ?

‘You are afraid.’ He said.

‘I am... nervous.’ She admitted.

Heaven knew that mating was something serious. She shouldn’t take it as lightly as she was now.

‘I told you, I would rather kill you than mark you.’ He reminded.

‘You don’t look like a killer.’ She said.

He chuckled darkly. 'I have killed many of your people. I can't even count how many. I just burned down villages.'

Heaven was confused. Why did he decide to burn them? 'But witches can protect themselves from fire. At least for a while. I am sure they managed to escape.'

'Maybe. But they lost their homes, like I lost mine.'

He didn't want to kill them. He wanted to punish them.

Sometimes killing someone could be the lightest punishment they could receive. For witches, communities meant a lot. It was their way of protecting themselves. If their communities dispersed, then they could easily become targets for demons. He wanted them to live in fear.

Zamiel grabbed a few strands of her hair and inhaled her scent. Heaven looked at him, disturbed. This was not going to help him fight the urge to bite her if he didn't plan to do it. It was like... he was punishing himself.

'Why won't you resist?' He asked.

'I have nothing to lose, but... you are hurting.'

The cold look in his eyes changed, his gaze softened. Ever so lightly, his hand cupped her cheek. 'You have a pure heart, Heaven. Mine is full of darkness and hatred. You will gain nothing by being bound to me.'

'Do you still hate witches?' She asked.

He seemed to think for a while before he spoke. 'I know it's not your fault and I know it's not every witch's fault, but I can't help it. It's like poison spreading in my body.'

‘Then you should stop it before it kills you.’ She said.

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Zamiel chuckled. This time it wasn’t the usual dark, cynical laugh. It had another sound to it that made her stomach tickle in a strange way.

When he dropped his hand and took a step back Heaven panicked. He was leaving.

‘Will you come back?’ She hurried to ask. ‘I... I could use more advice.’

He looked at her for a long moment. ‘I can’t promise you that.’

Heaven’s heart skipped with joy. He didn’t say he wouldn’t. She could see him slowly accepting her and letting go of the hate. She knew it would take time, so she didn’t pressure him. Instead, she just nodded, and he left.

That night Heaven went to sleep feeling better.

The first thing she saw in the morning when she opened her eyes was her father’s face.

‘Father.’ She rubbed her eyes, surprised to find him this early in her room. The first thing she thought was that something bad had happened, but when he smiled at her, her fears disappeared.

‘Good morning.’ He greeted sitting at the edge of her bed.

‘Good morning.’ She said pushing herself up. ‘Did something happen?’



‘No. I just wanted to see how you were doing after what happened yesterday.’ He explained.

Yesterday, she had embarrassed her father and herself. She should have listened to him when he told her she wasn’t ready yet. But watching him and learning from him for three weeks, she thought she would be ready.

‘I am sorry I didn’t listen.’ She apologized.

‘Heaven, you told me not to be your father while training you. As your tutor, I advice you to turn your sadness into anger and determination. As your father, I advice you to ask your heart what it truly desires. You know your happiness matters to me the most.’

‘I know.’ Heaven whispered.

‘I won’t go easy on you. I’ll be the one to criticize you the most and tell you the truth others won’t dare to tell you. But as soon as you feel you can’t handle it anymore, tell me to be your father again.’

Heaven nodded. ‘I will.’

He leaned in and placed a kiss on her forehead. ‘I love you.’

‘I love you more.’ She smiled.

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‘I hope you can say the same in a few days.’

Heaven chuckled. ‘It won’t be appropriate, Your Majesty.’ She said causing him to laugh.

‘Father, shall I comb your hair?’ She asked excitedly.

It was a long time ago when she last combed her father’s hair. When she was little, she would watch her mother brush her father’s hair and she would want to do the same. But most of the time she would just end up playing with it instead.

‘Sure.’ He smiled.

Her father’s hair felt exactly the way she remembered. Soft and silky. People said she resembled her father a lot and she could see the resemblances. The hair, the face, the nose, the lips, even the shape of her eyes was like her father’s. People would say she was the female version of him.

The maids were not so excited about her. She remembered while being little they would hope her mother would get pregnant with a boy. ‘wait until a prince is born. He is going to be so handsome.’ They would say.

But Heaven knew the chance of her getting a brother was very little. Demons didn’t reproduce like human. The majority of them could only conceive once, if lucky twice. Roshan and Klara were one of the few lucky ones.

Speaking of Roshan and Klara, Heaven needed to visit Zarin. They had to talk. She could not let their friendship go to ruin.

Once her father left, she dressed quickly and teleported to Gina’s room. She wanted to surprise her and show her what she had learned. Gina was looking at herself in the mirror and adjusting her dress when Heaven arrived unannounced. Startled, her friend turned around and stared at her, surprised, before her lips slowly curved into a smile.

‘You succeeded.’ She said.

Heaven nodded. ‘Yes, finally.’

Gina clapped like a little girl and it caused Heaven to laugh.

‘What more did you learn?’ She asked.

‘It’s not that easy.’ Heaven said feeling a little sad.

Her grandma had tried to teach her magic when she was younger, but it never worked and she used to feel sad. ‘Forget about it. You don’t need powers.’ Her grandmother would say. ‘I think you will do better without it.’

Her parents, on the other hand, never tried to teach her anything about her powers. They were careful because she was different and they didn’t want her to deal with powers she might not be able to control. Her father had explained to her once that being part witch and demon could make controlling her powers very difficult, and it could cause more harm than good sometimes.

‘Where is Zarin?’ She asked.

‘Probably in his room.’ Gina shrugged.

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‘I’ll come back.’ Heaven said and made her way to his room.

She was about to knock on his door when she heard a woman’s voice coming from inside. Heaven sighed, feeling sad for her friend. She didn’t

like all those empty encounters he had with women and was about to leave him alone when she suddenly decided not to.

Grabbing the door handle, she barged inside without knocking.

‘Good morning.’ She greeted, smiling brightly just to annoy him.

The woman in his bed jumped, startled, and tried to cover herself quickly. But when she realized it was only a young woman like her, she glared at her questioningly before turning to Zarin.

‘Who is she?’ She asked accusingly.

Zarin opened his mouth to say something, but Heaven didn’t let him.

‘I am his wife.’ Heaven replied.

Now it was Zarin’s turn to glare at her while the woman’s eyes widened.

‘You are married?’

‘Yes. I am his second wife. He had been looking for a third one, actually.’ Heaven lied, then turned to Zarin. ‘Husband, is she the one? Shall we prepare for a wedding?’

Zarin shook his head. ‘Don’t listen to her. She is not my wife.’ He told the woman, but she wasn’t listening. She already started to get dressed and then pushed passed Heaven with the straps of her dress still open and carrying her shoes in her hand.

‘What are you doing?’ Zarin asked, annoyed as he got out of bed.

Heaven turned away from him as he began to dress. The man was shameless.

‘Having fun.’ She replied. ‘You know there are other ways to have fun than fooling around with women.’

‘Oh, you don’t know.’ He said.

‘Then maybe I should try it too. I am sure many men would be willing to spend some time with me.’

‘It’s not the same.’ He muttered.

Heaven turned to him. He was fully dressed and had his arms crossed his over his chest.

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‘Oh. Is that because I am a woman? I can’t enjoy men nor can I become a ruler.’

‘I don’t want to fight with you anymore.’ He sighed, running his hand through his hair.

‘You know, I thought you were like your father. I was wrong. You could learn a few things from him.’ She said and this time she did not allow him to leave her. Instead, she turned around and left him standing there.

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

Chapter 153: Vol3 Chapter 30

‘Did you guys fight?’ Gina asked when Heaven came back to her room.

‘He is angry with me. I thought he would come around, but he keeps being bitter. He doesn’t even give me a chance to explain.’ Heaven complained.

‘What did you fight over?’

Heaven was about to reply when she realized she hadn’t told her friend anything about what was happening with her and Zamiel. She had been afraid that everyone would judge her for being with the man who abducted her and hurt her family and friends.

He even hurt Gina. How was she supposed to tell her?

‘Ohoh, you have that look again.’ Gina said.

‘What look?’ Heaven asked.

‘The look when you are hiding something. Come on. You know you can tell me anything. I am not my brother.’ She smirked.

‘You might not like me after I tell you.’

‘Nothing in the world can make me dislike you.’ Gina assured.

Heaven looked at her friend for a moment. She knew Gina was the least judgemental person on earth and she had never fought with her or stayed angry with her.

‘Alright, I’ll tell you everything from the beginning.’

Heaven told Gina everything she could. How it first started with the dreams to how Zamiel marked her and wanted to kill her. She told her he was actually alive and not dead and how the mark faded away. She even

told her about her encounters with him, what the witches did to him and his family, and that he now was fighting the urge to bite her. Heaven didn't leave any details out. She wanted Gina to understand why she did what she did.

Gina listened carefully, her eyes widening sometimes, her expression changing throughout the story. Once she finished telling the entire story, Heaven let out a deep breath. Her heart accelerated as she waited for Gina to say something.

'How could you....?'

Oh, no! Heaven thought. Now her friend would hate her.

'How could you keep all this away from me?' Gina asked, demanding an answer.

'I was afraid you would be angry. Are you not angry?'

**Updated \_at**

'Heaven! Don't you trust in our friendship enough? You have been going through all this alone when I could have been there for you, stupid girl.' Gina scolded.

Tears of relief fell down Heaven's cheeks. It felt like a mountain was lifted off her shoulders.

Gina came over and hugged her. 'Don't cry. It's alright.' She assured. 'I am glad you told me. Besides, I was the one who suggested we go there, so it's all my fault.'

'No, it's not.' Heaven shook her head. 'It's my fault.'

‘Never mind who’s fault. What happened has already happened. Now tell me. Do you like this man?’

Heaven had to think. She wasn’t sure what liking in this case meant, but she worried for him, thought of him, maybe even missed him. He made her feel a certain way. She couldn’t quite explain it.

‘I don’t know. I thought it was the mark at first, but I keep thinking about him even now.’

‘Heaven mating is beyond the mark. The mark itself can’t do much if there aren’t any feelings involved. I am sure what he is fighting is more than the urge to bite you. He is fighting his feelings for you because that will affect his urge to bite you. Had he known you longer and his feelings for you had been stronger, he would not have been able to fight the urge one more day. Fighting the urge the first and the second time is not the same.’ Gina explained.

Heaven didn’t have much knowledge on how the mark worked, but she never cared to know before. Now she needed to learn everything about it.

‘What do you mean? What is the difference?’

‘The first time can be controlled to some extent because both must consent to it before it happens. The second time is almost impossible to control because you already belong to him. The reason he had been able to control it is probably because the feelings are not fully there yet. He hates witches and therefore he doesn’t trust you, yet.’ Gina continued.

‘He is far from trusting anyone.’ Heaven said.



‘I don’t think so. I mean, he is fighting the urge to renew the mark. He feels something for you. But is the reason you wanted to allow him to bite you only because you pity him? I think you like him more than you realize.’ Gina was thoughtful.

Heaven recalled the moment he drew her into his arms. It felt so natural, as if she belonged there. Her heart had fluttered at his closeness and despite how horrible he looked, he was beautiful in her eyes at that moment.

‘I don’t know.’ She said shaking her head. She was afraid to admit.

What if she admitted, and he left her?

Gina studied her quietly. She knew her all too well, so she said nothing. She just smiled.

Heaven was still surprised. She thought her friend would tell her to be careful or warn her not to be with him, maybe even scold her, but she seemed rather accepting and happy about it.

**New    chapters are published here:**

‘I need to go back home.’ Heaven said standing up. ‘There is a lot I need to learn.’

‘Of course. My friend is becoming a Queen.’ Gina smiled.

‘It’s nothing to be excited about.’ Heaven muttered.

Gina frowned. ‘Why do you say so?’

Heaven sighed. 'Because I need to rule for the right reason. I just... wanted to rule over my life.' She shrugged.

'Well, that is a good start. You can't rule over other people's lives if you can't even rule over your own. Once you feel confident enough to rule over your life, only then can you find a reason and a purpose to rule over others.'

Gina was too wise for her age, and Heaven always appreciated her friend's advice. 'I need you by my side, friend.' Heaven smiled.

'Always.' Gina smiled back. 'Now go and rule over your life.'

Heaven went back to the castle, feeling more confident and at ease. She was glad for the wonderful people in her life who supported her no matter what. Holding her head high, she went into the meeting room. As usual, she listened and observed carefully the way her father led the discussion and the way he announced his decision.

It was with absolute finality and confidence. But she could see that he listened carefully to their debate and took what they said into consideration. Heaven realized that state affairs related to economics were the area where she lacked most knowledge. She would make sure to study it more.

As soon as the meeting ended Heaven hurried to look for Lincoln. He was speaking to some soldiers in the hall when she found him.

'Your Highness.' He bowed.

'Lincoln. Can you find me a tutor? One who is very skilled in economic affairs.'

‘Of course, Your Highness.’

‘Thank you. Could you also arrange for me to meet General Kian?’

‘Yes, Your Highness.’

General Kian would be a good person to learn from about the people in this kingdom. Lincoln would also be a good source of knowledge, so she decided to follow him for a while and ask him questions she had. Lincoln was patient and provided her with the information she needed.

‘Your Highness, you are overexerting yourself. You can’t learn everything in one day.’ He told her.

**The source of this chapter;**

‘I just want to find to find the right reason to rule.’ The comments made about her still hurt her.

‘In my opinion, there is no right ruler or right reason to rule. Rulers don’t choose to rule, they are born into that position. There are only good rulers and good reasons to rule. His Majesty wanted to rule because he wanted to protect the people he cared for, not because he wanted to be a ruler. You need to find a good reason for you to rule.’

A good reason? What could that be?

Before she knew it was already time for lunch. Heaven went back to her room while her head imploded with more questions than answers. This would not be easy, but it was definitely fun. She learned a lot of new things and she wanted to know more.

As she walked into her room she was surprised to find Zarin inside, sitting on her sofa.

‘What are you doing here?’ She asked.

He stood up from his seat and looked at her. ‘I came to apologize. I am sorry.’ He said.

‘Which part are you sorry for? The part where you called me selfish, or that you just left every time without letting me explain, or the part where you have been ignoring me?’

‘For all of it.’ He said. ‘But you did wrong too.’

‘Yes, which I apologized for and tried to explain had you listened.’

For some reason he seemed surprised by her anger.

‘I am sorry.’ He said with a frown. ‘I just didn’t want you to make a mistake.’

Heaven sighed, trying to calm herself down. ‘Zarin, as a friend you don’t need to agree with my choices. I don’t agree with you sleeping around with women, but I never left you or ignored you for it. As for what happened last night, I apologize again. If you let me, I would like to explain.’

Something changed about the way he looked at her. Heaven couldn’t tell if it was a good or a bad change.

‘I’ll listen anytime you need me to.’ He finally said.

Heaven shoulders dropped in relief. Her friend was back.

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

Chapter 154: Vol3 Chapter 31

Zarin got furious when Heaven told him that Zamiel bit her. He began to curse and say that he would kill Zamiel. Heaven barely Stepped him from making the mistake of seeking out Zamiel. It's not like he could win a fight against him.

‘Zarin, please relax. The mark is gone.’

‘How can I relax? That man bit you against your will. Does your father know?’

Heaven panicked. ‘Promise me you won't tell him.’

Zarin turned away from her, not wanting to make that promise.

‘Zarin! Don't make me regret that I told you. Promise me you won't say a word to anyone.’

Zarin swore under his breath. ‘Alright, I promise. But if he comes for you again, I'll kill him.’

Heaven sighed, deciding not to tell him the rest. She only told him about the bite and he was so angry. If she told him the rest, he would put himself in danger.

‘Is that why he was here? Because the bite is gone and he wants to bite you again.’ He asked.

Heaven opened her mouth but didn’t know what to say.

Zarin shook his head. ‘I’ll stay here with you every night.’ He said with finality.

‘No. I don’t want you to.’

‘I don’t care. I am not letting you out of my sight.’

‘You can’t guard me forever. If he wants to bite me, there is nothing you can do or anyone else for that matter. Only I have the chance to do something.’

‘There is always a way out.’ Zarin told her. ‘I won’t let him near you.’

‘Zarin remember, I was the one who went to him. I have it under control.’ Heaven said, but regretted it when anger blazed through his eyes.

‘It’s the mark doing all this.’ He said with clenched teeth.

‘The mark is gone.’ She reminded.

Zarin frowned. ‘Then why did you go to him?’

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How she wished she had the answer to his question. 'I don't know.' She shrugged.

Zarin hit the table with his fist, causing the wood to break. Heaven was taken aback by his fury. She had never seen him like that before.

'He is manipulating you.'

Oh no, Heaven thought. It was a terrible idea, telling him.

'Don't worry. I won't let him near you, but promise me you won't go to him.'

How was she supposed to promise him that?

'Heaven, promise me.' He urged.

'I can't.' It came out as a whisper. She did not want to hurt him.

'Why?' He yelled.

'Because... because he is my husband.'

His eyes widened in shock, and he just stared at her for a moment. Heaven was shocked by her own words. That wasn't the way she imagined getting married.

'Heaven, he forced you.'

No, he didn't. He just did what he had to do. He never wanted to be mated to her. If she was forced then he was forced too.

'That doesn't change the facts.' She said.

‘Maybe not, but the mark is gone now. We just need to make sure that he doesn’t bite you again and you will be free.’

Free? What did it mean to be free? She thought being free was making her own choices.

‘Alright. Let’s forget about this for a while. We have only been arguing lately. I missed having fun with you. Let’s do something fun together like we used to.’ She tried to distract him away from the topic.

Zarin stood up from his seat and strode back and forth in the room. She could see that he was not willing to let go of the subject.

‘You know, your father has been training me. Let’s see if you can still win in a fight with me. I bet you won’t.’

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Last time she could beat Gina because of her intense training. Heaven was sure she could win over Zarin this time.

Zarin who loved a challenge couldn’t turn down her request.

They made their way to the backyard, picked their swords and then prepared to fight.

‘Are you ready?’ Zarin asked.

‘Never been so ready to beat someone.’ Heaven said.

Before she could finish her sentence Zarin swung at her, but Heaven was quick to avoid his attack.



‘I see you have become quick.’ He smirked.

‘Or maybe you have been slacking.’

Again and again she avoided his attacks. It surprised her that she could predict his movements. Uncle Roshan’s lessons did indeed help a lot.

Her new developed skills impressed Zarin. Now she would show him what she really learned from her demon slayer uncle.

Roshan had taught her to always move the opposite of how she was supposed to attack, and that speed and timing was crucial. Now was the perfect time to try it.

Heaven moved with ease around Zarin, making him believe she would continue to defend herself and then she attacked when he least expected it. She did not let him recover between the attack, and he kept blocking her until he missed.

Zarin was surprised by her sudden strength and speed and was trying his best to keep up with her when she suddenly knocked the sword out of his hand, head butted him, and kned him in the stomach before grabbing his arm and throwing him over her shoulder.

Zarin fell on his back with a groan. Blood seeped from his nose.

‘God. When did you learn all this?’ He asked while getting up on his feet again. He wiped the blood from his face.

‘While you were sleeping around.’ She replied mockingly.

Zaim smirked ‘Are you perhaps jealous?’

She walked up to him. ‘I was. Not anymore. I beat you.’

He shook his head at her.

**This \_content is taken from**

Heaven was happy to get her annoying friend back. They spent the rest of the day annoying each other as usual. When the evening came Lincoln came looking for her.

‘Your Highness, General Kian is here to meet you.’ He informed.

‘I’ll be there,’ Heaven said and Lincoln left.

Zarin gave her a questioning look.

‘I am trying to learn more about being a ruler.’ She explained. ‘I need to go now. Don’t wait for me.’

She knew he would still insist to stay the night in her room.

‘I’ll wait for you.’ He said ignoring what she just told him.

Heaven decided to take the fight with him later and went to meet General Kian.

He was waiting in the parlor and stood up when she walked inside. ‘I am sorry I came this late.’ He apologized.

‘It’s alright. I am glad you could come. Please sit down.’

They both sat down. ‘I hope we can see each other more often from now on and that you can support me in my cause.’

‘Any help you need, I’m here to provide.’ He said.

‘Thank you. What I need now is to learn how the royal army works, and how do I gain their trust?’

Kian was happy to provide her with any useful information. He spoke to her about the royal army and how they worked. But he could not provide her with all the details, so they decided to meet again.

After saying goodbye, Heaven went back to her room. She expected to find Zarin there, but he was nowhere to be seen. He had been insisting on staying so she didn’t think he just went back home.

Where did he go?

Suddenly her mind thought of Zamiel. Her heart raced inside her chest and she didn’t want to believe what she was thinking, but she was probably right.

Zarin went to Zamiel.

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

Chapter 155: Vol3 Chapter 32

Zarin stood in front of the eerie old house where he believed the ancient demon stayed. This ancient being needed to stay away from Heaven. He was dangerous, and he was using and confusing her.

Since he came into her life, she had changed and it wasn't a change he liked. She had always wanted to be free. He couldn't understand why she suddenly wanted to become a ruler. Zarin didn't want that lifestyle for her. He wanted her to be happy and be free from royal duties and obligations.

But Heaven was heading the opposite direction, and it caused her to be busy most of the time. She was working so hard for something that wouldn't benefit her, something that would bound her to a lot of responsibilities.

It also made her also more distant, and she stayed angry with him longer. It felt like she couldn't understand him anymore.

Zarin remembered when they were younger, when she would always come to him first, confide in him and ask for his advice. Their friendship was always a priority to her, and she would do anything to uphold it. Even if it meant that she apologized first every time they fought.

Now it felt like their friendship wasn't important anymore. It felt like he didn't matter to her, that he had no place or role in her life anymore. He wanted his friend back. He knew she was still there, but this demon was confusing her.

Zarin teleported himself into the old house. It was dark inside, but he could still see. He tried to listen to any sound, but he could hear nothing. Still his hands rested on his daggers, which he had dipped in poison. There was no other way he could defeat an ancient demon.

Suddenly he sensed something behind him. Drawing his daggers, he turned around fast. A few feet away stood the ancient demon. His silver eyes were gleaming in the dark.

He did not look like the last time he saw him. This time he looked dead. He was all bones and his skin was ashy. If it wasn't for the power that emanated from him, Zarin would have thought he would faint anytime soon.

But the ancient demons stood steadily. His mere presence was threatening, but Zarin tried to not be intimidated.

'What are you doing here?' Asked the demon, his voice vibrating in the empty hall.

'I came to tell you to stay away from Heaven.'

'Or what?' He asked, taking a few steps forward. Zarin tightened his grip on his daggers.

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'Her family and I won't tolerate you hurting her.'

'If you came all the way here with nothing but small threats, you embarrass yourself.' The demon scoffed.

'What do you want from her?' Zarin asked, ignoring his remark.

'What do you want? What are your intentions for coming here?'

Zarin became annoyed. 'I came here to protect my friend.'

'As a true protector you should put your pride aside.' The demon said.

Zarin paused. What did he mean? How was he being prideful?

‘More than protecting your friend, you came here to prove something.’

‘I came here to prove that I can do anything for her. Even risk my life.’

The demon shook his head. ‘How romantic. Proving to be her protector at the expense of her safety.’

The demon’s words felt like a slap in the face. Zarin didn’t think he was putting Heaven’s safety at risk. He was going to protect her. He could not just sit by and do nothing.

‘I won’t let you by a finger on her.’

Now the demon’s lips curved into a smile. ‘Don’t worry. I won’t be using my fingers. Only my teeth.’

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Fury made the blood in Zarin’s veins boil. He could not control the urge to fight him despite knowing the danger. Only a stab and the poison would do the rest, he thought.

The demon’s expression turned serious as and Zarin realized his body language exposed him.

‘I would think carefully before making that mistake, if I were you.’ He warned.

But you are not me, Zarin thought, and decided to attack when Heaven and Ginasuddenly materialized in the hall.

‘Zarin!’ Heaven called, her eyes filled with panic as she looked between him and the ancient demon.

She hurried and placed herself between him and the other demon as if protecting him.

‘I am sorry. He won’t bother you again.’ She promised the ancient demon.

Why was she apologizing for him ?

He moved her out of his way, but Gina blocked him. ‘Follow me quietly if you want us to leave this place alive.’ Her voice was low and lethal. He knew she was furious.

Before he could think, she grabbed his arm and all three of them were back home.

‘What were you thinking?’ Gina yelled as soon as they were back home.

Heaven crossed her arms over her chest and looked at him, disappointed. He was tired of that look.

‘I wanted to make sure that he wouldn’t come to bother you again.’ Zarin explained, turning to Heaven.

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‘And you thought he would just listen? Didn’t you think going to his home with daggers might make him angrier?’ His actions appalled Gina, but she didn’t understand him.

‘I could not just sit and do nothing.’

‘Why do you feel the need to do something?’ Now Gina was yelling again.

‘Don’t you? After all, he did to her.’ He asked.

Heaven just stood there. It was like she didn’t know what to say, and Zarin hoped she would say something.

‘Heaven, say something.’ He urged.

‘What do you want me to say?’ She asked. ‘You never listen to me or respect my wishes and choices. That demon that you just provoked has lost his whole family and was locked inside a coffin for a thousand years. He is grieving and angry and despite a curse who forced him to bite me, he is resisting the urge to renew the mark which put him in the state you just found him in. Now I don’t know what he might decide to do.’

Zarin was confused. Why didn’t she tell him all this earlier?

‘Yes. And it was witches who killed his family and locked him inside.’ Gina added.

Now he understood why Heaven was afraid.

‘I won’t let him hurt you. I promise.’ Zarin said.

He didn’t know exactly how he would protect her, but he would find a way to kill this ancient demon, or maybe he would just lock him inside again with the help of a witch. He would need Irene.

‘It’s not me I am worried for.’ She said looking at him.

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

### Chapter 156: Vol3 Chapter 33

Heaven was preparing to go to bed after leaving Gina and Zarin to fight alone. There was so much she wanted to say to Zarin, but it felt like he wouldn't care or listen. Lately he had been disregarding her wishes and emotions, and she couldn't understand why. His behavior was hurting her feelings.

She was tired of being the one to try to make their friendship work. She was tired of running after him, and now she was tired of trying to make him listen to her. Not once had he taken her feelings into consideration.

But now more than being angry with him, she was worried for him. He had angered Zamiel, and she wasn't sure if Zamiel would stay quiet his time. Maybe she should go meet him again, beg him to forgive Zarin's reckless behavior.

Zamiel had warned her to not come to him, that he would send her to heaven next time she did, but she didn't believe his words. Besides, she had to do something to fix the mess Zarin created.

Going to the mirror, Heaven let her hair down to cover her neck, before teleporting herself to his home. Once she was in front of his old house, she picket up earth and grass from the ground and rubbing it on her skin. She wanted to get rid of her scent so she wouldn't add to his suffering.

Then carefully she stepped inside his home. Darkness filled the halls and rooms as usual. Heaven followed his scent. This time it was mixed with the scent of burning wood. When she came to his room, the first thing

she noticed was the fire burning in the hearth and Zamiel sat next to it in an armchair. He seemed to rest, his face looked relaxed and his eyes were closed. But his condition seemed to worsen. He looked even more dead this time.

‘I knew you would come.’ He spoke with his eyes still closed. ‘If you came to beg for your friend’s life, don’t bother. I have no desire to fight a boy.’

Heaven stood there quietly, not knowing what to say. If she didn’t have to beg for her friend’s life, then there was nothing else to do here.

Slowly, Zamiel opened his eyes and stared into hers. His eyes did not reflect his body’s weakness, he still looked at her with the same intensity.

‘Do you remember what I told you last time?’

Heaven knew what he was referring to. ‘That you would send me to heaven if I came here.’

‘So you do remember?’ He asked. ‘Then don’t you value your life or do you have so much faith in me?’

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‘I have faith in my judgement of you.’ She said.

‘And what is your judgment of me?’

‘That you have a good judgment.’

Zamiel tilted his head to one side and studied her closely. Heaven's heart raced as his gaze went up and down her body before it lingered on her neck. A smile made its way to his lips.

It took a moment for Heaven to realize that he was smiling at the fact that she rubbed mud and grass on her body.

'Don't worry. I have the urge under control.❖❖ He assured her.

Heaven panicked. What did that mean? Did he not have feelings for her anymore? Did his hatred for witches prevail at the end? Heaven didn't want that. She did not want him to hate her, but she didn't want him to suffer either. Maybe this was for the best. If he fought the urge and their bond broke, he would be free from suffering.

But at the same time, Heaven thought his words didn't match his condition. He might have the urge under control for now because he was starving and weakening himself.

'You will kill yourself if you don't eat.' She told him.

'If it were only that easy.' He said.

'You have to eat.' She said ignoring him. 'Wait!'

Without waiting for his reply, she teleported back home. She snuck into the kitchen and stole a bread and a few fruits.

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Wait! How could she easily teleport back home this time?

Not having time to think, she went back to Zamiel's house with the food. Just like she told him, he waited for her. He still sat where she left him. Heaven went to him and put the food on the table.

'I just brought a little for now, but I can bring more if you are still hungry.' She told him. 'There is no reason to starve yourself if you have the urge under control.'

A frown settled on his face as he looked at her and then at the bread. He lifted it slowly from the table and studied it for a while. Heaven wondered if she did something wrong because suddenly his face twisted with disgust and his eyes gleamed with hatred.

'The last meal I had was bread.' He spoke before looking up at her. 'It was poisoned.'

Heaven looked into his stormy eyes, realizing that she had awoken the hatred in him. 'I would never...'

Suddenly he was out of his chair and grabbed her by the hair, bringing her face close to his. Heaven groaned in pain.

'You want to lock me inside again, don't you? So that I won't hurt your dear friend.' His fury was frightening and his grip on hair was so strong she thought he would tear her hair out. 'You could have just asked. Have I not kept my word to not hurt your family? I thought you would be different.' He spat in disgust.

Heaven could not handle the pain, so she did what she had to do. She kned him in the groin. That always worked, no matter how strong the demon was.

Zamiel did not make a sound, but she could see the pain on his face as he moved let go of her hair and she moved away from him. Before he could recover, she hurried to pick up the bread.

‘Wait!’ She held her hands out as he turned to her with a murderous look in his eyes. Heaven took a piece of the bread and stuffed it in her mouth. She chewed it grimly.

Now his expression turned from anger to confusion.

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Heaven swallowed the piece. ‘See. I didn’t poison it.’ She said.

Zamiel just stared at her. So many emotions went through his eyes.

Heaven put the bread back on the table before looking at him. ‘I trusted you when I came here. I don’t expect you to trust me easily, but there is no reason to live if you want to continue living in hatred.’ She told him. ‘Right now, no one is making you suffer but you.’

Zamiel was taken aback by her words. The anger in his eyes returned to pain. Heaven hated it. She did not intend to hurt him by realizing the truth, but her words would hopefully help him in the future.

Again, she knew that so many years of pain and suffering would not disappear in a night. She knew it would take time, but something in her was stirring up to life and causing her to feel impatient. She would always have to distract herself, to get rid of the voices that told her to take care of him, protect him, heal him and most of all make him her man.

Yes, she had to admit that she wanted him to belong to her. She wanted to ruin his plans for fighting the urge. If it wasn't for the part of her that cared for his feelings she would not be able to stay away. It felt like she had to fight some unknown urges as well.

Zamiel looked away from her. His hands clenched into fists, his claws piercing through his skin. It was like the pain was his food and the suffering was his home. He refused to let go of it because he thought he belonged there.

He needed someone to pull him out of this dark sea and show him what was above. Heaven went and stood in front of him, so he could see her face. He still refused to look at her.

‘Zamiel, you deserve better than this. You should not be the one suffering, they should. The best way to have your revenge is to be happy. Your family would not want you to live like this.’

Heaven knew it was risky to speak of his family, but she was willing to take that risk.

Zamiel still refused to look at her.

Heaven sighed. ‘If you decide to stop your suffering, I will be waiting for you.’ She told.

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

Chapter 157: Vol3 Chapter 34

Zamiel. That was his name. An ancient smoke demon who was trapped for a thousand years inside a coffin by a witch. Irene could only imagine his hatred for witches, yet he had not hurt her granddaughter so far. Still, she wanted to be careful, so she gathered all information she could get on him, all while keeping an eye on Heaven.

It was very well known amongst the witches that a powerful witch named Razia had trapped an ancient demon. Razia became famous for the act since no one had dared to trap an ancient demon before. But why she trapped him, no one knew.

The demons who had lived long enough to know Zamiel did not think that he was trapped. They thought he ended his life after some witches killed his family. It was not the kind of information she hoped to find. This would mean that Heaven was in danger because this demon was not only ancient but vengeful as well.

Irene didn't need to know more about him. Instead, she began to look for ways to protect her family from this ancient being. There were two options. Killing him or trapping him. Finding believable sources on how to kill an ancient demon was impossible and trying methods she was not sure would work would be too dangerous. The only person who knew for sure how to kill an ancient was Lothaire, but Irene knew he would not give her answers without getting anything in return. So there was only the option of trapping him left.

But while she tried to look for ways to trap the demon, she could not ignore the strange things that happened. Why did the mark fade away so fast?

Even though she was curious, she had been relieved it was gone until she found out that Heaven went to visit him. She remembered the panic that day, how close she was to tell her son that his daughter was in danger,

but to her surprise Heaven came back to her room safely. And he was the one who brought her back.

Irene became even more confused. What did he want? What were his intentions?

If he did not want to hurt her granddaughter even after the mark had faded then what else could he want? He was acting strangely.

But Heaven was also acting strangely by going to visit him. She also seemed to care for him still, even after the mark disappeared. Irene could only find one reason for both's behaviour.

They were true mates.

She did not sure if it was a good thing, but it kept her from wanting to trap Zamiel before knowing the whole truth. If he was Heaven's true mate, then trapping him would mean hurting her granddaughter.

Irene needed to find out more about the mark. How did the mark work if it was caused by a spell? It was a difficult question which could only be answered by the most knowledgeable witches. The Azure coven. They lived in the desert.

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Irene had to seek them out. It was not easy to find them. They lived in tents and moved around often. When she found them, they did not accept to meet her at first, but Irene insisted and eventually they agreed. They took her to the coven leader, an elder woman.

The elder witch sat on a mattress on the floor. She motioned for Irene to sit in front of her.



‘I see you have traveled a long way.’ The woman spoke. ‘I am sure you have come for an important matter.’

‘Yes. Do you know a witch names Razia?’ Irene asked going straight into the matter.

‘I have heard of her. She was the one who trapped an ancient demon.’

Irene nodded. ‘And that demon could only be released by a female with both demon and witch blood whom he would mark. He is released now by that female, and the curse forced him to mark her.’

The old lady shook her head. ‘That witch Razia went against the nature. The mark is a sacred bond that should happen naturally and not be forced on someone. When someone goes against the nature, the nature does everything in its power to restore itself. No magic is powerful enough to do what the nature does.’ She explained.

‘What does that mean.’ Irene asked, even though she had her own theories.

‘In your case, I don’t know exactly what it means, but I’ll say that fate will laugh at Razia.’

Fate would laugh at Razia.

It was already, Irene guessed. Razia forced a mating between two people who turned out to be true mates. This had to be the nature taking its own force.

Her mother had told her once that there were things magic could never do. Bring back the dead, prolong life, or touch the heart and soul. Being mates was a matter of the heart and soul and no magic could be strong

enough to bring two people together against their will. That explained why the mark faded away quickly, but how would it effect the urge to renew the mark. Or would there be no urge ?

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If they happened to be true mates the urge should still be there. Then why did he not mark her again ?

Irene was utterly confused. Was his hate for witches so strong that it overcame the will to mark her ? Was he rejecting Heaven and causing her pain as revenge ?

There was only one way to find out the whole truth. She could ask Heaven but if she was his true mate then she would try to protect him and not tell her the whole truth. So Irene thought to somehow make Zarin or Gina tell her what they knew. Heaven must have told them something.

Once she was back to her room she was surprised to find Zarin there. He walked back and forth and seemes aggitated. When he noticed her arrival he stopped wondering around the room.

‘What is wrong, dear ?’ She asked.

‘I need to speak to you.’ He said with a serious tone.

‘Come.’ She led him gently to sit down. He was making her worry. ‘ Yes, tell me.’ She sat across him on the small table in her room.

Zarin tried to think. It was like he didn’t know where to begin. ‘Alright, I should not be telling you because I promised Heaven, but I am concerned for her.’ He began.

Irene already understood where this was going. He found out about the ancient demon.

‘The ancient demon we thought was dead is still alive and he even marked Heaven.’ He said as if unable to believe it.

Irene’s lack of response to what he said made him pause.

‘You already knew?’ He asked as confusion settled on his face. ‘Why are you not doing anything?’

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‘Zarin,’ Irene began but she did not know how to make him understand the situation. Even she was confused. ‘We need to deal with this situation carefully or else everyone will be in danger. I don’t want anyone to get hurt.’

She could see that he could not accept what she said. ‘Heaven is in danger, now! We need to protect her.’

‘We are protecting her by being careful.’ Irene explained.

‘He might not be hurting her physically yet but he is playing with her mind. She... I feel like she is turning against me. She doesn’t understand that I am just trying to protect her.’

Irene knew about their latest fights. But they seemed to have fought once again.

‘No, Heaven would not turn against you. I know how much she loves you and looks up to you. She has just found a goal and the change comes

with it. I think she is just sad because the person she hoped to support her the most doesn't want to.'

Zarin pressed his lips into a thin line. 'Again that is me protecting her.' He explained.

'Which part of her are you protecting? Heaven is building up her self confidence, taking control over her life, she is trying to find her way and even if she doesn't know what she is doing yet, I can see it makes her happy. I want to protect those qualities in her. I want to protect her heart from getting hurt. It's inevitable with her wanting to become a ruler, but I don't want to be the person who inflicts that pain. Because the pain caused by those close to your heart is the one that hurts the most. So which part of her are you protecting?'

The purpose of her questions was not to get an answer but to make him reflect on his feelings and actions.

Zarin seemed to be thinking deeply about what she said before nodding. 'I don't want to cause her any pain.' He said.

'I don't doubt that.' Irene smiled.

'But I don't know what to do.' He admitted.

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'I am sure you will figure it out. Just don't put yourself or anyone else in danger. I'll take care of this matter.'

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

Chapter 158: Vol13 Chapter 35

Heaven was washing the dirt off her body with no help. She wanted to be alone, to sort out her thoughts and feelings. She would leave both Zamiel and Zarin to think for themselves. There was no need to worry about them. They were grown up men and she had other things to take care of. Tomorrow she would solely focus on her mission to become a ruler. She would not let these men distract her.

When she was done cleaning herself she got dressed and then went to sit in front of the mirror to brush her hair. Suddenly cold air hit her back. Heaven wondered who came to visit.

Turning back, she found the person she least expected to be in her room. Her grandfather.

‘Grandpa?’

‘Heaven.’ He smiled, opening her arms for her.

Heaven ran into his arms as if she was still a child. She was so happy to see him after such a long time.

Taking a few steps back, she looked at him. ‘Where were you? Why did you not come?’

‘I wanted to. But your father and Irene... nevermind. I am happy to see you now.’ He said.

‘What did my father and grandma do?’ Heaven asked.

‘They don’t want me to meet you and they said that you don’t want to meet me either.’

Heaven shook her head. 'That is not true. I always wanted you to come back to us.'

Her grandmother had told her about her grandfather's plans, but Heaven wanted to give him a chance or it wouldn't be fair.

'I am glad to hear that. I missed you a lot.' He said.

'Me too.' Heaven smiled.

Heaven looked forward to speaking to her grandfather after such a long time. Both went to sit in her small garden outside her room.

'So you want to become a ruler?' He asked.

'Yes.'

'How is it going?'

'Good, so far.' Heaven nodded.

'It's going to be a difficult road.'

'I know.' Heaven said.

'But I am sure you will succeed.' He assured her.

'How can you be so sure?' She asked.

'It's just a feeling. Your grandmother must have already told you that I wanted you to help me rule. To be my successor. That is because I saw those qualities in you. The qualities of a great ruler.'

‘I don’t want to be your successor. I want to be a ruler here.’ Heaven wanted to make that clear. She loved her grandfather, but not his decisions.

‘I know and I honor your choice. I still want you to know that my offer is still open. But if you continue on this path I wish you success.’

He seemed sincere, and it made her confused. Was he really supporting her decision?

‘And if you need any help or advice, I want you to know I am here despite what your father or Irene says.’ He added.

‘Thank you.’

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‘I should go. I don’t want you to get in trouble because of me.’ He said.

He promised to visit her again before disappearing.

Heaven became thoughtful. Would her grandfather really honor her choice? Then who would become his successor? He would not just give that up easily.

Leaving it behind, Heaven decided to go to sleep. When the morning came, she reminded herself that she would only focus on her mission and nothing else, but then Zarin came to see her. At least today she hoped for no fight, and she was glad to know that Zarin wanted the same.

‘Heaven. I want to apologize. But this time it’s different. I am really here to listen and support you.’ He said.

Heaven was relieved to hear that.

‘I accept your apology.’ She smiled.

Zarin tried his best to show her he was supportive of her. He followed her everywhere and helped her with everything. It was almost too much but Heaven didn’t want to hurt his feelings so she said nothing. Besides, she was just happy to have her friend back.

When it was time for lunch Gina joined them and all three ate together while chatting happily like old times. Heaven was happy that things were falling into place. She felt like she was making progress in her learning, and now she had everyone’s support. She couldn’t ask for more.

After lunch she decided to go back to work.

‘Shouldn’t you rest a little?’ Zarin asked, concerned.

Heaven shook her head. ‘I am not tired, but you have been helping me the entire day. Maybe you should rest. I can take care of the rest myself.’

‘I’ll come with you.’ He insisted.

Heaven allowed him to follow her. She knew he would get bored eventually because now she was going to meet her tutor, who would teach her about economic affairs. At first Zarin tried to listen and seem interested, but slowly he gave up and sat in a chair far out in the corner. After a while he even fell asleep. Heaven wanted to laugh but contained herself.

‘How can you endure this?’ He asked when her lesson ended and her tutor left. ‘That old man gave me a headache.’



‘Me too.’ Heaven agreed, but it wasn’t the old man who gave her a headache. It was what he tried to teach her.

No more learning today, she thought. She deserved to relax the rest of the evening. She just wanted to wear comfortable clothes, drink her grandmother’s delicious tea and rest in her bed. But she had to get rid of Zarin first, who was stuck by her side.

‘Thank you for your help today. I won’t be doing anything else. I’ll just rest.’ She told him.

She hoped he would understand that she wanted to be alone, but no. He didn’t. When he was about to insist Heaven gave him a hard glare. He had to understand at some point.

‘Alright.’ He said pretending to be scared. ‘Good night.’

She smiled at him. ‘Good night.’

Heaven had never been so happy to arrive to her room. She looked at her bed with such longing. She was exhausted.

Her handmaiden Kate helped her take a bath and change into her nightgown. She offered to comb her hair, but Heaven wanted to do it herself. After she was left alone in her room Heaven brushed her wet hair in front of the mirror. For some odd reason, her gaze fell on her neck, where the mark had been. Her thoughts drifted to Zamiel.

How was he?

Was he still suffering?

As if he could read her thoughts she felt his presence in the room. She turned around slowly and there he stood. She had hoped to see him in a better condition after what she said to him, but no. It looked like he suffered even more.

‘Zamiel.’ She stood up from her seat.

His silver eyes gazed into hers. She had never seen such sadness in someone’s eyes.

‘Heaven, I won’t disturb...’

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‘You are not disturbing.’ She cut off.

He nodded before looking down, but Heaven had already caught sight of the guilt in his eyes.

Something wasn’t right.

‘I have thought of what you said. That I am the one making myself suffer. You are right, but I can’t stop it.’ He began.

Heaven took a few steps toward him slowly, as if afraid he would run away. She nodded for him to continue.

‘I don’t want to suffer anymore.’ He continued looking up at her again.

‘You saved me once, can you save me again?’

‘If you let me, I would save you without counting.’ She was so happy that he was willing to be saved, but then she realized something.

He had his hands behind his back and it felt like he was hiding something.

‘Only you can end my suffering. Only you can save me.’ He said and then slowly pulled a dagger from behind his back, holding it out for her.

Heaven’s heart skipped, her stomach turned.

‘And only you can hurt me.’ He added.

She shook her head, taking a step back. He could not be asking what she thought he was asking.

‘No, Zamiel.’ She kept shaking her head as tears filled her eyes.

‘Only you can do it.’ He said, almost pleadingly.

‘But I don’t want to.’ The words came out as a whisper.

‘Why? I have caused you nothing but pain and suffering. You are probably anxious because of me everyday. I’ll bring nothing good to you, myself, or to anyone else in this world. I’ll just hurt more people.’

A tear fell down her cheek. ‘You have not caused me any pain or suffering. You made me look forward to everyday, you made me find a purpose. But if you... if you...’ She choked back her tears. ‘If you ask me to do this, then I will truly suffer.’

‘I see no other way out Heaven. I am too far gone to be saved in any other way. I just want to find peace.’ She could see that he was desperate.

How much pain was he in to want to end his life? Why could he not give her a chance?

‘Give me a chance.’ She pleaded.

He shook his head. Now she could see the tears in his eyes. ‘You deserve a better chance than this.’ He said, speaking of himself.

Now she was crying rivers. She could not hold the tears back anymore.

Heaven could see that he had made up his mind and it would not be easy to make him change his decisions. But she wanted to try anyway.

‘Alright.’ She said wiping some of her tears away. She walked closer to him, only standing a few inches away. She looked up and into his eyes. ‘Can I at least kiss you goodbye?’

He looked at her for a moment. Heaven thought he would probably deny her, but just then he leaned down and pressed his cold lips against hers. Heaven closed her eyes.

She had imagined many times how her first kiss would feel, and it was nothing like this. He was kissing her goodbye.

No!

That was not what she wanted. She wanted him to long for her, to give up his plans and be with her. She wanted him to kiss her with passion and not say goodbye.

Unwilling to give up, she tiptoed and wrapped her arms around him to deepen the kiss, but then suddenly images flooded her brain.

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Blood.

Dead bodies.

Zamiel holding a little girl's lifeless body in his arms while he cried.

Pain.

Darkness.

Dark walls surrounded her, locking her in a very small place. She could barely move, barely breath. She choked.

A sorrow like no other filled her soul. Her heart pounded in pain, pumping anger through her veins. Everyday felt like a thousand years in darkness. She was alone and lonely. She was desperate.

Disturbed by the images and her feelings, she shot her eyes open and pulled away.

What happened ?

Those images were not her memory, and those feeling were not her own. They were Zamiel's.

She just saw and felt what he went through. Her heart felt like a heavy stone inside her, weighing on her lungs and making her unable to breathe.

Were those the memories he lived with ? Were these the feelings he had to bear everyday ?

Heaven looked at him. A tear fell down his cheek as he held the dagger out for her.

Her kiss had no effect.

‘Is this really what you want?’ Heaven asked.

‘Yes.’

‘Even if I say it will make me suffer?’

‘You will forget me soon.’ He said.

If he only knew. She would never forget him.

Slowly and with shaking hands, she picked up the dagger.

If this would make his suffering end, if this would truly make him find peace and reunite with his family then she could do it for him. Even if it meant that she would suffer.

If this was all she could do for him, then she would. She felt sorry she couldn’t do anything else. She felt sorry that someone like him had to suffer to this extent. But now she would send him away. To a better place where no one could hurt him.

Her hands shook. She knew if she stabbed him in the spine it would be different. Maybe there was a reason to why he couldn’t heal when she was the one to inflict the pain.

‘I want to apologize for everything I did. I hope I can get your forgiveness before you send me away.’

Heaven nodded fighting the tears again. 'I forgive you.'

She looked at the dagger, then at him. She hoped for a sign in his eyes, something to tell her he didn't want to die. But to her disappointment, she found none.

Slowly she went behind him. She pulled the dagger from the sheath with her heart pounding in her ears.

Her hands were still shaking, but she tightened her hold around the dagger, deciding to think straight. Either he would let her stab him and find peace or he would decide to not make her suffer. It was his choice.

Zamiel stood still while she stared at his back. He waited patiently. Maybe he didn't care for her like she thought. Letting him go would be the right thing to do.

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She pulled the hand holding the dagger back, her eyes fixated on where she wanted to stab him. 'I might not find peace after this, but I hope you do.' She said then taking a deep breath she stabbed.

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

Chapter 159: Vol3 Chapter 36

Heart pounding, hands sweating, Heaven closed her eyes and finally stabbed him after a long moment of hesitance. She expected to feel her blade cut into something, a resistance, but it felt like she stabbed through thin air.

Slowly, she opened her eyes. Zamiel was gone. She looked at her blade, no trace of blood.

Heaven dropped the blade and fell to her knees. She buried her face in her hands and burst into tears. She cried loudly, not caring if anyone heard her. The relief that washed over her was overwhelming. She could not bear it.

Zamiel.

He chose her.

He chose to not let her suffer.

He chose her happiness over his own.

She knew there was hope. She knew that there was a part of him that was still alive, a part of him that could still love and care. He just needed time and support. She would be there for him when he needed her.

Heaven could barely open her eyes in the morning because they were so swollen from all the crying. Her handmaiden Kate was shocked to see her like that.

‘You Highness, what happened?’

‘Nothing, I am fine.’ Heaven said, and it wasn’t a lie.

She was fine. Zamiel was alive, and she had killed no one. It was a strange feeling. She was both relieved and worried.

Heaven continued with her daily routines as usual. Learning, observing, and sometimes her father would let her participate in decision making.



He would tell her afterwards what she did right and what she did wrong and give her suggestions on what she needed to improve on.

General Kian would be kind to teach her about other kingdoms, how their royal army worked, what their strength and weaknesses were, and their own strength and weakness.

Her tutor would bore her with his lessons, but Heaven would try to be patient despite how difficult it was to understand what he tried to teach. It was not her favorite subject.

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Roshan's fighting lessons on the other hand were fun. It was her favorite part of the day because he would make her laugh so much. Zarin would follow her around in the beginning to show his support, but eventually he calmed down and went back to his usual self, and Heaven was thankful for that.

Whenever she found time, Heaven would study the spell book that her grandmother gave her. Her grandmother would be gone for a few days to visit an old friend and wanted her to practice on her own while she was gone.

Before she knew the night would already come and Heaven would try her best to sleep, to not think of Zamiel or seek him out. She told herself to wait ten days. If he did not come to her during those ten days, only then she would go looking for him.

But tomorrow was already the tenth day, and he had still not come to see her. Was he alright? She worried for his safety and wellbeing the most.

She hoped that he was not doing anything to hurt himself, and if he did not come to meet her tomorrow, she would have to visit him after the party.

Her father was throwing a party to welcome the king of Varish to celebrate their alliance.

The preparations already began early in the morning. Because Heaven woke up late, she was eating breakfast alone in the dining room when her grandmother suddenly joined her.

‘Good morning.’

‘Grandma.’ Heaven was happy to see that she came back. ‘Good morning. How was your visit?’

Her grandmother sat at the table and grabbed an apple. ‘It was fun. How are you?’

‘I am fine.’ Heaven smiled, but her grandmother gave her a certain look. Heaven didn’t know what it meant.

‘I heard there is a party tonight?’

‘Yes. The king of Varish is coming.’

‘Make sure to dance and enjoy yourself.’ Her grandmother said, knowing that Heaven didn’t like those parties. She got easily bored.

‘I will try. But I think men are scared to ask me for a dance when father is present.’

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Her grandmother nodded knowingly with a smile. 'Take the lead, then. Is Zarin coming?'

Heaven nodded. He would probably. He liked parties and he would bring one of his many ladies.

'Are you coming? You need to enjoy yourself as well.' Heaven said.

'Then maybe I should.' Her grandmother smiled.

When the sun hid behind the darkness of the night and the moon shone against the black canvas, it was time to prepare for the party.

Heaven wore a green dress that matched the color of her eyes. It had a court neckline and flowed nicely below her waist. The long sleeves were loosely fit and slightly shorter than her arms. Elegant golden bands outlined the bottom of her dress and sleeves, and a golden belt divided the upper and lower part of the dress.

She let her hair down, except for the sides that were held back with pins so the hair wouldn't fall over her face. Heaven liked it simple. She didn't like wearing heavy jewelry, so she wore a necklace around her neck and then she was ready.

Tonight she wanted to enjoy herself. At least a little. She didn't want to just sit down and watch while other people chatted and danced happily. That might cause her to seek Zamiel. Her patience was running out and her worry was increasing for everyday that went by.

Once the king of Varish arrived, and her father welcomed him the party started. Heaven had wanted to dance, but she didn't expect the King of Varish, King Rufus, to ask her for a dance. He was an old man, bald and

short. He reached her b.r.e.a.s.ts and Heaven tried to endure dancing with him without grimacing.

Far in the corner she could see Zarin sitting next to a beautiful lady with a smirk on his face. He was enjoying her torture.

‘How old are you?’ King Rufus asked.

‘Nineteen, Your Majesty.’ Heaven replied

‘Why is a young, beautiful lady like you still unmarried in this age?’ He asked.

Oh, no. Heaven didn’t want to talk about it.

‘My father is looking for a husband for me.’ Heaven replied politely.

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‘What would you say about marrying a King?’ He asked.

Heaven couldn’t believe what he was suggesting. She shouldn’t be surprised, but she was.

‘Your Majesty, that is for my father to decide.’ Heaven forced a smile on her face.

She prayed for the music to end soon, and thankfully it did. King Rufus led her back to her seat. No more wishing to dance, she thought.

Heaven looked around. Her grandmother and Gina were dancing with handsome gentlemen. Zarin was dancing with another lady then the one who sat beside him earlier. He held her close and whispered things into

her ear that made her giggle. His parents sat at a table, looking elegant as usual. They were so possessive of each other. Heaven could see how Klara would threaten any woman who gazed at Roshan with just a look and Roshan likewise.

Someday Heaven hoped to have what they had.

Someday....

After a while King Rufus left the party to rest in a guest room after his long journey, but the party continued. Heaven sat next to her father on the throne where she could see everyone and everything clearly.

Mostly she watched her grandmother, who was surrounded by men waiting for a chance to dance with her or pursue her. She could not blame them. Her grandmother was a beauty, and no woman in the party was nearly as beautiful as her. Heaven was happy to watch men dying for a chance to just hold her hand.

Suddenly the room went quiet. Those chatting stopped talking, the ones dancing slowed down and the ones eating chewed slower or swallowed whatever that was in their mouth. Eyes widened and heads turned.

Heaven wondered what caught the crowd's attention. She gazed at the entrance where everyone was looking. She couldn't see clearly because people were standing in the way, but she could hear the clicking sound of footsteps before a man slowly came into sight.

Heaven's heart stopped when she realized who it was.

It was Zamiel.

\*\*\*\*\*

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TWO chapter update today. Next one is coming soon. Make sure you have your notifications on.

Lots of love ♥

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

### Chapter 160: Vol3 Chapter 37

All air left her lungs as she caught sight of a man she knew very well, yet seemed unfamiliar to her eyes. This man looked far from dead or sick. He exuded power and strength as he walked through the crowd. His tall figure was clad in a black long-sleeved jacket with a white shirt underneath. The jacket was adorned with silver buttons and embroideries. His pants were simple and narrow and went into a pair of black boots that made a clicking sound as he walked.

The way he dressed was simple, but people ogled at his face. His raven black hair shone under the thousand lights that were lit in the room. It was combed back nicely and flowed elegantly down to his broad shoulders. The darkness of his hair was such a contrast to his pale, smooth skin. The sharp lines of his face and his slightly hollow cheeks gave him a predatory look, but his defined lips and long thick lashes brought a gentle expression to his face.

Heaven had to remind herself to breathe. She was gawking like everyone else. It took her a moment to realize what was happening, still her mind had a hard time processing how she felt. Her emotions were a mix of excitement and panic before fear slowly crept into her heart.

What was he doing here ?

He walked down the red carpet that led to her father's throne without hesitation. Heaven could feel the tension in the air. Callum and Lincoln sensed that Zamiel was not human and put their hands on their weapons as he neared. They were about to step forward when her father motioned for them to stay still.

Heaven's heart drummed in her chest. She did not know what to do or what would happen. Her body froze, her mind got flooded with thoughts she could not keep up with.

The guards around them shifted as he came closer, but Zamiel didn't even bother to look their way. When he stood right beneath the first step that led up to the throne he came to a halt.

Heaven looked at her father from where she sat beside him. He remained calm, not revealing how he felt. She prayed that nothing serious would happen. Then she looked at Zamiel, but he wasn't looking at her. He gazed at her father instead.

'Your Majesty.' He bowed slightly. 'I apologize for coming uninvited, but I believe meeting in this situation is safest for everyone.'

Meeting at a party where many humans were present was indeed a good place to meet if he wanted to avoid a fight.

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Her father nodded. 'What are your intentions for coming here, Zamiel?'

Heaven's eyes widened in surprise. Her father knew his name.

'I have no ill intentions.' His gaze shifted to Heaven and her heart skipped a beat as their eyes locked, but he quickly looked back at her

father again. ‘With your permission, I would like to ask your daughter for a dance.’

Oh no. Now it felt like her heart would jump out of her chest. She didn’t know who to worry for. Her father or Zamiel?

The world went still until her father gave Zamiel his approval.

Slowly, Zamiel’s silver eyes turned to her. Her heart skipped. She was still in shock by everything that just happened.

‘Your Highness.’ He spoke to her in soft tones that chased the fear out of her body. She stared into his silver eyes and he gave her a slight reassuring smile. ‘Would you honor me with a dance?’

Heaven froze, then she turned to her father, unsure of what to do. Her father gave her a nod. Hesitantly, she stood up from her seat and went to the stairs.

Zamiel reached his hand out for her to take. Heaven lifted her dress with one hand, took a step down before placing the other hand in Zamiel’s. His hand was cold, but his hold gave her a warm, secure feeling.

He helped her down gently and led her to the dance floor. Everyone was looking at them and Heaven caught sight of Zarin who stared grimly at her. Before she could think of what his expression meant, Zamiel drew her into his arms.

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Heaven’s heart skipped a beat. The world around her faded away as she looked into his silver eyes. Excitement bubbled in her stomach at his closeness. There were so many things she wondered, so many things she



wanted to ask, but her mind refused to function. All she could focus on was the man holding her in his arms. The beauty of him was breathtaking, and she was used to seeing beautiful people.

She was not the only one staring. Even as they danced people kept looking his way. Whispers took off and women already began to wait for their turn to dance with him.

They would stand close by, seeking his attention. Heaven had never been so annoyed in her life. She turned to Zamiel, hoping he didn't notice them, but his gaze never left her face. The intensity in them caused her to blush.

She could still not believe she was dancing with him. She had worried for him so much, fought the urge to seek him every night and had to keep herself occupied all day, just so she wouldn't think of him.

Now he was here. Dancing with her, only looking at her, and he seemed to be alright.

More than alright.

He looked perfect.

'You... you are alright.' She said.

He smiled at her. 'Yes.'

So he wasn't suffering anymore? What about the urge? Did the urge to bite her disappear?

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She couldn't ask him those things because her parents could probably hear them.

'I want to apologize for what I asked of you last time. It was selfish act on my behalf.'

'As long as you don't ask me again.' She said.

'I will not.' He promised.

She looked into his eyes. Was he truly alright? Did he truly give up those plans?

'Will you live?' She asked him. Just because he wouldn't ask her didn't mean he would not try to do it himself.

'Yes.' He replied without hesitance.

'You are not suffering anymore?' She blurted.

'No. I gave up on my suffering.' He told her.

Why? What made him change so suddenly?

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'You were willing to give up your peace of mind to end my suffering, so I gave up my suffering for your peace of mind.' He explained.

Heaven looked at him for a long moment. She could not believe her ears. What she did wasn't in vain. The fear and worry she went through wasn't in vain. Her eyes teared up.

‘Heaven, I told you. Only you can save me and you did.’