

Married To The Devil's Son (WN) – Chapter 193: Vol3
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Chapter 193: Vol3 Chapter 70

Heaven left her father a bit confused. Was he impressed or not? He gave her mixed feelings, but she sensed he wasn't too happy. Was it because of the way she spoke? Was she disrespectful? Was it because she said he and The Royal army were wrong?

She sighed. She was too tired to think of it now, and too hungry. Her stomach growled on her way back to the guest room. Her father had told her to rest. He would take over from here. She trusted that he would find the right way to punish the King and the Prince so she wasn't worried.

'Your Highness.'

Heaven turned back to find General Kian walking up to her. He bowed before looking at her worriedly.

'Your Highness. I have been worried about your wellbeing.' He said.

'Thank you. I am alright.' She assured him, 'Are you alright?'

He nodded.

There was something very likeable about General Kian and Heaven couldn't put her finger on what it was.

'You have impressed many of us. We were reminded of your father, when he used to easily take over other kingdoms.'

Heaven smiled shyly, feeling like she didn't deserve all the praise. She was nowhere near her father. He had taken over kingdoms with his army alone. She had only taken over a castle with the help of her men and two demons. There was really nothing impressive about it. If her father wanted, he could have taken over the castle all alone.

'You, the army and father did most of the work. I didn't do much.' She said.

He smiled at her. 'You did well. Please rest, Your Highness. We will take over from here. And I would love to work on war strategies with you in the future.'

Heaven couldn't believe her ears. Did General Kian just tell her he wanted to work with her? She felt like jumping around with joy but contained herself.

'I would love to help.' She told him.

'Have a good rest.' He said and excused himself.

Heaven went back to the guest room with a smile. She might not have failed completely if General Kian considered working with her. Suddenly she felt energetic again.

Before going to bed, she needed to bathe, but she had sent Kate away for her safety. And she didn't feel comfortable to ask one of the maids in the castle to help her, so she decided to do it alone.

As she unbuckled her belt, she felt someone materialize in her room. Before she could turn she already knew who it was and it made the blood in her veins boil. She had forgotten about him and almost wished it remained that way.

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She didn't want to believe that her friend would stoop so low to do something like that. How could he do that to her?

'Heaven.'

He looked wary as he should. He carefully stepped forward. 'I can explain.' He began.

'What could possibly explain your actions?' She asked. 'Go home! I don't want to see you again.' She turned away from him.

She didn't know whether she was more hurt or angry, but she knew this feeling, the feeling of her demon being provoked. She was more angry than ever now because this time she felt betrayed.

'Heaven. Please listen to me once.' He said, and then she felt his hand on her shoulder.

Turning around, she punched him in the face. He was taken by surprise and stumbled backward as blood seeped from his nose.

'Don't ever touch me again.' She said.

He looked at her shocked as he wiped the blood away.

'Did it hurt?' She asked him. 'That is how I felt, but much worse. Just because the pain you inflict can't be seen doesn't make it hurt any less.'

'Heaven, I never meant to hurt you.' He said.

'It doesn't matter anymore. I just want you to leave.'

‘I know I did wrong. I shouldn’t have kissed you, I admit that, but I am just trying to protect you from that man. He doesn’t love you. He isn’t who he says he is.’

‘Stop!’ Heaven yelled. ‘I want to hear no more. Leave!’

‘He has truly blinded you.’ He said with a frown.

She looked at him. Why was he so against Zamiel? This was more than him being angry because Zamiel harmed him and his sister. This was something else. Was it hatred?

It didn’t matter anymore. This was her life and she could be with whom she wanted. As a friend he could advise her, but he had no right to act this way.

‘I am not blinded. I can see you, Zarin.’ She said. ‘But now, I don’t want to see you anymore.’

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‘Zamiel doesn’t love you. He is using you.’ He continued as if he couldn’t hear what she was saying.

She wanted to punch him again. ‘I told you to leave. Don’t force me to create a scene because you are here. It won’t look good on you.’

‘Do as you please. I am not going before I convince you. I am going to show you the kind of man you are with. You think he loves you, but it is all a lie.’

He suddenly crossed the distance between them and grabbed her wrist.

‘What are you doing?’ She said trying to yank her hand away, but he gripped her tightly and before she could punch him again, he teleported them.

Heaven kned him in the stomach and stepped away as soon as they arrived. Now she was boiling over.

‘Are you in your right mind? What are you doing?!’ She yelled furiously.

Zarin groaned in pain, holding his stomach. ‘Just... listen to me this time. I will leave you alone after this.’

Heaven looked around. Where did he bring them? She felt the smell of liquor and heard music and laughter come from the house in front of her. A man came out stumbling on his way, and the stench of alcohol made her wrinkle her nose. What was this place?

‘There is someone I need you to meet.’ He said holding his hands out as if telling her to calm down and wait.

Heaven was so close to pull her daggers but took a deep breath. She would just go back, but then he would follow her. She needed to make it clear to him, but how? He was too stubborn.

‘Just meet this person. After that, I’ll leave you alone. I promise.’ He said.

‘Lord Zarin.’ Suddenly a woman stood outside the house.

The woman looked between her and Zarin before she smiled at him.

‘Lady Hilda. Could you call Rose?’ He asked.

Who was Rose ?

The woman winked at him before throwing her hair back and turning around, walking inside while swaying her h.i.p.s.

‘Who is Rose?’ Heaven asked impatiently.

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He had been talking about Zamiel, and now suddenly he wanted her to meet Rose.

‘You will know soon. Please, just wait a moment.’

Before he could finish his sentence, a woman walked out of the house. She had a shawl wrapped around her upper body even though it wasn’t cold outside. She seemed to want to cover herself, but she was a real beauty. Even her walk seduced as she approached them.

What was happening, and why did she need to meet this woman ?

‘Lord Zarin.’ She curtsied.

Zarin turned to Heaven. ‘Heaven, you believe Zamiel loves you. You even believe he is your mate. But to him, you are just another woman. Just like Rose. You think I am lying ? Then listen to her.’ He said.

His words felt like a stab in the heart. Heaven couldn’t believe what she heard. He couldn’t mean what she thought he meant.

He turned to Rose. ‘Rose, tell her what happened when you went to his home.’

His home? Heaven's eyes widened. This woman went to Zamiel's home?

Rose turned to Heaven. 'My Lady.' She began, but Heaven cut her off by holding her hand up.

She needed a moment to think. Were both of them trying to tell her that Zamiel had been with this woman? That he had touched and loved another woman?

No! Zamiel would never do that. He would never do anything to hurt her.

Heaven straightened herself and walked closer to Rose, standing face to face with her. She looked her in the eyes, 'if you dare lie to me, you won't see a tomorrow.' She threatened.

She had been so confident that Rose was going to lie to her, but the woman didn't flinch and her heart beat stayed steady.

Heaven took a step back and studied her carefully. What was she going to hear today?

'I have no intentions of lying, My Lady. I did go to Lord Zamiel's house. I offered myself.'

Heaven's heart was beating the whole time. Her stomach turned when Rose spoke. She wasn't sure if she wanted to hear the rest.

'But Lord Zamiel refused my services. He didn't lay a finger on me.'

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She knew it. Zamiel would never hurt her. He would never even look at another woman. If Rose had dared to lie to her, Heaven would have choked the truth out of her.

As relieved as she was, she was also confused. What did Rose mean by services? As if it was her job. Heaven had heard once that some women sold themselves, or were sold by other people. Was Rose that kind of woman?

Were someone forcing her to do this? And why did she go to Zamiel if he didn't buy her services?

She turned to Zarin, who looked shocked. His gaze hardened as he looked at Rose. 'Why are you lying?' He asked her. 'Then why did he pay you?'

Pay?

Heaven turned to Rose, who remained calm.

'No man has ever denied me, so I tried to pursue him because I didn't want to go back and tell everyone that a man denied me. My reputation depended on it. Lord Zamiel payed me handsomely just to be rid of me. He said he didn't want his Lady to misunderstand him.' She explained then she turned to Heaven. 'You must be her. You are a lucky woman.'

Suddenly Zarin grabbed her arm harshly, causing her to grimace. 'He made you say this, didn't he? How much did he pay you? What did he offer you to lie?' He shook her violently.

‘Zarin, what are you doing?’ Heaven pushed him away, appalled by his actions.

Zarin was fuming with anger. ‘Heaven. She told me something else in the beginning. He probably compelled her to lie. Don’t you see what he is doing?’ His voice was getting louder.

Heaven turned to Rose. ‘Are you alright?’

She nodded, looking down.

‘I did lie in the beginning, My Lady. I was just protecting my reputation. I didn’t know I was part of a game.’

‘What game?’ Heaven asked.

Rose slowly lifted her gaze and looked at Zarin.

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Slowly, the pieced started to fall into place. ‘Did he send you to him?’ Heaven asked, despite already knowing the anser.

Rose gave her a weak smile and a slight nod.

‘Yes. I did send her, but she is lying. I knew he would...’ Zarin began to talk behind her, but Heaven wasn’t listening anymore.

She couldn’t believe it. It felt like the world around her stopped for a moment and when it began to move again; she was burning. It felt like she was set on fire.

‘Go back in!’ Heaven told Rose.

‘Where are you sending her? She needs to tell the truth. She...’

Heaven turned to him and glared at him furiously. He stopped and looked at her warily.

‘Heaven. I only did that for your sake. Listen to...’

‘Stop!’ She yelled, surprising him.

He looked at her wide eyed.

‘Who are you?’ She then asked.

He furrowed his brows at her question.

‘You are not my friend. You can’t be. My friend would never do this to me. My friend cares about me. He wouldn’t betray me, or hurt me, or disrespect me. You are not my friend. I don’t know who you are.’

The confusion in his eyes turned to pain. She knew her words hurt him, but it couldn’t be greater than the pain in her heart. The one inflicted by him. Her childhood friend. The one she used to rely on, look up to and respect. He was not there anymore. Those eyes didn’t belong to him. He suddenly looked like a stranger in her eyes.

‘Don’t say that, Heaven. I am your friend. I have always been your friend.’

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‘Not anymore.’ She shook her head. ‘When you offered your help, I truly thought that you had reflected on your actions and came here to show that you could do better. For the sake of our many years of friendship, I wanted to give you a second chance. I thought if I didn’t that I might

regret it. And this is what you do with your second chance? This is how you throw away many years of friendship?

Zarin shook his head. His sad eyes looking down hesitantly and then looking up at her. 'I wish you could see what I am seeing.' He said. 'This is not me throwing away anything. This is me taking my chance to save you.'

'From who?!' She yelled again. She was tired of his explanations. 'You are the one hurting me the most. At first I didn't blame you. I just thought to myself that you don't know what friendship or love is, what caring for someone or supporting them means. But I was wrong. You know all those things. You grew up watching our family love and support each other, respect and care for each other. You grew up seeing the friendship they had. You know all those things. But you chose something else. You chose hatred over love. You chose animosity over friendship.'

'One day... one day you will know I chose you above all.' He said.

Heaven looked at him for a long moment. Those eyes held no regret.

'Just leave.' She told him. 'I don't want to see you again.'

He opened his mouth to say something, but she drew her dagger. 'Don't force me, Zarin. It is enough!'

'As you wish.' He said and then vanished.

Heaven put her dagger back and let out a deep breath. Her head began to spin. The anger got replaced by a sadness that overwhelmed her.

The first time she fought with him, she had hope that one day they would be friends again. But now, this time, her friend was truly gone and only the memories of him remained.

Zarin might not have been a very good friend, but he was still her friend. When she was alone he made her smile, kept her company and protected her. He might have been negligent, but he was never a bad person. He never hurt her intentionally. But now, every step he took broke her heart, and he showed no regret. He was not the person used to be. He wasn't the friend she knew anymore.

She took a deep breath again to calm down, but she felt weak in the knees. Her hand searched for something to grab on to support herself but found none. She stumbled backward but a strong arm came around her waist preventing and saved her from falling.

'My Lady. You don't look alright?'

Heaven looked up at Ilyas. He looked down at her worriedly.

Taking her hand, he placed her arm around his neck and then put his arm under her knees before lifting her up.

The next moment they were back to the guest room. Ilyas placed her carefully on the bed, then looked at her. 'Is there anything I can do for you?' He asked.

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Why? Why was this stranger looking at her worriedly while her friend could easily inflict pain on her and even try to explain why he was doing it.

‘Why?’ She asked him.

He looked at her questioningly.

‘Why are you loyal to me? I know you didn’t have a choice to serve me, but I feel you serve me with sincerity.’

He smiled. ‘If I had any thought of betraying you, Lord Zaniel would know before I could finish thinking.’ He said.

‘Is that why you are loyal?’

‘I have no reason to betray you. You have only treated me with kindness.’ He said.

‘But?’ She felt like he had something to add.

‘I don’t want to be bound to someone.’

Heaven could understand him. He wanted to be free. Why would he live serving someone? She wouldn’t be those kinds of Lords who abused their power. If he wanted to be free, she would set him free.

‘I free you.’ She said. ‘You don’t have to worry about Zaniel. I will talk to him.’

She couldn’t deny that she felt sad. Having him by her side had made her feel secure.

His pale blue eyes studied her for a moment. ‘Can I leave now?’ He asked.

Heaven nodded, feeling a sting in her heart.

Ilyas smiled. 'It is enough for me knowing I can leave.' He said.

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Heaven blinked a few times confused. What did that mean ?

'I will stay.' He told her.

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Ilyas took a chair and sat next to the bed when Heaven told him to stay. If Zarin came back, she didn't have the energy to deal with him, so having Ilyas there made her feel relaxed.

For a moment she had thought it was Zamiel who came to her. She had panicked. She didn't want him to see the situation she was in with the person she called a friend. For the first time she was ashamed to call Zarin her friend, so she was glad that it was Ilyas who came to her.

They communicated through the necklace and the bracelet which let him know where she was when they needed to meet, so he must have used it.

'Thank you for staying.' She told him.

He gave her a meek smile and a slight nod. Just like her father, after all the fights, not one hair on his head was out of place. His light golden hair that almost looked white fell to his shoulders smoothly. It complimented his pale skin and his pale blue eyes. He had hollow cheeks just like Zamiel and it gave them both a wolfish predatory look. She wondered if it was a smoke demon thing.

‘Do you also consider yourself a djinn?’ She asked.

‘Yes.’ He said simply.

‘But you don’t hate me? I am part witch and the devil’s granddaughter.’

‘You clearly chose a different path than your grandfather, and you didn’t choose to be born as a witch.’ He explained.

Heaven nodded. She was glad that there were demons who thought differently.

‘I know I said I would introduce you to father. I haven’t forgotten. I am trying to find a more appropriate time.’ She told him.

‘I am in no rush.’ He spoke calmly.

After a while, Ilyas left so Heaven could take a bath. She couldn’t fall asleep being dirty. It bothered her.

While bathing, she thought about Zarin and Zamiel. She wondered if Zamiel knew that it was Zarin who sent Rose. He probably did, and yet again she felt ashamed. Then she remembered when Zamiel told her to trust him. Was he speaking of Rose? And what was it that he wanted to tell her?

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Unable to contain her curiosity, she teleported to his home after bathing and getting dressed.

When she came to his room, she was surprised to find him sleeping. Why was he sleeping during this time of the day? She walked closer and

looked down on him. He seemed to be sick again. His face was pale. She wondered what was happening to him. Last time he had broken all the furniture in his room.

She touched his forehead. He wasn't burning like before, but he was still warm and again he slept wearing nothing on his upper body. It must be the heat.

Zamiel woke up from a familiar scent invading his senses. It smelled like spring, like a warm breeze carrying the scent of blooming flowers. It was a smell that reminded him of greenery and sunrays.

He opened his eyes, squinting his gaze followed where the scent came from. Next to him, in his bed, he found Heaven sleeping. His eyes widened in surprise. He had to touch her just to make sure he wasn't dreaming and Heaven would wake up just to kill his family again. But he was very much awake as he felt the warmth of her skin and the softness of her hair against his fingers.

Heaven stirred in her sleep, then slowly opened her eyes. For a moment she just stared into his and even smiled.

He smiled back at her, but that caused her eyes to widen. With a gasp, she sat up and looked around before looking at him.

Zamiel sat up as well.

'I...' She blushed. 'I didn't mean to...to sleep in ...in your bed.' She stuttered.

Of course not. It was unlike her. She was someone who would blush by a simple touch. Or not so simple. Her touch left him inflamed, so he hoped he had the same affect on her.

‘I don’t mind.’ He told her.

Her cheeks flushed even more. She did something to him whenever her face became red. He liked to reach for her cheeks and let his cold fingers cool her skin. Before he knew he was already touching her face and just like every time, she closed her eyes as his fingers slid over her cheek. He could tell she liked it when he did that.

She took his other hand and put it on her other cheek, holding both his hands pressed to each side of her face. ‘I missed you.’ She said, her eyes still closed.

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Without thinking, Zamiel pulled her face close to his and kissed her. He had missed her too much to wait or to be gentle. He kissed her without hesitation, with such intensity that made her cling to him and that made the world around him fade away. The only thing he could feel, taste and smell was her.... until she bit him.

He almost smiled against her lips as he felt the taste of his own blood, but Heaven was still oblivious to it all. He felt her claws dig into his shoulders and then the burning of when the tips scratched his skin. But none of that bothered him and he wouldn’t want her to stop if it didn’t end with him only tasting his own blood.

Heaven stopped and pulled back. She looked at him, shocked again. Zamiel licked his own lips. If he could only heal in this moment, they could continue.

‘Don’t apologize.’ He told her before she could speak.

‘I’ll leave for a moment.’ She told him and before he could say something she was gone.

After a short while, when the bleeding stopped, she came back. She hurried and came to sit next to him. ‘Are you alright now?’ Looking at his lips.

‘Yes. Now and before.’ He told her.

Her lips curved slightly, but she forced the smile back. ‘I really need to learn to control it.’ She said sadly.

She wouldn’t have to if his healing abilities had worked as usual.

‘I will teach you.’ He told her.

He didn’t know exactly how, but he would try different ways.

She looked at his bare chest and shoulders where her claws left marks. She frowned but then looked at him ‘Are you sick again?’ She asked.

‘No. I just can’t sleep at night.’ He said.

‘Is it the nightmares again?’

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He nodded. He wanted to talk to her about it and about Rose, but she looked so tired and he could still see the dark circles under her eyes. He would let her rest before making her worried again.

‘Is that why you broke your furniture last time?’ She asked.

‘Yes.’ He replied.

The furniture, he didn’t even remember much of it. After he woke up, he just found that he had destroyed his room. Therefore, he was afraid to be with Heaven. Him waking up next to her could be dangerous.

His vision was red with anger whenever he woke up from the nightmare. He couldn’t see what was in front of him. But Heaven had managed to get through his rage last time. Could he trust that she would be able to do it every time? Could he trust himself with her?

She put her hand on his bare shoulder and looked at him. ‘What can I do to help?’

‘Sleep with me.’ He said.

Heaven blinked a few times. He had expected that reaction from her, but he only meant to hold her in his arms and let her sleep. She could get the sleep she needed and he could hold her.

Her heart raced, and he could guess what she was thinking. He fought back the smile that made its way to his lips. He shouldn’t make her fl.u.s.tered, but he loved it.

And then she surprised him when she crawled up in bed, adjusted the pillow and lay down facing him.

‘You have to marry me after this.’ She told him.

He chuckled, lying down as well. ‘You should at least sleep closer if that is the price.’

He opened his arms and waited to see if she would hesitate. But she boldly moved closer and rested her head on his arm. Zamiel drew her closer, holding her against his body.

If this is what it felt like to hold her in his arms, he would be willing to pay any price.

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Chapter 196: Vol3 Chapter 73

‘The greatest gift you can give someone is the space to be his or herself, without the threat of you leaving.’

Zamiel watched Heaven sleeping in his arms. He couldn't let himself fall asleep because he didn't want to have a nightmare in her presence, but also because he wanted to enjoy the feel of having her in his arms.

He found her remark that he had to marry her after this amusing. As if he had any other plan. But he understood what she meant. It was scandalous for a maiden to be in a man's house, let alone his bed. It was even worse for a princess. This could ruin her reputation. That she stayed with him in his bed showed how much she trusted him.

Zamiel removed the hair from her face and tucked it behind her ear. Her beautiful features were relaxed, but she looked tired. This mission had exhausted her, and he hated to see her like this, but this was what she chose to do and he wanted to respect that. Letting her walk this path alone would make her stronger, but whenever she got tired, he would be there to finish what she started.

After watching her for a while, he decided to get out of bed. He wrapped the sheets around his waist and walked out of the room. He came face to face with his maid, Helen. Her gaze fell on his bare chest and her hands in which she held a tray with cups and plates began to shake. Still, she couldn't tear her gaze away from him.

She was an old woman, but when it came to his looks, age or even gender didn't matter. He could make both men and women lose track of their thoughts.

'Helen, could you make me two cups of tea?' He asked.

She blinked a few times, forcing herself to stop shaking. 'O... of course, My Lord.'

Updated _at

Zamiel went back into the room. It would be better to put a shirt on before he gave her a heart-attack. Even in his home, he couldn't dress any way he liked.

Once he got dressed, he went to the parlor and Helen served him his tea. Zamiel picked up his cup and took a sip while summoning Ilyas by getting into his mind.

Ilyas appeared shortly after. 'My Lord.' He greeted.

‘Please sit.’ Zamiel told him and Ilyas got seated in front of him on a couch. ‘Have some tea.’ He then told him.

‘Thank you.’ Ilyas picked the other cup of tea and took a sip.

Ilyas already knew why Zamiel summoned him, so he started to speak without being asked. He told him about the mission and how it went. He also told him about what happened with Zarin and Rose. Zamiel could see the images through Ilyas’ memory as he spoke.

His plan went accordingly, but just like he expected, it left Heaven hurt.

Zamiel had not wanted to do it this way, but he had lost the person he loved once. If anyone tried to ruin his relationship with Heaven, he would have no mercy. Still, he had been very patient with Zarin because Heaven called him a friend. He even apologized, despite knowing very well that Zarin had no intention of forgiving him, ever.

The day he invited him to his home, he found his thoughts to be very disturbing. Zarin had already decided that Zamiel was the villain, and he wanted to get rid of him at any cost. He did not act or think like a friend looking out for his friend, and his actions didn’t come from a place of care and concern.

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If Zamiel hadn’t lived so long, he would have been confused to why Zarin hated him so much, but having many years of experience he knew very well that look in his eyes.

It was pride and envy.

Heaven choosing him hurt Zarin's pride, and now he was jealousy. It was the same emotions he saw in Razia. The way she had watched him with satisfaction as he suffered after she poisoned him was still a painful memory. She had been very proud of her plan, knowing very well that if a half-breed never came to existents, he would be doomed to live an eternity locked inside a coffin. She didn't even leave him the choice to die. All that mattered was to prove that she was right and if she wasn't, then he would be the one to pay the price.

Until today, he suffered from that memory. He had once considered her a dear friend, and he never thought that she of all people could inflict so much pain on him. He didn't want Heaven to go through that same pain.

Zarin's wasn't as extreme as Razia, but the small resemblance made him worry for Heaven. And when Zarin sent Rose, Zamiel realized that he wouldn't give up easily and was slowly heading toward the same dark path as Razia. It would be better to put an end to it before it got very ugly. That would cause Heaven a lot of pain.

So Zamiel spoke to Rose after finding out that it was Zarin who sent her. He told her that she was being used and then read her mind to see what she wanted to do about it. Rose was a clever woman and didn't want to be part of this game, so she decided to tell the truth and be left alone. But humans were complicated and could easily change their minds, so Zamiel made sure she told the truth by manipulating her thoughts. He didn't want to take any risks with Heaven.

'It is not my place to say this, but I would kill anyone who touched my woman.' Ilyas said surprising Zamiel.

Zamiel chuckled. 'No, you wouldn't. Not if you cared for her feelings more than your own.'

Ilyas narrowed his gaze. 'I am not as good as you.' He said.

Updated _at

Zamiel leaned back and sighed. 'You can't change your past, but tomorrow is a new day.'

Louis had raised Ilyas after his parents decided to leave him. His mother had moved on to the next life and his father was unable to handle the pain, so he followed her shortly after, leaving Ilyas all alone. Louis had trained Ilyas to be a fierce fighter, but he also made him do all his dirty deeds. It involved a lot of killing. Ilyas had a lot of blood on his hands. Killing became his second nature.

'Heaven freed you. I know you don't feel completely free yet because of me, but you serve Heaven and if she freed you, then you are free.'

'I don't want to be free from you.' Ilyas said.

Zamiel nodded, understanding very well. Being under a demon lord meant protection, and having an ancient demon as your lord meant even a higher protection. Only those who had someone in their family line who was ancient didn't bother to have a demon Lord. They already had protection from their families.

'May I ask how your mother moved on?'

Ilyas' mother was ancient smoke demon and Zamiel wondered how she ended her life. Ancients didn't have a definitive way of dying, and very few knew how ancients took their lives and move on. Zamiel was curious, especially since he suspected it involved Heaven.

'She found something that slowed down her healing ability.' He said.

Zamiel frowned. So Heaven was truly what could kill him.

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Why her ?

Leaving a note in the comment section.

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

Chapter 197: Vol3 Chapter 74

‘The first to apologize is the bravest. The first to forgive is the strongest.
The first to forget is the happiest‘

‘What slowed down her healing ?‘ Zamiel asked.

‘I am not sure. I just overheard her speak to father. She said she found the thing that slowed down her healing ability. She would kill herself with it. Give herself a severe injury that would take longer to heal. If she died before she could heal, then she would achieve her goal.‘ Ilyas explained.

His explanation made both of them frown. Demons could only die by a stab in the spine, but they could heal from any other injury. Ancients couldn't die by a stab in the spine, but any severe injury could kill them if their healing slowed down. And only one thing could make their healing slow down. Or one person.

No wonder ancients were considered immortal. To find that one thing among everything else in the world seemed impossible. That is why ancients went into deep slumber instead of chasing that one thing that could end their life.

‘How old were you then?’ Zamiel asked.

‘Sixteen.’ Ilyas said then frowned. ‘Are you planning on moving on?’ He looked almost concerned.

Zamiel chuckled. ‘No. I plan to stay for a very long time.’ He said.

‘Is Heaven in some danger?’ He asked.

He understood why Ilyas was concerned. Zamiel had told him to guard Heaven closely. Keep an eye on her all the time and pay closer attention to find anything odd. With the nightmares going on, Lucifer might already decide to take his next step, and Zamiel wanted to be prepared so he could protect Heaven.

It seemed like danger followed the people he loved everywhere. Maybe he was bad luck.

‘She might be. I’ll take over now. You may go rest.’ He told him.

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Ilyas nodded. ‘I’ll take my leave then.’ He said standing up and just like him he vanished into smoke.

Zamiel leaned back on the couch. That Heaven could hurt him made him worry for Heaven and not for himself. He had gone through worse than death.

He was not afraid of death. Death should be afraid of him.

What he feared was losing Heaven. To fail to protect the woman he loved, again.

‘Zamiel!’ Suddenly Heaven shrieked his name, startling him.

Within a second, he was by her side.

She sat on his bed, eyes wide with fear and her face pale and covered with sweat. When she saw him, she jumped out of bed and wrapped her arms around him, hugging him tightly.

‘You are alright.’ She breathed, her voice shaky.

She pulled back, panicking. She touched his body everywhere, as if making sure he was whole. ‘You are alright.’ She kept repeating.

Zamiel grabbed her wrists to stop her. ‘Heaven. I am alright.’ He assured her.

She looked up at him with those fearful eyes. ‘But... I just killed you.’ She said.

He smiled at her. ‘It is alright. You do it all the time. Every time you kiss me, hold me or just smile at me, I die. And then you bring me back to life doing the same.’

Her eyes softened, and she sobbed. ‘It is not the time to be romantic.’ She said.

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He drew her into his arms and held her close. 'Any time with you is the time to be romantic.'

He stroke her hair and she wrapped her arms around his waist. 'I don't want to lose you.' She said, her face buried in his chest.

'You won't.'

Zamiel already knew what her nightmares were about, and it was something they needed to talk about.

Heaven was silent for a moment, her heartbeat slowly calming down, but then in the silence her stomach growled loudly. Zamiel could feel her shrink in his arms. She was embarrassed.

'Let's eat.' He said before picking her up with ease.

Heaven was surprised. 'What are you doing?'' She asked as he carried her to the dining room. 'I can walk.'

'And I can carry you.' He said simply.

When they arrived at the dining room, he sat her down on a chair. She still looked tired. Even the little moment she was asleep, the nightmares interrupted her.

Zamiel sat next to her and ordered Helen to serve them food.

'Thank you. I am starving.' She admitted.

'How was your mission?'' He asked while they waited.

She smiled. 'I thought I failed, but maybe I didn't.' She shrugged. 'I regret nothing. I learned a lot, but I don't think father is proud.'

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'I am sure he is. But he is a father. Being worried comes before being proud.'

Having been a father himself, Zamiel could understand Lucian. Ruling was never easy, and knowing the devil's plan made him probably worry even more. A fight between a family would leave everyone hurt.

Heaven sighed. 'I hope so.' She said then she looked at him as if remembering something.

'You wanted to tell me something.' She reminded.

Zamiel looked at her closely. She was still hurt, so he didn't know if it would be good to bring up Rose now, but maybe this would allow her to talk about it instead of keeping it all to herself.

Then he had to tell her about the nightmares. He never spoke to her much about her grandfather, but the only time they spoke about him it seemed like she hoped he would be better. If she still had hope, then what he was about to tell her would disappoint her.

'Yes. There was a woman who came here. Her name was Rose. She was sent as a gift. I sent her back.' He said.

He didn't want to go into details that would make her uncomfortable. He just wanted her to know that he wasn't keeping it a secret.

‘You know who sent her.’ She said looking down at her hands. ‘You don’t have to be kind and hide it.’

He was not kind. He made Rose tell the truth, which caused a fight between them. Even if he did it to prevent a bigger fight, that might unable their friendship to ever be restored, she was hurt at the moment.

‘Yes I know, but I was not kind. I don’t like your friend. I don’t like him near you, I don’t like him touching you and treating you the way he did. I don’t like him disrespecting you. He might be your friend, but you are my woman. I hate to see you mistreated.’

He was not an angel. It would be a lie to say Zarin’s actions didn’t upset him. The only reason he endured and stayed respectful was because Heaven called him a friend. Had he been someone else, he would have made him crawl.

Heaven looked at him, surprised. Maybe because of the way he spoke. He was not the type to let his emotions control his speech, but this time he let it out.

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‘I still think you are kind.’ She finally said.

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

Chapter 198: Vol3 Chapter 75

‘Seek to be whole, not perfect.’

Zamiel watched Heaven stuff the food in the in her mouth. She ate without breathing in between and even used water to help swallow the food without chewing it completely. Watching her eat like that was both worrisome and satisfying at the same time. He just hoped she wouldn't choke on it.

'Take your time.' He told.

She looked up at him and swallowed what was in her mouth. 'I don't have time. I want to see mother before I go back to Valish. I am sure she has been worried.'

Heaven always had her mother in mind. She was very protective of her. Zamiel didn't know anything about having parents, but he knew mother's held a dear place in many people's hearts. He wondered what it would feel like to have one.

She stuffed the last bit of meat into her mouth and then looked at him. 'Why are you not eating?'

He was an ancient demon. He could last many years without food, so he only ate for pleasure most of the time.

'I am not hungry.'

'But this tastes so good.' She said with dreamy eyes, picking up the potatoes.

He chuckled. 'I eat it often.' He told her.

'Yes, but you can't get enough of things that taste good.'

'True. I can't have enough of your lips.'

Heaven stopped chewing and gazed at him while her cheeks turned red. Then she swallowed hard. It looked almost painful because of the large pieces that she stuffed into her mouth.

He wanted to laugh at her reaction, but handed her a glass of water instead. Heaven took it and gulped the water down quickly. He knew he should slow down with how he spoke to her. She never had a male speak to her like that before.

Putting the empty glass down carefully, she looked up at him with a hint of shyness in her eyes. 'I can't get enough of you too.' She admitted.

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Zamiel was taken aback. He didn't expect that answer from her. She just shot an arrow into his heart and he knew it would stay there forever. That mix of shyness and boldness was alluring. She made him feel restless.

And then she did that thing, where she leaned down a little so her hair would cover her face when she felt shy. Then when she calmed down, she would tuck the hair behind her ear. But this time she didn't stop there. Her hand went down to her neck, and she rubbed it. She had been doing that during the whole mealtime.

'Did you hurt your neck?' He asked.

She shook her head. 'No, it just itches.' Removing the hair from her neck, 'is it red?' She asked him.

Zamiel's gaze fell on her neck and his eyes widened in surprise.

What...how?

Right in the crook of her neck, there was a mating mark. It was exactly where he had marked her the first time. How was it possible? He thought it faded away.

‘What is wrong?’ She asked when she saw the look on his face.

Zamiel stood up from his seat and went to take a closer look. No, his eyes were not playing tricks on him. It was a mating mark, and it didn’t look like a new one. It looked like it had been there for some time.

‘You have a mating mark here.’ He said touching her neck.

‘That is not possible.’ Heaven said confused. ‘The mark faded a long time ago.’

‘It is there, Heaven.’ Zamiel repeated.

Heaven stood up from her seat and stalked to his room. Zamiel followed her. She went to the mirror and leaned closer, baring her neck. When she saw the mark, her eyes widened and then she frowned.

‘How?’ She began.

Yes, how? He was also curious.

Thinking carefully about it now, his urge to renew the mark was gone. He had been so occupied with the nightmares and how to get rid of them; he didn’t pay attention to his urges. The annoying, painful feeling that forced itself on him was gone.

What was happening?

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Zamiel went over and took her hand. 'Come, we need to see your grandmother.' He said.

Heaven stared at him, surprised. 'You want to see my grandmother?' She asked.

'Yes. I already visited her once and ...'

'You did what?!' She cut him. 'You visited my grandmother.' She repeated in disbelief.

Why was she surprised?

'Yes.' He replied simply.

'Why?'

'I needed advice from her.'

Heaven blinked a few times in disbelief, then her eyes softened. 'Oh Zamiel,' She wrapped her arms around him. 'I am so proud of you.'

Why?

Oh, it was the witch thing.

He was still not comfortable with her grandmother, but he tried to stay open-minded.

Heaven pulled away. 'Advice for what?' She asked curiously.

'That is something we need to talk about. But let's find your grandmother first. She will explain everything.'

Zamiel teleported them outside her grandmother's house. He listened after life. She wasn't in her home.

'She is not here.' He said.

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'I think she is with mother.' Heaven spoke. 'We should go there and I get to see mother as well.'

Zamiel nodded, and they went to the castle. They teleported to her mother's garden, since Heaven wasn't supposed to be seen by anyone else. She was still supposed to be in Valish.

When they arrived, they found Heaven's grandmother sitting alone at a table in the garden. She sensed their presence and looked their way.

'Heaven.' She stood up from her seat.

Heaven went to her grandmother and gave her a hug.

'Your father told me what happened. I am so proud of you.' Her grandmother said, hugging her back.

Then she turned to him. 'Zamiel, welcome.' She said motioning for him to come and sit.

Zamiel went to the table and greeted her.

'Where is mother?' Heaven asked.

'She will be here soon. Please sit.' She told them.

Her grandmother looked curiously between him and Heaven. 'Did something happen?' She asked.

'Something strange.' Heaven began. 'Look at this.'

She bared her neck again to show her grandmother.

Irene leaned closer to take a look. 'That looks like a mating mark.' She said simply.

'Yes. But... the previous one was gone and Zamiel didn't renew it.'

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Chapter 199: Vol3 Chapter 76

'Your mind is a battlefield. Be its commander, not its soldier.'

Irene kept staring and studying the mark in disbelief. 'It doesn't look like a new mark.' She said.

'No, it is not. It looks exactly like the previous mark. Almost as if it reappeared again.' Zamiel explained. 'And the urge to renew the mark has disappeared.'

Irene was thoughtful for a while. 'I have never heard of anything like this before.' She finally spoke.

‘Neither did I.’ He said.

He never heard of anything like this in the demon world before, that is why he came to her. Maybe being a witch, she knew something that he didn’t.

‘You are wondering if this has anything to do with the witch,’ she began, referring to Razia. ‘but I don’t think so. There is nothing a witch or a spell could do to play with a sacred bond. I think this is more a force of nature.’

Heaven and Zamiel looked at each other, then listened carefully to what Irene had to say.

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‘I know that to resist the urge long enough for it to disappear and the bond to break, there must be a stronger urge for something else. But in your case, when the urge disappeared, instead for the bond to break it renewed itself. Which leads me to think that the other urge that was stronger than the one to bite her is critical to why the mark renewed itself. Do you know why you decided to wait?’

There were many reasons to why he wanted to wait. He wanted the mark to mean something since the first time had been an unpleasant experience for both. He wanted Heaven to want the mark for other reasons than to ease his pain, but most of all he wanted to protect her from himself.

His mind was a dark place, with many dark memories. The bond would allow Heaven to see his memories and feel his emotions. He wanted to heal first before putting all that on her. She deserved better. But just when he was healing and moving forward, learning to live and be happy,

her grandfather came back to remind her of his pain. Day after day he reminded him of his failure.

How was he supposed to heal when someone kept poking his wounds?

‘Because I want to protect Heaven’s happiness.’ He said.

Irene smiled and nodded as if it was the answer she expected. ‘And that is how the marking began. A mate’s strongest urge is to protect his female, and that is why he marks her. The bond allows you to know when your mate is in danger. Your case is unique. You chose to protect her by not marking her, which is the root to why marking exists. So the mark renewed itself.’ She explained. ‘My mother taught me that you can’t fight nature. It will either reward you or punish you.’

Zamiel studied her for a while, not knowing what to say or believe.

‘I am saying the nature is rewarding you for your selfless act.’ She told him.

Rewarding him? How was nature rewarding him?

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First, he was forced by a spell to mate with Heaven against his will, and now nature forced a bond on him against his will. It wasn’t that he didn’t want to be bonded to Heaven. He just wanted to do it at the right time and now with him suffering even more she would see all those horrible images in his mind.

Irene noticed that he wasn’t excited about it. ‘Nature is all about balance. When balance is lost, destruction follows. You were torturing yourself too much in order to protect someone else. When you destroy yourself,

you can protect no one. This is nature helping you find a balance. You can't punish yourself for not being able to protect your loved ones.'

The last sentence woke him up. How ?

How did she know his deepest, darkest feelings that he didn't even admit to himself yet ? The fear of being unable to protect, the fear of being someone's mate when being a mate meant being a protector, which he failed to be.

Yes. It was about him. No matter how many times he told himself he was worthy of being someone's mate, a voice inside him kept telling him he was unworthy. He was bad luck.

Suddenly he felt Heaven take his hand.

'Zamiel.' She looked at him worriedly. 'Are you alright ? You look pale.'

He squeezed her hand. 'I am fine.' He assured.

He looked at Irene, and she stared back at him. She was right. Nature was rewarding him because he was deserving. He deserved to be happy and find balance and peace. Nature gave him a second chance. Nature gave him Heaven and now bonded him to her. A bond stronger than any bond. That had to mean something. If nature believed in him and Heaven believed in him, it was time to believe in himself.

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'I am more than fine. I am happy.' He told her and he was.

Now he would not fight himself anymore. He would be with this wonderful woman without feeling worthless. She was a clever woman. If he was her choice, he could not be bad.

‘I am happy too.’ She smiled.

Now they only had to get her grandfather out of the way.

Zamiel turned to Irene. ‘I brought Heaven here to tell her about the nightmares. She is having them too.’

‘Mother.’ Suddenly Heaven interrupted them and stood up when her mother came to the garden.

‘Heaven.’ Her mother smiled, and Heaven went to hug her. ‘Oh darling, you look so tired. Did you eat? Did you sleep?’

‘Mother, I am fine.’ Heaven assured her with a smile. ‘I feel better than ever. How are you?’

‘I am fine, love.’ She said and then her gaze went to Zamiel, who already stood up to greet her.

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‘Your Majesty.’ He bowed.

Her mother suspected immediately that something was going on. She walked to the table, greeted him and then they sat down.

‘What is happening?’ She asked.

Married To The Devil's Son (WN)

Chapter 200: Vol3 Chapter 77

‘My best dreams and worst nightmares have the same people in them.’

Once Heaven's mother joined them at the table, a few silent looks were exchanged and Zamiel knew that Hazel had noticed the mark on her daughter's neck. Heaven gave her mother a look that said she would explain later, and Irene didn't waste time to move on to the nightmares and ask about them.

Heaven told her grandmother about the nightmares she had been having, and Irene told her what she suspected. That it was her grandfather's doing.

Zamiel sat silently and watched Heaven's expression as Irene spoke to her about her grandfather's plan and the five kingdoms. To his surprise, Heaven remained calm at the beginning, but then instead of feeling disappointed, he sensed anger coming from her as her grandmother continued to speak.

Her mother's thoughts were distracting. She was extremely worried for her daughter, but most of all she was scared. She just wanted to hide her somewhere, but because she grew up very sheltered, she didn't want to make Heaven feel like she couldn't enjoy her life. Her mother already felt sad and guilty that she couldn't give her daughter a different life than she had.

‘What can we do to stop this?’ Heaven asked when her grandmother finished talking.

Her grandmother sighed. 'There isn't much you can do. You just have to resist his manipulation and not let your fears control you.'

'There is no spell that can help?' Heaven wondered.

'Most spells don't work on ancients. They are too powerful for that. Very complicated spells need to be used, and those spells can kill you unless you have a direct source of power. Like an ancient demon.' She explained looking at him.

Zamiel knew what she meant. Razia had poisoned him. Then she drew power from him to lock him inside. Otherwise, her spell would never work. She would end up draining herself, but she drained him instead.

'With your grandfather, there is no spell that can stop him from manipulating. That is his special power that nothing in this world can take away from him.' She continued turning back to Heaven.

Now it was Heaven's turn to sigh. She was frustrated. He could feel her emotions stronger now with the mark. He had been skeptical at first, but the mark truly renewed itself. He could feel the bond with Heaven even though he didn't understand her grandmother's explanation. Maybe because he didn't see nature the way she looked at it.

Heaven's mother took both of daughter's hands in her own before gazing into her eyes.

'Heaven. I am proud of the strong woman you have become. I want you to believe in yourself and know that no one can frighten you or use you. And I want you to always remember that this is your home. No matter where you are or where you go, this place is your home.'

‘Mother, I am not going anywhere. I have no intention of helping grandfather so don’t worry.’ Heaven assured.

Zamiel could see that all three women were worried and frustrated that nothing much could be done. This was Heaven’s fight alone, and only she could do something. Resist her grandfather.

Updated _at

The devil could not be killed, so he had nothing to fear. There was nothing that could be used against him either. He cared for no one and nothing but himself.

Zamiel could only guess what the devil was trying to do with the nightmares. He would keep doing this until one of them gave up because of the constant worry, fear and lack of sleep. He would exhaust them, and Heaven not having the same strong demon mentality as he had, she would break easily.

Zamiel wouldn’t let that happen and the devil knew that, therefore giving him his own nightmares to keep him occupied.

Or maybe he was all wrong, and the devil was planning something else entirely.

‘Heaven.’ Her mother broke the eerie silence first. ‘Don’t think much about it. You need to stay strong, so make sure to rest and not let this worry you. You look exhausted. You should go to your room and rest.’

‘Mother, I need to go back to Valish.’ Heaven protested.

‘No, you don’t. You completed your mission. Now the rest will be taken care of by your father. It is important you rest.’

Her mother's tone was resolute, but not harsh. He could feel the strong bond between them. Sometimes they only needed to exchange looks to communicate.

'I'll make your father arrange so it looks like you left Valish and I'll make sure no one comes to your room.'

Heaven nodded.

Zamiel thought of excusing himself and leaving before things got awkward, but both Hazel and Irene stood up from their seats before he could do something.

'We will leave you two alone for a while.' Her grandmother smiled.

'Thank you for lending us your time.' Zamiel said.

Her green eyes that looked exactly like Heaven's looked at him with a feeling he couldn't tell. But he could tell it was a good one, unlike the one her mother showed who was still careful with him.

He didn't blame her. She was only worried for her daughter, especially now knowing about the nightmares.

As soon as they left, Heaven took his hand and teleported them to her room. They stood right next to her bed. She gazed up at him, her eyes filled with concern.

'I am sorry for my grandfather.' She said.

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'It is his fault. Not yours.' He told her.

She sat down on the bed with a sigh and he sat next to her.

He could feel her stress, her confusion. He could feel the weight on her shoulders. So much had happened in her life over the last weeks. The mission, Zarin, the nightmares and now the mark and her grandfather. He could feel her shrink. This is what he had worried about. Maybe he should have waited and not put everything on her at the same time.

Wrapping his arm around her shoulders, he pulled her close to him. 'Don't think.' He spoke against her hair. 'Let me do the thinking.'

She turned to him, her green eyes meeting his. 'I don't want you to do everything. You said you resisted the urge to protect me. From what? Your memories?'

'Yes.' Zamiel admitted.

She caught on fast.

'I know you want to protect me, but you don't have to go that far. I can handle it.' She said.

'But you shouldn't have too. That is something I should have left in the past, and not something you should bear. I will share with you things in the present, but I should deal with my past alone.'

Heaven took his hand. 'It is not your fault. Now it is my grandfather's doing, so you shouldn't feel guilty if I see your past.'

Zamiel stared into her eyes. 'Heaven, promise me one thing.' He said.

She nodded.

‘If it gets too much, you can just leave. I’ll be alright. Then you can come back when you want too. I’ll always wait for you.’

His memories were nothing to be taken lightly. It was horrifying. Something no one should have to see daily.

Heaven nodded, even though he could clearly tell she had no plan of listening to him.

Stubborn, as always.

Then she frowned. Her hand reaching for her neck again and rubbing the mark. She stood up and went to the mirror in her room, taking a closer look.

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‘I still can’t believe it.’ She said.

He couldn’t either.

There wasn’t one time when she came to him and his gaze didn’t travel to her neck, causing his gums to itch badly. He would have seen it if she had the mark before. It had only reappeared now and since the urge to bite her was gone and he could feel the connection between them stronger than before; it had to be the mating mark.

Heaven turned around. ‘You don’t feel the urge to bite me anymore?’ She asked.

Zamiel was confused. Did he hear disappointment in her voice? Did she want him to bite her?

Standing up, he walked up to her. He looked down at the mark between her shoulder and neck before his gaze traveled up her slender neck. He felt a hunger rise within him, but it was not the same as the one to mate her. This was only to take pleasure from biting her.

Unlike the urge that clawed at him every little moment, this was just him wanting more than he needed.

When it came to Heaven, his greed was endless. She unleashed his demon with all its sinful traits. But she was his now, and only she could unleash his demon and restrain him.

‘No.’ Was his short reply.

‘So... you won’t bite me?’

He gazed into her emerald eyes. They looked pleadingly at him, expecting his answer to be what she wanted to hear. And she wanted him to bite her. He could see she was curious about it. Nervous, but still curious.

He grabbed her waist and pulled her against his body. He leaned in and brushed his lips along her cheek, then followed the line of her jaw. She shivered in his arms.

‘Do you want me to bite you?’ He spoke in hushed tones, his hand moving up her back and entangling in her soft hair.

He could hear the rapid beat of her heart and her shaky breath.

‘Yes.’ Her reply left her lips like a silent cry.

She tilted her head back, baring her neck for him.

It didn't take long for his fangs to elongate and his demon to come alive, pushing him to act on his impulses and whisper things in his mind.

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'She is ours now. Calm down.'

But as soon as he tasted her skin and her sweet scent filled his senses, all rational thought fled his mind and he buried his fangs into her flesh.

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

Chapter 201: Vol3 Chapter 78

'Shine is my favorite color.'

Heaven's breath caught in her throat as Zamiel pulled her against his body. His strong arms imprisoned her, his warmth welcomed her, his scent intoxicated her.

He leaned in, then ever so gently his lips brushed against her skin like soft feathers, causing her to shiver. She wrapped her arms around him and clung on to him as his lips teasingly moved along her jawline, his hot breath making her skin tingle.

She felt his hand slide up her back and into her soft hair. He held her gently, made her wonder what his next move would be, and she waited in anticipation.

'Do you want me to bite you?' He asked. His tone was low, an inviting whisper tempting her to say yes.

Heaven closed her eyes and opened her mouth. She could barely hear the yes that left her lips and her head fell back.

Zamiel tightened his hold around and as soon as his lips touched the sensitive skin on her neck, all air left her lungs. She was completely breathless as his mouth skillfully moved over her skin, leaving soft kisses along the way. Heaven grasped the back of his shirt in sheer desperation. Her stomach turned into a battlefield for butterflies.

Lord. What was he doing to her? He made her skin ripe for his mouth to have a taste. A bite.

Then he flicked his tongue over the mark. Heaven felt a strange sensation go through her. It was something deep, something raw, something very intimate that she couldn't understand. The mark tingled and itched again, adding to the need to be bitten.

And then she felt the tip of his fangs graze her skin, sending shivers down her spine. It was a like warning for the bite that was to come.

Heaven's heart raced. The battle of butterflies in her stomach picked up, and she held him tighter. He flicked his tongue one last time over the mark and then his fangs pierces her skin.

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Pain shot down her neck and she whimpered, but it was soon followed by a warm sensation that made her dizzy and weak in the knees. Heaven was lost, flying in what seemed like endless clouds, and she didn't want to descend.

Zamiel held her firmly in place. A soft growl left his lips as he pulled away, then his tongue swept over the wound. Heaven's eyes were still shut as if she refused to wake up from this dream.

'Heaven.' His voice was low, hypnotic, forcing her to open her eyes and look into his silver ones. They were gleaming like liquid metal. 'Are you alright?'

She saw his long, sharp fangs as he spoke. Did he bite her with those? How come it hurt so little?

She opened her mouth, but only a breath came out. Lord, she didn't have the energy to talk. She just leaned into him and rested her head on his chest.

Zamiel leaned down and scooped her up in his arms. He took her to bed and lay her down carefully. Heaven looked up at him where his tall figure loomed over her, his eyes showing concern.

'I am alright.' She said, her voice barely a whisper.

Zamiel sat next to her, reaching for her face he caressed her cheek with the back of his hand. Slowly her heart calmed down and her breathing become normal again.

She gazed at him. His eyes still gleamed with that light and his fangs were still out. Did he want more?

Zamiel watched Heaven rest in her bed. Her silken black hair spread across the pillow, her cheeks flushed a light pink like the color of her lips and her emerald eyes still swirling with so many emotions. Now that his demon had a taste of her, it didn't want to rest.

He needed to get away from her, away from her intoxicating scent, away from her mesmerizing eyes.

His demon had been starving for a thousand years. Letting him out now would cause storms that would shake even trees with the deepest roots.

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He pulled away from her and stood up.

‘Zamiel.’

Cursing quietly, he clenched his jaw. Hearing his name coming from her lips like a plea was not what he needed to hear right now. He knew she was going to ask him to stay.

He took a deep breath and turned to her. ‘Heaven. You need to rest. I will come back some other time.’

He tried to sound normal, but he could hear the irritation in his voice. She looked him at with those vibrant eyes, not reacting to his tone, just his words. ‘Can’t you stay?’ She asked.

Oh, no. Resisting her was the hardest thing he had to do.

Heaven moved away, making a place for him in her bed, almost as if she knew he wouldn’t deny her.

Calling himself all kinds of awful things, he got into her bed and she immediately snuggled against him.

Zamiel stiffened. His demon raging, creeping under his skin, scratching his way out. He closed his eyes, trying to shut it out but to no avail.

It was too late and now he was greedy, selfish and l.u.s.tful.

Heaven stirred and rested her hand on his torso. This woman was pure torture, and he wanted to scold her for moving. Suddenly he heard her heart race and heat stemmed from her body.

One corner of his mouth lifted, relishing in the fact that he wasn't the only one restless.

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He frowned. Now he was being selfish, awakening her desire before he could fulfill it. Unaware, he let out a sigh of frustration.

Heaven shifted and looked up at him. 'What is wrong?' She asked.

Now he felt bad, but decided to be honest. He pushed himself up in a sitting position and then looked her straight in the eyes.

'Heaven. I am a man.' He told her. She probably knew nothing about the struggles of a man. 'Not even a normal man. I am demon.'

She looked at him, confused. 'I know.'

He chuckled darkly. No. She didn't know, and he didn't blame her.

'And you are a woman.' He continued. 'A beautiful woman. The most enticing I have ever seen.'

The confusion in her eyes changed to something else. She was starting to understand, and a blush crept to her face.

‘I’ll return to you once I calm down.’ He told her, standing up. He leaned down and kissed her forehead. ‘Rest well.’ He said, then he teleported back to his room.

Once he was alone, he thought he would calm down, but he should have known better than to give in to his desire. His demon kept troubling him, and he was losing his mind. If he didn’t know better, he would think his mood was the cause for the sky to growl and cry. The rain fell down heavily, knocking on his windows for entrance.

His maid Helen served him tea, but he needed something cold to calm his nerves.

Something to numb his demon. Falling back onto the couch with a sigh, he suddenly heard a sound outside his mansion. A giggle, and then a familiar scent mixed with the scent of rain reached his nostrils.

The source of this _chapter;

Zamiel stood up and went to the window. Looking outside, he found Heaven getting soaked under the rain.

What was she doing ?

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

Chapter 202: Vol3 Chapter 79

‘We met for a reason, either you’re a blessing or a lesson.’

Heaven tried to rest after Zamiel left her, but she was tense and kept turning back and forth in bed. She threw the blankets off of her body and hoped to relax and fall asleep. But as soon as she closed her eyes, she remembered Zamiel's body against hers, his lips on her neck, his fangs in her flesh, and she was restless and hot all over again.

Shutting her eyes tightly with a groan, she tried to push those images to the back of her mind, but to no avail. It was impossible to make her brain forget when her body remembered every touch and every kiss so clearly.

After a lot of groans and rolling in bed, there was a knock on the door. Her mother peeked inside and walked in when she found her awake.

'You haven't slept yet.' Her mother pointed.

Heaven sat up, completely flustered and frustrated. Her mother held a tray with a lid in her hands. She went and placed it on the table in the middle of the room before looking at her.

'I brought you some food in case you are hungry.' She said. Then she tilted her head, and a frown settled between her brows. 'Is something bothering you?'

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Heaven shook her head. 'No, mother. It is just taking time to sleep.' She said.

Her mother came and sat next to her. She removed a few strands of her hair from her face and smiled gently while cupping her cheek. 'Don't think too much. Everything is going to be alright. You just make sure to rest and eat well. You can't fight if your body is weak.'

Heaven nodded. 'I will.'

'Alright then, I'll leave you alone.' She rubbed her shoulder before standing up and leaving.

Falling back on bed, Heaven decided to try to sleep again since she had no appetite. Curling in bed, she shut her eyes.

Don't think. Don't think. She chanted. And then she cursed when she failed. It was his scent. It still lingered in her room, reminding her of the things she wanted to forget.

Getting out of bed, she decided to eat. What better way to distract herself than with food. She sat at the table and removed the lid from the tray. Rice, chicken, and vegetables were served on a plate. There was soup in a bowl and then bread at the side. Heaven picked up her spoon and tasted the soup. God, she was full after all the food she stuffed into her belly at Zamiel's house. She didn't feel like eating. The butterflies swirling in her stomach didn't make it easier either.

She forced herself to eat a little, hoping it would distract her, but it was pointless so she went back to bed. After a lot of struggle to sleep, she heard a loud thunder outside followed by rain that poured down heavily.

The latest episodes are on the website.

Turning back, Heaven looked outside the window. It was raining a lot. Almost as if the heavens were having mercy on her. Heaven pushed herself out of bed and went to open the door to her garden. She looked outside, at how the rain fell over her garden, listened to the sound of it and the smell.

Oh, it reminded her of Zamiel. She missed him already.

Without thinking, she stepped outside under the rain. She shivered as the cold drops of water fell on her burning skin, easing the heat that had made her restless.

How long had it been since she walked outside when it rained? It felt like forever since the last time. When she was little, she used to sneak out when it rained and let herself get drenched. Lydia and Ylva would be worried and try to get her inside.

‘You will get ill, Your Highness.’ They would say.

And then at some point she had just stopped. She became obedient, leaving behind the rebellious girl she used to be. No more running around in the castle, or hiding, or fighting with Zarin, or dressing like a boy. No more playing around under the rain.

Heaven looked up at the sky, holding her hands out at the sides of her body. Letting the rain fall over her, washing her worries away, cooling her heat and bringing forth joy. She felt like a little girl again. The girl she used to be, where she listened to her brain less and followed her heart more. It wasn’t necessarily a good thing to do, but it made her happy. And now her heart longed for Zamiel.

Before she knew, she found herself outside his home. Water splashed under her feet and she realized she had stepped on a puddle as she arrived. She used to love playing in puddles when it rained. Tossing her shoes aside, she flicked the cold water with her feet. She was completely wet, cold and playing with water like a little girl. She giggled at her silly behavior, but then her hand flew to her mouth.

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What was she doing? She had come here to...to...

Her body that had turned cold under the rain suddenly grew hot and her cheeks burned. She remembered Zamiel's words. 'Heaven, I am a man. And you are a woman.'

Her heart raced as she looked over at his mansion. The voice inside of her told her to be bold and walk inside, but her heart was jumping out of her chest. She knew what happened between a man and a woman. Gina had told her stories. And Zamiel's eyes had looked at her in a way that made her heart cease to beat before he left her alone. There was no denying he wanted her. Badly.

Losing her courage, she decided to go back home. She slid her foot into one shoe, but then she heard her name.

'Heaven.'

Oh Lord. Have mercy on me.

She put her other shoe on quickly and turned to him.

He stood at the terrace with a roof above his head that covered him from the rain. 'What are you doing?' He asked.

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

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

Chapter 203: Vol13 Chapter 80

‘When the root is deep, there is no reason to fear the wind.’

What was she doing? She didn’t know. She was being stupid and childish.

Turning to Zamiel, she looked at him where he stood. He still had that dark look in his eyes that sometimes flickered with an unknown emotion. Or maybe she knew, and that was the reason her heart skipped a beat. He leaned forward, placing his arms on the fence, and watched her closely. His eyes narrowing, his gaze scanning the length of her and then darkening even more.

‘What are you doing here, Heaven?’ He repeated when she didn’t reply.

I am a man. A demon. And you are a woman. The words echoed in her mind. Yes. It was true. He was a man. Her man, and she was a woman. His woman.

‘It is raining.’ She said. And it had nothing to do with his question. ‘I love rain.’

She was being unreasonable.

‘I am sure it rains back home too.’ He said.

He didn’t seem pleased to see her.

Heaven shuddered. The heat left her body and now she was cold. Really cold. She wrapped her arms around herself and looked at him. ‘I missed you.’ She admitted.

Zamiel pushed away from the fence and straightened himself. His dark gaze regarded her with such intensity she shivered again.

‘You shouldn’t have come here.’ He said. But this time he didn’t sound angry. He sounded regretful.

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He walked along the fence, his eyes never leaving hers, then he descended the stairs and walked out into the rain. As he crossed the distance between them, Heaven felt her heart race. Without warning, he grabbed her by the hair and kissed her fiercely. His soft lips firmly moving over hers, instantly inflaming her, and then he pulled hair back, breaking the contact between their lips.

‘Heaven, don’t bite me because I intend to kiss you long and hard.’ He said.

Before she could reply or even think of what he said, he covered her mouth with his again. His lips were eager against hers. Hungry. Moving with a feverish need. And then suddenly she felt her back against something hard. A tree.

Zamiel trapped her with his body between him and the tree and then kissed her like a starving man. Nipping and sucking until her lips felt sore. Until her entire body flushed and burned. Has it not been the rain Heaven would think she would go up in flames. His hands roamed the sides of her body and his lips moved downwards. Kissing her jaw, nibbling at her neck. He placed kisses along her collarbone then removed the dress from her shoulders, kissing her bare skin.

Heaven bit her lips, suppressing the sounds that rose to her throat. She held on to him tightly, her knees refusing to support her, but then abruptly he distanced himself from her.

Heaven gasped, shocked by the chilling cold that followed his absence. She lifted her hooded eyes, her heart beating wildly, her breath shaky. Zamiel stood across from her, a safe distance away, next to a tree. They were somewhere in the woods.

He refused to look at her while one of his hands covered his mouth and nose. Heaven could still not speak or think, so she just stared at him while catching her breath. Eventually he dropped his hand and looked her way.

His eyes. She had never seen them look so silver. It looked like when the sharp edge of a blade hit the sunlight. Zamiel ran his fingers through his hair, looking uneasy.

‘Heaven, I promised to make you mine once we get married. I don’t want to break that promise.’ He said.

Heaven opened her mouth in a protest. She wanted to tell him to break his promise. She didn’t want that promise; she wanted him. But she knew the kind of person he was. Even if he broke his promise because she told him, he would feel guilty after.

Determined, Heaven walked over to him. She took his arm and teleported them to outside his home, under the roof of his terrace. She wanted to talk to him and not have the rain disturb their conversation.

‘The marry me.’ She said. ‘Now.’

Zamiel looked at her, confused. ‘Now?’ He asked.

New _chapters are published here:

She nodded. 'We are already married the demon way. You want to marry me the human way, so let's get married like humans. You have lived for so long. What is the easiest and fastest way for humans to get married?'

Zamiel opened his mouth but seemed speechless.

'We will have our Royal wedding, of course. I am doing this so you don't have to break your promise.' She explained. 'I... I want to be with you.'

She looked down, her face turning all shades of red. It was quiet for a while, then she felt Zamiel's cold fingers under her chin. He lifted her head, so she was looking into his eyes. They gleamed with another emotion. Something that made her feel warm and fuzzy.

'A thousand years ago, humans got married by tying a ribbon around each other's wrists. It was a sign of the bond between them.' He spoke in a low, calm tone.

His hand reached for the sleeves on her dress. Heaven's gaze followed his hand. Her sleeves were cut open in the middle and tied together with a ribbon. Zamiel's fingers grabbed the end of the ribbon and tugged at it, opening the knot then removing the ribbon from her sleeves.

'Will you marry me, Heaven?' He said stretching the ribbon between his two hands.

'Yes.' Heaven smiled, holding her arm above the ribbon. Zamiel tied it around her wrist. Heaven felt strange as he did so. A little emotional.

Zamiel held his arm out.

Heaven removed the ribbon from the other sleeve, then tied it around his wrist. Then they looked at each other with a smile.

‘Kiss me, Heaven.’ He then spoke.

Heaven tiptoed. Wrapping her arms around him, she kissed him without hesitation. Another kind of warmth surrounded her, and she realized that Zamiel teleported them to his room. Using his preternatural powers, he shut the door and put fire in the hearth.

He pulled away from her, gazing into her eyes as if searching for an answer to an unspoken question. He lifted his hand and traced the lines of her face. Heaven closed her eyes. She loved every time she touched her face. Nothing felt more intimate.

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His finger moved lower, over her lips, down to her throat, tracing her collarbone, then to the front of her dress.

In the room’s quietness, with only the firewood crackling in the hearth, she heard her shaky breath and the wild beating of her heart when he began to untie the front of her dress. Heaven felt suddenly nervous. She had never been n.a.k.e.d in front of anyone since she came of age. Not even her maids.

As if sensing her nervousness, he leaned in, showering her face with kisses.

‘I will take good care of you.’ He promised, as he untangled the ropes that held her dress together. Heaven relaxed as his lips found hers and he kissed her slowly, tenderly.

Then he undressed her, welcoming each newly bared skin with his lips. Heaven was lost, flushed, dizzy. She didn't care that she was completely bare, completely vulnerable with this man.

And he was fully clothed. Zamiel gazed at her, urging her to undress him. Heaven reached for his shirt. Her hands trembled as she unbuttoned it, but with each piece of clothes that came off, her nervousness left with it. The beauty of him mesmerized her.

She reached for him. Her hands trailed down his body, gawking and admiring with no shame. Zamiel groaned in approval and drew her into his arms before taking her to bed. He lay her down, pinning her body down with his. She saw the dark look in his eyes again before he claimed her mouth in a searing kiss that made her toes curl in pleasure.

Then his mouth moved down her body, his lips exploring every inch of her skin. Tasting. Savoring.

He touched her as if he wanted to imprint his hands into her flesh, and his touch into her mind.

Heaven became her body, only. It was acting on its own accord. Arching, writhing, trembling. She was lightheaded and aching. She was gasping and moaning as his fingers and lips reached places she had never been touched. Never been kissed before.

Zamiel found all her sensitive spots and lingered a little longer there. Stroking, teasing, punishing and soothing until she couldn't endure anymore.

'Zamiel.' She pleaded as if he would know what she wanted when even she didn't know.

But Zamiel was well aware. He knew exactly where she wanted him, how she ached for him. He placed himself between her legs and then she felt a burning pain as his body became one with hers. But it was nothing compared to the pleasure that followed.

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

Chapter 204: Vol3 Chapter 81

‘A gentleman is simply a patient wolf.’

Heaven woke up feeling like a different person. She didn't feel like a girl anymore. She felt like a woman. As she stretched in bed and yawned, every muscle in her body ached. She was sore all over, but pain never felt so good.

The first thing she did was to look for Zamiel. He was sleeping peacefully next to her, one arm resting over her waist. Excitement bubbled inside of her while every nerve in her body reminded her of what happened last night. She recalled every light touch and every small kiss. She remembered his body in hers, stroking her rhythmically, slowly pushing her to the edge until she cried out. It was so intense she could still feel it in her muscles.

Oh, those sounds. Her cheeks burned.

No matter how hard she tried to stay quiet, her body acted on its own. But Zamiel had taken complete control over her, leaving her weak and lightheaded. Then he drew her into his arms and whispered promises in

her ear, which she couldn't remember. He even made her promise things.

Heaven frowned, trying to revive the memories, but nothing came to mind. She felt like she should know, especially the things he made her promise in her frail state of mind. It was unfair and she would scold him once he woke up. But as she shifted and turned to him, she forgot all about it.

He was breathtaking where he lay, the masculine lines of his face were relaxed, his long thick lashes fell over his cheeks, his nose was long and narrow and those lips, those sensual lips, were more familiar with her body than she was.

Then her gaze traveled down his body, to his inviting neck, his broad shoulders and muscular arms. She noticed scratches on his arms.

Her claws. She had scratched him. Wondering how much damage she caused, she reached for his back. She felt more grazes on his skin. How could she have forgotten about her demon?

Maybe because she hadn't bitten him. He had no bruises on his lips, so why the scratches? Then she remembered him telling her not to bite him. Did her demon listen to him?

She knew their bond was different now that the mark renewed itself. She felt much closer to him, his emotions almost became her own. Through their bond she had felt his pleasure, which added to her own, but she also felt his restraint. He had been holding back as he made love to her, taking care of her needs more than his own.

What was she supposed to do with this selfless man? She would not let him hold back next time.

Next time?

It made her body flush and tingle all over again.

Turning on her back, she stared at the ceiling. She wondered what walking would feel like since her legs felt strange and her whole body ached.

Rolling over, she sat at the edge of the bed. Wrapping the sheets around her small figure, she stood up. Her limbs felt sluggish as she began to walk. She felt funny as she made her way to the large mirror in his room.

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

Oh Lord! She looked awful. While straightening her hair, she saw her neck. Her demon sight made it possible to see the several bruises and marks that were fading away. Now wonder her neck felt raw and even her swollen lips.

She also noticed the finger imprints on her arms. They were also fading because of her inhuman healing ability. Surprisingly, she felt no pain that caused these bruises. It made her think of the whole controlling demon thing. Being ancient and possessing so much power and strength, she realized just how much Zamiel held back.

Would he always have to hold back? Or was it because his demon had been sleeping for so long and now it was like hers, newly awakened and raving? She hoped for the latter.

Heaven looked at her shoulders and collarbone. She could see the visible bones. It looked like she had lost weight and her skin wasn't glowing as it used to be. She had never felt insecure about her looks before. She knew she was a stunning beauty by how she made men around her pause to look. But for the first time she was anxious about her own body, especially now that someone else other than herself saw her completely n.a.k.e.d.

Carefully she opened the covers at the front and looked at herself in the mirror. Yes, she had lost weight, but she couldn't tell if she looked good or bad. She had nothing to compare her body to except for...Axia's. That woman's body put her own to shame.

Annoyed, she wrapped the sheets around herself. She knew Axia was only his friend, but if Zamiel went to see her again, that woman better dress properly.

Suddenly she heard a low grunt which caused her to almost jump out of her skin. She turned around and found Zamiel turning in bed. The sheets fell off his body, barely covering anything, but he was unaware as he continued to sleep.

Heaven stood there, staring. Lord. She had already seen him n.a.k.e.d already. It was nothing new.

Discreetly, she went back to bed. Just when she was about to cover him, he stirred and a frown settled on his face.

No!

She hoped it wasn't a nightmare again. Maybe she should wake him before it got worse.

She loomed over him, leaning closer, 'Zamiel.' She whispered his name.

‘Mm.’ His eyes were still shut, but she was relieved that he replied.

‘Are you awake?’ She asked.

A hoarse sound came from his lips that brought a fluttering feeling to her stomach. Now that he lay on his back and his hair was out of the way, she noticed the scratches on the sides of his neck as well.

What had she done?

Her fingers reached for the wounds, and he grunted his approval of her touch. This made her feel bold. She traced her fingers down his neck and chest, feeling his hard muscles under her palm.

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It felt odd that she could feel his pleasure from her touch.

‘I like how you wake me up.’ He spoke, his voice still rough from sleep, but she liked the sound of it.

Her gaze shifted from his body to his now open eyes. He smiled at her
‘Good morning.’

That voice.

‘Good morning.’ She smiled.

But then panic settled in.

Morning?!

She looked outside the window. The sun had just risen and the faint light peeked through the glass. She had been gone from home since late afternoon yesterday until early morning today.

‘Is something wrong?’ Zamiel asked, sensing her panic.

Well, everyone was probably still asleep, so she didn’t need to panic. Pushing the thought to the back of her mind, she wanted to enjoy this moment.

‘Nothing is wrong.’ She said snuggling against him.

He wrapped his arm around her. The ribbon was still tied around his wrist, just like hers was. Even though people today didn’t get married this way, she knew for Zamiel this wasn’t anything short of a marriage. That was all that mattered to her.

She had already considered herself his in every way. This only made it seem more special. She loved that it was something between them only. It felt more intimate and sincere than a Royal wedding would ever feel.

But no one would consider them married this way, and in all honesty she didn’t care. She was going to get officially married to him anyway, and until then this would be between her and him.

Married or not, nature had bonded them in the most sacred way. No one could take that away from them.

Leaning back, she looked up at him. ‘I hurt you again.’ She said.

His gaze followed hers and he looked at the scratches on his arms. ‘It was quiet pleasing.’ He said sincerely.

New _chapters are published here:

‘But I didn’t bite you.’ She continued, still confused. She knew he didn’t compel her, but then why did she comply.

‘I guess your demon is the obedient type.’ He mused.

‘Then maybe you should tell me not to claw at you as well.’ She suggested.

He chuckled, his eyes gleaming with amus.e.m.e.nt. ‘oh, I want you to keep doing that.’ He drawled.

A blush crept to her face. Then she remembered the promises he had whispered in her ears.

‘Yesterday... you promised me things?’ She began.

His eyes narrowed, his intense gaze bore into hers. ‘You want me to fulfill them now?’ He asked, raising one dark brow.

Just what did he promise her?

‘I don’t remember what you promised.’ She admitted.

His lips curved into a roguish smile. She could see that he was taking great pleasure in this. ‘You will know in time.’ He told her.

‘Did I... promise something?’ She then asked. She knew the answer already. She had agreed to things he told her to do.

‘You don’t remember that too?’

Heaven shook her head.

Zamiel looked at her quietly for a while. 'You promised to sleep with me tonight.' He said.

Her heart skipped.

Again?

She wouldn't complain if her body wasn't aching everywhere. But it was.

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'You don't want too?' He asked.

Heaven looked at him. She trusted he wouldn't do anything that would make her uncomfortable.

'I do.' She said.

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

Chapter 205: Vol3 Chapter 82

'We are only as blind as we want to be.'

'My Lord. Someone is looking for you.' Uzz informed.

Lothaire sat on his throne and dismissed UZZ with a wave of his hand. Once the slave left, he opened The Eye with another wave of his hand.

The Eye was a window in which he could see the whole world.
Anywhere he liked, The Eye would show him.

The Eye opened, revealing the person looking for him.

Zarin.

‘Who is that young, handsome boy?’ His daughter Tezznin was suddenly next to him, looking into The Eye and curiously watching Zarin. The boy was trying to find a way to call him.

Lothaire knew what Zarin wanted, but he didn’t have time for the young boy.

‘He is Ramiel’s son.’ Lothaire said simply.

‘Oh, no wonder.’ His daughter licked her lips.

Lothaire shut The Eye, not interested to waste his time on Zarin.

His daughter groaned. ‘Are you going to ignore him?’

‘Yes.’

‘But why? If you don’t have time, I certainly do.’ Her eyes gleamed with mischief.

She loved the young and inexperienced. She found them easier and funnier to play with.

‘Is he the friend? Your granddaughter’s friend?’ She asked.

Lothaire gave her a silent reply.

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‘Father, don’t you think Heaven will be more willing if we have her friend here? You just bring him here and I will take care of the rest.’ She tried to convince him.

Lothaire knew she could, but Zarin didn’t need much work. He was digging his own grave. But sure, a push would make him dig faster.

‘What are you chattering about?’ His other daughter, Hezznin joined them in the hall.

‘We are talking about Ramiel’s son.’ Tezznin said, excitement clear in her tone. ‘We can share him, sister. I am sure Heaven would be jealous and come here willingly.’

Lothaire chuckled dryly. ‘She is not interested in the boy.’

Tezznin seemed surprised. ‘Why not? The boy is exquisite.’

‘She found her mate.’

The sisters looked at each other, surprised. ‘You didn’t tell us, father.’ Hezznin spoke.

He didn’t tell them because he knew what their reaction would be.

‘Yes. Who is it?’ Tezznin was curious.

Since they would find out soon, he decided to tell them.

‘Zamiel.’ He said.

Hezznin's face twitched in disbelief. 'Zamiel?!' She repeated as if unable to believe.

Lothaire nodded, seeing how his daughter's eyes widened in worry and fear.

'Are we talking about the ancient smoke demon?' Tezznin asked.

Hezznin nodded. 'Yes.' She said with clenched teeth.

While one of his daughters was worried, the other became even more excited.

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'Now I understand why she is not interested in the boy. That smoke demon is divine.' Her voice became a low purr, and she licked the tip of her fangs. She was more than excited and Lothaire tried to ignore the wild images in his daughter's mind.

Hezznin shook her head at her sister before looking back at her father. 'You plan to take away the mate of an ancient demon? Father, do you want to bring destruction here? He might not be able to harm you, but he will kill us all.'

'Hezz, relax.' Her sister waved her hand. 'I am sure father has a good plan.'

Hezz crossed her arms over her chest, unhappy. 'Why do you need her? You have us.' She asked, ignoring Tezz.

Lothaire stood up from his seat and went to his daughter. He grabbed her chin and made her look at him. 'Greed.' He said. 'I always want more. Don't forget who your father is.'

'Yes, exactly.' Tezz cheered, clapping her hands together. 'And I want more too. The boy will do for now. I'll have the ancient some other time.'

Lothaire loved Tezz. She was more like him.

'You will have the boy once I am done with him.' Lothaire said. 'Leave us alone now.'

Hezz and Tezz vanished without another word, and Lothaire teleported himself to find Zarin.

The boy was sitting outside of a brothel, looking disturbed. This was going to be a waste of time but so much fun, Lothaire smiled inwardly.

'Zarin.' He put his nice uncle mask on.

Zarin looked up, from where he sat on a large stone. Standing up, a smile of relief curved his lips.

'Uncle Lothaire, I haven't seen you for so long.'

'You never cared to call for me. I thought you didn't want to see me like your father.'

Zarin shook his head. 'Of course I wanted to see you, I just...'

He was busy with life and sins. Falling into every trap that he, the devil, put out in the world for people to fall into. If only everyone fell into his traps so easily.

‘I didn’t know what was appropriate to do.’ He said.

The source of this _chapter;

Lothaire nodded. ‘It is alright. I am glad you called me now.’

‘I am glad you came.’ He said. ‘I need your help. Only you can help me.’

No, son. No one can help you, Lothaire thought to himself. The only help he could give him was to continue on the same path.

‘Heaven is in trouble.’ He began. ‘I need your help to save her.’

Lothaire fought the urge to laugh. She was indeed in trouble, but he was asking the wrong man to save her. She needed to be saved from him.

‘How so?’ Lothaire asked, pretending to be curious.

Zarin told him the story from the beginning, babbling about how dangerous and manipulative Zamiel was.

Dangerous? Yes.

Manipulative? He wished.

Zamiel was the perfect example of a man avoiding all his traps. How he had enjoyed when the man lost his mind and started burning villages. That was the only time he lost his way, but even then it was because of an understandable reason.

Even when he took Heaven from the cave to his home, Lothaire didn't bother to interfere. He knew the man was incapable of evil. There was a reason why his name was given by an angel.

'No one is doing anything. It is almost as if he put a spell on them. He is ancient and capable of many things. I am sure you can see through him.' Zarin explained.

'I think he genuinely loves her.' Lothaire stated simply. 'They are mates.'

'Yes. He is only with her because of the mate pull. He doesn't have genuine feelings.'

Lothaire frowned. It was true that mates could be bad mates, selfish and cruel even if the demon inside of them became protective because of the bond. He was an example of that.

'And you do?' He asked.

His question caught him off guard, but he gathered courage and replied. 'Yes.'

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

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

Chapter 206: Vol3 Chapter 83

'Blowing out someone else's candle doesn't make yours shine any brighter.'

Lothaire invited Zarin to his home in one of his hidden kingdoms. He took him to his luxurious parlor and asked him to sit down. This was going to be a long, interesting conversation, and he wanted to set the mood.

Tezz was right. The more people he got on his side that Heaven cared for, the bigger the chance would be of her staying with him once he got a hold on her.

He poured some wine for himself and Zarin and handed him the golden goblet before getting seated.

‘So you say you love my granddaughter?’

Zarin nodded.

‘And Zamiel doesn’t love her? He is only manipulating her?’

The boy nodded again.

Lothaire sipped his wine, watching Zarin closely.

‘Why would he manipulate her?’ He asked.

Zarin sighed. ‘He is using her. He hates witches and wants to have his revenge on them.’

Lothaire frowned. The boy made no sense. ‘I am sure Zamiel could have his revenge in the most cruel way without using Heaven.’

The boy put the goblet down and looked at him with a serious expression. ‘Maybe he wants to have a good time with her first.’

Well then, he could just compel her, but Lothaire continued to listen to his nonsense.

Zarin needed guidance. He was a sinner who didn't want to admit to his sins. Or more correctly, he justified his sins. A common human trait. Commit a sin, but blame it on others. Lothaire hated those types, because he would often be the one to be blamed for everyone's sins.

He knew he shouldn't hate them, because those types would never repent as long as they blamed others, and that is exactly what he wanted. But he couldn't help it. His pride didn't allow him to be blamed.

'I just want to make sure that Heaven is safe.' Zarin added.

Lothaire put his wine goblet on the table and gazed into Zarin's eyes.

'Zarin, who am I?' He asked.

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

Zarin seemed fazed by the question. 'You are Heaven's grandfather.' He said.

'That is what I am to Heaven. What am I to everyone else?'

The boy's eyes darted nervously before he spoke. 'The devil.'

Lothaire could see that Zarin felt uncomfortable calling him the devil.

'And what does the devil do?' He asked.

Zarin looked at him questioningly, wondering why he was being asked these questions.

‘You make people sin.’ He replied distressfully.

‘Wrong answer.’ He told him standing up. ‘Follow me. I will show you what I do.’

Lothaire was a master of manipulation, but what people didn’t know was that he could only manipulate those who let him. God’s creatures were inherently good, but they all had a sinful nature. All of them were sinners. The difference between them was the consistency of sins and repentance. The good ones would always repent and try their best to not fall into sin again. Others would continue down the same path, walking deeper into the darkness until they see no light when they turn back. And when the path behind you is dark, it is harder to find your way back.

Zarin stood up from his seat and followed Lothaire. He halted and gasped when he noticed the floor beneath him looking like heaven.

‘Walk with me.’ Lothaire said.

Zarin continued to follow him, surprised by and awed by Lothaire’s crafty work.

‘How did you do this?’ He asked.

‘It is my job to make the walk pleasing.’ He responded.

Lothaire created another illusion. He turned the hall into a party as they walked. Music, liquor and fine undressed women chatted and danced. Swaying their seductive uncovered bodies to the music.

Zarin’s eyes widened. He looked around, astonished. ‘This is what I do.’ Lothaire said, slowing down and motioning toward the provocative view. The women touched each other, engaging in s.e.x.u.a.l behavior.

‘I make sin appealing.’ He said continuing to walk. ‘Most materialistic things in life turns us to sin. I provide you with these things.’

He made them walk down a path of gold. Zarin looked beneath his feet, there was gold everywhere.

‘But the women...’ Zarin said, confused.

Updated _at

‘Yes, women. Not many women are treated like living creatures. They are sold for power, bought with money and used for various reasons. Even the ones with a royal title. It is sin that makes you treat another living creator like that.’

‘Then why do you make people sin?’ He asked.

Lothaire halted and turned to him. He leaned closer, ‘I don’t make you use a woman for your pleasure. I make her appealing to you. I present the idea to you, encourage you to do it, but at the end it is your choice.’

With a thought, he made them standing at the edge of a cliff. Zarin stepped back in shock when he found himself almost falling down.

‘Jump.’ Lothaire told him.

Zarin’s eyes widened.

Lothaire motioned for him to go ahead. ‘Don’t you trust me? Do you think I would ask you to do anything that would cause you any harm?’

Zarin looked down, studying the distance. It was a long fall, even for a demon.

‘I don’t understand why I need to jump.’ He said.

‘You will understand once you have jumped. Right now you just have to trust me. You won’t regret it.’ He promised.

Zarin’s heart raced as he looked down. He took a deep breath and gathered his courage before jumping. He was confused when he found himself just a short distance away from where he stood before.

He looked back at Lothaire questioningly. ‘It was just an illusion.’

‘Yes.’

‘Why?’

‘Because I wanted you to see that even if I encouraged you to jump, you made the decision to do it.’ He stated simply. ‘I’ll ask again now. Do you love Heaven?’ He took them back to the parlor with a thought.

Zarin was quiet for a moment this time before he replied. ‘Yes.’

‘Do you love her or do you hate Zamiel?’

Confusion showed in his eyes.

‘Are you concerned for Heaven’s safety or do you just want to get rid of Zamiel?’ Lothaire asked.

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‘I am concerned for Heaven.’ He said.

Lothaire took a step forward, towering over him. 'Don't lie to me, boy. I know what you want before you know it. Just tell me exactly what you want. Here is the only place you can express your darkest secrets and desires without being judged.'

Zarin's became nervous again. 'I really care about Heaven's safety.'

'But not as much as you care to make Zamiel the sinner. I can't help you if you don't admit it. You hate that man more than you love Heaven, don't you?'

'It is not true.' Zarin shook his head in denial while taking a step back.

'He took away Heaven from you. It is understandable that you hate you him.'

'It is not about that.' He kept denying.

'It is. Heaven made you feel special because you were the only man in her life. She looked up to you and then suddenly another man became more important to her.' Lothaire c.o.c.ked his head and pretended to be thoughtful. 'Is that envy?'

'I am not envious.'

'Then it must be pride. Another man taking your place in Heaven's life hurt you pride. Especially since he makes you feel inferior.'

Zarin kept shaking his head. 'The only thing that man makes me feel is hatred. He hurt everyone I love.'

'And you love Heaven?'

‘Yes.’

‘That is why you don’t want to marry her because you want to live freely, but you also don’t want to let her go to someone else. You want all of it. That sounds like another sin.’

‘What are you trying to imply?’ He sounded annoyed.

‘That you are a sinner. Just like me, therefore I can’t and I won’t judge you. I just want you to be honest if you need my help.’

Zarin ran his fingers through his hair, distressed. ‘I don’t know what you want me to say.’ He said pacing back and forth.

Lothaire leaned against the wall, crossing his arms over his chest. He was enjoying all of this.

‘I want you to embrace it. Why do you have to feel bad about hating someone? Or wanting more? You can want Heaven, have your freedom and hate Zamiel. There is nothing wrong with that. But don’t lie to me or to yourself.’

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‘Yes!’ He called out loud. ‘Yes. I want Heaven. I want her all to myself and I hate Zamiel because he took her away from me.’ He finally admitted, almost tearing his hair out in frustration. ‘So will you help me now?’

Lothaire’s lips curved into an evil smile. ‘What exactly do you want me to do?’

Married To The Devil's Son (WN)

Chapter 207: Vol3 Chapter 84

‘No amount of evidence will ever persuade an idiot.’

Lothaire took Zarin on a tour around his mansion that was more like a castle. This time no illusion was involved. He let him see the luxurious interior and the people that were a part of his life. Not all of them, of course.

There was Hezznin and Tezznin. They were like his two hands. Tezznin was the vicious one. There was no job she couldn't get done. She was born to manipulate and make sin look like a garden in heaven. She was very tactful and could tell someone's weakness by only a look. Bringing out the worst in people was not only her skill, but also her enjoyment. Demons like her made his mission much easier.

Hezznin was the one to act less and observe more. Lothaire liked to have her around because she brought a different perspective, but also made them think carefully when they got too confident. She was the one to bring them down on earth when they needed to. She was also the one to welcome the new demons that joined his cause because she had a nature that made other's feel comfortable around her and trust her.

He had two other daughters and five sons, including Lucian. All of his children were five hundred years and older except for Lucian. Most of his children's mothers passed away, except for three. Lucian's mother and the only two female demons he mated with. Once they found their mate, they moved on with their lives. Lothaire didn't care since he only mated with them to get offsprings and eventually he found his mate as well.

Who would have thought his experiment with a witch would turn out like this ?

He didn't think that he, the devil, would have a mate, let alone a mate like Irene. She managed to get through him and make him feel things he didn't want to feel. Feelings he never thought he had in him. Many times she made forget who he was and why he was here on earth. She made him feel happy and miserable at the same time. But Lothaire was too proud to lose. Too proud to give up his mission for a woman and settle down with her. So he went back to who he was and to complete his mission.

He had many times tried to convince Irene to come with him, but she was determined to stay with her son right where she was. He could feel her hatred toward him. Lothaire had seen how far a mother would go for their child. No love was stronger than a mother's love for her child, and Lothaire knew he could never win against Lucian.

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But Irene was his and his only. He would have her no matter what. He had been waiting for the perfect opportunity and for a way to make her his again. What better way than to take away her family since that was what held her back. Heaven was the weak link. Having her by his side would make everyone else come to him. He could already see Lucian offering himself as an exchange for his daughter.

Lothaire smiled wickedly to himself. The fight would not be easy, but it would be worth it. He couldn't wait to have Irene in his arms again.

'So you want me to get rid of Zamiel?' He asked as they walked.

Zarin looked around, fascinated. The castle had a dark, disturbing interior. It was like walking through hell, except the flames were black and red.

‘Yes.’ He said.

‘You know that will hurt Heaven’s feelings?’

Zarin slowed down and looked at him. ‘I will take care of Heaven. I will make her forget about all the hurt.’

Lothaire came to a halt and stared at Zarin. The boy really believed he could do that. He was baffled. Now he understood why Roshan had a hard time raising him. Zarin was the type to only see, hear and believe what he wanted. He turned a blind eye and a deaf ear to everything else.

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‘Why did you come to me? Why didn’t you ask your parents for help?’

Zarin scoffed. ‘They don’t understand. They think I should stay away because he is her mate. They treat me like I understand nothing and always talk about taking responsibility.’

They treat you right, Lothaire wanted to spit.

The boy really understood nothing, and sloth was one of his many sins. His father would be heartbroken once he found out that his son came to see him.

Roshan also loved his parties and women, but he was a clever man from a very young age. Even when he and his father worked with him, Lothaire knew it was only a matter of time before they left. They were

demons with strong morals, and those were hard to bend. Lothaire thought Zarin would be the same, but there was always one person who differed from the rest. And who would know that better than him, the devil?

The first of his kind to go against God.

‘You have kind parents. I killed one of my sons because he didn’t take responsibility.’

Lothaire heard Zarin’s heart skip a beat, and he halted. His eyes widened as he looked at him, and Lothaire could hear all the questions swirling in the young boy’s mind. At last he decided it was a joke.

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Lothaire let him believe that if it would put him at ease.

He laughed a nervous laugh and then continued the walk.

‘They are kind. It is just that I have a long life ahead. Why do I need to rush to learn things?’

‘You are right. You should enjoy your time while you are young. You can always learn things later.’ Lothaire agreed with him, encouraging him to continue down the same path.

‘Then what about Zamiel? What will you do?’ He asked.

Zarin wasn’t willing to let go of Zamiel.

Lothaire had no intentions of separating Heaven and Zamiel. Having them together benefited his purpose for now. In the beginning he had

other plans for Heaven, but now he decided to take another route. A faster route that was unlike him.

A route that would shake things up, but he was the devil. No earthquake could make him sway.

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

Chapter 208: Vol3 Chapter 85

‘Your child will follow your example. Not your advice.’

‘Grandpa!’ Gina came running, and Roshan’s father stood up from his seat and wrapped his arms around his granddaughter. He lifted her up from the ground and then put her down while chuckling softly.

‘My sweet.’ He grabbed her face between his hands. ‘How come you only get more beautiful?’

Gina chuckled. ‘What grandfather looks like you? You look like my brother.’ She told him with a wide smile.

He laughed. Putting his arm around her, he made her sit next to him on the couch. ‘Where is your brother?’ He asked.

Gina shrugged. ‘Probably somewhere with his friends.’

Darius turned to Roshan. ‘You should talk to your son.’ He said.

His father knew the struggles he had with Zarin. Roshan had tried many methods and nothing seemed to work. The only thing that was left was to throw his son out of his house and make him take care of himself. But then he would just go to one of his many wealthy friends, or maybe even worse, Lucifer. Lucifer wouldn't miss the opportunity to take in a young lost demon.

Klara and him would have many arguments about how to raise Zarin. It was their first child, and both didn't know how to be good parents. Klara was a very loving mother. Roshan saw another side of her once she gave birth. He saw the soft, vulnerable side. As both their children grew, Roshan realized he had to be the tough one of them and therefore Zarin would go to his mother when he needed something.

The source of this _chapter;

Roshan didn't mind that Zarin thought he was hard on him. He knew he would appreciate that later, just like he appreciated the way his father raised him.

Darius had raised him well as a single parent. Roshan remembered many times when he hated his father for being hard on him, but when he grew up, he realized it was for his own good. Roshan wanted to be that kind of parent for Zarin. One that pushed him toward the right path. Zarin might prefer his mother now, but hopefully one day he would understand his efforts as a father.

'Father, advise me to do something other than talking. That is not working.'

Talking was not Zarin's thing. He ran away from talking, let alone listening. Roshan had tried to be a friend and listen to him, but the

advice he offered afterwards went into one ear and out from the other one.

It was the same with his mother. Klara had a soft spot for Zarin being their first born. Roshan would blame her sometimes for letting being too kind, but he learned that they had to play different roles as parents and complete each other when they come together. Both of them couldn't be strict.

Klara was simply the nurturer while he was the one to give structure. But sometimes she even took his role when Zarin went out of line. Roshan couldn't count how many times she had dragged him to his lessons and stayed there until he finished, or how many times she made him do different chores because he broke her rules.

Both of them hoped it was only a passing phase that all children went through and that once he grew up, he would apply everything he learned from them in his daily life. But Zarin remained the same. Or maybe they got worse.

Now that he was a grownup, he got friends that didn't affect him positively. They would drink and party and he would end up coming home late or not at all. Roshan didn't mind the parties, as long as it wasn't every day and as long as he took responsibility, but that was not the case.

Now that he wasn't a child anymore, he couldn't be dragged to lessons. All that was left to do was to keep talking to him and set rules. Rules that were very easy to break when your children were demons. You wouldn't even notice. Having their demon powers only made the upbringing even more difficult. Consequences of actions rarely worked.

Darius had suggested to throw Zarin out of his house. 'He is a man. He should be able to take care of himself.'

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Roshan did understand his father's perspective, but he didn't want to throw his son out when he was lost. He wanted to keep guiding him. He didn't know if it was the right thing to do. Should he have let his son leave and learn things on his own?

'You can't control your children. Sometimes you just have to let them walk alone.' Darius spoke as if reading his thoughts.

His father had offered Zarin to work for him, but even then Zarin declined. Recently Gina asked for permission to work in her grandfather's business. Darius had been thrilled, and now she was doing an amazing job. Impressing all of them. Maybe seeing his sister now, Zarin would change a little.

'The best thing you can do is set an example for your children. If your son doesn't want to follow you footsteps, then it is his choice.' Darius continued.

Good example? Roshan had stopped everything bad he used to do. He didn't even drink anymore. He had never come home intoxicated or late. Just to set a good example for his children. Klara was no exception.

Now, what was left to do?

Roshan felt lost.

The whole family had dinner, and Zarin still didn't arrive. Roshan went to his room with many thoughts swirling in his head. He had to talk to

Zarin again, but he didn't know what to say. They had agreed that he should be home at dinnertime and eat with the rest of the family.

Klara was brushing her hair when he walked into the room.

'Is Zarin home yet?' She asked.

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Roshan shook his head.

She stopped running the brush through her hair and her shoulders sunk. A sigh left her lips. 'He is changing.' She said.

Changing? Roshan hoped she meant for the better, but that wouldn't make sense since he wasn't home.

'How?'

'I don't know. He was always been mischievous and hard to handle, but lately I feel there is something different about him.'

If she said so, she was probably right. As a mother, she could see things he couldn't sometimes.

'He was never the angry type. Not even when we scolded him. He would say he would do it, but then he wouldn't. But now there is anger in his eyes.' She explained with concern.

It was true that he was angry lately, but Roshan thought it had to do with Heaven. Both him and Klara had told him how mates worked. They had told him he would find his mate one day. Klara went as deep as telling

him about her own experience with love and finding her mate. But Zarin didn't seem convinced.

Roshan knew he would get over it with time.

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Lots of love ♥

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

Chapter 209: Vol3 Chapter 86

'People don't want to hear the truth because they don't want their illusion destroyed.'

Roshan decided to wait for his son in his room. He needed to talk to him. He didn't know whether to be the tough father now or the friendly one. He would have to wait and see when Zarin arrived.

After a few hours, Zarin finally materialized in his room. His eyes widened in shock when he found his father waiting.

'Father?'

Roshan who was almost falling asleep forced himself to wake up.

‘Zarin.’

Zarin ran his fingers through his hair, knowing very well why Roshan was there.

‘You are very late and you missed dinner.’ Roshan pointed.

Zarin sighed. ‘I know, father. It won’t happen again.’ It was his most used line.

Roshan wanted to point out that he had said so plenty of times before, but decided to try something else.

‘Where have you been?’ He asked.

Walking to his bed, Zarin sat down. ‘I was out with friends.’

‘You know we spoke about the friends th...’

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‘I know. I know.’ Zarin cut off annoyed. ‘Father, I am really tired. Can’t we talk about it tomorrow?’

‘No, we can’t. If you hate to talk about this, you should change your ways.’

Suddenly Zarin stood up. His hands clenched into fists at the sides of his body. Roshan watched him carefully as his eyes hardened with anger. He was still angry.

‘Father, I have endured enough. I am tired of you and mother telling me what to do all the time. I want to go my own way now.’

Roshan frowned. What did that mean ?

‘What do you mean ?’ He asked, standing up.

Zarin avoided to meet his gaze. ‘I want to leave this house.’

Roshan felt his heart sink and his chest felt heavy.

‘You want to leave because I tell you what to do ?’

‘What is happening ?’ Klara was suddenly standing at the door.

Zarin lifted his gaze, his eyes filled with guilt as he looked at his mother.

‘Our son want’s leaving.’ Roshan said calmly. ‘He wants to leave this house.’

Klara walked into the room, her gaze focused on her son. ‘You already do leave the house. Or do you mean you want to leave this family ?’

Closing his eyes, Zarin unclenched his fists and then taking a deep breath, he opened his eyes.

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He looked at his mother. ‘Mother. I feel like I don’t belong here.’

Pain swirled in Klara’s eyes. ‘This is your home, Zarin. You belong here.’

Tearing away his gaze from her pained eyes, he shook his head. ‘Please mother, let me go.’

Klara bit her lip, fighting back the tears. 'Did I do something wrong?' She asked.

He shook his head again. 'You are wonderful, mother. I love you. I just...taking responsibility, learning, and being good is not who I am.'

His eyes went from being sad to lighting up. It was as if he was seeing a dream when he began to speak again. 'I want to be free. I want to be somewhere where I can live the way I want and feel the way I feel without feeling guilty about it. I want to live on my own terms, mother. I am not a child anymore.'

Roshan felt as if someone punched him in the stomach and his Klara's eyes turned from pained to confused.

But Roshan wasn't confused. He knew where this was going. Without throwing his son out, he had already sought the devil.

'You went to Lucifer.' It came out as a whisper.

Zarin's eyes widened, but only for a brief moment. 'Yes. He will help me win Heaven.'

Klara was shocked. 'You went to the devil to win Heaven? You put her in danger.' She said now sounding angry.

'She is already in danger now, but none of you understand. It is her grandfather. He won't harm her.' Zarin spoke, raising his voice.

Roshan was in a state of shock. His son knew the devil wanted Heaven to rule one of his kingdoms, yet he went to him.

‘You think the devil will save her, and then give her to you? She is a human being, Zarin!’ Roshan pointed, both angry and ashamed of his son’s actions.

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Klara grabbed her hair as if tearing it out. Roshan could see she was completely at a loss of words.

‘Zarin listen to me carefully. Heaven’s grandfather is trying to take her away from her family, so she helps him rule in his kingdom. He is not the one to help her.’ Klara explained carefully.

‘Maybe he is. The humans are making her go through so much because she is a female. Her grandfather is only trying to help. She can rule somewhere where she is accepted.’

‘That is what he wants you to believe.’

‘No mother. I don’t want to argue with you. He is the only one willing to help, and he actually accepts me for who I am.’

‘And who are you?’ Roshan asked.

Zarin turned and looked at his father. ‘I am your son, father. But I am not like you or like mother. I don’t belong here. I found my home and I am leaving.’ He said with finality. He had already made up his mind.

Roshan couldn’t force him to stay, and if talking didn’t help before, it certainly wouldn’t now.

‘So you will go to the devil? Is that where you belong?’ Klara asked.

‘Yes, mother.’ This time there was no guilt or shame in his eyes. ‘I am sorry.’

‘If you are sorry don’t leave.’ Tears filled her eyes, threatening to fall down.

Roshan was utterly disappointed. He went and put his arm around his wife, whose tears started to fall down her cheeks. Then turned to his son and gave him a hard look.

‘Me and your mother have wanted nothing but your best. It is a shame you can’t see that, but one day you will remember our words. The path you are on is wrong and me and your mother don’t approve of it. I really hope you think through this and choose to do the right thing.’

They looked at each other for a long time before Zarin spoke. ‘I have already decided father. I am leaving.’

The source of this _chapter;

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

Chapter 210: Vol3 Chapter 87

‘Seek respect. Not attention. It lasts longer’

After having breakfast with Zamiel, Heaven decided she needed to go back home fast. She wished that she could just enjoy her time with Zamiel and ignore the rest of the world, but she couldn’t. She had things to do, and she didn’t want many questions because she was absent too long.

Zamiel had showered her with kisses and praises and fed her till she was full. But that didn't help. It only added to her dizziness, and she wobbled as she arrived back home. Her mind was a fog, her stomach still fluttered every though every muscle in her body complained as she walked. She felt funny and sore at the same time.

Before her mother could come to her room, she changed quickly into something new and brushed her hair so that she looked decent. Just then her mother knocked on the door and peeked inside.

'You are awake.' She said walking inside.

Her mother gazed traveled along her body before she looked at her face and smiled. She probably knew that she was absent the whole night.

'I brought you some breakfast.' She said not asking anything that would cause an embarrassing moment for both of them. Heaven was thankful for that.

Her mother went and put the tray in her hand on the table. Heaven felt her stomach turn. She was already full.

'Thank you, mother. I was thinking of going to see father for a while. See how things are going with Valish.'

Updated _at

'Your father will be here soon and you can talk to him. There is a risk you will be seen if you go to Valish.'

It was true. Heaven just felt bad that she couldn't help, even though she knew there wasn't much she could do. She failed to get her title that would allow her to help her father. Now, she was still just a princess. She

wasn't supposed to get involved in political matters unless for training purposes.

After a while, her father came to her room while she was eating breakfast. She tried to force herself just to appease her mother, who complained about her weight.

'Heaven.' He opened his arms for her as usual and she walked into his embrace. 'Did you rest well?' He asked, looking down upon her.

'Yes. Did you get any rest? How are things going?'

He led her to the table, and they sat down. 'Everything is going well. Valish is now part of Decresh. We have announced it to the people and set the new law and rules. The citizens seem to be accepting and we haven't faced any problems. The King and the prince were executed.'

Heaven nodded. After the mission none of the decisions were hers to make and Heaven trusted that her father made the right choice.

'I am glad everything went well. I wish I could help.' She said.

'Do you regret risking your title?' He asked.

Heaven shook her head. 'No.'

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Her father smiled. 'Good. You can't help me without a title, but you already did a good job.' He told her.

A smile lit up her face. Maybe she was worried that her father wasn't proud for no reason.

‘You might not have gotten the title general but I think you gained respect. That is more important. With time you will also gain your general title.’ He continued.

Heaven nodded.

‘But...’ he added, taking her hand in his. ‘Right now, I want you to focus on yourself. You need to rest and be strong.’

‘Is this about grandfather?’

Some unknown emotions shifted through his eyes. ‘Yes.’ He said.

The joy she felt this morning suddenly died. Heaven was mostly hurt because he was her grandfather. He was supposed to take care of her, love her and cherish her. Not manipulate her and make her miserable.

‘Is there really no way we can stop him?’

Her father was silent for a while, and Heaven understood that whatever way to stop him would cause them a lot of harm.

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Her grandfather was supposed to roam earth and manipulate people for as long as they existed. Killing him or locking him, none of that would work. Not that Heaven wished those things to work. What she truly wished was for her grandfather to be a grandfather to her. To come back to their family and bring happiness to her grandmother. But she knew that wouldn’t happen.

Even worse, now he threatened their happiness.

Heaven put her hand on top of her fathers. ‘Don’t worry, father. I will be alright. I am strong.’ She smiled at him.

‘You are very strong.’ He said kissing her hand and then he noticed the ribbon still tied around her wrist.

‘Do you wear ribbons like this these days?’ He asked, completely oblivious and confused.

Heaven forced her smile back. ‘No. I just like it this way.’ She said, and it wasn’t a complete lie. She did like it around her wrist. It reminded her of her bond with Zamiel.

Heaven wondered if Zamiel sorted out the things he needed to do before getting married. She knew he was making a name for himself so he could be seen as someone worthy to marry a princess. Heaven didn’t doubt that he was capable of that and even more.

But something at the back of her mind alarmed her about getting married. The thought of it made fear crawl into her skin. The excitement she had been feeling was gone. Her stomach churned, and she suddenly felt nauseous. She could feel it in her gut that something bad was about to happen. Or was this her grandfather playing tricks on her?

‘Is everything alright?’ Her father asked.

Heaven nodded with a smile. ‘I think I ate too much.’ She said.

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But she knew that was a lie. What was disturbing her suddenly? This was the time she should dance in happiness. She looked at the ribbon and

tried to remember the good memories, but all she remembered was promising herself to protect Zamiel.

Something told her she would fail.

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

Chapter 211: Vol13 Chapter 88

‘The will must be stronger than the skill.’

Heaven decided to do something productive with her time, even though her parents had asked her to rest and not think about her goal to become a ruler for a while. She understood their concern, but she couldn't just rest and do nothing. She was becoming restless and thinking of things that only made her feel more worried.

The feeling of sickness returned, and she thought of doing something quickly to distract herself. She touched her necklace to call Ilyas. It didn't take long for him to materialize into her room.

‘Lady Heaven.’ He greeted.

‘Ilyas, how are you?’

‘I am doing alright, my Lady.’ He looked at her carefully as if trying to see if she was alright as well.

She smiled at him. ‘I was thinking of going out and I need you to go with me.’

He just nodded. He was a man of very few words.

Heaven wanted to see what the world outside looked like and how people lived. As a ruler in the future, she needed to know her people.

Ilyas knew the outside world and showed her around. He took her to different villages, and she got to see how people lived. Some lived comfortably and others made her heart ache in pain. She witnessed old people and children without homes or decent clothes. She gave them all she had, but she knew more people like them still existed and needed help.

Ilyas noticed her worry and spoke, 'there will always be poverty somewhere. You can't save everyone.'

Heaven knew that, but she wanted to save as many as she could. She already has a plan, something her teacher taught her about society structure that would help the helpless. She would have to visit him to learn more.

Updated_at

Ilyas then took her to the market. He explained to her how trades worked and what the prices of different items were. This was the first time Heaven walked outside feeling unafraid. With the mark, she knew Zamiel would sense if anything happened to her. It was a bond she didn't have with her parents. They could never sense if she was in danger.

Speaking of bond she looked at the ribbon tied around her wrist. Ilyas noticed it but didn't say anything. Heaven wondered if he knew something.

'Do you know about the ribbon?' She asked as they walked.

'You got married.' He said simply.

He knew!

‘How did you know?’ She asked.

‘I only guessed. My parents were different. They didn’t only mate, they also got married, and that is how they did it.’

Heaven was fascinated. Usually the mating was the marriage in the demon world, but his parents also got married the human way.

‘That was thousands of years ago. It is not how you get married today.’
He pointed.

He was right. According to today’s laws and traditions, she wasn’t married to Zamiel. Being a princess only added extra rules to how she should get married. If people knew about her relationship with Zamiel, it would be scandalous. Her reputation would be ruined together with her family’s reputation. Ilyas probably wondered why she got married this way, but it was embarrassing to tell.

She removed the ribbon from her wrist, not knowing who else could know. She didn’t want to have to explain to anyone. But thinking about her and Zamiel brought a heavy feeling to her chest. As if something was squeezing her heart, making it unable to beat rhythmically. She felt sick again and breathing became difficult.

The feeling refused to go away as they walked around discovering new places. At one point Heaven couldn’t ignore the nausea that built up, so she ran around a corner and threw up. From the corner of her eye she could see Ilyas standing next to her but not looking at her, which she was thankful for. Once her stomach felt empty and she felt more at ease, Ilyas reached inside his pocket and gave her a handkerchief.

‘Thank you.’ Heaven said taking it away and wiping her mouth.

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She took a moment to just stand still and recover. What was wrong with her?

‘Are you alright?’ Ilyas looked at her, concerned.

‘No.’ Heaven admitted.

She was feeling something in her gut, a bad feeling that warned her of something, and a mix of her dreams and promises came back to her.

Everyone would be in danger because of her, especially Zamiel. The nausea came back and Heaven felt exhausted.

‘You don’t look well. Allow me to take you back home.’ Ilyas said.

Heaven nodded, and within a brief moment they were back to her room. Having difficulty standing, Heaven quickly sat down on a chair with a sigh. She looked at Ilyas, embarrassed.

‘I can’t be a leader like this. I am too weak.’ She said feeling disappointed with herself. If her muscles were aching before now they hurt after the long walk. She felt weak, exhausted and confused. If she was really honest with herself, then what she truly felt was fear. She was afraid.

Her grandfather was undefeatable. He was granted an eternal life and the power to manipulate and be invisible. His kingdoms were spread over the whole world but couldn’t be found by anyone.

That is why he could only be called but never found. Those who joined his cause were said to be given access to his kingdoms through a portal guarded by his most loyal servants. In fact, only loyal demons could serve her grandfather. He had access to every demon's mind except for ancient ones. He would know immediately those who plan to betray him. If they dared.

Her grandfather was not to be underestimated.

'You are only weak if you give up.' Ilyas told her.

Heaven nodded. 'Thank you for taking me out. I'll rest for a while now.' She told him.

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Ilyas stared at her for a short moment, then nodded before disappearing. Heaven looked around her empty room. How did her life turn out like this? She was supposed to be happy now. Dancing around in her room, thinking about love and getting married. Not about her grandfather, who was trying to hurt her.

There was a knock on the door, but no one entered. 'Come in.' Heaven called.

The door opened with a creaking sound and Kate peaked inside.

'Kate!'

'My Lady.' Kate stepped inside with a smile on her face. 'Her Majesty told me you came back. I am glad you are safe.' She said walking further in before a frown settled on her face.

‘My Lady. Apologies, but you look awful.’

Heaven chuckled. ‘I have been without your care and this happened to me.’ She joked.

Kate chuckled. ‘Now that you are here, I will take good care of you again.’ She promised.

‘I am sure you will.’

Since her mother announced that she came back, Heaven thought of going outside her room since she didn’t have to hide anymore. It felt like she had been gone from home forever as she walked through the large halls. When she neared the parlor, she heard several familiar voices, sounding both sad and serious.

Slowly, she tiptoed forward and peeked inside. Her parents were sitting with Klara and Roshan. All of them looked disturbed and bothered, but it was Klara who caught her attention. Heaven had never seen Klara with tears in her eyes. She looked like she had cried a lot. Her nose, cheeks and eyes were red and there was so much sadness in her eyes.

What was going on?

‘I am sure Zarin will come back. He won’t be staying with Lucifer forever.’ Her father spoke.

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Lucifer?!

Zarin?!

Was Zarin staying with Lucifer? Why?!

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

Chapter 212: Vol3 Chapter 89

‘People will hurt you, then act like you hurt them.’

Roshan was just on his way out from the room when Klara walked in with tears in her eyes.

‘He left.’ She said crying.

Roshan wasn’t surprised, and after thinking the whole night he came to the decision to let his son go if he wanted to leave. It wasn’t easy to come to that decision, but it felt like the right thing to do at this point.

He went to his wife and wrapped his arms around her.

‘We have to do something.’ She said pulling away from him.

‘There is nothing we can do.’ He said.

‘There has to be.’ She cried. ‘We have to bring him back.’

‘Klara, we can’t force him.’

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She shook her head violently, more tears streaming down her cheeks.

‘Are you just going to let your son go? Are you not going to do something?’ She yelled, wiping her tears away.

‘What do you want me to do? I can’t force him here and lock him somewhere.’ He grabbed her face and made her look at him. ‘He is a grown man now, and he made the decision to leave. We have to let him go.’

She began to shake her head again while bursting out in tears.

Roshan cursed. He could feel her pain and it mixed with his own. He never hurt this much before.

‘Please bring back our son.’ She said grabbing his shirt then crying into his chest.

He put his arms around her shaking body and stroke her back. He wished he would never have to let his son go, but now was the time to let him learn on his own. And this time he was going to learn the hard way.

Roshan remembered what his father told him. ‘When you teach your children to walk, you have to let go of their hand at some point so they can learn to walk on their own. Someday, no matter what, you will have to let go.’

This saddened him, but he had to let his son go. This might be the only way for him to learn.

‘We can’t just let him go.’

‘We have to.’ He told her.

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‘He will never come back to us.’ She sobbed.

‘If we were good parents, then he will.’

Klara pulled back and looked at him. ‘And what if we weren’t? What if we pushed him too hard or let him get away too easily? We must have done something wrong.’ She was blaming herself like usual.

Roshan was hard on Klara in the beginning because she was too nice to her children, but with time he understood why she was the way she was. Raising demon children for someone who grew up as a human was very difficult. It came as a shock to her, and she had no clue what to do.

Being a turned demon was very different from being a half demon. Turned demons had no supernatural abilities. They just got stronger and their aging slowed down. Klara knew nothing about what it was like to have those abilities so she always felt like she was lacking as a mother, not understanding what her children were going through or what kind of things they had to deal with as half demons. So she tried to compensate for her lack of understanding with love.

Roshan had told her several times that he would help them with their demons and that she didn’t have to worry about it. But he knew she still felt guilty.

‘Maybe we did something wrong. In fact, I am sure we made a lot of mistakes. We are not perfect, but we are not terrible parents either.’

If they were so terrible that they caused their son to seek the devil, then they deserved this punishment.

‘I will find Lucifer and make him give my son back.’ She spoke, stifling her cry.

‘Lucifer is not holding our son hostage. Zarin went to him.’

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It would have been different if Zarin was forced. Then Roshan would fight for his son, but now to bring him back he would have to fight his son instead.

Grabbing his wife's face, he looked into her eyes. 'You are a warrior and if your son has any of your blood in him, he will come back. Now we have to...' He took a deep breath. He didn't even want to think about it. 'We have to go talk to Lucian and Hazel.'

Klara had just calmed down a bit, but now she started crying again. 'Oh, Lord. How can we face them? I can't.' She said.

There was a knock on the door and then Gina peeked inside. 'Is everything...' She stopped when she saw her mother.

Stepping inside, she looked at them worriedly. 'What happened?'

Roshan knew she would find out anyway, so he told her the truth. Suddenly the lines on her face hardened, and she looked like she was going to beat someone. 'I will kill him.' She said with clenched teeth. Then turning around, she rushed toward the door.

'Gina! Gina!'

Lord! What was happening to this family?

Roshan let Gina go. If she could convince her brother and beat some sense into him, he wouldn't interfere. But that was unlikely to happen.

After staying with Klara and holding her in his arms until she calmed down, they decided to go meet Lucian and Hazel.

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Klara was panicking and Roshan felt terrible and ashamed. This was their son, but Hazel and Lucian had loved him as their own. Him and Heaven and been inseparable and now....

Roshan knew the devil didn't have the power to give someone's else's mate to their son, but Lucifer was tricky and none of them knew what he was planning. They had lost their son, but they didn't wish the same for their friends. They wanted to do everything they could to prevent it but if there was one thing Roshan knew it was that the devil was unstoppable.

Lucifer could bring hell on earth when he wanted to. And he would burn everyone while he danced in the fire.

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

Chapter 213: Vol3 Chapter 90

‘If you don't like where you are. MOVE. You are not a tree.’

Heaven shouldn't have eavesdropped. Now, after knowing why Zarin went to stay with her grandfather, the sickness and nausea she felt hit her ten times harder than before. She could barely breathe or stand on her legs, so she crouched, focusing on her breathing while she listened to the rest of the conversation.

Both Klara and Roshan felt ashamed and guilty as they spoke to her parents. Klara's sad voice went straight to Heaven's heart. She had never heard her sound like that before. She was always this strong woman, who even with her loving nature was straight with them about what they

needed to do. She was a woman Heaven looked up too and Roshan was like a father figure to her.

Now their son and her childhood friend left because of her, and because of stupid promises that her grandfather made.

Oh Lord! What was he trying to do?

Heaven couldn't listen anymore. She felt her stomach tighten, pushing what was left in her stomach up to her throat. She needed to throw up. Standing up, she went wobbling back to her room and then let herself fall into her bed. The room around her was spinning, and her eyes became heavy before darkness swallowed her.

When she opened her eyes again, Kate was looming over her. 'My Lady.' Her voice seemed distant at the beginning, but then slowly became clearer. 'Are you alright?' She asked.

Heaven sat up and rubbed her eyes. 'Yes. I am fine.'

She looked around and felt at ease when she saw that it was still day. She had things to take care of.

'Kate, I need to be alone.' She told her.

Kate gazed at her with worry, but then nodded and left.

Heaven stood up and made sure she was steady on her feet before walking out to her garden. She inhaled the fresh breeze and sat outside for a while, just trying not to think of anything for a moment. Once she was calm and fully awake, she allowed the horrible thoughts to flood her mind.

She knew what she had to do. She would call her grandfather and ask him straight what he wanted, and that she had no plan to join his cause. Ever!

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But first she needed to see Zarin. She needed to talk some sense into him. But how would she call him? She would still have to call her grandfather first.

Standing up, she just called out loud, 'Grandpa!' Like a crazy woman.

'Grandpa! Grandpa! Lucifer!'

After waiting for a while, she thought this wasn't working and decided to go back to her room. When she turned around, she was startled to find her grandfather standing behind her.

'Heaven.' He smiled at her.

'Grandpa!' She didn't realize how much she had missed him before this.

He looked just like she remembered and it was hard to believe in this moment that he was the one causing her all the pain and worry she was going through.

Strangely, this time he didn't open his arms for her like he used to do, and Heaven was thankful for that. She didn't know if she would feel comfortable enough to hug him.

'Where is Zarin?' She asked, getting straight to the point.

'Zarin is where he wants to be.' He replied simply.

‘Let him go.’ She said. ‘Whatever you promised him will never happen.’

‘I am not holding him against his will, Heaven. Zarin chose to stay with me and I made him no promises.’

‘I don’t believe you.’ Heaven said, shaking her head. ‘Why would he leave his parents just to stay with you if you didn’t promise him anything?’

‘Maybe he found a place where people don’t judge him.’ It felt like he was referring to her.

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Heaven wanted to laugh out loud. Now he was going to pretend he cared for Zarin, and she didn’t.

‘What do you want? What are you trying to do?’ She asked. ‘Why is it so important I join your cause? You have many children.’

His expression changed and some unknown emotion passed through his eyes.

‘Because I see things that others don’t see. I see that you have a special gift that will make you a great ruler one day. I want someone like you by my side.’ He explained.

‘Don’t waste your time. I will never join your cause.’ She told him.

Slowly, a smile curved his lips. ‘You will change your mind later.’ He said with confidence.

Heaven wondered what made him so confident.

‘I will never change my mind. This is where I belong. With my family, so stop putting nightmares in my mind.’

He gazed at her with a serious expression for a moment before nodding. ‘Alright.’ He said. ‘I will stop putting them in your mind, but I will put them somewhere.’

Now he was showing his true colors and trying to frighten her. Heaven decided to not show him any fear. She told him what she had to say and now she wouldn’t speak to him any further. He would only get inside her head.

‘If you are not holding Zarin against his will, I want to talk to him.’

‘I will let him know.’ He said and then vanished, probably knowing she had no intention to keep talking to him.

Heaven just stood there, waiting for Zarin to come and see her. Her first thought was to punch him in the face and then scold him, but she decided to be smarter than that and not let her emotions rule her actions. Doing that might only distance him further.

She had to be smart like her grandfather, even though she didn’t know how. A part of her was still very upset and hurt after what he did to her, and the fact that he went to her grandfather to bargain about her made her even angrier.

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While telling herself to stay calm, Zarin materialised in front of her, looking like his usual self. Except, there was no smile or even a hint of happiness on his face.

‘If you called me to convince me to come, then I’ll just leave.’ He said before she could even speak.

All the effort she put into calming herself down was gone now because his attitude.

‘Why do you think I called you otherwise? To congratulate you for joining my grandfather, who is making my life miserable. Don’t tell me he is trying to help, just like you say you are trying to protect me.’

His gaze hardened and she could see him clench his jaw.

Heaven took a deep breath. She didn’t want to chase him away. ‘Your parents are very sad. Have you thought about how your absence affects them?’

He turned his gaze away from her. She could see that there was a part of him that was hurting for leaving his parents. She was thankful for that.

‘They told me to make a life for myself. That is what I am doing.’ He said.

‘And your sister... she will miss you. All of us will miss you.’ She was going to work on the guilt that he felt.

He looked back at her, so many emotions swirling in his eyes.

‘I thought you were angry with me?’ He said.

‘I am, but no matter how angry I am with you or was, I wished nothing but good things for you.’

He shook his head. ‘Heaven, I am not coming back here.’

‘Could you at least come to see me sometimes?’ She asked.

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She would slowly convince him to come back.

‘Yes.’

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

Chapter 214: Vol3 Chapter 91

‘You can’t be wise and in love at the same time.’

After Zarin went back to his new life with the devil, Heaven was left confused and disappointed. She felt lost, angry and sad. The heavy feeling in her chest and the sickness in her stomach returned. She could barely eat at dinner because her body refused to let the food in. She felt ill just looking at everything served on the table. Forcing herself to eat a little, she just longed for her bed.

Her eyelids felt heavy, her mind was chaos and her body felt sore. When she went back to her room, she looked at herself in the mirror. She noticed that the bruises on her body were still visible. Her healing ability got even slower, and it didn’t surprise her.

She had been stressed the whole day, and she didn’t get enough food or rest. The mirror showed her a thin, tired and a sluggish woman. There was nothing attractive about the woman staring back at her. Her self-confidence went out the window.

While wondering how she could make herself look better, her mother came to see her to make sure she was alright before going to bed.

Heaven knew everyone was worried for her while she was worried for them, but right now after feeling sick the whole day she just wanted to forget about her worries and have a good rest.

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Changing into her nightgown, she put her hair up and then slid under her warm blankets. At least while she was asleep, she wouldn't have to think about anything. This was her escape. But just as she closed her eyes, she remembered Zamiel.

Heaven knew she had promised to sleep with him tonight, but both her body and her brain objected to the thought. Her body refused because she was exhausted and her mind because it warned her of something. The thought of being with him frightened her and brought back the feeling of sickness.

What was she supposed to do now? She couldn't break her promise and even if she did, he would come looking for her anyway. She swallowed the fear that crept up her throat and decided to go see him.

When she arrived at his home, it was dark as usual. With heart pounding, she made her way to his room where the only light seemed to come from. Before she could enter she heard the crackling of burning wood and when she walked in a few candles were lit.

Zamiel was nowhere to be seen, and she couldn't feel his scent. Before she could wonder where he was, he appeared from thin air. He was dressed nicely, like a wealthy man with a high status. Heaven guessed he must have been outside doing business.

‘Heaven.’ He didn’t hide that he was pleased to see her.

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Heaven felt her stomach turn, fear threatened to take control over her, and she saw images from her nightmares that she didn’t want to see. She was mostly scared for him. Her brain kept sending her a thousand warning signals to stay away, yet she was here.

She looked at him closer in the dim light. He looked perfect standing there, so beautiful, and his scent mixed with the scent of burning wood brought a strange sense of warmth and security.

Before she knew he was already kissing her, as if he had been waiting the whole day just to have a taste. He kissed her fervidly, his tongue exploring her mouth with a delicate gentleness while he held her against him in an unbreakable grip. Heaven moaned against his lips. She wrapped her arms around him as a wave of heat surged through her body and she melted into him in a dizzying pleasure.

Zamiel removed the robe she was from her shoulders, only leaving her with the simple gown she wore beneath. Then he pushed her down on his bed, his arms still holding her to ease the fall while their lips still locked in a heated kiss. His body weight down on her, trapping her beneath him and covering her with his warmth.

The warning signals went off again in the back of her mind but before she could shut them out Zamiel pulled his lips away from her. He grabbed her face gently, caressing her cheek with his thumb.

‘Heaven, I won’t do anything to make you uncomfortable. I only intent to please you.’ He assured her.

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Heaven already missed his lips on hers. She had shut down the warning signals long ago. Right now all she could focus on was Zamiel's fiery mouth moving over hers. His tongue traced along the seam of her lips and Heaven opened her mouth for him in response.

He grabbed her gown, pulling it up to reveal her bare legs. His hand slid under the gown, caressing her thighs with his palm. That was enough to make Heaven lose her mind. Then she felt the tip of his fangs graze her lips, before his mouth moved down her jaw and to her neck. He bit her teasingly, causing her to whimper.

His hands stroke the insides of her thighs, increasing the heat of her body. She writhed beneath him, her body responding to his touch by sending waves of heat deep into her core. Her fingers entangled in his soft hair in a desperate manner, urging him on. Her back arched as his hand slowly and teasingly traveled up her thigh until he was touching where she was aching the most.

A gasp left her mouth and then she bit her lips to not cry out of frustration.

Zamiel began to stroke her gently and rhythmically, setting the blood in her veins on fire. Heaven's lips parted in a silent cry and her breath came out in shallow pants.

The tension in her belly got tighter with every stroke, slowly building up, causing every muscle in her body to tense. It felt like she was hanging from a cliff, waiting to fall into the ocean.

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Heaven grasped the sheets in a desperate need when the tension became unbearable and then she cried out in an intense sensual relief that sent tingling heat all the way down to her toes.

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

Chapter 215: Vol3 Chapter 92

‘Do what you feel in your heart to be right, for you will be criticized anyway.’

Heaven just lay still in bed for a moment, her body left in utter bliss. She could feel the sparks of pleasure going through her body, and her legs were still trembling slightly.

How could she feel like this just from being touched?

The ceiling seemed to sway as she stared at it, while catching her breath. Her heart was beating fast and loud in the silent room, as if she had been chased by someone.

Zamiel was lying on the side next to her, propped up on one elbow with his hand supporting his head. He watched her with satisfaction while she took her time to recover.

‘Did you enjoy it?’ He asked, his fingers traveling up her leg and thigh.

Heaven nodded as she turned to him. Her gaze fell right on his mouth, on the sharp tips of his fangs that peeked behind his lips. His eyes were locked on her neck before he looked at her.

There seemed to be some kind of pleasure in biting beside marking, and Heaven wanted to please him as well. She touched the other side of her neck where she didn't feel sore.

'You can bite me if you want.' She told him.

A frown settled between his eyebrows. 'Your healing seems to be slow. You need to recover first.' He looked at the bruises on her body. 'I will be more careful.'

'I am fine. It didn't hurt at all.' She said.

He brought his hand to her face and caressed her cheek with the back of his hand. 'You look tired.' He pointed.

'I am.' She admitted.

'What happened?'

Her lips curved into a smile. 'First tell me what did I promise? And what did you promise?'

He smiled back. 'Are you negotiating?'

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'Well, you made me promise things when I was in a vulnerable state. That is called taking advantage.'

Zamiel chuckled. 'I don't need to get you in a vulnerable state to make you promise things.' He teased.

She shot him a hard glare, which made him chuckle even more. ‘Don’t forget that even if you are ancient, you are vulnerable with me.’ Even though she was being playful, she felt a sting in her heart when she said those words.

‘That is not a threat coming from someone who promised to protect me, even in her vulnerable state.’

Was that what she had promised him ?

His eyes narrowed. ‘What is it with the protecting promises?’ He asked her.

‘I...’ She sat up and turned to him before taking a deep breath.

Zamiel got himself up as well and sat facing her.

‘I am afraid to hurt you. You know that.’ She spoke.

His eyes softened. ‘I know. And I told you I know you won’t do it. You are letting the nightmares affect you.’

Maybe she was, but there was this gut feeling that she couldn’t shake off. Something inside of her was warning her.

‘I feel like something bad is going to happen.’ She admitted.

Zamiel watched her for a moment before he spoke. ‘I am sure something will happen, but you can’t let the fear of it happening prevent you from living your life. If you are scared and worried, it will make you more tired, and that will benefit your grandfather.’

Heaven nodded. He was right. She was feeding her fear, making herself sick instead of recovering. She should try to not think about it.

‘Rest now.’ He said, pushing her down playfully.

Heaven let herself fall back with a smile, then adjusted herself so she was lying right. Zamiel stood up and took his jacket off. He loosened his shirt and then got in bed with her, covering them both with the blankets.

She snuggled against the warmth of his body, and he wrapped his arms around her. Even though she just wanted to enjoy this moment, she had to tell him what happened today with Zarin.

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‘Something else happened today.’ She began. ‘I find out Zarin joined my grandfather.’

Zamiel pulled back to look at her. ‘Why?’ He asked.

Heaven shrugged. ‘Grandpa made him promises that he would help him get me.’

It was so stupid she shook her head. She felt anger rise within her again. She wanted to punch him, kick him and yell at him. She wanted to fight him. How could he cause his parents so much pain?

While she didn’t even want to think about what would happen to her parents if the devil took her away, he went there on his own. She wondered what was going through his mind? Her grandfather would now exploit him in every way, and the Zarin she once knew would be gone forever.

Zamiel popped up on an elbow. 'How do you feel?' He asked her.

Angry, was her first thought. She was angry. Angry at two people she called family hurting her this way, and angry for still wishing and hoping they would be better.

But she was also sad. Sad for the ones hurt and sad for the ones inflicting the pain. They were blind to the truth.

'I feel so many things.' She admitted.

'I don't want you to think it is your fault.' He told her.

Heaven chuckled. Wouldn't it be easy if it was her fault? She would have just apologized.

'I know.'

'Good.' He said stroking her head.

'I spoke to him and grandfather today.'

She expected him to panic, but he remained calm. 'What did you talk about?'

Heaven sighed. 'Is it wrong that I feel disappointed when I see him? That I keep hoping this is just some nightmare and my grandfather is actually good.'

'No. It is your grandfather. We don't easily accept when our family becomes our enemy.' He said.

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Just hearing those two words, family and enemy, in the same sentence made so many emotions run through her.

‘He seemed so sure that I would join him.’ She added.

‘Don’t let that affect you. He wants you to feel unsure of yourself.’

‘I know.’ And Zarin was probably part of his plan as well. Why would he promise him someone else’s mate when he has no power over such things?

‘Why do you think grandfather let Zarin join him?’ She asked Zamiel.

Zamiel seemed thoughtful for a moment. ‘He probably knows about your fight and his fight with his family.’

Fight? So her grandfather was using the fight against her?

His parents were blaming and questioning themselves. Maybe he wanted her to feel the same way.

And by his parents telling her parents about why their son joined the devil, maybe he wanted to plant hatred between them. Cause a fight that would split them up. That way he could easily defeat them if the families were separated.

But her grandfather was so wrong. He didn’t know her or her family. Her parents had already told Zarin’s parents that they would try to talk to him. When her grandmother finds out, Heaven was sure even she would try to talk some sense into Zarin. Maybe Zarin needs to hear the truth from different people than just his parents, in case he thought his parents’ views were wrong or that they were too demanding.

She knew he had a soft spot for her father. She hoped he would get through to him and her grandmother was good at showing the light in the dark. But her mother, hopefully her mother's kindness, would be what affects him the most.

Heaven didn't know if she would be able to persuade him. She had seen a hint of guilt when she spoke about his parents, which gave her hope, but she didn't know if that guilt would be enough. Maybe with the help of her parents and everyone else, they could make him see the truth. At the end of the day, all they could do was talk to him and show him goodness. If her friend had any goodness in him, which she believed he had, then he would choose the right path.

What about her grandfather? Did he have any goodness in him? Would he ever leave her alone even if he couldn't be a good grandfather?

She hated herself at this moment for even thinking that so she pushed the thought away.

'I have tried to talk to Zarin and... I asked him if he could meet me again. I know you don't like him.' She began. 'I don't want to do anything that upsets you.'

She wanted to help Zarin and his family. Roshan has raised her like his own daughter, spending more time with her than her own father when her father was very busy with state affairs at the beginning of his rule. Klara was a teacher to all of them, including her mother. She was someone who supported them unconditionally.

Klara and Roshan were her second parents, and it hurt to see them hurt, but if helping Zarin would come between her and Zamiel, then she would leave it at that.

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Because now, Zamiel was her family as well.

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

Chapter 216: Vol3 Chapter 93

‘If you can’t be kind, be quiet.’

Zamiel had been busy the whole day taking care of and expand his business. He had to make a name for himself so he could be someone worthy of marrying a princess.

A princess had to marry a man of either wealth, status, or both. She couldn’t marry a common man.

Establishing a business wasn’t difficult, but he had to find trustworthy people to work for him. The trading of his items had already reached other kingdoms, and now he needed more people to work for him. Zamiel wanted to select the workers personally. He wasn’t the type to trust easily.

While taking care of his matters, he had felt something through the mating bond. It was a diffuse feeling, but he knew Heaven wasn’t feeling well. Despite knowing that, the bond never urged him to go look for her, and Zamiel wondered why. Leaving everything else behind him, he went to see her.

Heaven was dressed simply to not attract attention and was walking around the market with Ilyas by her side. He could tell she wasn’t feeling

well but now that he was closer to her the bond between them urged him to leave her alone.

That is when he understood what was happening. Heaven wasn't feeling safe to be around him right now. It probably had to do with her constant promises that she wanted to protect him. She was still afraid of hurting him.

Zamiel wanted to walk over and shake her. She was so stubborn, and he wished she would listen to him and trust herself around him. But he couldn't blame her when he had felt the same way before. Now, after saying goodbye to his family successfully, he rarely had any nightmares. Still, he was careful. It could all be the devil tricking him to feel relaxed and then suddenly strike.

Before he knew his feet were taking him toward Heaven and the closer he got, the more the bond tried to push him away. The mark was all about the mate's safety and protection and right now she didn't want him around. Clenching his hands at the sides of his body, he took himself back home. The last thing he wanted was for him to be the reason she felt sick.

If Heaven wanted to be with him, then she would have to get over her fear of hurting him. They couldn't be together this way.

The latest episodes are on the website.

Zamiel decided to leave her alone for now and give her some time. If she didn't get over her fear until tonight and didn't come to see him as she promised, then they needed to have a serious talk.

Going back to his business, he had to work until late at night, because he had left earlier and all that time he couldn't get Heaven out of his mind.

Would she come to see him tonight? Or would she let her fear hold her back?

Only time would tell.

When he arrived at his home, he was so relieved when he smelled her heavenly scent that filled his home. And then there she stood in the dim light of his room, looking as tempting as always, and all the scolding he had prepared left his mind at that second. All he could say was her name and nothing else.

What followed was his demon taking over, and he kissed her without a second word.

Zamiel could still feel her fear sometimes while he pleased her, but this time she wasn't pushing him away. And then she opened up about her fear to hurt him, which he appreciated, but he realized maybe he should take it a little more serious this time. She was clearly scared for a reason, and he became worried for her.

Heaven calling her grandfather wasn't a surprise to him, but Zarin joining the devil came as a surprise. Zamiel knew that Zarin was full of hatred, but he never thought he would be such a fool to believe anything the devil promised him. That was completely reckless, and he was being self-destructive.

Zamiel knew very well what it was like to be self-destructive. He had walked that path once before, where he was completely blinded by the hatred he felt.

Love and hate were powerful emotions. They could either save or destroy.

Heaven's love had saved him when he thought the only way he could find peace was through his death. Even if he hated her being with Zarin, he couldn't stop her from helping someone who had been so close to her and who was in the same situation he had been in. Especially not after saying that she didn't want to upset him.

'Heaven, you do what you feel is right. I won't be upset with you.' He told her. 'I will only be upset if you distance yourself from me. Don't let fear come between us.'

The source of this _chapter;

She looked at him in silence for a moment, and he wished he knew what she was thinking. 'Alright. I won't let that happen.' She spoke at last.

'Good.' He said stroking her head. Then he remembered what he had found while walking by the market. 'I have a gift for you.'

'A gift?'

'Yes.' He sat up and reached inside his pocket for a golden anklet that he bought for her after seeing it in a store.

Heaven pushed herself up and stared at the item in his hand.

'Let me help you wear it.' He said grabbing her leg.

Heaven watched him with a smile as he tied the anklet around her ankle. She had never worn an anklet before. It was a chain with moons and stars hanging from it. It was beautiful.

'It is beautiful.' She said touching it. 'Thank you. I have never worn an anklet before because no one can see it.'

‘That is why I bought it for you. It is something only I can see you wear.’
He said looking at her intimately, which caused her to blush.

Then he wrapped his strong fingers around her ankle and pulled her leg, causing her to fall back in bed with a chuckle. He leaned over her and kissed her.

‘Your body doesn’t need adornment, but I intend to adorn it with kisses and touches from now on.’ He spoke between the kisses.

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She smiled against his lips before kissing him back. ‘I would love to be adorned, dear husband.’

Zamiel pulled back surprised, before staring at her. She looked at him with a blush.

‘You will be adorned if you call me that from now on.’ He said.

‘Are you trying to bargain with me?’ She asked him.

‘Yes.’

‘You are shameless.’ She said.

‘It is give and take.’ He reminded teasingly.

After teasing and talking for a while, she fell asleep in his arms.

Zamiel watched her sleep peacefully while he listened to her breathing and her calm heartbeat. How he wished she could sleep like this every

time. He hated that he was one of the reasons she had to worry so much. It tugged at his heart.

Once again he found himself in a situation where he was useless. How could he protect this woman? The devil was immortal, invincible and untouchable. Even if Zamiel caused destruction, everyone would be destroyed, but the devil would still be standing.

What could stop the devil?

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

Lots of love ♥

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

Chapter 217: Vol3 Chapter 94

‘ Fear does not stop death. It stops life.’ - Unknown.

Heaven woke up as soon as the sunlight peeked through the window. Yawning, she stretched in bed. Her muscles felt better today, which she was thankful for because she had a lot to do. She couldn't let fear make her weak and stop her from living her everyday life and being productive.

She glanced at Zamiel, who he was sleeping next to her. He made minimalistic movements when asleep; she realized. Even his breathing

was nearly nonexistent. Almost as if he was dead. It must be an ancient thing, she thought.

Pushing herself up on an elbow, she reached for his face. Removing the hair, she let her fingers slide over his sculpted cheek and jaw. 'Zamiel.' She called gently.

When he didn't wake up, so she shook him slightly. She didn't want to leave without letting him know, and she had to go back home fast before her mother visited her. Heaven knew she would since she had been worried.

Zamiel stirred in his sleep. 'Hmm.'

'I need to go.' She whispered then turned to climb down the bed when he wrapped his strong arm around her waist preventing her from leaving.

'Zamiel. I need to go.' She repeated, but he didn't let go.

'I would like to stay, but I don't want to worry anyone and I have a lot of things to take care of.' She explained calmly.

His tight grip around her waist loosened, and Heaven pulled herself away from his grip and climbed down. She looked back at him and he gazed at her through squinted eyes.

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'Don't exhaust yourself and make sure to eat.' He told her.

His morning voice sent butterflies straight to her stomach. 'I will.' She said sliding her arms into her robe and then tying it around her waist. She kissed him goodbye, then went back to her room.

Since it was very early, she felt at ease knowing Kate couldn't have visited her yet. Heaven was used to taking care of herself, so she changed and then combed and her hair. She braided the sides of her head, then pinned the braids in the middle with silver pins.

Just when she was done, her stomach growled loudly, reminding her of her empty stomach. The little she had managed to eat yesterday, she ended throwing up. But it was too early for breakfast, so she decided to pay her grandmother a visit.

Her grandmother liked to wake up early for some reason. She would make her favorite tea, water her plants, and take care of her garden. But most importantly, she would feed the animals in her house. She had plenty of birds, two cats and other creatures. Some of them scary, like the snake. Her home was like a colorful forest and you wouldn't know what beast you would come across next.

Not that there was anything worse than demons. Even the animals would flinch and run away from them.

When Heaven arrived, she smelled the aroma of herbal tea and flowers. Her grandmother sat on the porch and was knitting something when she sensed her presence and looked up.

'Heaven.' A smile lit up her face. 'What brings you here so early? You should rest.'

Of course. Everyone was worried for her and talking about resting all the time. Heaven didn't want all of them to be worried, then they would all be weak and tired instead of strong.

‘I rested well, grandma.’ Heaven assured and went to sit with her at the table.

Her grandmother lived all alone in her house now. Even though she spends most of the time at the castle, she didn’t want to move in with them. She liked living in her home, but Heaven thought it was lonely to live alone. Especially in a house where she built memories with her grandfather, and now he left them all.

Follow current _ on

‘I called grandpa yesterday and spoke to him.’ Heaven began feeling a little nervous to see her grandmother’s reaction.

But her grandmother only nodded. She wasn’t even surprised. ‘What did you talk about?’ She asked.

Heaven tried to read her grandmother’s expression, but she was completely calm and gave nothing away. ‘Are you not disappointed I called him?’ She asked.

Irene frowned. ‘Why would I be?’

Heaven shrugged. ‘Because you warned me about him, yet I called him.’

She had wanted to call him several times before but refrained from it. Even though she trusted her grandmother’s words completely, Heaven only had good memories of her grandfather. With only those good memories of him, it was difficult to see him as her enemy. Now, she didn’t regret calling him. It helped her see with her own eyes who her grandfather truly was and she was more convinced than before.

‘When I warned you about him, I didn’t expect you not to seek him out. He is your grandfather, after all. He was there most of your childhood. I didn’t expect your feelings about him to change because of a few words that I said.’

Heaven was surprised when she shouldn’t be. Her grandmother had always been the understanding one.

‘I am sorry. I must have made you feel like you had to choose sides when I asked you to tell me if your grandfather visits you. It felt like I was asking you to hate him when I told you about his plans, but I don’t expect you to do that. It took me a lot of time to accept who your grandfather was and let him go. I know it will take time for you as well.’

Sadness settled in Heaven’s heart as she listened to her grandmother. Letting go of her mate must have been very painful. Heaven couldn’t imagine leaving Zamiel or him leaving her. How would she live without him? What kind of life would that be?

‘You didn’t make me feel that way. I know you were only trying to protect me.’

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Truth was if her grandfather wanted to meet her and talk to her, no one could stop him. Now she wondered why he didn’t come to visit her more often if he wanted her to follow him.

‘Have you spoken to grandpa?’ Heaven asked when she already knew the answer.

Her grandmother must have already tried to convince him.

‘Your grandfather made it clear that there is nothing he care for more than his mission.’ She replied.

Why was his mission so important? Even more important than his mate.

‘What did you talk to him about?’ She then asked Heaven.

Heaven shrugged. ‘I didn’t say much. I only told him that I had no intention of joining his cause. I called him mostly because I wanted to talk to Zarin. Do you know what happened?’

Irene nodded looking sad. ‘Yes. I never imagined that to happen.’

Neither did Heaven. This was a shock to all of them. Klara and Roshan had been very sad but Heaven almost forgot how sad her grandmother would be. They were all her children. Both the children and grandchildren and now all of them were hurt in some way.

‘Don’t worry grandma. I am sure he will come back.’ She said with more enthusiasm than she intended.

Heaven was only hoping but when her grandmother looked up and stared into her eyes she saw determination. ‘He will come back.’ She said confidently.

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Oh God! What was her grandmother going to do?

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

Chapter 218: Vol3 Chapter 95

‘Thinking is difficult. That is why most people judge.’ - Carl Jung

Heaven had a bad feeling. Irene would do anything for her children, and Zarin was her child as much as she was. She didn't like the look in her eyes. Her grandmother had always been calm and very careful with her actions. She hoped she had a plan and wasn't acting on emotion.

'What are you planning to do?' Heaven asked worriedly.

'I'll talk to him.' She said.

Heaven tilted her head to one side. That look in her eyes earlier couldn't have meant only talking. 'Talking to him is good. I am sure you will lend him some wisdom but you don't have to do anything else.' Heaven reminded.

Irene smiled. 'Don't worry. I will only talk to him.' She assured.

Heaven wondered what kind of talking would happen that made her so confident that Zarin would come back. Hopefully, her grandmother didn't have any other plans that she wasn't telling her.

After helping her grandmother feed the bird and water the plants, both of them went to the castle and had breakfast with her mother. Heaven was able to enjoy her breakfast this time, and she emptied her plate.

'I am glad you have the appetite to eat again.' Her mother spoke.

'I am happy too.' Heaven said.

After a while, her father joined them. He leaned down pretending to want to kiss Heaven but turned his head to kiss his wife.

This content is taken from

Heaven gave him a hurt look, and he chuckled as he sat down.

‘Your father is just a very romantic man.’ Her mother spoke, finding excuses for her husband.

This was the time when the two of them gathered to tease her.

‘I am sure he is.’ Heaven said picking an apple from the fruit basket.
‘But not the most romantic one.’ She said taking a bite.

Her father raised a brow. ‘Really?’

Heaven nodded while chewing.

Irene leaned back in her chair with her cup of tea and a smirk on her face.

Her father looked at her mother for help. He didn’t want to brag about himself.

‘Your father took me to the woods at night to see a thousand flying lights, and we shared our first kiss there.’

Heaven swallowed the food in her mouth. Why did her mother have to bring up kissing? That did sound romantic, but not more romantic than her first kiss. She had shared her first kiss with Zamiel among a thousand stars in the ocean.

They both looked at her, waiting for her to say something. Right. So this was how they were going to make her talk?

She would not share her first kiss with her parents. That was embarrassing and an inappropriate behavior. But they were demons, so they acted a bit differently when it came to affection. Still Heaven kept her mouth shut.

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‘Father is indeed very romantic.’ She agreed, knowing she couldn’t win this one without telling much about her relationship with Zamiel.

Her mother smiled, taking her father’s hand. ‘Your father makes me feel like the most beautiful woman on earth.’ She said feeling more romantic herself today.

Oh. So her mother would not give up this time ?

Heaven smiled. She was happy for her parents, of course, but if they wanted to play, then she would kill their mood for a while. A little revenge wouldn’t hurt. ‘Zamiel makes me feel like the most powerful woman on earth. I am already beautiful.’ She shrugged.

Her father chuckled, but her mother looked at her baffled. ‘Are you saying I am ugly?’

‘No, Your Majesty.’ She held out her hands as if afraid. ‘I wouldn’t dare. Who do you think I inherited my beauty from?’

Her mother smiled at her, but just then Heaven added. ‘From grandmother, of course.’ As soon as she spoke, she quickly rose from her seat with a grin while everyone chuckled and her mother glared at her while nodding.

Heaven chuckled. 'I love you, mother.' She said wrapping her arms around her mother's shoulders and kissing her cheek to console her. 'I wish I could inherit everything from you.'

'One of you is enough.' Her father joked.

'Yes. You two take turns to tease me.' Her mother complained.

'It is because we love you the most.' Her father replied and then winked at Heaven.

But both of them knew it was true. No matter how much time Heaven and her father spend together at the end of the day, they would often end up fighting for a place to sleep next to her mother.

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Now that she grew up, her father was probably happy to be rid of her. And he made her room several quarters away from his so she wouldn't end up running to their room in the middle of the night.

Clever man.

After some fun with her family, Heaven went to see Klara and Roshan. She wanted them to know that nothing of what Zarin did was their fault. She loved the same as always and would never blame them. She also missed Gina and hoped that everything was alright with her friend.

Klara was the first person Heaven came across. It looked like the woman didn't sleep for days. Oh, lord!

'Heaven.' She seemed to panic for a moment.

‘Princess Klara.’ Heaven smiled. ‘I am sorry I came uninvited.’

‘Don’t be a fool. Come in.’ She said.

She led her to the parlor and where Roshan was sitting with another man that resembled him, but his aura was something else. It was like the one of her grandfather and Zamiel. Cold, calm yet powerful. He was an ancient and Heaven already guesses that he was Roshan’s father.

She thought she must have seen him once before, but when he smiled at her, she became sure.

The man stood up from his seat and walked up to her with such ease and elegance.

‘Princess Heaven.’ He bowed to greet her, which she found odd. Roshan never did that unless he was teasing her, but this man was serious. ‘You have grown into a beautiful woman. You look just like your grandmother.’ He spoke when he lifted his head again.

‘Thank you.’ Heaven said, trying to keep her composure.

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‘Heaven!’

Heaven turned when she heard the call of her name. Gina stood at the entrance with a displeased look in her eyes. Heaven felt her heart sink. Oh, no! What did that look mean? Please, not Gina. She didn’t want to lose the only friend she had left.

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

Chapter 219: Vol13 Chapter 96

‘Our strength grows out of our weakness.’ – Ralph Waldo Emerson

‘Gina.’ Heaven watched her friend as she crossed the distance between them. She had never seen Gina look so serious and angry before, and it made her feel nervous.

From the way she walked, Heaven expected a slap, but Gina ended up wrapping her arms around her friend.

Heaven let out a breath of relief and hugged her friend back, but then Gina spoke in her ear. ‘We need to talk.’ Thankfully, she didn’t sound angry. It sounded more like she wanted to scold her about something.

Heaven could only guess what.

‘Alright.’ She responded.

‘I’ll wait for you upstairs.’ Gina said pulling back and then she left.

Heaven sat next to Klara and in front of Roshan and his father. The resemblances still threw her off, and she would have guessed that they were brother’s if she didn’t feel the power emanating from his father.

Darius Golchin.

Most people knew who he was because of his extensive wealth and business. She could already see all the gold that adorned his clothing, especially the heavy golden belt. He dressed no less than a royalty.

‘You must have heard about Zarin. We are sorry.’ Roshan apologized.

‘No! Please don’t be. It is not your fault.’ Heaven felt even more angry now that his parents had to apologize for him.

Klara was awkwardly silent. Probably feeling more guilty than Roshan.

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Darius sat relaxed, expressing no feelings. Heaven wondered if he was here for Zarin, and if so, what did he plan to do? Even if he was ancient, what could he possibly do?

He looked up at her, knowing exactly what she was thinking. She almost forgot he could hear her thoughts.

‘I’ll go make us some tea.’ Klara said, standing up. She left in a hurry, almost as if she had to make it quick. It was strange.

‘Father!’ Roshan said with clenched teeth, looking angry.

Heaven understood that Darius had somehow compelled her.

‘I think it is better she doesn’t hear if we want to speak the truth here.’ Darius explained himself calmly. ‘Heaven have many questions, and it is good if she gets some answers to help her.’

Questions?

Darius turned to her. ‘Deep down, you have many questions about your grandfather and you want answers. Don’t you?’

Heaven remembered that she had wanted to talk to Roshan about her grandfather but forgot when the whole thing with Zarin happened. She

had wanted to gather all the information she could about the devil so she would be prepared for whatever the outcome would be.

‘I wanted to know what it is like to be with the devil. I know you joined him once before.’

Roshan frowned. ‘Are you thinking of joining him?’

‘No. But you taught me to be prepared for any outcome. I just want to know about him and his kingdoms.’

‘Don’t even think of that possibility.’ Roshan warned, looking more serious than usual. ‘It is easier to fight him from here than if you join him. Once you go there, it is very hard to come back. His kingdoms are made to trap you without you even realizing it. You will think that you are on vacation in paradise. He isn’t the devil for no reason. He can find darkness in the brightest of hearts.’

Darius nodded in agreement.

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‘So is Zarin not coming back?’ Heaven asked, feeling a little scared of this revelation.

Roshan averted his gaze, but she caught the fear and doubt in his eyes before they turned away.

Oh Lord!

‘But you two came back.’ She said in desperation.

‘We joined your grandfather because we made a deal. We thought the payment to join his cause wouldn’t be a problem. We would work for him a hundred years, then we would be free. But we got lost, and we stayed with him for another hundred years. That is how good he is.’

Darius explained.

Two hundred years ?!

‘Your grandfather wants people who willingly join his cause. He could just compel everyone, but then the sin will not be theirs. It will be his. That is why he gives everyone the choice to join him. You have to know that the choice is ultimately yours, so don’t let him fool you into making that decision. As long as you truly want to stay here, you have nothing to fear.’ He continued.

Roshan somehow didn’t seem to agree with him. ‘The choice is yours, but it won’t be easy. You will be tempted to make the wrong choice.’

‘You shouldn’t scare her.’

‘I am preparing her.’ Roshan corrected. ‘The devil is not someone to be underestimated. Don’t think of him as your grandfather because he cares for no one. He has killed...’ He halted, as if realizing he was saying too much.

‘Well, if you are going to prepare her, you might as well tell her everything.’ His father commented.

‘Please go on.’ Heaven urged with heart beating wildly. What did her grandfather do? ‘I want to know.’

‘I just want you to understand the seriousness of this.’ He began. ‘Your grandfather shows no mercy to those who provoke him. Even his own family. Only once did a few demons go against him, and he killed the whole family. The whole bloodline was wiped off the face of earth. He chased the last one of them down to the oceans. After that incident, no demon in their right mind had dared to provoke him.’

Why was he telling her this ?

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‘We have many people we care about.’ He added. ‘You have to be careful with your choices.’

Now she understood. He was warning her that her family could be in danger if she made the wrong choice. Heaven already knew that. If she followed the devil, her family would do anything to save her and then they would be in danger. And if the story Roshan was telling was true, then they would be in real danger.

‘If you go to your grandfather, I won’t help your family to save you. I will try to make them understand that it was your choice.’ He said and she could tell it was hard for him to tell her that.

‘Thank you.’ She said, but realized that her voice broke. She didn’t realize how much his words actually affected her.

She was thankful that he wanted to help her family, but she couldn’t deny that she felt hurt. Roshan had always been close to her heart, and this hard demeanor of his made her pain.

But what did she expect? He wasn't saving his son. Why would he save her? Especially if she chose to go to her grandfather. She wouldn't be worth risking anyone's life for.

'I'll go see where Klara is.' He said standing up and leaving without meeting her gaze.

Heaven felt tears prickle her eyes. God! What was wrong with her? She was not going to cry.

Darius stood up from his seat and came to sit next to her. 'Don't cry.' He said putting a gentle hand on her shoulder, as a tear that fell down her cheek. 'He is just talking. He doesn't mean that. He is taking out his anger toward his son on you, and he is being harsh because he doesn't want you do to the same mistake. He doesn't want to lose another child.'

Heaven nodded, wiping the tear away from her cheek. She felt stupid. 'I know.' She croaked.

'We care about our children so much that we would be willing to risk our lives for them. But Roshan feels bound since he has another child to care for and protect as well.'

Darius had a calming voice as he explained to her, and she suddenly understood Roshan's struggle even more. He had to be wise and calm when he probably just wanted to run to save his child. The fear she had seen in his eyes was real. He feared to lose his son forever.

'Is there anything I can do?' She asked.

'There isn't much any of us can do. We can just talk to him and hope.'

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‘What can I do to not let myself be tempted?’

Darius was quiet for a moment before he spoke. ‘Be you.’ He said surprising her.

‘You are full of love and light. Even when you have the right to hate, you choose to love. When you have the right to ignore, you choose to care. That is your weakness, but also your biggest strength. So be you, because you are everything your grandfather stands against.’

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

Chapter 220: Vol3 Chapter 97

‘If love is your weakness. Then you are extremely strong.’ -Unknown

Heaven didn't feel like being herself was enough. Was she strong enough just the way she was? Could she fight her grandfather by just being herself? She wasn't sure.

‘How many children does grandfather have?’ Heaven asked Darius.

‘Seven or Eight.’ Darius replied.

‘And he only has five kingdoms. Then why does he need me?’

Darius studied her quietly for a moment. ‘I think you have something that they don't. As ancients, we can sense humans or demons that are special or have something special and you have it. I don't know what it is, but I can feel it. Maybe your grandfather knows exactly what it is and wants it. Do you know what it is?’

Heaven shook her head. She noticed nothing special about herself.

‘Does your mate notice something different about you?’ He asked.

Zamiel was also ancient. He would have known if something was different about her.

‘I don’t think so.’ She replied.

He nodded. ‘I can tell there is something about you. Try to ask him. I am sure he will be able to figure it out with the bond you two have.’

‘I will.’ Heaven said.

She would ask him as soon as she saw him again, but the feeling of sickness came back now that she thought of him. What was happening? She thought everything was alright after last night.

Pushing the feeling away, she decided to go and see Gina. Thanking Darius for his help, she went upstairs to her friend’s room. Hopefully Gina wouldn’t scold her too much. With everything that had been going on in her life, she hadn’t spoken to her for a while. Maybe that was why she was upset.

Gina was reading a paper when Heaven walked into her room. She looked up, then put the paper away before standing up from her seat.

‘Heaven.’ She smiled but Heaven could see there was sadness in her friend’s smile as she walked over to her. She motioned for her to sit down and they sat on her bed.

‘You scared me earlier.’ Heaven admitted.

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‘Well, we haven’t seen each other for a while and you didn’t come to see me after you came back.’

‘I am sorry. My mind hasn’t been in the right place for a while.’ Heaven explained herself.

‘It’s alright. I almost thought you were angry with me because of my brother.’ She said.

‘No! Never! You are not your brother.’ Heaven would never be upset with Gina because of Zarin.

Gina looked down at her hands with a sad expression. ‘I know what he did and I know it is really bad but... I can’t hate him.’

Heaven took Gina’s hands in hers. ‘And you shouldn’t. He is your brother.’

‘He is the worst brother.’ She said.

‘He is.’ Heaven agreed.

‘But... I want to help him. I don’t know why father is just letting him go. He might never come back.’ She whispered the last sentence, almost as if afraid to hear it or say it out loud. And she had every right to be afraid.

According to Roshan and Darius, it was very rare for someone to come back once they joined her grandfather and she knew that Roshan desperately wanted to save his son, but he had to protect Gina as well.

‘You know he listens to you more than anyone. I know I am being selfish and rude to ask you to help him after everything he did but... I am desperate.’ She admitted.

Heaven had never seen Gina like this before and never ever had Gina asked her for something. This was the first time, and Heaven felt bad that there wasn’t much she could do. She didn’t want Gina to do anything rash and dangerous either, so she had to explain the situation to her.

Taking a deep breath, Heaven looked Gina in the eyes. ‘I do want to help and I will talk to Zarin, but that is all I can do and all you can do as well. You shouldn’t do more than that. I know you care about your brother, but you have to think of your parents as well. Don’t make them worry about you too.’

Gina shook her head with a sad smile. She wasn’t convinced.

‘My grandfather is trying to separate us by keeping Zarin. He knows we might disagree with each other because of your brother. We can’t let that happen. We have to stay together. I know you want to help your brother and so do I, but we can’t force him nor can we lure him. That won’t make us any different from my grandfather. Zarin has to come back accepting the truth and not a lie.’

‘So you won’t help me?’ Gina asked with a grim expression and almost an angry voice.

Heaven tried to keep her calm. After all the explaining, Gina was still not understanding.

‘Help you with what?’

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‘To get my brother back.’

‘And how are we supposed to do that besides talking?’ Heaven asked.

‘You don’t want to lure him, but that is a good idea. We just have to bring him back for a while and then we will convince after.’

‘That is not a good idea. That is lying to him and once he knows he will leave forever and never trust us again.’

‘We can talk to your grandfather.’ She suggested desperately.

Heaven shook her head. ‘We could, but to what end? Unless you make a deal with him, he won’t agree to anything you say. Or... he might pretend to agree and make you believe all the lies he tells you. Don’t do that!’

Gina stood up hastily. ‘I have to do something.’ She said frustrated.

Heaven stood up as well. She knew Gina wasn’t thinking clearly and being emotional, but she couldn’t help being a little harsh with her words.

‘Yes. Why don’t you go ahead? Come up with a plan or a lie to bring your brother back and my grandfather will know before you even execute your plan or tell the lie and he will use that to turn your brother against you. He will make you look bad and you will ruin the little chance there is for your brother to come back. And your parents will have to worry about another reckless child.’ Heaven didn’t breathe once between the sentences.

Gina stared at her wide eyed. She had never seen Heaven speak like that before.

Heaven took a deep breath, then tried to speak calmly. 'All I am saying is, you can't make someone do the right thing by doing wrong. You have to do what is right.'

Gina kept staring in shock, and then she spoke. 'You have really changed.'

Oh no! The last thing she needed right now was for her friend to see her differently.

'In a good way, I mean.' She added. 'You seem stronger.'

Heaven let out a breath of relief. She didn't feel strong, but she had to pretend to be. 'Everything is going to be alright.' She told her giving her a hug. 'Please, just do nothing without telling your parents. We are all going to talk to Zarin.'

Gina nodded at last.

They spend some time together after and Heaven told her about everything that happened with the mission and Zamiel. Gina was excited for her as usual and told her about her own adventures in her grandfather's business world. Heaven felt proud that Gina had accomplished so much already. She had really missed her friend.

Before going back home, she went downstairs to say goodbye to Roshan and Klara. She came across Roshan in the hall, and he seemed to regret what he said to her earlier. Heaven could see it in his eyes, even if he didn't say it out loud.

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'I never congratulated you for doing well on your mission.' He said.

‘Well, I didn’t succeed.’ She shrugged.

‘But you impressed many. You were clever.’ He told her.

Heaven felt pressure when people complimented her because she really didn’t think she did that well. Had she gone there with a plan and executed it, then she would feel proud, but she had only been lucky so far. An opportunity presented itself, and all she did was take advantage of it.

As a general she would have to know how to plan ahead, so she wasn’t angry about not getting the general title yet. She still had a lot to learn.

‘I was able to do it because of everything you and Klara taught me. I learned more from you than my own parents. I am sure Zarin has learned too and he will come back because he has parents like you. He won’t be able to find what he had here anywhere else.’

Heaven hoped her words would give Roshan some comfort.

Roshan smiled and stroke her hair, like he used to do when she was little. ‘You have matured so well.’ He said.

‘Heaven, are you going home?’ Klara came to the hall.

‘Yes.’

‘Why don’t you stay for lunch?’ She suggested.

‘Maybe some other time. I have a lot to do today.’

‘You need to eat and rest. You have lost weight.’ Klara pointed, looking worried.

Heaven smiled. 'I will.' She promised.

Giving Klara a hug and saying goodbye to both, Heaven went back home. Now, she wouldn't worry about her grandfather. She would live her life as usual and prepare to become a general. She would go back to her lessons and then find a plan to help the poor.

Her teacher was an old, very clever man. He had a strong sense of justice and was very passionate about teaching. He had once given her a book about being a just ruler and creating a stronger civil society that helps and gives more power to the weak. Heaven needed to find that book and read it again. It was probably in her father's study.

On her way to his quarters, Heaven found Zarin in the main garden. He was sitting alone on a bench and seemed to be lost in thoughts. Heaven halted and watched him for a moment from afar. His shoulders were hunched and at one point he buried his face in his hands. He seemed disturbed and confused. Maybe her parents spoke to him. If they did, then their words clearly had an impact.

Heaven hoped he would think deeply and make the right choice. As much as she wanted to go over and slap him, she decided to leave him alone and let her parents' words sink in deeply.

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Punches and kicks had no impact on him, anyway. If he ever came back, which she hoped he would, then she would make sure to stab him with the daggers she got from his father.

Where would it hurt the most to be stabbed?

Married To The Devil's Son (WN)

Chapter 221: Vol3 Chapter 98

‘God gave us mouths that close and ears that don’t. That should tell us something.’ - Eugene O’Neill.

Lucian was walking out of his study when he almost bumped into his daughter.

‘Heaven.’

‘Father. I think I left one of my books in your study.’ She explained in a hurry.

He just motioned for her to walk in. ‘Thank you.’ She smiled, walking past him and into the study.

Lucian didn’t ask what book she was looking for. He proceeded to walk away and as he walked through the hall Lincoln came to him.

‘Your Majesty, you have a guest.’ He informed.

‘Who is it?’ Lucian asked.

‘His name is Zamiel. I took him to the parlor.’

Lucian nodded. ‘I will go see him.’ He said.

Lucian made his way to the parlor, wondering what brought Zamiel here. Hopefully, he had only come to visit him to spend some time together, and that it was nothing serious.

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When Lucian walked in, he found Zamiel sitting comfortably on a couch wearing an expensive wine red velvet coat with black embroideries and a black shirt underneath that matches his pants. High leather boots that seemed well sewn and a silver ring with a red stone around his finger. Lucian could only guess the value of that ring alone. Clearly his business was doing well, but he probably had wealth even before that.

Zamiel sat with one ankle resting on the other knee, but when he took notice of Lucian, he stood up with a slight smile and bowed. ‘Your Majesty.’

A man of his power didn’t have to bow for him, but being polite and respectful was his thing, Lucian noticed.

‘I apologize for coming uninvited.’

‘You are always welcome here.’ Lucian said. ‘Please sit.’ He then motioned for him to sit and both sat down facing each other.

Lucian noticed that even while bowing and apologizing, Zamiel never lost his powerful demeanor. He was confident in who he was, and bowing or apologizing to someone didn’t make him feel less powerful.

The memory of when Zamiel came to the castle for the first time came back to him and when time they spoke privately afterwards. Lucian had seen the pain in the man’s eyes, but Zamiel never let himself be pitied. He had made it clear from the beginning that he was there for Heaven, and he didn’t need anyone’s permission or approval to be with her. He was only acting out of respect.

‘I won’t take much of your time. I came here to speak about Heaven and to ask what your plan is to protect her from your father?’ Zamiel didn’t waste time to get straight into the topic.

What plans could Lucian have? He had been thinking for so many years, yet he didn’t know what his father was planning. It was impossible. Every time he tried to gather information, his father would already know and manipulate the information to his advantage.

‘My plan is no plan. My father would know any plan I come up with.’ Just like Zamiel knew exactly what he was thinking right now. The advantage of being an ancient.

‘Why does your father want Heaven when he had you?’ Zamiel asked.

He had been the target in the beginning, but Lucian and his father never had a good relationship. Even after forgiving him, Lucian never found himself being comfortable around his father and they never got very close.

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But Heaven was a different story. His father spent more time with her and took well care of her. Lucian thought his father was trying to compensate for the time he missed being a good father to him by being a good grandfather, but maybe he was wrong.

Maybe the plan was to get closer to Heaven all along.

‘I think Heaven is easier for him to manipulate. They were closer.’
Lucian replied.

Zamiel furrowed his thick dark brows, and his lips pressed into a thin line. It made him look more dangerous.

‘What is it you have as a half witch? An advantage?’ He asked.

Lucian was about to reply when he felt a maid walking into the parlor. She held a tray in her hands to serve them tea, but as she neared the table, she took notice of Zamiel and her pace slowed down. She looked hypnotized and stared at him instead of looking where she was going. Lucian was about to warn her when she collided with the table and almost dropped the tray before Zamiel caught it with a swift movement and helped her place it on the table. Lucian was used to maids staring, but this was something else.

The maid woke up from her trance, and her eyes widened in shock. ‘I am sorry, My Lord.’ She said frightened as she noticed the hot tea that got spilled on his hand.

The maid turned to Lucian with a pleading look and he dismissed her while Zamiel wiped the tea away from his hand with a handkerchief.

Lucian couldn’t deny that the demon was good looking. Even as a man, he found himself staring for a while when he walked into the room earlier. His face was perfectly carved and symmetrical, with sharp lines and edges that made him look deadly. And those gleaming silver eyes. Lucian found them a bit disturbing to look at, but it made him understand why he had been hated for his eyes. The power and intimidation came from them. One look and you would be either frightened or spellbound.

Despite looking dangerous, Zamiel gave off a feeling of calmness and safety. Lucian didn’t know if it was intentional, but he had felt it since the first time he came here. It felt like he could trust the man’s words. There was an honesty that was clear in his eyes, and Lucian felt like he

was a man with good intentions when he knew he shouldn't have felt that way. He shouldn't have felt that he could give away his daughter to a stranger.

Lucian had always dreaded the day he would give away his daughter to another man. All the men that had come to see her had not been good enough, and Lucian had wanted to kill them all. His daughter was too good for them. And then Zamiel came, and Lucian found himself willing to give his daughter away to this stranger.

This morning his daughter reminded him that she grew up and now there was another man in her life. A man she loved more. A man she thought was more perfect than him, and he knew she didn't easily find men to be perfect. She had always been very critical, but Lucian could see what she saw in this man. He wasn't ordinary. And while he should be concerned about the power this man held, he wasn't.

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Why? It was a mystery.

Their eyes met, and Lucian remembered his question. What was special about him as a half-witch? There wasn't much that was special.

'The combination of demon strength and witch skills which allows me to be able to draw power from demons.' Lucian explained.

'I don't think your father will have any use of that.' Zamiel said simply.

Lucian agreed with him. He could only draw power from demons that weren't much older or stronger than him.

Zamiel tilted his head to one side and waited in silence.

‘I don’t think I have anything that would be of advantage to him. He has everything.’ Lucian spoke.

Zamiel nodded. ‘Yes, he has. Then why does he want Heaven?’

Lucian remembered what his father had told him. ‘He thinks she will be a great ruler.’

‘Did he predict she would be a great ruler here or in one of his kingdoms?’

That was a good question. Could his father have predicted that she would rule one of his kingdoms?

‘I don’t think he wants a ruler. There has to be something else.’ Zamiel said.

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‘What else?’ Lucian asked.

‘If there is nothing more special to being half-witch, then I don’t know.’

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

Chapter 222: Vol3 Chapter 99

‘What we think, we become.’ - Buddha

Zamiel wondered what the devil truly wanted. He had been thinking of why the devil would want Heaven, and the more he thought about it, the

more it didn't make sense to him. It couldn't be as simple as only wanting a good ruler.

At first Zamiel thought that it might have to do with Heaven being part witch and demon, but the combination didn't seem to bring any special qualities that would be beneficial for the devil.

But what would be beneficial to him?

If Zamiel found out what the devil truly wanted, then he would be able to negotiate with him to keep Heaven safe. The devil loved making deals after all.

'Do you have a plan?' Lucian asked.

What plan could he possibly have? If Lucian or his mother couldn't come up with a plan all those years, then the devil was keeping his plan a secret.

Yes, a secret.

He didn't want Heaven as a ruler. That was only what he wanted them to believe, to cover up what he truly wanted. But even if Zamiel had a plan, he wouldn't share it with Lucian. Lucian's thoughts were exposed to the devil, and sharing his plan with him would be the same as sharing it with the devil.

The source of this chapter;

The only other person he could share his plans with without directly exposing them to the devil was Irene. Lucifer couldn't hear her thoughts because she was marked by him once. But Irene wasn't thinking clearly

when it came to Lucifer. He was her mate, and she was still emotionally attached to him, which clouded her judgement of him.

Zamiel had felt her forced hatred when she spoke of her mate. He knew she hated him for many reasons, but she also hated herself for still feeling something for him.

Even though he did trust that she was a clever woman, but buried feelings would eventually resurface and therefore sharing his plans with her wasn't completely safe. The devil could easily manipulate her emotional state because of the bond they shared. The mate bond was nothing to be taken lightly. Ignoring your mate completely was very difficult, no matter how much you hated them.

That both Lucian and Zamiel knew. A part of Irene would always be with Lucifer.

'I don't have a plan.' Zamiel admitted.

Lucian nodded. 'It is not easy.'

Looking at each other, they both agreed in silence.

'Your business seems to be doing well.' Lucian spoke.

'It is doing very well.' Zamiel replied.

His business was growing bigger each day, and he was getting recognized by more people in the kingdom. Soon he would be someone worthy of marrying a princess.

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

‘If Heaven becomes a ruler, people will talk about you.’ Lucian pointed.
‘Not in a good way.’

Zamiel knew what Lucian meant. If Heaven became a ruler, as her husband he would be ridiculed and seen as someone incapable of ruling and therefore letting his wife rule instead of him. He would become a laughingstock.

‘Your Majesty, people’s opinions of me are of no value to me.’

Lucian nodded thoughtfully. He was thinking if Zamiel would be willing to wait for Heaven to become a ruler or if he had plans to marry her before that.

Zamiel didn’t have a reply to that. He would marry Heaven whenever she was ready and willing. He would never stand in her way to become a ruler. Instead, he would stand beside her and help her accomplish whatever goals and dreams she had.

As an ancient, time was different to him. Waiting was not the same for him as for others. He had waited for Heaven a thousand years already. A few more years or months would be nothing. Just to see her every day was a blessing. He had thought that losing a loved one once before would make him love less, but it made him love more.

‘How much power can your body handle to draw?’ Zamiel asked curiously.

He knew witches couldn’t draw much power from powerful sources because of their human bodies. They could only draw a certain amount that their bodies could handle. But Lucian was a demon, so he should be able to handle more power than other witches.

‘I haven’t tried to draw power from someone as powerful as you. With your power it might only be a fraction for you but a lot for me.’

‘Try it.’ Zamiel said reaching out his with his hand. At one point he wondered what he was doing.

The source of this _chapter;

Lucian stared surprised at his hand before taking it, almost as if they were shaking hands. This is odd, he thought. He didn’t like people touching him but he was very curious about the half breed. Maybe Lucian could draw more than he thought and that would give him answers.

Lucian closed his eyes and uttered some unknown words. After a short moment, Zamiel felt a strange sensation going through his body. It felt like something was being pulled out from deep within him and out through his arm and down his hand. His power was being pulled by Lucian and with each pull of power he could feel Lucian’s strength increasing and the grip on his hand tightening.

Lucian kept drawing more and more power from him, but it didn’t make Zamiel feel weaker. He felt like he still kept most of his power, and he could easily throw Lucian across the room if he wanted to or crush his hand.

Lucian’s face twisted in pain. Zamiel could tell he had reached his limit of how much power he could handle taking. Pulling his hand away, he shot his eyes open. Zamiel saw flames in them. They differed from the devil’s blue flames. These were bright orange and red.

‘You have a lot of power.’ Lucian exhaled. ‘How much was I able to draw?’

‘Not much.’ Zamiel replied.

Lucian nodded disappointed while rubbing his wrist. It must have hurt. But he was still a young demon and didn’t reach his full potential yet. That usually happened after three hundred years. By then he would be able to draw a lot more power. But with magic there would always be consequences of using it, unlike demon power.

‘Well, no physical power can help me defeat my father. I don’t know what to do.’ He said trying to conceal his frustration.

He didn’t have to. Zamiel already knew his every thought. The first step would be to find out what the devil wanted, and it would be best if he found out first since his thoughts were concealed from Lucifer.

‘You will know what to do when the time comes.’ Zamiel said.

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

Chapter 223: Vol3 Chapter 100

‘Hatred eats the soul of the hater, not the hated.’ -Alice Herz Sommer

After his meeting with Lucian, Zamiel was on his way back to his carriage when he came across Irene in the halls.

She greeted him with a smile. ‘Are you here to see Heaven?’ She asked.

‘No. I came to see His Majesty.’ He replied. Heaven had told him she would be busy, so he didn’t want to disturb her.

‘May I speak to you for a while?’ He then asked. He hadn’t thought of talking to her, but he might as well do it now that he was here.

‘Of course.’ She said and led him to the garden where they could sit in private.

Zamiel was curious about her relationship with the devil and how she felt about him, but she had used some kind of spell to conceal her thoughts. It wouldn’t be that difficult to make her drop her walls. With an easy trick of his own powers, he could make her bare her mind to him. He had to know who he could trust. He was not the type to trust easily.

‘I am guessing you want to talk about Heaven.’ She began.

‘Yes. You told me that Lucifer’s son died, and he needed someone to replace him. Do you think that is all he wants?’

‘I think he wants diversity in his kingdoms and among his rulers. Demons, half demons and half witches.’

Zamiel regarded her in silence. She truly believed what she said and blamed herself for getting used to conceive a half-breed with witch and demon blood. But Zamiel didn’t believe that Lucifer was only looking for diversity. It could be one of many reasons, but not the only reason. The devil would not go through so much trouble just to have some variation between his followers. Zamiel knew that Lucifer was after something very valuable to him.

‘You don’t think that is what he wants?’ She asked when he remained silent.

‘No.’

She nodded thoughtfully. ‘What do you think he wants then?’

‘I don’t know. I was thinking maybe you knew.’

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Many thoughts and ideas swirled in her head, but she couldn’t come up with anything valuable.

‘I can’t think of any other reason he would want Heaven. She is unlike his other children, who are demon or half human.’

Zamiel nodded. He was wasting his time. He should have known that they had no idea after all those years. And he was right about Irene. She held so much hate for Lucifer in her heart just to fill the void, but also in a desperate attempt to replace the love she had for him. Somewhere deep down she longed to be with him.

Lucifer was her weakness, and he was the master of using people’s weakness against them. Zamiel couldn’t trust her because even she didn’t trust herself. She knew her weaknesses very well. The only thing that kept her strong was her love for her family, but how much more would she be able to stay strong?

Somehow, he felt bad for her. She had no one to confide in about what she truly felt because the person she had feelings for was someone who wanted to hurt her family.

‘Hatred blinds us.’ He told her. ‘If you can’t allow yourself to love, then at least don’t hate.’

Irene nodded with a smile. 'I knew my spell wasn't strong enough to keep you out of my mind. Thank you for the wise words.'

He smiled to himself, knowing that even if it was his words, it carried Heaven's wisdom.

Heaven might not be very smart, but she was wise, and that made her special. He had known that she was special from the first day he met her. It was visible in her eyes. The wisdom, the courage, the strength and the will.

Today he realized the affect she had on him. On his way of acting, thinking and speaking. She brought out the best in him. He should speak to her instead of being here.

'You are welcome.' He said standing up. 'Thank you for lending me your time. I'll be on my way.'

Irene stood up as well. 'I am worried for Heaven. I am sure you heard about her friend. I am worried she will do something reckless because of him. Maybe you can talk to her.'

'Heaven cares about her friend, but she also cares about you and her parents. Even if she has a strong desire to help others, she knows which people are her priority. If you are worried for her, then you should find out what your mate truly wants.'

Zamiel knew he was being a little harsh, but this was about Heaven's safety and he didn't mind being the villain in order to protect her.

Irene had a special bond with Lucifer. She had to be able to use that to her advantage to find out more information. He wondered why she hadn't

done it yet, but then he remembered the hate was restricting her. She would have to put that aside if she wanted to help her granddaughter.

He gave a slight bow. 'I'll be on my way then.'

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She gave him a nod, looking a bit surprised before he turned around and left the garden. When he found himself alone in the hall, he teleported to Heaven's room.

Heaven was sitting at the table in her room with her face almost buried in a book. She was so focused on reading that she didn't sense his presence. He wondered what she was reading that made her so occupied.

Walking behind her, he looked down at the book. She was reading something about society structure and rules.

'What are...'

Before he could finish speaking, she hastily stood up, pulling a dagger from her hip she turned with a swift movement, swinging the dagger at his neck. She stopped right when the sharp tip touched his skin.

Her eyes widened when she realized it was him. 'Zamiel?' She breathed out, dropping her hand. 'You scared me.'

He wondered what would have happened if she stabbed him in the neck and he couldn't heal in her presence. She would have to leave him there.

'Do you always carry daggers?'

‘Most of the time. What... are you doing here?’ She asked, eyeing him from head to toe. Her shocked expression turned into one of admiration.

‘I don’t know what I am doing here, but there is a lot I want to do.’ He said leaning down and kissing her.

He drew her into his arms, feeling the softness and warmth of her body while he kissed her with an unwavering need.

‘Zamiel.’ She pulled her lips away from his. ‘You are very distracting.’ She said breathing heavily.

He tightened his hold around her, and she dropped the dagger. ‘You will have to get used to it.’ He nuzzled her neck and then suddenly he felt it.

Her body stiffened in his arms and fear caused her heart to beat faster. Zamiel took a step back and looked at her face. ‘What is wrong?’

Heaven took a deep breath as if calming down. It seemed to work. Her heart slowed down and then she smiled at him. ‘I am still fighting my fears, but it is better today.’

He frowned. ‘Are you sure?’

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She nodded while putting her hands on his shoulders and squeezing lightly. ‘Don’t worry. This frown...’ She put one finger between his eyebrows, straightening the lines so that he wasn’t frowning anymore. ‘Doesn’t belong here. You look better without it.’

Then she let her hands slide down his shoulders and chest, feeling his velvet coat under her palms. ‘And this color looks good on you.’

She said it innocently, yet she seduced him. 'Don't blame me if I distract you after this.' He warned.

She chuckled. 'There are other things you can do for me.' She picked up her book.

He shook his head like a little boy. 'No, no.' He took the book away from her and drew her into his arms, holding her tightly.

She tried to push him away while she giggled. 'Yes, yes. You help me understand the book and I'll let you distract me.' She smirked at him.

'I didn't know you were mischievous.' He said.

'I am not. I am only practising negotiating. As a future ruler, I need to be good at it.'

'You certainly know how to negotiate and take advantage of someone's weakness.'

'I learned from the best.' She smiled, referring to him.

Zamiel smiled, impressed. She learned quickly.

Heaven raised one eyebrow questioningly. 'It is give and take.'

'Why do I feel like you are getting more out of this?'

'That is good bargaining skills, when you get more out of the bargain.'

'I feel swindled.'

She laughed a genuine laugh. 'I am not that kind of person. You can trust me.'

This content is taken from

She took the book from him, flipped through it, then handed it out. 'I need this page explained, dear husband.'

This woman was playing with his emotions.

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

Chapter 224: Vol3 Chapter 101

'Never argue with stupid people. They will drag you to their level, then beat you with experience.' - Mark Twain.

Zamiel sat with Heaven in her bed while he explained to her the book that she had been studying. He was impressed by her keenness to learn and her ability to ask the right questions. She was passionate about learning and helping others. It didn't take long for Zamiel to explain to her what she didn't understand, and then he closed the book.

Heaven was still very concentrated, and seemed to think of what she had learned. 'It is much more difficult than I thought.' She said thoughtfully.

'Change takes time.' He told her.

She nodded. 'I realized I don't know much, and I still have a lot to learn. Maybe it was for the best that I didn't become a general. I would only embarrass myself.'

He knew that she had a lot to learn, but with the strong will that she had, she could do anything she set her mind to do.

‘Whatever you decide to do, I know you will do it well.’ He said, but she didn’t seem to believe it.

For a brief moment there was a sadness in her eyes, before she dismissed it quickly.

‘You didn’t tell me why you came here. It is surely not just because you missed me.’ She said.

The source of this chapter;

‘Why not?’ He asked curiously.

‘You usually come to me when I need you. Otherwise you let me take care of myself.’ She explained.

Zamiel knew she was a young woman with ambitions and he didn’t want to stand in her way, but did she like it or not? He couldn’t tell.

‘Would you like me to be different?’ He asked.

She shook her head with a smile. ‘I like you just the way you are. I like that you treat me like someone who is capable of doing things on her own. It makes me feel strong. I like that you are there when I need you but you let me try on my own first and even when you help me, you don’t do things for me. You give me an inkling on how to do it myself and encourage me to believe that I can do it.’

She took his hand and intertwined their fingers. ‘Your hands are always cold.’ She said putting her other hand on top of his and then rubbed it gently.

Zamiel smiled. That wouldn’t help. For some odd reason ancients were cold, and when they went into slumber, their bodies would almost freeze. There were theories that they needed to be cold in order for their bodies to stay the same. But that didn’t stop them from feeling warm or feeling the heat from a touch or a kiss. Heaven warmed him from within. She warmed his heart and soul.

‘Have you learned to draw power like your father?’ He asked.

She nodded. ‘Yes.’

‘Could you draw power from me?’

The source of this _chapter;

‘I probably could. Grandma told me not to use very powerful sources until I have harnessed the skill to draw only as much as I can handle.’ She explained.

Zamiel nodded. She was more human than her father, so she wouldn’t be able to draw more power than him, but suddenly her eyes lit up. ‘Could I try?’ She asked curiously.

He chuckled. ‘Maybe you should listen to your grandmother.’ He didn’t want her to hurt herself.

‘You are here. Nothing will happen to me.’ She said. ‘Besides, I have to practice if I want to be better.’

She was stubborn and lovely when she was curious, so he couldn't deny her. 'Alright. Be careful.' He said.

She adjusted herself so that she was sitting exactly in front of him while still holding his hand. 'I will do it now.' She said.

Zamiel nodded.

Heaven closed her eyes and mumbled some unknown phrases, and Zamiel felt the strange sensation that he had felt before. Then he felt his power being pulled out of his body, but Heaven could only draw an even less amount than her father before she pulled her hand away.

She shot her eyes open. 'I almost froze.' She spoke surprised. 'Even your power is cold. Very cold.' She shivered.

She rubbed her hands together that looked paler than they were before. She was really cold and for a moment he wanted to take her hands in his and warm her up, but his hands were cold too.

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Drawing power from another creature wasn't very helpful unless you wanted to fight that creature. Heaven couldn't draw power from him and keep that power to fight someone else. As soon as they stopped touching, his power came back to him.

Witches usually used the skill to draw power so they could perform powerful spells, and they used sources that were constantly available or available for a longer time. Sunlight and moonlight were two powerful sources that were known to be used by witches.

‘Well, being from a line of powerful witches doesn’t help when I am mostly human.’ She smiled.

Being half human restricted her powers, but with practice she could become more powerful.

‘You don’t need that kind of power to be powerful.’ To him, the most powerful people were those who were in control of themselves.

Heaven nodded in agreement. ‘I met another ancient today. Do you know Darius?’

Most ancients knew each other, so Zamiel knew him. ‘Yes.’

‘He said that he could sense that I was special, but he didn’t know how. He suggested I ask you if you feel the same. He said it was something ancients could sense and maybe it could be why my grandfather wanted me.’

Zamiel used his senses to see if he missed anything other than what he already knew. His senses would have already told him if Heaven had any special preternatural power that he should be aware of.

Ancients were very good at sensing power rank and he could tell her speciality had nothing to do with her power rank. Especially not if that rank were to be compared to the rank of an ancient. Lucifer wasn’t looking for power or strength. He already had those things. It had to be something else. Something that he didn’t have, and if Zamiel was right about what was special about Heaven, then that couldn’t be what the devil wanted.

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