

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

Chapter 257: 134

After erasing Heaven's memory, Lothaire went back to the throne hall and sat on his throne. More than ever, he just wanted to feel powerful and in control for a moment. He opened The Eye with a wave of his hand and watched the world, but it didn't make him feel any better.

Something was wrong with him and he didn't want to admit to himself yet what could be wrong. He was probably just distracted for a moment and would get over it soon.

He was never emotional. How long could he possibly continue being this emotional? Probably not too long.

'Have you ever loved grandma?'

Her annoying voice kept repeating in his head.

'Love is not just a feeling.'

Lothaire shook his head and tried to shut her voice out. Why would he care about what she thought? She was the one who thought that God was trying to give him a second chance.

Lothaire laughed cynically to himself.

'Annoying.' He spat.

He knew he was letting her affect him, but he couldn't help it. He wasn't detached as he used to be.

Watching through The Eye, he tried to find Irene.

Lothaire was surprised by what he found. Irene was in one of the scandalous parties in the castle with a male demon in her company. They sat on a couch close to each other while drinking wine and chatting. She had a smile on her face and seemed to enjoy herself. The male demon put his hand around her shoulders and whispered something into her ear that made her laugh.

Lothaire didn't know what had gotten into him, but suddenly he was fuming with anger. What was happening? How could he have missed this?

Heaven. That girl. He wanted to kill her.

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After a short while, the male demon asked Irene for a dance and led her to the dance floor. He drew her into his arms and they began to sway to the music. Lothaire clenched his jaw in fury when he saw the lust in the male's gaze. He would kill him later.

Unable to watch anymore, he shut The Eye. Then he became restless, thinking of what they might do next.

Irene wouldn't. She wasn't that kind of woman.

He tried his best to not rush to the party and tear that male's head off. But then everyone would know that he cared for Irene and those he hurt

would try to use her against him. Not caring and having no weaknesses was his true power.

His real enemies were mostly ancient demons. Those he couldn't kill unless he found the secret weapon that could kill them. He knew that Zamiel had gone to see one of his oldest enemies.

Euphorion.

Euphorion didn't like land demons because they always caused trouble, but Zamiel was known to be of the good ones. Therefore Lothaire suspected that Euphorion must have agreed to meet him, especially if he knew that they had a common enemy.

Good ancient demons were a threat to his mission. The more demons whom chose to have them as their lord, the fewer demons Lothaire would have to help him with his mission. To mislead as many as possible, he needed to grow his army.

He opened The Eye again. He was letting himself get too distracted with Heaven that he was forgetting to keep his eye on the real danger. What was Zamiel planning? He knew something wasn't right when he just let Heaven go.

Lothaire watched Zamiel, who was going on with his life as if nothing was wrong. He was spending his day working and then relaxing. Lothaire knew that Zamiel had a plan that he was confident about to stay this calm and that disturbing.

Did Zamiel know about Irene? He knew that Zamiel had gone to Irene's room before she left and they had just stared at each other. He knew they spoke telepathically, so he couldn't hear them. What did Zamiel tell her?

Lothaire felt impatient and wanted to compel the truth out of Irene. Maybe he would if he couldn't find out any other way.

After a while he became tired of watching Zamiel and also more worried about Irene. He couldn't stop thinking about her and what she could be doing. He couldn't fight not being obsessed with her, so he went back to see what she was doing. Now she was back in her room and sat near the window. Lothaire couldn't understand why that whole family loved gardens so much.

Unable to restrain himself, he went to see her. He knocked on the door and then she asked him to come inside. When she realized it was him, she turned back to watch the garden, ignoring him completely.

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'Have you ever loved grandma?'

He watched her beautiful face. Of course he loved her.

'Love is not just a feeling.'

He clenched his hands into fists.

Love.

Yes. He knew that was the answer. He had brought her here to change her but also remind her of the days they had together. When they shared passionate and loving moments. But he would have to be discreet. He had to make her come to him, or otherwise she would know he wanted her, and then his plan would be ruined.

'I came to apologize.' He said, unclenching his fists.

She remained silent and didn't turn to him.

'You don't seem happy here.' He continued.

Now he had her attention. 'What did you expect?'

'You should go back home if you are not happy.'

'And leave Heaven behind?'

'She is an adult. She can take care of herself and I am here for her.'

She laughed cynically. 'I am sure you are.'

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She stood up from her seat and walked up to him, this time not avoiding his gaze and looking him directly into the eyes.

'I know you didn't get to hold Lucian when he was born, and you watched him grow from afar. Therefore, I could understand why you two weren't close, but Heaven. You held Heaven in your arms when she was born. Didn't you feel anything while holding her small body?'

Lothaire recalled the moment he held Heaven in his arms for the first time. It was a feeling like no other, and he could still not describe it. It was beautiful, and he felt his heart soften in that very moment. It had scared him.

'Heaven was beautiful.' He admitted.

'She still is, and she is still your granddaughter.'

She was, but he felt nothing for her now.

Since he was going to change her, he might as well be honest. 'I am not capable of feeling what you feel for our children.' He said, realizing this was the first time he was honest with her about how he truly felt about their children.

Irene's looked at him for a long moment before she spoke. 'It is a sad thing.' She said, surprising him. 'I feel sad for you.'

Sad for him? Why? He felt offended. He didn't want anyone to feel sad for him and her sincerity unsettled him even more.

'You are missing out a lot in life. I wish you could experience those things.' She told him.

Was that pity in her eyes?

'I am content with my life.' He said.

Irene nodded. 'If you say so.'

Lothaire became angry, but he tried to hide it. What did she mean? How could she pity him?

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He was the most powerful being on this earth. He could do as he pleased, and no one could harm him. He had so many demons obeying his command and so many humans following his path. There was no one like him. But even as he said those things, he felt an emptiness inside.

Lothaire took a step back, feeling overwhelmed by the things he had been realizing and admitting lately.

No! He refused. He refused to feel this way.

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Chapter 258: 135

Heaven was surprised to see Zarin looking the way he did. He was half-dressed like the other male demons in the kingdom and wore several bracelets around his arms. His black hair had grown to beneath his shoulders and his blue eyes had hints of gold. He looked like himself, yet different.

‘Zarin?’ She stood up from her seat.

‘Heaven, what are you doing here?’ He said, surprised and confused.

‘Did grandma not visit you?’

His eyes widened. ‘Is grandma also here?’

‘Yes.’ She stared at him from top to toe. ‘What happened to you?’ She asked.

He held his arms out and shrugged. ‘Nothing. What happened to you? Why are you here?’

‘Grandpa forced me to come here. Now do you still believe he wants what is best for me?’

Zarin narrowed his eyes. He looked displeased. ‘Your parents are not here.’ He said in realization.

‘No. But your parents are not here as well and you seem to be alright.’
She pointed.

Something in his gaze changed, but then he smiled. ‘I am alright. How are you?’

‘Are you asking because you care?’ She asked.

This was why she had been avoiding to talk to him. She wasn’t emotionally stable yet and knew that she would end up fighting with him.

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He frowned. ‘No matter what you think Heaven, I do care for you.’ He said firmly.

‘Of course. You just don’t want me to be with Zamiel and the devil fulfilled your wish. So here I am. Are you happy now?’

She was being childish, but she just had so many emotions inside that she wanted to let out.

He sighed. ‘It is not what you think.’ He said.

‘Is it not?’ She tilted her head to one side and pretended to be thoughtful.
‘Is it not that you hated to see me change, and you didn’t like Zamiel because he was the one causing the change in me. You hated that I was finding my own way because you were afraid to be left behind. Seeing me having finding a purpose made you feel lacking and since you didn’t want to change, you tried to make me remain the same. Am I wrong?’

His gaze darkened, but he didn’t deny it.

‘You said you loved me, but that was only to make yourself feel better and justify your behavior.’ She had been confused about Zarin suddenly confessing his love but staying in this kingdom, observing the other demons and her grandfather made her learn and realize a few things.

People lied to themselves to feel better about their actions and that is what Zarin did. He didn’t love her. He was only jealous, frightened, insecure, and selfish, and he didn’t want to admit it to himself. It was easier for him to tell himself that he was doing it all because he loved her and cared for her.

Zarin clenched his jaw and looked into eyes. ‘You are right.’ He admitted. ‘I don’t love you that way. I just hated to see you change. I hated the new you and I hate Zamiel.’

The gold in his eyes seemed to glow as he spoke. ‘But you have already changed now. You are not my old friend anymore so I am leaving you and Zamiel alone.’

Heaven nodded. Strangely, it didn’t hurt as she thought it would. Her heart was numb and instead of being worried about it, she was relieved. She was tired of getting hurt. She wouldn’t let anyone hurt her anymore.

But still, she cared for him, and the change in him worried her. What happened to him?

‘You seem to have changed as well.’ She said calmly.

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He sighed and relaxed his face. ‘I have.’

Even if she had lost her friend, she hoped that he wouldn't lose himself. She hoped that Gina wouldn't lose her brother, and Klara and Roshan wouldn't lose their son.

'Your parents, they miss you.'

He was still there from the way his eyes darted and looked down to hide the guilt. 'I know. But I have found my place here.'

Heaven stared at him for a long while. Something wasn't right. Something was different about him.

He looked up at her. 'You shouldn't be here. You should go back.' He said.

'I can't.' She said.

He looked around as if afraid someone would hear them before looking at her again. 'How long have you been here?'

'A few days. Why?'

'What happened to Zamiel? Did he just let you go?' He asked.

'Yes.'

'I don't understand. What happened? How did he force you to come here?'

'You should ask him.' She said. 'I am curious to know if he will lie to you or tell the truth.'

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Zarin sighed. Probably giving up because of her attitude.

‘Heaven. I know you don’t like me right now but I am just trying to help.’

‘You can’t help me.’ She said simply. ‘But you can help yourself. Stop running away and be a man. Neither your mom nor dad are cowards.’

She knew he wasn’t happy here, as he claimed to be. But admitting he was wrong, apologizing and going back was difficult for him.

His eyes widened, and he seemed surprised by the way she spoke. She was surprised, too. She didn’t mean to be hard on him. She knew he was already struggling.

He nodded, as if accepting to be scolded.

She didn’t want to be mean but thinking of her parents and what she would do to be with them while he left his parents willingly upset her.

Taking a deep breath, she tried to calm down. No good would come from fighting.

‘Could you do me a favor?’ She asked desperately.

‘Of course.’ He said.

‘Could you go to my parents and tell them that I am alright?’ She wanted to write them a letter and Zarin was the only one who could leave this place.

‘Yes.’ He said.

Heaven wanted to see if he let go of his hatred. ‘Could you also go to Zamiel?’ She asked.

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Zarin’s eyes widened. He opened his mouth, paused for a while, and then breathed out. ‘Alright.’ He agreed.

For some reason, Heaven thought it was fun to torture him a little. She would have loved to see his interaction with Zamiel.

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Chapter 259: 136

‘What did you do to her?!’ Zarin asked Lothaire.

Lothaire was sitting comfortably on his throne and looked down at Zarin, raising one eyebrow. ‘Who?’

‘Heaven.’

‘Oh. You met her already. I was about to tell you that I fulfilled your request. You wanted Zamiel gone, but I did something even better. I brought Heaven here. You can now do whatever you said you would do.’

Zarin paused, shocked. Why had he been so angry? It was true. He was the one who asked for help and for Zamiel to be removed.

‘She doesn’t want to be here. I thought you would bring her here willingly.’ Zarin said.

Lothaire laughed out loud. 'Would you be willing to wait... maybe a hundred years because that is how long it would take for her to join willingly?'

'How did you force her to stay here?' Zarin asked.

His heart skipped. From the look in Heaven's eyes, it seemed like her grandfather did something horrible.

'Horrible?' Lothaire laughed again. 'Oh dear. I just did what you did, except my plan worked. You sent a prostitute to separate them and I used her fear of hurting her mate to separate them.'

Zarin frowned. Hurt her mate? 'What do you mean?'

Tezz, who was sitting on the stairs and listening to them, decided to join the conversation. 'Don't you know?' She began. 'Your friend really tells you nothing. She is the one thing that can kill her mate. How romantic.'

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This was a surprise to him. He really didn't know.

'Father could have killed him. Zamiel was actually close to dying but...'
She turned and looked at him intently. 'It is better not to kill him even though it didn't matter to you how we got rid of him as long as we did.'

The truth hit Zarin hard. He was about to lash out at them for using her to hurt her mate, but again it was true that he wanted to get rid of Zamiel. He was no better than them. He truly belonged here.

Tezz smirked. 'You belong here, Zarin. No need to be ashamed. We have all wanted things for ourselves.'

‘I will be leaving for a while.’ Zarin said, feeling unwell. He just wanted to leave their sight.

Lothaire nodded. ‘You are going home.’ He said. ‘It is not a bad idea. It is good to assure everyone that you and Heaven are alright.’

Zarin turned and left the hall without saying another word. He tried his best to not think of anything while he was near them. As soon as he was out of reach, thoughts flooded his head.

Now he understood everything. He understood the look in Heaven’s eyes. He understood her unusual anger and why she hadn’t been as easy on him this time as she used to be. He didn’t deserve any of her kindness.

He couldn’t imagine what she went through, almost killing her own mate. The one he claimed to hate in front of her this morning. He was surprised she didn’t slap him, but she did it with her words. If she had known the truth about him, she wouldn’t even look him in the eyes. She would have been disgusted.

Her eyes had been different. There wasn’t the familiar warmth in them. They were somehow cold and tired. Absent of the many emotions that used to swirl in them. It was as if had shut her heart to protect herself from getting hurt.

He couldn’t blame her. Someone she called her best friend and grandfather did this to her. He was part of this cruel thing that was done to her. He was one of the reasons the light in her eyes dimmed.

Zarin didn’t want her to lose that light. He didn’t want her to lose all the emotions he used to see in her eyes. That was what made her special. But he knew staying here wouldn’t bring the light back in her eyes and she

was right to protect her heart while being here, or it could be used against her. If she opened up while being here, she would change, and it would be very difficult to leave this place. Ever.

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He had to get her out before she let her guard down. He couldn't let her stay too long, but what could he do? He was helpless. Useless.

He went to her room and knocked on the door. 'Come in.' She called.

Zarin walked in carefully and found Heaven sitting at a table, preparing the letter she wanted to send to her parents and Zamiel. While she was busy wrapping them, he studied her in silence. She looked thinner, and her normally radiant skin seemed dull. She had darkness under her eyes, as if she had been sleep-deprived for many nights.

Once she was done, she stood up from her seat and came to give him the letters. He took them from her hands. 'Do you trust me to deliver them?' He asked.

'Can I trust you?' She asked him in return.

How could he tell her to trust him after everything he did? Especially when he wasn't changing for the better. He had no plans to go back.

She nodded when he didn't reply. 'There is no crucial information in the letters. I just want to assure my family that I am alright. You can either deliver it or not.'

She was very calm as she spoke. She had no more expectations. He had disappointed her too many times.

‘I’ll deliver them.’ He said, even if she didn’t believe him. But he hoped she would.

When he teleported to the castle, he hoped to not find his parents there. It would be enough guilt of meeting Heaven’s parents. He wasn’t ready to meet his own.

Zarin was nervous as he went to look for Lucian. He finally found him in his study.

‘Zarin.’ His uncle was surprised to see him.

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The conversation they had last time had been deep, and it had made him realize how wrong he was. But it had already been too late by then. Zarin wanted to avoid another deep conversation. He had already made up his mind. He wasn’t coming back. He couldn’t.

Lucian asked him to sit down, and then wanted to know how he was doing. ‘I am alright, thank you.’ Zarin said.

And then he told him that he met Heaven. The whole time he spoke, he avoided to meet his uncle’s gaze, then he gave him the letter.

Lucian opened it immediately and started reading. ‘I will pass this to her mother.’ He said after finishing to read. ‘We would like to write back to her if you could deliver them.’

Zarin nodded.

‘Thank you.’ Lucian said. ‘How is she?’ He then asked.

Zarin thought of what Heaven would want him to say. 'She is fine.'

Lucian nodded while trying to hide his emotions, but he couldn't. He started talking, his eyes showing sadness. 'Remember when you were younger. You and Heaven used to fight a lot, then one day after a fight I asked you to be her friend because she didn't have any. You became the friend and sibling she never had. She got to experience the outside world through you. You kept her company when she felt alone the most. We were only her parents, but you were many things to her. Did you know that?'

Zarin looked up and met Lucian's gaze for the first time. His uncle looked at him as a concerned father. Not just for his daughter, but for him, whom he considered a son as well. Zarin felt deeply ashamed and averted his gaze quickly.

'I know you two had many fights, and she scolded you.' He smiled sadly and shook his head. 'She pointed out the ways she felt you were lacking as a friend but has she ever denied the good things you did for her? Heaven never forgets good deeds and good moments. I hope those don't only become painful memories.'

This was his uncle's way of telling him to restore their friendship and that Heaven would forgive him because the good moments they had together would always be precious to her. But Zarin didn't want forgiveness, and they wouldn't forgive him if they knew his true nature. They didn't know how horrible he was yet.

Zarin looked down at his hands and remained silent. After a while, Lucian stood up from his seat with a sigh. 'Why don't you stay for dinner?' He asked.

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Zarin stood up as well. 'Maybe some other time. I have to go now.' He just wanted to disappear. 'I'll come by sometime soon to deliver your letters to Heaven.' He said.

Lucian didn't try to convince him. He just nodded.

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Chapter 260: 137

Zarin stood in front of Zamiel's home and stared at the door for a long while. Then he looked at the letter in his hand. He didn't want to do this, but he knew he had to. It was the least he could do for her.

He went to the door and was about to knock when it opened by itself. Zarin entered cautiously while looking around. He doubted that Zamiel would just attack him, but he wanted to be careful just in case. There was no way he could know the ancient demon's mood after everything that happened. He could be raging right now.

As he walked further in, he became more hesitant. He shouldn't be here. He was worse than an enemy to Zamiel. The demon hated him. Not that he liked the ancient being. He hated him as well.

The clicking sound of footsteps caught his attention and when he turned around, he found Zamiel walking down the stairs. He was dressed nicely. Zarin knew a lot about luxurious clothing and jewellery, and he could tell that Zamiel was wearing some expensive things. And he smelled good.

Zarin grimaced at his own thoughts. Why would he think that? He wasn't used to seeing Zamiel this well dressed. He usually dressed

simply, but this time even his hair was in perfectly combed and his face was...

He stopped himself from thinking further. This was not the first time he saw this ancient demon. He shouldn't be this awestruck. Maybe because this was the first time he came to see him with no ill intentions. Ancients were truly mesmerizing. No wonder Hezz and Tezz watched him everyday through The Eye.

Zarin thought they were odd since they had mates, but their mates were even more odd. They didn't mind if their women flirted with other men or took them to bed. Sometimes they would even join them.

Hezz was more interested in Zamiel. She liked the older, much more powerful demons. Her mate seemed to like Zamiel as well. What an odd couple, Zarin thought.

Once Zamiel descended the stairs, he stood still. His silver eyes narrowed, and he stared at Zarin with a cold gaze. 'What a surprise.' He drawled.

'I am not here to fight or cause trouble.' Zarin began. He really didn't want to cause any problems.

Zamiel remained silent as he made his way to the couch in the room and sat down. 'Please sit.' He said, motioning for Zarin to take a seat.

Zarin went to sit down opposite him, and a small table stood between them. He placed the letter on the table. 'It is from Heaven.' He said.

Zamiel kept his gaze fixated on him as he picked up the letter. He opened it immediately and started to read. The coldness in his gaze faded as he kept reading, and he seemed to forget that he wasn't alone in the room.

His lips slowly curved into a smile and Zarin felt strange to see how a letter could change his mood so fast.

When he was done reading, he wrapped the letter and became serious again.

‘Would you like some tea?’ He asked but then paused as if remembering something. ‘Oh, right. You don’t drink tea. Coffee?’

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He wasn’t mocking him. ‘I’ll have some tea.’ Zarin said thinking of staying for a while. He wanted to talk to Zamiel.

Zamiel didn’t move a finger. He could communicate with his maid without calling her.

‘Why did you let Heaven go? She is your mate.’ Zarin began. ‘You should have fought for her.’

Zamiel just stared at him as if he had said something that didn’t make any sense.

‘You have a plan, don’t you?’ He continued.

Zarin felt suddenly nervous when Zamiel tilted his head to one side and watched him closely. He didn’t know what was going through the demon’s mind.

‘What happened to your eyes?’ He asked.

Zarin froze. He was about to recall what happened, but stopped himself from doing so. He didn't want Zamiel to know. But from the look in his eyes, Zamiel figured it out. He knew what happened.

'They killed you.' He frowned.

'I wanted to.' Zarin said.

He didn't want to talk about it, so he went back to the previous subject.

'What will you do about Heaven? She shouldn't stay there too long.'

'Nothing.' Zamiel said simply.

'What do you mean, nothing? Will you just leave her like that?'

Zamiel leaned back and relaxed on the couch. 'Yes.'

Zarin didn't believe him. Zamiel probably had a plan. He wouldn't just let his mate leave him.

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Zamiel's expression remained the same, revealing nothing. Zarin just stared at him, waiting for him to say something, when he felt a presence in his home. It wasn't the maid. Someone else was here.

A demon.

Zarin looked around and then at Zamiel. From his calm expression, he guessed that he must already know that someone was in his home. He felt a brush of cold air and then suddenly a naked male stood in the room.

Zarin dropped his jaw, and then there was a sound of plates and cups falling. The maid who just came in with the tea stood there horrified after she dropped everything in her hands.

‘My apologies. It is just too hot on land and these clothes are uncomfortable.’ The exposed male spoke, holding up a pair of pants.

Zarin was as astounded as the maid. He couldn’t tear his gaze from this strange-looking man. His skin was pearl-white and seemed to have a subtle glow. His hair was long and blue with a silver reflection and his eyes were a mix of colors. He was a water demon, Zarin realized. A powerful one. Probably ancient.

Zamiel compelled the maid to leave before turning to the naked demon. ‘Are you planning to go around naked, then?’ He asked calmly.

‘If you don’t mind.’ The demon said.

Zarin realized that he was being serious. He couldn’t be walking around like this. Didn’t they wear something under the waters?

‘I do mind.’

The demon looked displeased at the pants. ‘If you insist.’ He said, and then started to get dressed in front of them.

Zarin averted his gaze, feeling uncomfortable.

‘Who is this young demon?’ Asked the water demon after he wore the pants. He came to sit with them.

‘This is my mate’s friend, Zarin.’ Zamiel introduced. ‘And this is my friend, Euphorion.’

Euphorion's eyes widened in curiosity. 'Your mate has a male friend? And... he is alive?' He asked, amused, studying Zarin closely.

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What did he mean? Zarin suddenly felt small under his scrutiny. He had never seen a water demon before, let alone an ancient one. He was told they hated land demons, so what was this water demon doing here?

Was he part of Zamiel's plan?

Just wanting to leave, Zarin looked at Zamiel. 'Do you want to write a letter to Heaven? I can deliver it.' He asked.

Euphorion frowned. 'You can deliver letters to heaven?'

Zamiel, who had been serious the whole time, laughed. 'That is my mate's name.' He explained.

Euphorion raised his eyebrows in surprise, and then nodded. 'I see. The devil's granddaughter is named Heaven. It makes sense.'

Zarin couldn't tell whether Euphorion was being serious or sarcastic.

'No need for a letter.' Zamiel told Zarin.

Zarin felt like Zamiel was being very secretive, but then why would he tell him his plan.

'Alright.' Zarin said, standing up. 'I should leave.'

'You don't have too.' Zamiel said, surprising him.

The last thing he needed was for this demon to be kind to him. He wouldn't tolerate it.

'Oh. He is broody.' Euphorion pointed, reading his mind.

'Tell Heaven that I will bring her home soon.' Zamiel said.

'And tell her grandfather... nevermind.' Euphorion waved with his hand.

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Zarin looked at Zamiel. The look in his eyes unsettled him before he left. He really hated that demon, and he couldn't understand why.

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Chapter 261: 138

Tezznin was bored, but remained patient during Heaven's training. This was her second day of training, and she was supposed to reward the same men from last time. They really did something horrible every day and Heaven thought this rewarding system must be tiring if it is done so frequently. But she knew that wasn't the case. They just wanted to mislead her and therefore doing it more often now.

The demons that she had sent with a mission last time came back with some answers. Gael, the young demon with the soothing voice, had done his homework. He came back educated and shared his knowledge with her. Heaven had to admit that he was good at explaining and he came with very useful information. She could see that Tezznin started to listen after some time and would even ask questions.

She was the devil's daughter, after all. The information seemed beneficial to her as well.

Gael explained the importance of having the right people by her side to succeed as a ruler.

Well, that was the problem. Since she was a woman, people would be more hesitant to support her, even if she became worthy of being a ruler. After thinking for a while, she came to the conclusion that she needed demons by her side. Demons weren't gender focused, but there was another kind of hierarchy in the demon world. The power ranks. Older, pure blood or created demons were highest on the rank, and she was neither. But having an ancient demon as her mate would help her climb the ladder of power.

Now she had Ilyas. She needed more trustworthy demons, and she didn't know why she was looking at Gael as an option. There was something about him she liked, even though he resided in this kingdom and participated in indecent acts. She usually had a gut feeling about people, and it often turned out to be true. She wanted to know more about him.

'Thank you, Gael.' Heaven told him after he finished his lesson. But Gael didn't leave, and Heaven realized that he was waiting for his reward.

Turning to Tezznin, 'How do you reward them?' She asked.

'I grant them a wish.' Tezznin replied. 'Usually they want more power. Isn't that the case with you as well?' She asked him.

Gael nodded. 'Yes, My Lady.'

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Heaven became curious. What kind of power would he be given?

‘We have different ranking system here. The oldest are not the most powerful. The most powerful are of course my father and us, his family. The rest are ranked depending on how well they execute their mission. Those who impress us the most, are placed in a higher rank. They are meant to be respected and listened to. They are given power and authority.’

Heaven wasn't surprised. It made sense. Her grandfather gave more power to the cunning ones.

Tezznin rewarded Gael, and then showed her around the castle. The ones in the highest ranks got to live in the most luxurious parts of the kingdom. If they kept doing well, they would keep living there or they could lose their position to someone who did a better job.

It looked like they were all power hungry. Wealth, women, liquor, parties, and obscenity were part of their daily lives. There was a lot of competition between the demons, and they seemed to be pitted against each other. A clever way to make them commit the most cruel acts in order to beat the other and become the more powerful one.

‘You will learn how everything works, eventually.’ Tezznin said.

She spoke about things that people would usually be ashamed of and never admit like it was nothing. Bad things were common. Sin was natural. Cruelty was justified and irresponsibility was freedom. It scared her how Tezznin spoke, as if this would all be normal to her, eventually. That would mean that she had seen it happen many times.

It made her think of Zarin. Beside the golden freckles in his eyes that disturbed her, something in his gaze had changed. She wondered why he didn't get back to her after delivering the letters yesterday. Or did he not deliver them?

Maybe not.

She really wanted to assure her parents. With Zamiel she still had some kind of connection, but her parents seemed far away. If Zamiel visited her dreams again, she would ask him to assure them. Maybe he already did, if he had a plan.

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On her way back to the room she came by the hall where she had seen the paintings on the wall. But strangely, they were gone. Not even a single one remained. It looked like there had never been a painting there before.

'You are here.' It was the stranger that looked like Zamiel.

He appeared beside her, and she avoided to look at him. She was still disturbed and annoyed by the fact that he looked like Zamiel.

'This wall was painted?' She said.

'Yes.'

'Where is the painting?'

'I don't know. Maybe there will be a new painting.' He said. 'Why are you so upset about it?'

Was she ?

‘I am not upset.’ She said.

‘You sound upset.’

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She shook her head at him.

Not feeling like having a conversation in the hall alone with this disturbing stranger, she decided to leave when he grabbed her arm to stop her.

‘Are you afraid ?’ He asked.

‘Of what ?’ Heaven tried to pull her arm away, but he held it firmly.

‘Of feeling attracted to me.’

Heaven scoffed. ‘I am not the one chasing the other.’

He drew her closer, and Heaven grimaced. ‘I won’t have to chase you if you don’t run.’ He smirked.

Heaven was about to draw power from him and throw him across the room when a familiar voice startled her.

‘Let her go !’

The voice was authoritative, and it belonged to none other than Zarin. He approached them steadily and with an angry look on his face. The stranger let go of her arm without resistance.

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Heaven thought it was strange at first since she knew this demon was much older than Zarin, but then she realized what was happening.

Zarin was in a higher rank in this kingdom.

The way the stranger listened to him and left, shocked her. Heaven stared at Zarin with heart pounding. What had he done ?

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

Chapter 262: 139

‘Are you ready ?’ Zamiel looked at Euphorion, who had managed to dress decently this time.

‘I don’t know how you can wear this.’ He complained while adjusting his shirt.

Water demons covered parts of their bodies with what looked like fish scales, so he could understand that this kind of clothing was a unique experience for Euphorion. He had probably not been on land for too long.

‘Well, I think I am ready now.’ He said, giving up at last.

Zamiel looked at his blue hair. ‘You need to do something about that.’

Euphorion changes his hair to a golden color.

‘And the nails.’ Zamiel added.

Euphorion’s nails were too long, and that wasn’t even his demon claws.

He looked at his hands. 'No human will see them.' He assured.
'Anything else?'

'Yes. You forgot the shoes.'

Euphorion stared at his bare feet. 'I don't need them.' He said.

'I know but it is strange to walk around barefoot.'

Without a word, Euphorion slid his feet into the pair of shoes that Zamiel gave him, and then they were both ready to leave.

Euphorion was like a child who had never been outside. To be fair, he hadn't been on land for a very long time, and things looked much different now.

Zamiel would always feel a bit misplaced every time he woke up to a changed world after a deep slumber. Euphorion must feel the same now, but worse.

He would be fine in a while. Demons were very quick to learn and adjust because of all the information available through the human mind.

Updated _at

Zamiel showed him around until Euphorion was satisfied and then they went into a tavern to have something to eat and drink.

Wherever they went, they drew too much attention. As soon as they went into the tavern, it became quiet and all gazes turned toward them.

Curious, mesmerized and lustful gazes stared at them and Zamiel could hear what was running through a few people's minds.

‘Oh, they are lustful.’ Euphorion pointed, also able to hear their thoughts.

One intoxicated male whistled and gestured for him to come with a finger, and the other ones sitting at the table laughed. Zamiel gave them a look that made them swallow their own laughter in fear.

The room turned silent as they made their way to a table and sat down.

‘Alright. I know I said it is too hot but you are making my teeth shatter.’ Euphorion whispered.

Zamiel didn’t realize what he was doing and stopped.

‘I think being without your mate is making you sensitive. I am sure you are used to this.’ He continued.

Zamiel sighed and relaxed. Everyone in the room eventually relaxed as well and the loud chatter started again.

Euphorion and Zamiel were served food and drinks and Euphorion was still getting used to the cooked food. Ancients rarely needed to eat. It was only for enjoyment, and Euphorion enjoyed certain things more than others. He left all the meat aside and ate the vegetables. It was probably the closest to what they ate in the oceans.

‘What is this?’ he asked, picking up the bread.

‘It is called bread. It is made of things you won’t know.’

Euphorion took a bite, and then grimaced. ‘It tastes awful.’ He said, forcing himself to chew and swallow the piece.

‘I don’t like it either.’ Zamiel agreed.

‘So what is your plan exactly?’ Euphorion asked, this time communicating with him telepathically.

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Euphorion had offered to help him because, well, he hated Lucifer. Whether he could be of help depended on whether his suspicion turned out right or wrong. He was waiting for an answer from Irene. He had already told her what she needed to do.

If his suspicion was right, then Euphorion would be of great help. His plan would be perfect.

‘I will let you know as soon as I have the more information.’ Zamiel told him.

Euphorion gave him a look. ‘It better be a good plan. I don’t want to waste my time.’

Zamiel chuckled. Time was the only thing they could waste without regret.

‘If my suspicion is right, then my plan will be one you will enjoy very much. It will be worth the wait.’ He told him.

‘Good. But what if your suspicion turns out to be wrong?’

‘Then I’ll just have to wait until the enemy destroys himself, like you suggested.’ Zamiel said.

‘I hope your suspicion is right then. I am here to enjoy Lucifer’s suffering.’

On his visit to the ocean, Euphorion had showed him the history of all djinn, including the devil. It was carved into stones and it was the first time Zamiel had seen the illustrations. All this time, they had been hidden under the ocean.

Zamiel found out details he didn’t know before, especially about the devil. There was one specific illustration that had caught his attention. The devil eating the forbidden fruit. That was where his suspicion came from, together with a few more unclear illustrations about the devil.

The illustrations were mostly symbols and had to be interpreted. It was simple. If someone laid out too many traps, they would end up falling into a few themselves. And the devil was no exception.

‘Have you found your mate?’ Zamiel asked.

Euphorion shook his head.

‘Did you mate with someone?’

‘No.’

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So he was alone all those years? Usually when demons didn’t find their mates after a long time, they mated with someone else to reproduce.

‘Maybe you will find her here.’ Zamiel said, knowing it would annoy him.

Euphorion frowned.

‘Maybe your mate isn’t a water demon, or a demon at all.’ Zamiel said.

‘What are you implying?’

‘What if your mate is on land, but you are always in the waters? And what if she is human?’

Euphorion grimaced. He didn’t like the idea. ‘I am not looking for my mate, and if I happen to find her, I pray it is not a human. Their emotions are unpredictable and it could end up in a heartbreak.’

Zamiel understood Euphorion’s concerns. Humans weren’t bound by the mating bond as demons were.

‘There is a risk of getting your heart broken, but it is a risk worth taking.’

‘You say that because your mate is human.’ He took a sip from his drink. ‘And witch. And the devil’s granddaughter. What a mixture. Imagine your children.’

Zamiel froze. Children? The thought of having a child made him nervous. That extreme, overwhelming love for his child, he could still feel it until today.

His most vivid memory was when his daughter was born, and he held her in his arms for the first time. For a long time that memory was replaced by the one of holding her dead body, but now that he got to meet her he could think of the good memories instead of the bad ones.

‘What about you? Don’t you want children?’ Zamiel asked.

Euphorion chuckled. ‘Those small being? No. I don’t think I can handle them. They are better without me.’

Zamiel smiled. This was a common problem with ancients. After living for so long, it was easy to become emotionally detached. To see things as simple or none important. To stop enjoying and appreciating the small things. Ancients could fight other ancients, but innocent beings as children would scare them.

‘You and Heaven should just come and live in the ocean.’ Euphorion said.

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His plan was close to that. The ocean was part of the solution.

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

Chapter 263: 140

Zarin was full of guilt. It was eating him from the inside, and he was getting angrier and more frustrated with every passing moment. This morning he had gone to castle to bring the letters Heaven’s parents wrote to her.

When he met her mother, she had taken his hands in her own and looked at him pleadingly. ‘Heaven will be home soon. Come back with her.’ She had told him. ‘We will be waiting for you.’

Why would they wait? He wasn’t coming back. He was tired of everyone being kind to him. He was tired of this guilt. He wanted to get rid of it.

He looked at the letters in his hands. He wanted to give them to Heaven, but he didn't know why he was hesitating.

'You know what is stopping you.' Tezz appeared in his mansion with her usual knowing smirk. 'Maybe deep down you don't want her to leave.' She said, walking around the chair where he sat.

Of course, she knew what he wanted deep down. It was her job. Zarin just wanted someone to accept him the way he was now, and Heaven was right here.

He was torn between wanting to help her and wanting to get rid of his guilt and make her stay. Change her mind about him and this place.

'You want to help Heaven to what end? Do you think helping her will make her think positively of you?'

No. He had broken her heart too many times.

'Well, that is true.' Tezz agreed with his thoughts. 'A broken pot will never be the same, even after it is repaired.'

Heaven's feeling for him would never be the same. The terrible things he did would never be erased from her mind.

'What should I do?' He asked.

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'It is up to you. You can either give her the letters and help her get back home, which you won't succeed to do. Or you could use the skills you have learned to make her stay. You are not the old Zarin anymore. You

have power and skills now. You can do things for her that you couldn't before.'

Zarin knew he shouldn't listen to her. The right thing would be to help Heaven, but he really wanted to show her what he had achieved while he was here. He wanted to impress her. He wanted to show her that he wasn't a little boy anymore. He was no less than Zamiel.

Tezz left him alone with his thoughts and went to train Heaven. Zarin kept going back and forth on what he wanted to do. He didn't want Heaven to lose the light in her eyes, but what if she lost it? What kind of person would she be? Would she be more accepting of him? He would never find out unless she changed.

When he knew her training had ended, he went to find her, but she wasn't in her room. He looked around the castle until he found her with Rhys.

Rhys was known as the seducer. He was good at bringing out people's most hidden sexual desires.

Zarin became angry when he saw him holding Heaven. 'Let her go!' He ordered.

Rhys obeyed his command, but showed dislike before he disappeared. Heaven turned to him with a look of surprise on her face. He felt powerful in that moment.

'Heaven.' He walked up to her. 'Are you alright?'

'Yes, I am fine.' She said.

There were so many questions in her eyes when she looked at him. Maybe he would take this opportunity to invite her to his home.

‘Zarin, what happened to your eyes? What is all this about?’ She asked.

‘Why don’t you have lunch with me and I’ll explain everything.’ He told her.

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Once he brought her to his home, he felt satisfied to see the surprised look on her face. He knew his home was impressive. The devil knew how to make any place look luxurious.

‘You live here?’ She asked, but it sounded more like a statement than a question. Almost as if she had to say it out loud to process it.

‘Yes.’ He replied.

She walked around with her hands behind her back. It reminded him of her father. Something about her demeanor had changed. The way she walked, spoke, and carried herself was slightly different. She seemed more observant, more careful, and her face remained neutral as she studied her surroundings. Even though her eyes and body showed exhaustion, her posture was strong.

His father had once told him that hardship and pain changed people. Either for the better or the worse.

When she had scolded him yesterday, it was different from the previous times; she scolded him. This time, rather than hurt in her voice, there was power in it.

Her eyes had been firm. She had figured out his true intentions, and she showed him that she would accept no more lies. She's had enough and she wouldn't let anyone hurt her anymore. And here he was, still going back to being a bad friend.

Lunch was served, and they sat at a large table opposite of each other.

'I delivered the letters to your parents and Zamiel.' He began.

'Were they alright?' She asked.

He nodded. 'They were fine. They were happy to receive your letters.'

He said.

She nodded thoughtfully. 'Did you see your parents?'

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He shook his head, but she already knew the answer. It was as if she could see through him now. She made him nervous.

'It seems like you decided to stay here.' She said calmly.

'I like it here. It is not a bad place like you think.' He told her.

It was a bad thing to say after what she went through, and he expected her to get angry at him, but her expression remained the same. It was difficult to know what she was thinking. How would he convince her when she didn't reveal her emotions?

She was acting like her father right now. Calm, calculating and observant. Was these some ruler qualities she had learned or did she just change into this person?

‘What happened to your eyes?’ She asked, ignoring his previous comment.

‘It is my demon being more visible.’ He said.

Lothaire had told him that there was a way he could become more powerful. By killing his human side, his demon would be more dominant. Zarin didn’t hesitate and agreed to the idea. If the devil wanted to kill him, he wouldn’t make up excuses.

But one thing came as a big surprise. Zarin had only thought he would have to deal with painful death, but he didn’t know the recovery was worse. It was agonizing. But it was worth it. Now he was more demon, more powerful, and the gold freckles in his eyes were because he was a descendant of a fire demon. The fire in his eyes would only be slightly visible as gold freckles.

‘What do you mean?’ She asked.

‘I killed my human side to be more demon.’ He told her.

Not only a demon. He became a high rank demon. He worked hard to get where he was. Yes, he did terrible things, but like the devil said. They made their choices. He only made sin appealing.

The source of this _chapter;

Since he already became this person and he worked so hard to get where he was, why would he stop? Why not make Heaven want to stay here?

Zamiel wouldn’t be able to win against the devil, anyway. So Heaven would stay here no matter what. He was only helping her be happy.

Married To The Devil's Son (WN)

Chapter 264: 141

Heaven froze in shock. Killed his human side? Why?

She knew about her father's death and how that changed him, but why would someone want to go through that? For what reason?

'Why?' Was all she managed to ask.

Zarin sighed and then held his hands out in a stop motion. Almost as if defending himself. 'It is not that bad. It was painful, but now my demon is always there. I don't have to deal with it coming and going.' He explained.

Heaven didn't know how to respond to that, but suspected that her grandfather had something to do with it and he was benefiting from this change.

She wanted to tell Zarin that he was being her grandfather's puppet, but refrained from it. She was frustrated that he was letting himself be used. She always knew that he hated responsibility and loved to live freely. But she never thought he was a stupid. He had been the smarter one when they were younger. Even when he indulged himself, he wasn't irrational.

But this time he was acting like a complete fool. Despite being fully aware that he was being used, he was letting it happen because it getting what he desired. What he didn't know was that he was losing more than what he was getting.

‘Do you feel better now with your demon always present?’ She asked, genuinely curious.

His eyes shifted between different emotions. They weren’t like yesterday, where she could see guilt in them. Today he was different. She would sometimes see hints of guilt and other times pride or excitement. He was proud of what he had achieved and excited to show her.

‘Yes.’ He replied.

‘Are they treating you well here?’ She asked.

He nodded. ‘Yes.’

‘Better than how your parents were treating you?’

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He was about to put a piece of bread into his mouth when he paused and looked up at her. Her question took him by surprise, and he didn’t seem to know how to reply.

‘Well, I... I can’t always live with my parents. I have to someday be on my own.’ He said.

‘Then I guess you chose the right place. You will be on your own here.’ She told him, feeling sad for her friend.

Some kind of emotions flickered through his eyes, and his lips pressed into a thin line. At least he understood the weight of her words.

‘You are here.’ He said, his voice low. He didn’t sound confident.

‘No. Only my body is here. My heart and mind will always be with my family.’

He nodded with a sad smile. The conversation was only getting more awkward so Heaven decided to excuse herself and leave. ‘I am tired. I should go back and rest.’ She said, standing up.

He stood up quickly. ‘Do you hate me?’ He blurted.

His hands were curled into fists at the side of his body as if he was angry. Heaven was taken aback by his question. ‘No. I don’t hate you.’ She felt sorry for him.

Now he looked disgusted. ‘You are looking at me the way he did.’ He said.

‘Who?’

‘Zamiel. You pity me.’ He was angry now.

Heaven remained calm despite his unsettling anger.

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‘You hate him. He pities you. I think that says something.’

She had sent him to Zamiel to annoy him a bit, but besides that she also wanted to see if he would put his hate aside and help her. Knowing the kind of person Zamiel was, she hoped that his good nature would affect him positively. But it didn’t.

Before this escalated into a fight, she had to leave. The anger in his gaze frightened her and before he could say something that could possibly make her hate him, she left. Things were already bad as they were.

Lothaire was pacing in his private room, where nobody could find him. Several things were disturbing him. One was Irene who was going around with yet another male when he didn't even get rid of Nyle yet. Since she was with someone new today he knew she was only trying to make him jealous but knowing that didn't lessen the feeling. He couldn't help but feel irked since she was letting these men get close to her and touch her.

She wouldn't want anyone to die because of her but then if he made her stop by telling her he would kill anyone who touched her then he would expose himself. He was already worried about Zamiel and what he had told Irene.

Zamiel had managed to make Euphorion join him on land. Euphorion hated both land and land demons, so that he was here and staying with Zamiel was worrisome.

Lothaire hated the water demons. He couldn't see what happened beneath the waters, and most of their kingdoms were hidden from the land demons. Except for the ones they trusted, and those were very few. Zamiel was clever to maintain a friendship with the water demons. Now what were they planning? He knew he shouldn't underestimate them.

Lothaire tried to control himself and stay patient, but Irene kept infuriating him. Normally he might not have gotten this angry or jealous. He would have let her enjoy herself. That would help to mislead her and make her stay. Telling himself that didn't work and stopping himself

from looking into The Eye to see what she was doing wasn't working either.

This was unlike him and now he had to admit that he had underestimated the affects of the possession. He had to find a solution. But first he would find Irene. He would compel her to tell him what she was up to. If she didn't care why would she try to make him jealous?

He left his room and met her in the hall, on her way back to her room. She halted when she saw him standing there and gave him a look to move away. Lothaire held his ground. He looked at her closely.

She looked lovely. She reminded him of everything bright. The clear blue sky on a summer day, the warm sun, the green grass and the colorful flowers.

He inhaled her scent. She smelled like flowers and herbs. He moved closer and gazed into her eyes. There was no need to say anything nice before compelling her. She would be furious afterwards, no matter what. He would just do it and leave.

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'Will you compel me?' She asked.

Lothaire froze. How did she know?

'Why would I?' He asked with a smile.

Why did he say that? He was about to compel her, and he should just get it over with.

'Why not? You have done worse?'

‘You are right. Maybe I should just compel you then.’ He said.

‘Go ahead. The almighty devil has to compel to get what he wants.’

That sounded like something Heaven would say. He was amused. And thinking of it now, the fact that she anticipated that he would compel her meant that she was hiding something. He had to know to be prepared.

‘It doesn’t matter how the devil gets what he wants as long as he gets it.’ He said and then gazed into her eyes to compel her. ‘Now tell me. Did Zamiel come to see you?’

Her eyes widened. Her pupils dilated, and she fell into his spell.

‘Yes.’ She replied.

He knew it.

‘What did he tell you?’

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‘That I have another mate and he is in your hidden kingdom.’

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

Chapter 265: 142

‘I have another mate and he is in your hidden kingdom.’

Lothaire had to take a moment to understand what she said. Another mate? That was impossible? He had never heard or seen someone having two mates at the same time.

‘That is not possible.’ He spoke with clenched teeth.

She didn’t respond to that, since it wasn’t a question.

‘What else did he tell you?’ He asked.

‘He said to find my mate. He would help me get back home.’

Lothaire threw his head back and laughed hysterically. She had another mate, and she expected him to save her. How naive. This whole thing was ridiculous. None of it was true.

‘Did you find him?’

‘No.’

‘Are you looking for him?’ He asked.

‘Yes.’

He became furious. So she believed whatever Zamiel told her. And how would Zamiel know such a thing? It was probably a lie to anger him.

But... what if it was the truth? After all, he was the devil, and this could be yet another punishment for him. He wouldn’t be surprised.

He released her from his spell, and when she woke up from her trance, she slapped him across the face. She didn’t look angry. It was almost as if she had already decided that if he compelled her, she would slap him.

Lothaire had expected a slap or some harsh words. But he had preferred the slap until now. Strangely, the slap and the disgusted look on her face made him feel a sting in his heart.

Why was he hurt when he already expected it to happen? She had slapped him before, and it had never bothered him. In fact, he found joy in it. There was something about aggressiveness in people that he liked. Normally he would have given her a polite smile to ensure her that her slap didn't hurt him in any way.

Irene pushed past him and left him standing in the hall alone. What was this feeling? In a short moment, he went through so many emotions that it left him feeling overwhelmed.

His heart felt heavy while his mind got imploded with so many questions. Another mate? In his own kingdom? If it was true, then that would be a good way to mock him and he wouldn't let that happen. He had to treat this as if it was true, even though he believed it was a lie. If she had another mate, then that demon would be dead soon.

Updated _at

His hands fisted at the sides of his body and his face grew hot just thinking of the possibility of Irene having another mate. He imagined killing her mate in front of her eyes so she would wish she never found him. But then her disgusted face appeared in his mind, and his heart felt strange again.

What was this? He didn't like it at all.

How could he get rid of the effects of the possession because this was bothering him more than he expected.

If only Heaven would get his personality traits, but she was the victim. He was the one who took away someone's free will and now he was paying for it. He knew he would have to face consequences, but he wasn't ready for this.

He went to the throne hall. The anger was probably still visible on his face because Hezz frowned upon his arrival.

‘Is something wrong?’ She asked.

He was about to tell her to keep an eye on Irene all the time, but that would make her suspicious. ‘How is the progress with Heaven going?’ He asked, trying his best to keep his voice calm.

‘Tezz is taking care of her.’ She told him.

‘And what are you doing?!’ He snapped.

Hezz blinked a few times, her eyes widening. Lothaire took a deep breath. This wasn’t going well.

‘I want you to leave all of your other duties and take care of Heaven together with your sister.’ He told her.

Hezz nodded, but now she was truly concerned. ‘Did something else happen? I found that another ancient demon joined Zamiel.’

‘Yes. That is why I need you to focus on Heaven. We don’t know what they are planning.’

His children had other reasons to worry. They weren’t immortal like him, so he could understand their worry and fear.

‘It will take time with Heaven. You know that.’ She reminded.

Lothaire pressed his lips together, feeling impatient. ‘I know. But you are the master of manipulation. You have taken care of the most righteous people. I believe in you.’ He told her.

Visiting Irene's dreams wasn't easy. There was some kind of seal between Lucifer's world and the real one, and getting through it was difficult. Tonight, after many tries, Zamiel finally managed to get into Irene's head and wake her up.

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'Zamiel.' She had been waiting for him.

He had set up a plan where he had involved her in a way he wasn't proud of. 'Are you alright?' He asked her. Her dreams were always in dark places. It reflected the state of her mind.

She shook her head. 'I ruined your plan. Lucifer compelled me, and I told him everything. I tried to make him feel bad so he wouldn't do it but he did it, anyway.'

She felt terrible. 'Don't worry. You ruined nothing. I lied to you.' He told her, feeling bad. He knew Lucifer would compel her. 'I am sorry.'

She blinked a few times, looking confused, and then she put the pieces together. Her lips slowly curved into a smile. It wasn't the reaction he expected.

He expected her to be angry because he had lied to her. 'Oh, I am glad. You are clever.' She said, feeling relieved that everything was still going as planned.

'Was all of it a lie?' She then asked.

He nodded. She wasn't disappointed because she hadn't believed him to begin with. Having a second mate was something unheard of.

Irene frowned. She wondered what the purpose, or the plan was, if it was all a lie? That Zamiel couldn't tell her, because if his suspicion about her being the devil's weakness was true, he was afraid she would do something reckless.

'What exactly is your plan?' She asked him, but then changed her mind quickly. She threw her hands out in a stop gesture. 'Or don't tell me. He might compel me again.' She said.

Not knowing caused her to remain confused.

'I am trying to see if the possession is affecting him. He might start to care and that is why I sent you to be with other men.' He explained.

It wasn't a complete lie. He did send her to find out Lucifer's reaction and right now, his reaction was what he had anticipated.

'I will visit you again soon. I want to know if you see any changes in his behavior.' He told her.

She nodded.

'Do you think he might let us go?' She asked.

Zamiel wasn't sure. But no matter what, he would get them out of this place.

Their surroundings started to fade, and they were pulled apart by an invisible force. She was probably waking up, and he found himself back in his body.

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Euphorion was looming over him where he lay. ‘Where were you?’ He asked.

Zamiel sighed as he sat up. It was both annoying and entertaining to have Euphorion in his home. The demon was giving him no space.

Standing up, he walked away without replying. Usually he was polite to everyone, but having Euphorion around all the time made him lose his patience. He couldn’t be polite every hour of the day. And even the night sometimes.

‘Did you go to Heaven?’ He called behind him.

Zamiel could tell that he found the whole name thing amusing. He went to the table where his Helen had served him tea. He sat down and put some honey in his tea to sweeten it. Zamiel wasn’t a food person, but he liked to have his tea every day.

Euphorion couldn’t understand how someone could drink something so hot, so he looked at him appalled every time he drank his tea. And now he was looking at him the same way.

Sitting on the couch, he stared with a serious expression. ‘Will you tell me anything about what you are planning?’ He asked, crossing his arms over his chest.

Now that things were coming together slowly, Zamiel told him the whole plan. He needed to know Euphorion’s thoughts and wanted him to be ready.

Euphorion was surprised by the plan, and the evil smile that crept to his face told him he liked it very much. 'it is truly worth the wait.' He smirked.

Zamiel spent the rest of his day as usual. He went to do his business and then he went to see Heaven's parents. Heaven didn't ask him to do it, but he knew she worried for them.

Hazel had come to see him the day after her daughter left. She wanted to know if there was anything she could do to help save Heaven. She somehow made him feel guilty for not telling her anything. She told him she believed he could save his mate.

Now every time he went to the castle he would go to see her, just to assure her he hadn't forgotten Heaven and that he was thinking of a plan. She would always ask him to stay for a while and they would talk about anything. Zamiel realized why Heaven was so protective of her mother. There was something very delicate about her.

And then at night he would go home. He hated that part. Being alone reminded him that Heaven was gone.

It was raining heavily tonight. When he came home, Euphorion asked him if he was in a bad mood.

'I am not the one causing the rain.' He told him.

'Can you stop it? I need to sleep.' He said.

Zamiel caused a loud thunder to rumble outside. 'It could always get worse.' He told him, giving him a deadly stare. 'Have a good night.'

He teleported to his room, getting out of his clothes, he went straight to bed. He needed some darkness, but as he was about to fall asleep, he felt someone wandering outside his home.

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Because it was raining and storming, it was difficult to detect the scent. Zamiel got out of his bed and went to the window. He found Zarin standing in the rain. What was he doing here?

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

Chapter 266: 143

Zarin observed Heaven sitting in the garden and watching her surroundings. She sat for a long while and seemed to be deeply lost in thoughts. At first he thought she was waiting for someone, but now he realized she was just resting outside.

He didn't like the way things ended between them last time, so he went to her to make things right. When he neared, she turned to him.

'May I sit?' He asked, motioning toward the empty place beside her.

'Yes.'

He sat down, and she went back to stare at the garden. 'It is beautiful.' She said almost sadly.

'It is.' He agreed.

She sighed. Again, she sounded sad. 'Yet it is nothing like the one back home.'

Zarin looked around and strangely he agreed with her. Nothing in this entire place was like home. It lacked warmth. It felt empty.

‘When we were younger, you know I hated being a princess. I blamed my parents and hated them sometimes.’ She smiled, but the smile didn’t reach her eyes. ‘Have you hated your parents sometimes?’ She asked him.

Zarin smiled. ‘Yes.’ He did many times think he was born into the wrong family, especially when he started to grow up. He began to hate his father, whom he used to be close to.

When he was a child, he was just like his father. Calm, responsible and sensible, and Heaven used to be the rebellious one. Then suddenly they changed roles. That was when he distanced himself from his father.

‘I felt like they never understood because they were adults. That is why I would come to you or Gina to talk instead.’ She continued.

That he could agree with as well. Maybe that is why he had distanced himself from his father the most. He would talk to his mother, his sister, his uncle Rasmus or Lucian, but his father would be the last option. Not only because of the age, but because his father was a full-demon. He would never understand his struggles.

Well, maybe also because his father was very honest with him. Something he used to like about him when he was a child, and now he missed it. His eyes stung for some odd reason. What was wrong with him?

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‘I remember complaining to Lydia once. I told her I hated my father. She laughed and told me that he was doing something right if I didn’t love him all the time.’

That sentiment struck a chord within him.

‘I was a child and didn’t understand what she meant until later. But even at that time, despite saying that I hated my parents, if I was separated from them I would be devastated.’ She said.

Just like he was at this moment. His thoughts surprised him. He was supposed to be happy now that he was finally free.

He stood up. ‘I need to go. There are things I need to take care of.’

Heaven looked up at him with a frown and then nodded. ‘Alright.’

Unable to look her in the eyes, he teleported to his room. With a sigh, he sat down on his bed. His heart felt heavy again. Everytime he managed to shut down his feelings, Heaven or her parents had to stir his emotions again. He was tired of feeling this way, so he tried to shut out those feelings, but this time he didn’t have enough strength to do so. He kept dwelling on the things he wanted to forget so badly.

The rest of the day went by slowly. He went to complete his mission for the day. Since he came to this place, he had manipulated and deceived so many people into doing horrible things, that he wasn’t surprised by his own actions anymore.

But it always made him feel disgusted with himself afterwards. He would either go home and bathe. Scrub himself hard as if it would erase his sins, but he would only end up tearing his skin.

Or he would comfort himself with his wealth and have many glamorous women attend to all his needs. He would drink, party until he couldn't remember or feel anything, and then he would go home.

He would go to his empty house where no one would be waiting for him. Where no one would ask him where he had been or with whom. Where no one would nag him to not stay outside late.

Now he had no one to even ask him how he was. Or just simply know by looking at him. He was only greeted by an empty house.

He would have never thought that he would miss the things he hated the most about his parents.

In his intoxicated state, he found himself outside his parents' home. It started to rain heavily, which he was thankful for. This way his father wouldn't be able to sense his presence. He kept a distance and watched from afar.

The source of this chapter;

Through the window he could see the back of his father sitting in his study and writing something.

His father had been haunting him since the day he left. Every time he did something bad, one good thing his father taught him would come to mind and it would weigh on his heart. Now after committing so many sins he expected to stop recalling the good things he was taught, but it didn't happen. That was when he realized just how much time and effort his father put into raising him.

And now, it was all wasted.

Zarin had always thought that his father was unfair. That his father favored Gina and didn't treat them both the same way. Now he realized in order to treat them fairly he had to treat them differently because they had different wants and needs.

But realizing all of this now was useless.

This wasn't his home anymore, and these weren't his parents. They didn't deserve a child like him. He was grateful they had Gina.

He went to the window to his parents' room. There he saw his mother. She was folding clothes and as if sensing his presence; she turned to the window. Zarin's hearts skipped a beat. She couldn't have sensed him. She didn't have those abilities, and he was too far away.

With a frown, she walked toward the window and looked outside. Zarin peeked from behind a large tree. His mother looked around for a while and then, looking disappointed, she went back to fold the clothes.

Zarin watched her in silence. His heart slowly growing larger inside his chest until it felt like he was being suffocated.

'Zarin.' His father was suddenly standing in the rain.

Zarin froze. Not making any movement while hiding behind the trees in the woods that was near his parents' home.

How was his father able to sense him? The rain was pouring down fiercely and the storm was forcefully whipping the branches on the trees back and forth.

His father shouldn't be able to hear or smell him.

‘I know you are there.’ He said, his voice getting muffled by the sound of the storm and heavy raindrops.

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‘Son, I missed you.’ His father’s eyes searched the woods. ‘Come home now.’ He pleaded.

Zarin shook his head, now tears streaming down his face. I can’t, he thought to himself.

His father waited patiently and then started to speak to him in Persian. His father would only use his mother tongue when he was being very affectionate.

He was calling to him, asking him to come back home using endearing terms.

‘I love you, son.’ He said in Persian.

Zarin put a hand on his mouth, muffling his cries. He shut his eyes and sobbed into his hand silently. His tears fell with the raindrops to the ground.

His father heard his cries, and his head moved to follow the sound. Their eyes met for a brief moment before Zarin teleported away in fear.

When he was alone, he cried out loudly to the sky and then fell to his knees. The rain poured over him but didn’t wash away his pain. He sat there, somewhere in the woods, letting himself get soaked. He would be fine soon. He had to.

Why did he go to see his parents? He cursed himself for being stupid.

After a while he got up. He would go find a way to get rid of this pain. Drinking didn't help, but an angry ancient demon would do.

He had wanted to upset him, anyway. He might as well enjoy some beating while annoying him.

Zarin went to Zamiel's home. For some reason it seemed to rain more outside his house. Unsteadily, he walked up to his front door. It was late, but he didn't care. He knocked loudly.

Wait. Why was he knocking?

He should just barge inside. He took a few steps back and was about to run at the locked door when it opened by itself and he flew inside, falling flat on his stomach. He came face to face with a pair of black shoes.

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Groaning, he pushed himself up to see who it was. Zamiel was looming over him, staring down at him with eyes gleaming in the dark.

The storm outside seemed to pick up and was followed by a loud thunder that caused the windows in the house to shake.

Zamiel stood still, blending with darkness of his surroundings. His eyes narrowed, 'you seem to have a death wish.' He said.

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

Chapter 267: 144

Zamiel looked down at Zarin, who was lying at his feet. He had already been in a bad mood. Even the skies responded to his emotions, and now

this boy came to annoy him. He didn't think he would be anymore surprised by Zarin's actions, but this behavior baffled him.

Zarin got up on his feet, but he could barely stand. He reeked of alcohol and was soaked in rain. His eyes were red and swollen.

He had been crying.

While trying to balance his weight on his feet, he looked at him with a tilted head and smirked. 'I am not here to die. I came here to beat you.' He said pointing at him.

He really did have a death wish.

'And you think you can do that?' Zamiel crossed his arms behind his back. This boy could barely stand on his feet and he wanted to beat him?

Not even his father or grandfather would be fool enough to pick a fight with him this easily.

'You think I can't?' He asked in turn. 'You underestimate me.'

Wobbling, he walked around him in a circle, like a predator surrounding his prey. The whole thing was so silly that it wasn't even worth laughing about.

'Go home, Zarin!' He told him.

'Why? Are you scared?'

'Very much. You make me shiver.' Zamiel said sarcastically.

Euphorion must have smitten him with his sarcasm and now he was standing upstairs, probably wondering what was going on.

‘I have never feared you.’ Zarin spat.

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‘Only a fool would have no fear.’

Zarin scoffed, still walking around him in circles. Zamiel knew why he was here. He was here to relieve his pain and guilt so he could go back to do what whatever bad deeds he had been doing. Again, he was only thinking of himself and causing problems.

‘Is that why you fear poison?’ He asked.

Zamiel frowned. Of course, Zarin knew this by now. He would do anything to find out his weaknesses.

‘An ancient, powerful demon. Created with the power to destroy the world, yet you fear poison.’ He laughed at him.

Zamiel remained unprovoked despite being in a bad mood.

Now Zarin came to stand in front of him. ‘You think you are better than everyone else? You are just like every other demon. Prideful. You think you are better than me. That I am not even worth fighting.’

‘Just kill him so we can get some sleep.’ Euphorion spoke from upstairs.

Zarin didn’t bother to look up. He kept his gaze fixated on Zamiel. Hate radiated from them. He was here to receive his pain but also unleash his hatred. He was not leaving unless he got to fight.

‘Powerful demon, yet you couldn’t protect your family. They died while you are still alive. Having all that power for nothing. Or did you maybe let them get killed on purpose?’

Zamiel stiffened. He knew that Zarin was full of hate, but this he never expected from him. Especially since he came crying because he felt as if he had lost his family. To use someone’s family against them just to relieve his pain was repugnant.

With a look of disgust, Zamiel threw him outside his home with a wave of his hand. Zarin flew through the door and collided with a tree. He fell to the ground with a groan. Zamiel stepped outside to the rain while Zarin crawled and tried to get up on his feet. He wasn’t giving up yet.

When he was standing, he looked at Zamiel. ‘I am not a weak demon anymore.’ He was referring to the death of his human side. ‘I am more powerful now.’

Zamiel didn’t know why he held back. Zarin crossed the line because he had let him several times before. This time he wouldn’t. The boy needed to know when to stop.

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Euphorion came out to the terrace to watch the fight.

Zarin roared like an animal, letting his claws and fangs come out before attacking Zamiel. Zamiel avoided his sloppy attempts easily, causing Zarin to become angrier than he was before.

‘Everything is your fault!’ He yelled as he was attacking him.

Zamiel avoided his punch and kicked him in the stomach, causing him to fall and glide backwards on the muddy ground. The next moment he stood over and stepped on his chest, suffocating him.

‘This is how I felt when I lost my family. I would have done anything to be with them again. And you? Your family is alive. All you need to do is admit that you are wrong to be with them again. But you can’t. You might have become more demon, but I still see a weak boy.’

Zarin was burning with fury as he groaned in pain while trying to remove Zamiel’s feet from his chest. ‘Does it hurt?’ Zamiel asked. ‘Have you ever thought of the pain you caused others except for your own?’

When he couldn’t remove Zamiel’s feet, he teleported away and then attacked from behind. Zamiel moved out of his way and Zarin ended up falling again.

This time he got up, more determined than before. Small flames burned in his eyes and with a motion of his hand he set Zamiel on fire.

What a stupid thing to do. He was a smoke demon. No fire could hurt him.

Zamiel let his skin absorb the flames. ‘That is not how you burn a demon.’ He said and then caused lightning to strike him.

Zarin fell unconscious to the ground.

‘No!’ Euphorion called disappointed that the fight ended so soon but Zamiel had enough.

He left Zarin on the ground and walked into his home. Euphorion watched him curiously. ‘Are you going to let him live?’ He asked, coming after him.

‘I am tired. I am going to sleep.’ Zamiel said.

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Zarin wasn’t his responsibility. The boy had come to his home and started a fight. He owed him nothing. Yet as he went upstairs, something didn’t feel right. Cursing himself, he turned around and went back outside.

Euphorion followed him with a questioning gaze.

Zamiel grabbed Zarin by the arm and teleported him inside.

Now Euphorion stared at him, confused. ‘So you are not only going to let him live but also care for him?’ He raised a brow.

Zamiel sighed. He didn’t know why he was doing this either. But he wasn’t into the killing thing that came so easily for demons.

‘If so, you could have at least beaten him severely. Make him vomit blood for a few days for the things he said about you and your family.’

Zamiel realized that Euphorion was upset for him. He had called him a friend when introducing him to Zarin, but now he was acting as if he truly was his friend.

Zamiel had never had a male friend before. Ancients were never friends because of the competitiveness between them, and others in the lower rank never considered them friends because of the power dynamic.

Maybe he was reading into it too much and Euphorion was just angry with Zarin.

‘I think this is enough.’ Zamiel said.

‘Did you not read the boy’s mind? He had no intention of stopping. What will you do if he wakes up and burns your house?’

Euphorion made him chuckle despite his bad mood. He was so dramatic.

‘Don’t tell me you are worried for my house?’

‘I am worried for you being this...’ He tried to find the right word.

‘Forgiving.’

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Zamiel was about to say something when he realized this demon was making him talk more than usual. ‘Good night.’ He said turning away from him. ‘Don’t touch the boy.’

When he was back in his room, he wondered what Zarin would do when he woke up? He was fond of his new powers so he could burn this house or maybe poison him in his sleep. Zamiel wouldn’t be surprised anymore.

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

Chapter 268: 145

Zarin woke up feeling as if his body was broken to pieces. Every little movement pained him. He turned on his back and realized that he was lying in bed and it wasn’t his own. Where was he?

Sitting up, he looked around. For a moment he thought that he was in his parents' home and panicked. The last thing he needed was to see the faces of his parents as he leaves them again. Making them go through that pain once was already enough. Now he had to let them live their lives and he would go back to his.

From the scent, Zarin could tell that he was in Zamiel's home. From afar he could smell brewed coffee and burning wood, and close he could smell burnt skin. He remembered getting hit by lightning and then everything afterwards was all black. Why did Zamiel bring him into his home? And even put him in a bed?

Removing the blanket, he swung his legs down and groaned in pain. Every small movement pained him. He looked down at himself. He was damp, covered in dirt, and his shirt was torn. Beneath his shirt he saw burnt skin on his chest and down to his arm. Was something wrong with his healing? He was a full demon now so he should have already healed.

'Burns caused by lightning takes longer to heal.' Suddenly the strange-looking water demon who was Zamiel's friend stood in the room. 'You shouldn't anger a smoke demon.'

Zarin remembered saying things he shouldn't have said. He had been emotional and intoxicated. He was surprised that Zamiel actually brought him inside his home and let him sleep in a bed after the things he said.

'I know. Love makes the man stupid.' The water demon, Euphorion shook his head. 'You are lucky the man loves your friend or you would be struck by lightning every time you stepped outside.'

Zarin didn't feel lucky at all.

He stood up from the bed and decided to leave, but Euphorion blocked his way. ‘Don’t you think you have something to do before leaving?’

Zarin was confused. What did he have to do?

Euphorion shook his head at him and then glared with anger evident in his eyes. ‘Do you know of something called an apology? Or how and when to say thank you?’

Zarin blinked a few times. He was not going to say either of those things to Zamiel.

Before he could finish his thought, Euphorion grabbed him by the collar. ‘Then you can forget leaving.’ He threatened.

‘I’ll do it.’ Zarin said and then thought to himself that he wouldn’t mean it, so it didn’t matter. He knew Euphorion would hear his thoughts.

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Euphorion scoffed and released him. ‘I don’t need you to mean it. Saying it will still hurt your pride.’

Now he didn’t know whether he hated this demon more or Zamiel.

‘By the way, why do you hate him so much?’ Euphorion asked, suddenly curious.

Zarin felt uncomfortable with this question, especially since Euphorion could read his mind.

‘I understand the envy, insecurity and feeling inferior, but there is something more.’ He said narrowing his eyes.

Zarin took a step back. He didn't like having this ancient demon's attention.

'Do you perhaps... like him?'

What?!

'No!' Zarin yelled.

Euphorion tilted his head, and a corner of his mouth lifted. He nodded as if he finally got the answer.

Zarin shook his head. That was ridiculous. Why would he like Zamiel? He hated that man.

'Hatred that comes from an unknown place is usually love in disguise.'
Euphorion smirked.

Suddenly there was a knock on the door, and Zamiel's maid stood at the entrance. 'I have the clothes you asked for, My Lord.' She said and then walked in briefly and placed them on the chair in the room.

'Thank you, Helen.' Euphorion smiled at her, almost causing her to lose balance on her way out. 'Could you prepare a bath for the boy as well?' He said talking about him.

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'Of course, my lord.' She gave him a nod and left.

Boy? He was no boy. And why would he have a bath? He was leaving.

‘You are not going anywhere.’ Euphorion said, turning to him. He became serious. ‘You will take a bath, change, and then come downstairs to have breakfast. And don’t provoke me. I am not Zamiel. I will find you or your family.’ He threatened.

Zarin blinked a few times, completely shocked by the sudden change of Euphorion’s demeanor. Suddenly he saw the power of an ancient behind the playful nature.

‘I’ll be waiting downstairs.’ He then continued, giving him a subtle smile before leaving him alone.

Zarin contemplated to leave. He would be in the hidden kingdom where Euphorion wouldn’t be able to find him and his family, well they weren’t his family anymore and they could take care of themselves. Besides, his grandfather would be there in case they were in danger.

But then he stopped himself. He didn’t want to cause more problems to his family, and Euphorion wouldn’t take his actions lightly. Despite smiling at him, he could see that the water demon disliked him. Very much.

Zarin did as Euphorion ordered. Helen prepared a bath for him in the room. The hot water burned his already burnt skin, and then he wore the new clothes that were given to him.

Hesitantly, he stepped outside the room. What was Euphorion and Zamiel planning for him? Maybe they had planned something together to have their revenge on him. But that didn’t seem like something Zamiel would do.

Standing upstairs, Zarin looked down. He saw Zamiel sitting at the dining table and drinking from a cup while reading a paper in his hand. He was focused. His hair was damp and a few dark strands fell down at the sides of his face. Zarin could tell that Zamiel had just bathed. He could smell the scent of soap mixed with his natural scent.

Wait. Why was he noticing these things ?

‘Because you like him.’ Euphorion appeared from nowhere.

Zarin clenched his jaw in dislike, which caused Euphorion to chuckle.

‘There is nothing wrong with that. Look at him.’ He nodded toward Zamiel. ‘The man is exquisite. You can’t deny that.’

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Zarin walked passed him and went downstairs. He would apologize to Zamiel and leave. This water demon was making him uncomfortable. Besides, he wanted no more acts of kindness from Zamiel.

Once he neared the table, Zamiel looked away from the paper in his hand and turned to him.

Zarin clenched his hands into fists and felt his face heat up out of anger. He did not want to apologize or thank this man. ‘I apologize for what happened last night and thank you.’ He said in a flat tone.

Zamiel stared at him without a change of expression. ‘Why don’t you sit down and have breakfast?’ He asked him.

‘No, thank...’ Suddenly he was pulled by the arm and then pushed down to sit on a chair.

‘Breakfast was part of the deal.’ Euphorion smirked and then sat down at the table as well.

It suddenly became quiet with Euphorion smiling, Zamiel remaining serious and Zarin shrinking in his seat.

At first Zarin thought that they had definitely planned something now that Euphorion forced him to eat breakfast with them, but as they ate in silence Zarin realized that Zamiel had just simple offered him breakfast.

Why? He didn’t understand this act of kindness.

Euphorion finished a whole jar of honey. It was like he had never tasted honey before. ‘I need more of this. I will take it with me to the ocean.’ He said.

‘It is expensive.’ Zamiel told him.

‘How would you like me to pay you? Gold? Silver? Pearls? Fish?’

Zamiel shook his head at him and then turned to Zarin. ‘We are going out. Would you like to come with us?’ He asked.

Zarin was taken by surprise. The way Zamiel asked him so casually made him feel as if they had been friends forever.

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‘Yes.’ He found himself reply.

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

Chapter 269: 146

‘My lord, we brought the witch.’

‘Bring him in.’ Lothaire ordered.

His servants came dragging the male witch and then pushed him down on his knees beneath the throne. Lothaire looked at the young witch, who stared at him with utter disgust. Deep down he was also frightened, but he was good at hiding it.

The servants held him in place, even though the witch knew there was no point in running away. Lothaire stood up from his seat and went down the stairs to get closer to the boy. He was young and didn’t know how to defend himself.

Lothaire had found him through The Eye. His name was Ivan. He was a gifted boy, but he thought of his gifts as a curse and lived hiding them in fear of getting hurt.

‘Show your real self.’ The boy demanded.

Lothaire was immediately amused. Witches knew that demons didn’t always look the way they appeared. They believed demons were ugly. It wasn’t entirely a lie. Demon’s original form could be ugly, frightening, beautiful or all at the same time. The first time would almost always be frightening for humans. They feared everything that was unknown to them.

Lothaire thought of himself as both beautiful and ugly, which made him frightening. It wasn’t a good combination, but the way he looked right now was still him.

Demons could transform and change their appearance from looking like their original self, the way they were created, or looking presentable so

they could blend in with humans. Many demons have stayed in their changed form for so long that they evolved to look more like humans. Especially like the humans they lived amongst.

People might say it is a disguise, but to Lothaire that was only their other form. Their evolved form. Today, most demons looked just like humans. Since demons were mostly male, they chose to stay in their changed form in order to find a human mate and reproduce. And most female demons were originally human and only turned demon after giving birth.

‘This is the real me.’ Lothaire said.

The boy narrowed his eyes. ‘What do you want?’

‘Just answer my questions and do as I say and you will leave this place alive.’ Lothaire told him.

Ivan clenched his jaw and gave him a deadly stare.

Lothaire was impressed. He sat on the stairs so he could be at the same level as Ivan while talking to him.

‘Nature restores everything, is that correct?’ Lothaire asked.

‘Nature restores itself.’ The boy corrected.

Lothaire nodded. ‘Do you know anything about demon possession?’

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The boy frowned. ‘A little.’

‘Tell me what you know.’ Lothaire said.

‘I know you shouldn’t possess humans’

Lothaire chuckled. ‘And if I do?’

‘Then you will be punished.’ He said simply, as if he was sure about it.

‘Who will punish me?’

‘Nature.’ The boy said.

Well, at least he didn’t say God. Lothaire had expected this answer.

‘Does nature’s punishment ever end?’ Lothaire asked.

‘It depends on what you are being punished for. I can imagine your punishment never ends.’

Lothaire smirked. If the boy only knew.

‘The possession. How long will the punishment last?’ He asked.

‘It depends on how long the possession lasted. I can’t tell you an exact time.’

Lothaire nodded. He knew the boy wasn’t lying, but this wasn’t helping. He wanted to know when the effects of the possession would wear off. It was making him lose his mind.

‘Is there a way I can minimize the punishment?’

‘How about stop being the devil?’ The boy suggested.

Usually Lothaire loved people with a smart mouth, but he had been annoyed and itching to kill someone lately.

He lost his temper fast and grabbed the boy's face, letting his sharp nails pierce his skin. 'You better think before you speak if you want to be able to go back and tell the story of how we met.' Lothaire threatened, bringing his face close to his. 'Now tell me. How do I decrease the punishment?'

The boy trembled. 'You can't.'

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'There must be a way.' He spoke with clenched teeth.

Blood ran down the boy's face from the wounds inflicted by Lothaire's claws.

'Nature acts on its own. There is nothing I can do.'

Cursing, Lothaire released him. What did he expect? He had lived much longer than these creatures. They couldn't possibly know of a way out that he didn't. He was only acting out of desperation.

He gestured for the servants to take him away. He would just have to wait for the effect to wear off, and only God knew how long it would take.

Going back to sit on his throne, he opened The Eye. Things seem to come at him from many directions. Irene was, as usual, spending time with more males. Since she was spending time with a different male each time, he became concerned. What if it was true, and she found him? Her second mate.

Lothaire had been in denial since the first time he found out about the second mate, but now he couldn't deny the possibility of it being true anymore.

Irene wasn't originally a demon. It was possible that the restriction of finding one mate didn't apply in her case. Humans and witches could fall in love several times and have multiple soulmates.

He cursed again. Why was this happening to him?

Irene watched Heaven sleep. She had been sleeping for many hours, waking up just to eat a little and then sleep again. She had been tired for so long, but she was never able to sleep well. This time she was sleeping peacefully, and Irene was happy that she was finally getting some rest. Maybe Zamiel had visited her dreams and assured her that he would come and get her.

Covering her with a blanket, Irene left her alone to sleep. She went on to do her part of the plan. The second mate thing had been concerning her, but now she was relieved that it was all a lie. The last thing she needed was dealing with a mate again.

Staying in this place made her miss home so badly. She missed her son, her pets, her plants, and her peace of mind. Now she realized she would rather be alone than in bad company.

Speaking of bad company, he appeared in front of her. What did he want this time?

He held his hands out in defence, keeping a safe distance between them. 'I was on my way to you.' He paused, as if unsure. It was unlike him not to know what to say. 'Will you have dinner with me?' He asked.

Was that hesitance in his voice?

'No.' She said and was about to proceed when he placed himself in her way. He grimaced at his own action, but then looked her in the eyes.

'Then sleep with me.' He said.

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Irene was taken aback. What did he mean? Did she hear him right?

He stepped closer to her. 'You being here is reminding me of all the times we had together. I wish you didn't come here with Heaven.' He reached for her hair, holding it between his fingers as he continued. 'Your presence is torturing me. I see you closer now. I smell your sweet scent and my fingers itch to touch you.'

Irene took a step back and her hair slipped from his fingers.

'I know you don't like me. But you don't have to like me to want me.' He said, stepping closer again. 'Let us relieve our frustration. Just one night without thinking of anything other than what our body craves.'

Irene couldn't deny that she was tempted. She hadn't been with a man for so long. She hadn't been touched for so long and now he caressed her cheek with his cold fingers, reminding her of what it felt like to be consumed by heat.

‘Come with me.’ He whispered, taking her hand and bringing her closer to him.

No! She shouldn’t.

How could she be so easily swayed?

She felt him lean closer and shut her eyes tightly. ‘Don’t please.’ She breathed.

Why was she begging? And who? Herself or him?

Lothaire stopped and Irene opened her eyes, confused.

He sighed while letting go of her hand. He pressed his lips into a thin line, and a frown settled on his face. He looked troubled.

Looking away from her, he rubbed his neck before turning back to her again. It was the first time Irene saw him doing human gestures and showing so many emotions. He was usually very composed. He would stand still and keep the same facial expression most of the time.

Seeing him like this was new to her.

This had to be it. What Zamiel wanted to know. Could the possession have done this to him?

Irene straightened herself. ‘You are right. I have been lonely but soon, I will no more be. I am going to find my mate soon.’ She said.

It was time to remind him like he had been reminding her every time.

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

Chapter 270: 147

Zamiel took Euphorion and Zarin with him to work. They were sitting with him and a few old men and watched him in silence while doing his business. Zarin realized that these old men, despite pretending to be nice, envied him. They coveted his wealth and skills, but despite knowing that, Zamiel showed no hints of being aware of their thoughts.

When they were done negotiating, the men invited them to stay and offered to treat them with food, drinks and women. Zamiel politely declined, and they left the place.

The way Zamiel went on to live his daily life as if nothing was wrong, confused Zarin. Did he not worry about Heaven? He said he would bring her back, but he wasn't planning anything.

When Zarin had visited Heaven's parents, it seemed like Zamiel had told them he was bringing their daughter back. Hazel had told him that Heaven would be back soon. What exactly was his plan? If he had any?

Zamiel took them to meet his workers. He spoke to them in a different manner than he spoke to the men he was negotiating with. With the people working for him, he seemed more approachable, and Zarin could see that his workers genuinely respected him.

He was reminded of the days his father used to take him to his workplace. Just like Zamiel, his father was good with people. He was liked and respected by his workers. He would make them smile and laugh with his sarcastic humor. His heart felt heavy again, thinking of his father.

He looked back at Zamiel. Watched the way he communicated with people. He was very clear with what he wanted and how he wanted it to be done, but he didn't have an aura of superiority. He spoke to his workers in a way that made them feel comfortable and trusted.

But why were he and Euphorion following and watching him?

'Because I enjoy watching him and so do you.' Euphorion said.

Zarin clenched his jaw, almost causing damage to his teeth. He hated having this demon in his head.

'Do you always invade others' privacy?' He asked.

Euphorion shook his head, his eyes still watching Zamiel from afar. 'No. But your thoughts are entertaining.'

Entertainment clearly had a different meaning to him.

Euphorion chuckled. 'What is entertainment to you?' He asked.

'Women?'

Zarin rolled his eyes.

'I am guessing nothing is entertaining you anymore. Nothing makes you happy or passionate or curious. Anymore.'

Zarin turned to Euphorion, feeling struck by his words. It was true. Nothing made him happy anymore. He could now do as he pleased, yet it didn't bring him joy.

'The only thing you are passionate about is him.' He said, nodding toward Zamiel. 'That is why you are here.'

Zarin frowned, turning his gaze to look at Zamiel.

'You hate him with such passion.' Euphorion smiled.

Was it like or hate? This demon was confusing him.

Euphorion chuckled, but said no more.

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When Zamiel finished talking to his workers, he came to them.

'You haven't nagged today.' Zamiel told Euphorion.

'I am getting used to being on land. Except for the heat.' He said, tugging at his shirt.

It was midday, and the sun was at its peak. The heat was also making him uncomfortable. His burned skin was still healing.

'Let's get away from the sun.' Zamiel said and began to lead the way.

Euphorion followed him, looking relaxed while Zarin hesitated. 'Are you coming, boy?' Euphorion called.

Sighing, he followed them.

As they walked through the market and downtown, everyone would stop what they were doing and stare at them. Zarin was used to attention, but this was different. It reminded him of the time he went outside with his grandfather. It was the pull ancients had on others.

The ancient demons were magnetic. People would follow them without even knowing. And unlike him, who attracted only female attentions, these demons had the attention of everyone. All ages and all genders.

‘Where are you taking us?’ Euphorion asked Zamiel.

‘To another meeting.’

Euphorion nodded and said nothing. Zarin knew what Zamiel was doing. He had made himself well known in the trading world and was trying to grow his name even bigger. He wanted everyone to know him, so he was busy.

Zamiel could easily manipulate people and to grow his name and wealth, but Zarin was surprised to see him not even once use his demon powers. Maybe he would use this during this meeting because it wasn’t going so well.

This specific old man wasn’t easy to please. Zarin wasn’t following at first, but then he listened to the man’s thoughts.

‘Let’s talk about what you are willing to offer, Zamiel.’ He said, smiling with his rotten teeth.

‘What would please you?’ Zamiel asked, remaining polite.

‘I have enough wealth. Do you have anything else to offer?’

The old man was thinking in vivid images and Zarin felt disturbed and left his head. Wrinkling his nose in dislike, he waited for Zamiel to reply. Or maybe kill him, but knowing his personality, he probably wouldn't.

'Are you sure you have enough wealth?' Zamiel asked. 'To afford what you truly want?'

The old man gulped and then opened his mouth to draw in a sharp breath. Again Zarin saw a flash of images. The old man had a rich imagination and his own thoughts were adding fuel to the fire that was making him burn with lust. Zarin didn't know how Zamiel could keep a straight face.

'How much?' He asked.

Zarin was baffled. The man was asking directly?!

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Euphorion crossed his arms over his chest and tilted his head. Was he displeased or amused? Maybe he was baffled as well.

Zamiel smiled, but it wasn't genuine. 'How about all of it? All that you own.' He let his gaze move over his body. 'Your clothes seem expensive, too. I'll take everything.'

The old man frowned. 'You are crossing the line young man.' He said sounding angry.

Zarin wanted to scoff.

Young man?

If he only knew.

And who crossed the line first ?

‘I apologize, my Lord. I meant no offense. But I will take no less. That is how much an experience with me is worth.’

Was he serious ? He must know that the man would say no. Right ?

Desperate to know the answer, he listened to the old man’s thoughts again. The man was greedy and wouldn’t give up his wealth. And he didn’t want to lose the chance to gain more wealth as well, so he changed the topic and went back to negotiate about the trading.

He agreed to use his ships to bring goods from other kingdoms and Zamiel would use his resources to sell them. They came to an agreement of how they would share the profit and then ended the meeting on a friendly note.

Zarin was impressed. Euphorion was confused.

‘You left him alive.’ Euphorion said once they left. ‘It seems to be a habit of yours.’ He shifted his gaze to Zarin.

‘I have no use of him when he is dead.’ Zamiel replied.

Was he speaking of him or the old man ?

Euphorion put his hand on Zarin’s shoulder. ‘The old man.’ He assured him. ‘You are useless, dead or alive.’

Shaking his head at him, he followed Zamiel, who already started to walk away. Zarin just stood there and watched them leave. He was indeed useless and even though Zamiel asked him to come with them; he didn’t pay him much attention.

He should just go back to the hidden kingdom while he could.

Suddenly he was in Zamiel's home. Euphorion had teleported him so fast he didn't notice when he grabbed his arm.

'I had breakfast. Can't I leave now?' He asked, annoyed.

'You can. Just give the clothes back.' He said.

'I can't go back naked.'

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'Then don't go back.' He said.

'What do you want from me?' Zarin asked.

'I told you. I want the clothes.'

Zarin was sure this man just wanted to torture him. Could he not find a better way? He looked for Zamiel to help him, but Zamiel ignored them both and went upstairs. Zarin walked passed Euphorion and went after Zamiel.

He walked straight into his room. Zamiel was already seated near the fireplace but there was no fire burning.

Zarin clenched and unclenched his fists before he went to sit in front of him. 'You can't keep me here forever.' He said.

Zamiel raised a brow. 'Did you not follow me willingly?' He asked.

Zarin opened his mouth, but then realized that he had agreed to go with him. Why? He hated this man.

'Do you perhaps like him?' The words echoed in his mind.

No. He couldn't.

He met Zamiel's eyes, knowing very well he heard him.

'I don't like you.' He said with disgust.

'You don't have to convince me.'

Did he also think that he liked him?

'If I have a choice, then I want to leave now.' Zarin said.

'Where are you leaving?' Zamiel asked.

'To the hidden kingdom.'

'I am asking about your final destination. Where are you going?'

Zarin didn't expect that question. When he looked ahead, he saw nothing but darkness. He didn't want to go back.

'You may stay here until you make up your mind.' Zamiel said.

'Why?!' Zarin suddenly asked. 'Why are you kind to me?'

'You are lucky to have a friend like Heaven.'

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

Chapter 271: 148

Zarin curled in bed, feeling lonely again. His own thoughts tortured him and Zamiel only made it worse.

He was indeed lucky to have Heaven as his friend.

His parents were his parents. He could understand if they didn't give up on him, but Heaven could have easily abandoned him. Zamiel could have killed him. But none of that happened.

He wrapped the blankets tighter around himself, as if it would chase away the loneliness. He did feel less lonely in Zamiel's home despite his declared hate for him. His home smelled of rain and earth, mixed with another heavenly scent. It was comforting.

Suddenly he shook his head violently, and his heart began to race in worry and fear. No. Why was he thinking of his scent again? What was wrong with him? What Euphorion said couldn't be true? Could it?

There was no way he liked Zamiel. Zarin had always enjoyed his women. He still did. He was attracted to women, not men.

He turned in bed, feeling uncomfortable and bothered.

'The only thing you are passionate about is him.'

No! He refused to believe it. The ancient aura couldn't possibly work on him. He had met ancients before.

Or wait. The only ancients he met was his own grandfather and Heaven's grandfather. Still, this shouldn't work on him.

He hated Zamiel. With or without passion, it was hate he felt. He was...

‘Stop! Oh Lord!’ Euphorion suddenly stood in the room. ‘I should have let you leave. Can’t you stop thinking and sleep? Your thoughts are loud and I am already having a hard time sleeping because of the heat.’

‘I am glad I was able to annoy you.’ Zarin said.

Euphorion placed his hands on bare his hips. This man liked to walk around naked. ‘Now that you are glad, can you stop overthinking? I said you liked him. I didn’t say you desired him.’

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Zarin sat up. ‘What do you mean?’

Euphorion let his hands fall, as if giving up. ‘Liking means liking and nothing else.’

But he didn’t like Zamiel.

Euphorion raised a brow and crossed his arms over his chest. ‘Alright. You don’t like him. Just sleep.’

But what about the scent? Why did his scent suddenly feel so strong, and why was he suddenly... mes... merized?

Euphorion, who was about to leave, sighed loudly when he began to think again.

‘That is because you are more demon now. Your senses are heightened and when it is connected to a strong emotion, everything is more clear and vivid. Whether you hate or like Zamiel, you feel strongly about him and that is why he suddenly appears different to you.’

Oh, of course. He chuckled nervously, feeling relieved. Why didn't he think of his demon? That explained everything. His intensified hate and admiration.

Euphorion raised both his eyebrows this time and nodded.

Did he just admit that he admired the man?

'Well, now that you know, sleep!' He said and vanished.

Zarin fell back and buried himself under the covers. He was not ready to admit anything yet. After tuning back and forth for a while, avoiding his own thoughts and feelings, he finally decided to go outside and get some air. But even that didn't help clear his mind.

Alright. He admitted. He had always envied Zamiel. He had wanted everything the man had. Everything about him he liked and wanted. The confidence, the power, the love and respect he received from people, including Heaven. Everything.

'What about the pain?' Zarin was startled to find Zamiel next to him in the garden. 'Did you want my pain as well? Did you wish to know the pain of losing your family, the suffering of being locked for a thousand years and the betrayal of your only friend?'

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Zarin remained quiet as his brain processed what that must feel like.

'After going through all of that, would you wish your mate to be taken away from you?'

Zarin frowned. The man had been through a lot and even though he didn't know what he felt; he didn't wish it upon himself.

'You envy a man who lived alone for an eternity. I don't know what it is like to have parents or siblings, yet I know what it is like to lose a wife and a child.' He looked far away, as if deeply lost in thoughts.

'You envy me for things that you already have or things that you could easily get. You already have people who love you unconditionally. Respect is something you can earn and confidence is something you can learn. Power...' He shook his head with a slight smile. 'I am sure you know by now that power means nothing if you are all alone. You can only use it for selfish reasons and not to protect the people you love.'

Zarin looked down at his hands. Everything Zamiel said was true. He had obtained a high rank, but he was all alone. There was no one to share his happiness or achievements with.

Zamiel could feel Zarin shrinking next to him. His thoughts about himself getting worse and worse. The devil had killed him to intensify his bad traits, but his death also intensified his guilt, and now he was stuck between his pride and his guilt. There was a battle between them in his head.

Zamiel knew what guilt felt like. It was consuming and it could take you to a very dark place. Zarin needed help, but he also had to help himself.

Zamiel remembered the day Heaven opened his eyes. The day she made him think of getting out of his misery and helping himself.

'Right now, no one is making you suffer but you.' She had told him.

She had pulled him out of the darkness, but he had to walk himself toward the light.

Most of the time the suffering was only in the head and the person just had to decide to make a change. Zarin had to make that decision. He was making himself suffer for no reason.

‘You could go back to the hidden kingdom and pretend as if everything is alright or you could go back to your family. You will feel ashamed, worthless, useless but you could make it up to them.’

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Zarin looked up at him, his eyes slowly tearing up. ‘You don’t know the things I have done.’ He said.

‘But I know things won’t get better if you keep doing them.’

He looked down at his hands again. ‘How can I look them in the eyes?’ He asked.

Zamiel didn’t know how to reply to that. ‘See it as your punishment.’ He finally said.

Then he went back to his room, leaving him behind. He would need some time alone.

It was late enough now to visit Irene. He hoped for some useful information, and then he would begin with his plan. Irene’s mind was a dark place, as usual. She was sitting alone in a corner, curled up as if crying. She longed to come back home.

‘Irene.’

She looked up, 'Zamiel.' She was happy to see him.

He extended his hand and helped her up. He was afraid of running out of time and getting pulled back, so he asked her directly. 'Did anything unusual happen?' He asked.

'The possession is affecting him, I think. He is acting strange.' She frowned. 'He is acting more human.'

That wasn't exactly what he wanted to know, but he already saw what he needed through her mind. Now he knew what Lucifer wanted.

'Irene. Listen to me carefully.' He began. 'As soon as you wake up, don't think or speak to anyone, don't tell Heaven anything or ask for her opinion. Just grab her and come back home.' He told her.

She became very confused. 'Heaven will never agree.' She said.

'Don't tell her. Just bring her home and I will take care of the rest.'

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'If anything happens, she will hate me forever.' Irene said.

'Nothing will happen. I wouldn't ask you to come back otherwise. Trust me.' He told her. 'I have a plan.'

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

Chapter 272: 149

Zamiel woke feeling strange. It felt like his personal space was invaded. Turning in bed, he peeked through his long lashes and almost got a heart

attack when he came face to face with Euphorion. He was so close to pushing him off bed.

What was he doing in his bed? And with no clothes on.

As much as he enjoyed his company, sometimes he just wanted to get rid of him. Zamiel thought of what the best way to wake him up would be. Throw water on him? No, he would enjoy that.

Maybe throw tea on him? He wouldn't like that. But maybe if he added some honey, he would appreciate it.

Euphorion stirred and threw one arm over Zamiel's shoulder.

Oh no! This man was dead!

Zamiel kicked him out of bed and Euphorion fell down with a loud thud, followed by a groan. He turned on his back and lay on the floor for a short moment, until he was fully awake. Then he got up on his feet.

He stretched his arms and yawned as if he hadn't just been kicked out of bed. 'Never slept better.' He said.

'I gave you your own bed.' Zamiel told him.

'I know.' He said scratching the back of his head. 'But it is too hot. And you are so cold. I needed the cold.' He took one of the sheets to wrap around his waist.

'You will go back to the ocean soon.' Zamiel told him, speaking telepathically this time.

'Was it as you predicted?' Euphorion asked.

‘Yes.’

‘Oh, I can’t wait.’ He said with excitement.

Zamiel couldn’t wait either. He was eager to see Heaven again. It felt like his heart would burst with anticipation. He just hoped Irene would do her part of the plan.

The source of this chapter;

‘You know what you have to do?’ Zamiel told him.

‘Don’t worry. I know exactly what I need to do.’

Zamiel nodded. ‘They could be here anytime soon. Get dressed.’

Euphorion and Zamiel prepared to execute the plan. Zamiel was a little worried with Euphorion being part of the plan. Could he trust him?

‘Euphorion...’

‘I know.’ He cut him off, noticing his worry. ‘You have no choice but to trust me. If anything else happens, remember the second plan. The offer is still valid.’

Zamiel looked at him for a long moment. He knew he had a hard time trusting people, but he would have to trust Euphorion. His intuition told him he could be trusted. ‘Thank you.’ He said.

‘Where is the boy, today?’ Euphorion asked.

Zamiel noticed that Zarin was gone. Hopefully, he went back to his family.

‘I don’t know.’

Irene woke up with heart pounding as if she had a nightmare. But it wasn’t a nightmare, just a dream that stressed her out. Her brain starting going in a thousand different directions, and she had to tell herself to calm down.

Beside her, Heaven was still sleeping. She looked relaxed while resting. Irene slowly sat up in bed without waking Heaven and tried to gather her thoughts.

What was Zamiel planning? If she left with Heaven, then God knew what trouble they would be in. Once they left, they couldn’t come back. Only those who joined Lothaire willingly could find back to his kingdoms. Others who left his mission would never find their way back again. That was his way of protecting the ones serving him.

His way of keeping people in his kingdom was through manipulation, but he was keeping Heaven through threats. If they left, he would surely find a way to make Heaven come back to him. He wouldn’t give up easily.

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But Zamiel had promised that he had a plan. She had to trust him. He wouldn’t do anything to endanger Heaven’s safety.

Now she just had to get them out of here. Until then, she had to remain calm to not cause any suspicion.

Irene quickly got up and dressed. She tried to act as usual until Heaven woke up. As soon as Heaven got changed into something more

appropriate, they would leave. Or should she just ignore it and teleport her while asleep?

While thinking about it, Heaven shifted in bed and opened her eyes. Her mouth opened wide in a loud yawn, and she stretched in bed.

‘Good morning.’ Irene greeted.

Heaven turned her head to look at her grandma. ‘Good morning.’ She smiled.

‘Did you sleep well?’

Heaven nodded. ‘Yes.’ She pulled the cover over her shoulders. ‘But I still want to sleep some more.’ She said.

Irene frowned. This tiredness was worrying her. Was her granddaughter trying to escape from reality by sleeping. Irene knew she used to do it herself when she didn’t feel like living anymore. She used to sleep long hours when she had lost her son. Sleeping was her escape. It was the only time she didn’t feel any pain.

Since she was taking them back home, she didn’t have to worry about it.

At first, Irene tried to find an excuse to wake her up, but then decided to let her sleep some more. God knew what awaited them when they got back, so she should get some rest to be able to fight what came ahead.

Meanwhile, Irene wasted time doing almost nothing until there was a knock on the door. Irene went to open the door and to her surprise, she found Hezznin standing outside.

‘Good morning.’ Hezznin greeted.

‘Good morning.’

‘I hope I am not disturbing. I came to see Heaven.’ She said.

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‘Heaven is still asleep.’ Irene told her.

‘Oh well. Then I’ll let her rest. She can take the day off today.’

Irene nodded. ‘What happened to Tezznin?’ She asked.

‘She will be busy for a while so Heaven will have her training with me.’

Irene guessed that Hezznin was probably more cunning than her sister, so Lothaire sent her instead.

‘I’ll let her know.’ Irene said.

‘We would love if both of you could join our family dinner tonight.’

Hezznin said.

‘Since it is a family dinner, we won’t be joining.’ Irene replied.

Hezznin kept the smile on her face. ‘If you change your mind, you are still welcome. I won’t take more of your time. Have continued good morning.’ She said and then, with a slight nod, she turned around and left.

Irene closed the door, feeling annoyed by the pretentious kindness. She was glad that she was finally leaving this place. She just hoped she would do it successfully with no mistakes. What could go wrong? And how could she prevent it? She was nervous, but Zamiel would have told

her if he predicted any obstacles. This meant that she could just leave with no fear.

When Heaven finally woke up, Irene waited for her to get dressed and then without warning, she grabbed her hand and teleported them.

It worked!

They were in Zamiel's home.

Heaven's eyes widened, and she opened her mouth to say something, but nothing came out. She was in shock.

In a moment Zamiel appeared in front of them, and Irene felt someone behind her. Before she could turn back, Zamiel gave a nod, and she felt two cold hands grabbing her arms from behind.

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'Good morning.' A male voice spoke. And then she felt a surge of energy, pulling her and taking her somewhere else.

When she finally felt the ground under her feet, the strong hands released her. She looked around and her eyes widened.

Where was she?

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

Chapter 273: 150:

Things happened too fast, and now Irene found herself in a completely new world. This place looked like nothing she had seen before. Not even

close. It felt like she was in a bubble and the world inside the bubble was the color of a rainbow, and outside the bubble, the sky was a beautiful turquoise blue. The sky in this world was water with fish and other sea animals swimming in it.

It was strange, yet mesmerizing. Completely taken by this world, she forgot about the male behind her until he spoke.

‘You seem to like it.’ He said.

His voice startled her, and she turned around to look at him. His appearance shocked her even more. She found herself stunned, staring at this creature she had never seen before. He was tall, broad shouldered, and his aqua blue hair fell over the white shirt he wore like the waves of the ocean. His skin radiated like the white of the moon and his eyes. She tried to find the color, but it shifted between different shades of blue and green. He was strange and stunning.

What was he, she asked herself instead of who?

Irene’s lips parted to speak, but her mouth ended up falling open without a word.

The man smiled at her reaction. ‘I haven’t introduced myself. I am Euphorion.’ He told her. ‘A water demon.’

Water demon?!

She had never seen one before. So this is what they looked like and it explained why this place looked the way it did. She was in the ocean, and this was not how she imagined where they lived. She thought they swam in the water, living like fish.

Euphorion pressed his lips into a thin line. It looked like he was forcing back a smile.

Was he an ancient ?

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He could read her thoughts. Oh no!

‘We can swim and breath in the water but this is where we live.’ He said.

‘It is inside the ocean but not in the water.’

How confusing, she thought. How was that even possible ?

She shook her head. That was the last thing she should think about. Why was she here, and what was happening ?

He was about to answer her unspoken question when two other creatures like him appeared from nowhere. One male and female. The male was bare chested and his lower body was covered with what looked like fish scales in the color of pink and purple, just like his hair. The female was also covered from the waist down but with green fish scales. On her upper body only her breasts were hidden behind white shells and her shoulders and back with her long red hair.

Again, Irene was fascinated by these creatures.

They bowed. ‘My Lord. Welcome back.’ They said.

‘Thank you. I have a guest with me.’ He turned to Irene.

Both of them shifted their gaze to her, and she knew they sensed something they didn’t like. ‘Yes. She is originally a witch. But she is a

demon now.' He told them. 'She will be staying here for a while. Prepare a guest room for her.'

As soon as he spoke to them, they showed no more sign of dislike. They took his order and left. Irene remained quiet the whole time. This was a lot to take in.

'Come with me.' said the man whose name she already forgot. She had never heard such a name before.

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He led the way, and she followed him. 'Euphorion.' He said as they walked, reminding her of his name.

Yes, that was it, she thought as she looked around. Above her head she could still see the ocean, and she kept staring. What did it look like during the night? And how come the water wasn't pouring inside?

As they walked, she saw a few homes scattered around. The water demons, all of them fascinating to her, would look their way as they passed by. Some would nod to greet Euphorion.

The homes were beautiful, painted in white and soft hues of pinks, purples, blues and greens.

They came to a path made of marble stones that led to a castle. Irene was used to seeing castles made of dense colors, mostly a grey or brown and made to protect against invaders. This castle looked like it was built in to welcome everyone. Again painted in the same white with the soft pinks and blues. It gave her a feeling of safety and calmness, but also joy.

When they came to the large entrance, he motioned for her to walk in. There were no guards anywhere, like how it usually was in castles, but this man was probably no royalty. She guessed that he was just wealthy enough to live in a castle. Could they even be wealthy here? Maybe he was powerful enough to get anything he liked.

Water demons and how and where they lived were a mystery to most.

Irene felt almost blinded when she walked inside. Coming from Lothaire's dark castle into this bright interior made her feel like she woke up in heaven after having a dark nightmare.

These halls were large and bright. Enormous windows stretched to the roof and green curtains hanged on each side. Green plants grew on some walls and others were painted in beautiful, bright colors. The halls were divided by pearls hanging from the roof like curtains and Euphorion would remove them with his hands and hold them away until she entered. The floor was an ivory color and shining. It felt slightly slippery as she walked. This had to be a dream.

They came into an open space. This part of the castle had no roof, and she could see the ocean above. There were two couches facing each other, placed with a table in the middle. The couches were dressed in white fur and the table was decorated with emerald crystals and white pearls.

'Please sit.' Euphorion told her.

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Irene felt like a lost child, relying on a stranger who was offering her sweets while leading her away from her home.

She sat down and Euphorion sat on the other couch. 'What would you like to drink?' He asked.

'Who are you? And why am I here?'

He nodded, as if he had been expecting her to want answers first.

'Well...I am Zamiel's friend and you are here because this place is safe for you.'

Irene was confused. 'It is Heaven who needs to be in a safe place.'

He smiled. 'Heaven is safe with her mate and you are safe here.'

'And why is this place safe for me?' She asked.

'The devil can't find you here. The water kingdoms are hidden from the land demons.' He explained.

'Is Heaven here too?' She asked.

He shook his head. 'Heaven is on land with her mate.'

'Then what is the purpose of bringing me here if Heaven is still on land? I am in no danger.' Her voice got a little louder. She was panicking.

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Euphorion looked at her intensely, his eyes narrowing. 'The devil doesn't want Heaven.' He told her. 'The devil wants you.'

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

Chapter 274: 151

Heaven was confused as to what just happened. It all happened so fast. One moment she was in the hidden kingdom, in a room with her grandmother, and the next she stood in Zamiel's home and grandmother was taken by some man she didn't even get to see.

She didn't know which part worried her the most. That she was in Zamiel's home or that someone took her grandmother.

She turned to Zamiel, 'What...where is...'

Before she could finish her sentence, he grabbed the back of her head and cut her off with a searing kiss. Her heart that had stayed silent suddenly start to make a sound, beating erratically inside her chest. Her dead soul came alive and her body numb body started to feel again. She remembered what it was like to be alive and living.

Her awakened senses took her away from the world. All she could feel was Zamiel's body and lips against hers. The taste of earth after rain and the smell of heaven. She melted into his arms as a sigh escaped her lips.

When Zamiel pulled his lips away from hers, she felt the world around her spin. He held her steadily by the waist and she looked up at him. Her heart skipped a beat for many reasons. Joy, fear, excitement and just looking at the beauty of him. She missed looking into those silver eyes that looked like melting metal only when looking at her.

He brought one hand to her face and caressed her cheek. She loved that gesture that he often did, and she closed her eyes to feel his touch. 'I missed you.' He said.

'I missed you more.' And then his lips were on hers again. This time kissing her more urgently.

His fingers skillfully undressed her, and before she knew they were in bed, both completely bare-skinned and with bodies entwined intimately. Nothing was slow or gentle this time. Both of them were like hungry beasts freed from a cage. Lip biting, fangs grazing, claws clutching.

Her heart was beating in rhythm with his body's movement inside of her, pushing her closer to the edge with each stroke until she cried out again and again. Each time more intensely than the last one. And then, as if giving in, darkness covered her eyes.

'Heaven! Heaven!' A worried voice called from afar as her body was shaken awake.

Heaven opened her eyes slowly, the light causing her to squint before she could see Zamiel's face. He loomed over her with a frightened expression.

'Are you alright?' He asked, grabbing her face gently.

What happened? She pushed herself up, but her head started to spin. She closed her eyes to stop the spinning and when she opened them again, everything was back to normal.

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Zamiel watched her intently, still looking distressed. 'I am alright.' She told him.

'Are you sure? Are you hurting anywhere?'

Heaven stared at him. He was the one looking hurt. There were cuts on his lips and wounds left from her claws on his neck and shoulders.

He shook his head, looking guilty. 'I am sorry. I should have been careful. I don't know what came over me.' He said.

She looked at the tips of his fangs. She knew what came over him and her, and she didn't want him to be guilty about it. She was completely fine.

No! She was more than fine. Her demon came alive. She felt alive again.

'I am not hurt.' She didn't know why she fainted. She looked down at her body. 'No broken bones.' She told him to lighten up his mood.

Only a few fingerprints and scratches that she enjoyed, and they were already healing.

He shook head again, this time a smile forming his lips. 'I am not that bad at controlling myself.' He told her.

'And I am not that weak. So don't worry about hurting me.' She said.

His gaze softened even more, 'you are far from weak.' He said thoughtfully.

Heaven didn't have to know what he was thinking. He was looking at her face and her body, and she did look weak. She looked down at her bare legs and arms, they were thin. She suddenly felt body conscious.

Zamiel noticed how she tried to cover herself and it felt like he was going to scold her, but stopped himself from doing so. He was going to scold her about not eating. She just knew it. She had promised to take care of herself before leaving, and this is what she looked like now. But Heaven didn't skip her meals. Of course she didn't have any appetite, but she had tried to eat what she can.

Heaven was rather tired than hungry and now that her demon was also fed she just wanted to sleep. She wanted to rest her head on Zamiel's bare chest and sleep to the sound of his heart.

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But that was something that would have to wait. She couldn't believe that she jumped in bed with Zamiel without knowing what happened to her grandmother.

'Grandma?'

Zamiel shifted his gaze to the door as if he had heard something. 'Get dressed.' He said, getting out of bed. 'Your parents are here.'

'What?!' Heaven panicked.

'I told them I would bring you home today. They came earlier than we planned. They are eager to see you.'

Heaven had already jumped out of bed, and was fighting to get into her dress while Zamiel had already dressed with a swift movement.

'Take your time. I will keep them occupied.' He said, amused by how she was panicking and failing to get dressed fast.

She had him to blame. Her legs still felt funny, and her body tingly.

Zamiel left her, and after a while she finally managed to cover herself up. She went to the mirror in his room and gasped at her appearance. She quickly brushed her hair with her fingers and then covered her neck with it. There was no way she could hide her swollen lips. This was a disaster.

Downstairs, she heard her parents' voices and her heart skipped a beat. She grabbed her hair and smelled it. She smelled like Zamiel. Oh no!

Zamiel!

He had to come back and save her! She was so embarrassed. Why did he not tell her beforehand that her parents would come? She would kill him later!

Kill?

Her grandfather? Her parents?

The source of this _chapter;

She had left the hidden kingdom. Her grandfather would know soon if he didn't already notice her absence. She quickly abandoned her silly thoughts about Zamiel and went downstairs to see her parents.

'Heaven!' Her mother turned her way as soon as she started descending the stairs.

She quickly came and hugged tightly before Heaven could even utter a word. Her father was right behind her mother, waiting for his turn to hug her while her mother sobbed and mumbled words about how happy she was to see her again.

'Mother, I am alright.' Heaven assured, embracing her.

Her mother pulled away and grabbed her face. 'You look so thin. Did you not eat? Did you sleep? Did you...'

‘Mother.’ Heaven took her mother’s hands in hers. ‘There was lots of food and a very comfortable bed. All I was doing was eat and sleep.’

‘Heaven.’ Her father came forward.

‘Father.’ She walked into his arms and he hugged her tightly. ‘I missed you.’ He said.

‘I missed you too.’

After her parents asked her a lot of questions to ensure that she was alright, they noticed that her grandmother was absent.

‘Where is mother?’ Her father asked.

They didn’t know ?

Only Zamiel knew.

Where was her grandmother ?

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

Chapter 275: 152

Heaven sat with her parents, and Zamiel while he told them what happened to her grandmother. They were confused, but he went on to explain why he did what he did. The devil wasn’t after Heaven. He wanted her grandmother.

At first when Heaven heard his explanation she was as confused as much as her parents, but then she remembered something that seemed to have

been hidden somewhere in her brain. The paintings in her grandfather's kingdom.

Zamiel was right. She had come to the same conclusion as him and then her grandfather had had compelled her to forget, which meant that she was right. He didn't want them to know.

'Are you saying he did all of this because he wants mother?' Her father asked, having a hard time to believe.

'It is more complicated than that. He doesn't simply want her. He wants to make her the devil's bride.' Zamiel explained.

Her grandfather thought that everyone was after him. God wanted to punish him by making her grandmother his mate and now he was going to have his revenge. How could having her grandmother as his mate be a punishment? Why couldn't he see it as a blessing instead and live happily?

He must be too far gone that it was so hard to come back.

Heaven guessed that the only time he truly felt happy must have been when he was with her grandmother. He realized that after he left. His mission didn't bring him a sense of fulfillment, and that is why he was creating havoc now.

Heaven explained to her parents the painting she saw and told them about the conversation she had with her grandfather. Both were surprised to find out.

Now who would stop the devil? He seemed so determined to change his mate and make her fit his image and follow his purpose. He would come here and create hell for taking his mate away from him.

Heaven was worried for her parents and Zamiel.

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‘I don’t think it is safe for me to stay here.’ Heaven said, waiting to be scolded by all three.

‘You are not going anywhere.’ Her father said sternly.

‘He will come and hurt all of you.’ She said.

Her father clenched his jaw. ‘I can take care of myself and your mother.’

Her mother nodded in agreement.

‘But....’

‘No but! Don’t use me or your mother as a reason to leave. If you want to use your mate as a reason then you can have that discussion with him.’

He stood up from his seat. ‘We will leave you two alone.’ He said, motioning for her mother to follow him.

Her mother blinked, confused, her eyes asking if they were already leaving. She looked between Heaven and her father while standing up hesitantly.

‘Well... I think you should come home to eat and ...’

Her father grabbed his wife’s arm, gently. ‘I think her mate can take care of her.’ He told her.

Heaven felt a blush creep to her face and her mother nodded, as if suddenly realizing something.

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Oh, no! Heaven hated this situation. She wished to disappear. This was the first time she wished her parents would be the strict kind and not trust to leave her alone with any man.

Her mother came over to give her one last hug, then she turned to Zamiel and he smiled at her with a nod. Heaven felt like her mother spoke to him in silence. Lord help her if her mother just asked Zamiel to take care of her.

Once her parents left, she could finally breathe. She fell back on the sofa next to Zamiel with a sigh.

She just let her parents leave like that. She let them go back home, and she didn't know if they would be safe. But her father had made her nervous with how resolute he was. As if he had enough. She wondered what was going through his mind.

'Is father angry?' She asked Zamiel, who probably knew more.

'No. He is just... frustrated with himself. It is his duty to protect you and he feels helpless. It is hard not being able to protect your child. There is a lot of guilt and self-blame. Maybe even...shame.' He shrugged.

No! She didn't want her father to be ashamed. There was nothing he could do. She didn't want him to feel guilty.

Her grandfather had easily wiped her memory when she found out about his plan, so it wasn't easy to defeat him.

'Don't worry about your parents. Your grandfather won't hurt them.'
Zamiel said.

‘How do you know?’ She asked.

‘The devil wants Irene. He knows hurting the people she cares for is going to minimize his chances of getting her on his side. He knows he already ruined a lot by making you hurt me. He won’t do it again.’

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Heaven wasn’t sure about that.

‘Hurting her son will be something that will break their bond forever. He won’t do it. He will not hurt you either, and not even me. The possession was only to scare you to come with him. He knew I wouldn’t die. He wouldn’t be stupid enough to possess you again either.’

Zamiel had explained the consequences of the possession. It seemed like her grandfather had done something he regretted. He had been hasty. It was a good thing to know that he could ruin things for himself.

‘Don’t worry. I will take care of everything.’ Zamiel assured her.

Heaven didn’t know how to not worry anymore. She had been worried for so long that it seemed to have become a habit. She wanted to trust Zamiel’s judgement, not because she thought enough of what he said and made sense of it, but because she was so tired and so badly needed to believe him so she could finally relax.

She let her head fall on Zamiel’s shoulders. Just for a short while, she wouldn’t think of anything and trust in him blindly.

Zamiel gathered her in his arms and took her to bed. He lay her down carefully.

‘Sleep.’ He told her in a hypnotizing voice.

‘You are not compelling me, are you?’ She asked, looking up at him.

‘Don’t tempt me to.’ He smirked.

‘I want to sleep in your arms.’ She said.

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Without a word, he lied down next to her, and she snuggled against him. She buried her face in his chest, letting herself get comforted by his scent. He wrapped his arms around her and stroke her hair. Heaven relaxed, and her eyelids felt heavy. Just for a while she would enjoy being in his arms before hell broke loose.

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

Chapter 276: 153

Heaven woke up after sleeping so peacefully. How long has it been since she slept so well? She felt so refreshed that it brought a smile to her face.

She was about to turn in bed when she realized that two strong arms were holding her in place and her back was pressed against something hard. Oh, she was sleeping in Zamiel’s arms. No wonder she slept so well.

Carefully she lifted his arm so she could turn around without waking him up, but to her surprise she found him awake. Was he awake the whole time she was sleeping?

‘Did you sleep well?’ He asked.

She nodded. She slept well, and it seemed like her grandfather didn't come to destroy her peace yet. It was kind of him to give her a few hours of peace. Oh, how she wished she could live like this forever.

'Do you want to take a bath?' Zamiel asked.

Heaven looked at him, surprised.

'Hot water will help you relax.' He explained.

Well, it wouldn't hurt. 'I could use a bath.' She smiled.

'Come with me.' He said, getting up.

'Is it ready?' She asked.

'Yes.' He took her hand and led her to another room.

As soon as she walked into the other room, Heaven could see and feel the steam coming from the wooden tub that was placed in the middle of the room. Zamiel's maid seemed to have prepared new clothes for her and placed on a chair.

'The bath is ready, My Lord.' She said, turning to them.

'Thank you. You may leave.' He told her.

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With a nod, Helen left and closed the door behind her, leaving them alone. Heaven looked at the wooden tub with warm water, then at Zamiel. Was he going to stay here while she bathed?

Not that she was shy anymore, but she thought her body looked awful. Her skin didn't have the same radiance and her hair had lost its shine.

Zamiel went to the bathtub and flicked the water with his fingers. 'It is not too hot.' He said.

Heaven stood frozen. Was she just supposed to undress now?

Zamiel noticed her hesitance. He sat at the corner of the tub and watched her with a tilted head. Heaven blushed under his scrutiny. 'Don't look at me like that.' She said.

He chuckled. 'How should I look then?'

'Don't look!'

'Alright, Your Highness.' He closed his eyes, forcing back a smile. He was teasing her.

Heaven quickly began to open the straps on her dress and let it slide down her shoulders. When it fell to the ground, she stepped away from it and saw her bony feet. She grimaced, feeling ugly.

'Strangely, I can still see with eyes closed.' He spoke with a smirk.

Heaven's heart skipped a beat, and she looked up. His eyes were still shut.

'Oh really? What do you see?' She asked.

'A beautiful woman, not yet fully undressed.'

How did he know? She was still wearing her undergarment.

‘You are still shy.’ He said.

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‘I am not.’

‘Then...?’

Heaven paused. She didn’t know what to say.

‘I don’t... feel beautiful.’ She whispered.

Zamiel opened his eyes. A slight frown settled between his eyebrows as he looked at her.

Heaven stood still, letting him take a closer look at her bony arms and legs.

‘Come here.’ He told her.

She slowly walked up to him, and as soon as she was near enough, he wrapped one arm around her waist and pulled her closer so that she was standing between his legs.

‘Let me make you feel beautiful.’ he said, his hands sliding under her garment.

He lifted it up and above her head, exposing her. Heaven felt her cheeks flush as he stood up and went to stand behind her. He began to untangle her braids, letting her hair fall free.

‘The water is getting cold.’ He said.

Heaven stepped inside the tub and sunk into the hot water until it covered her whole body, except for her shoulders. She almost sighed at how good it felt. She rested her head on rim of the tub and relaxed.

‘Close your eyes.’ He told her.

Without any questions, she closed her eyes. She could hear Zamiel moving around, and then he grabbed her wrist and started washing her arm with a wet washcloth. Heaven kept her eyes shut, feeling the hot water, the wet cloth, and his cold fingers against her bare skin.

Zamiel was slow and gentle, nothing like the man who took her to bed this morning. He took his time with her, moving across and down her body. Heaven felt a new wave of desire stir inside of her. She wanted him to get rid of the cloth and touch her with his fingers. When he grabbed her ankle and lifted it above the water, she opened her eyes.

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She found him looking at the anklet he gave her. Heaven would look at it every night before she went to sleep when she was away from him.

With a satisfied smile, Zamiel proceeded to wash her feet. Her feet were ticklish so she would force back a giggle as he washed them with care. She had almost forgotten at how bony they looked.

Zamiel then washed her hair and massaged her scalp. Heaven had never felt anything so satisfying before. To be taken care of by him felt so different from being taken care of by her maids. This felt intimate and special. She felt special.

After the bath, he wrapped her in a towel and helped her dry her hair. Then he sat her down in front of the mirror and brushed her hair. She

watched him through the mirror, the way he used to watch her whenever she combed his hair.

‘Do you want braids in your hair?’ He asked.

‘Can you braid?’

He lifted one brow. ‘I have lived for an eternity. I can do almost anything.’

Of course. She tended to forget that.

‘Yes, thank you.’ She said.

He made two braides at the sides of her head and connected them in the middle.

‘It is beautiful.’ She said, looking at her dark hair in the mirror.

‘You are beautiful.’ He told her.

Heaven smiled and then blushed at the way he looked at her.

‘Let’s eat lunch now.’ He said, taking her hands and leading her to the dining room.

All kinds of dishes were served and Zamiel fed her until she was full. Then he fed her hunger for him. He took her to bed and made love to her again.

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Heaven felt like she was living a life of bliss, despite the danger around the corner.

Married To The Devil's Son (WN)

Chapter 277: 154

'Zamiel! Zamiel! Zamiel!' Lothaire yelled, turning his room upside down.

He yelled, broke things, and almost set his room on fire, but nothing calmed him down. His first instinct after finding out that Heaven and Irene left was to find Zamiel and cause havoc. But that demon was smart, and he probably expected that reaction from him. He wouldn't let himself look pathetic in front of him.

He had to calm down and think. Should he still pretend that it wasn't Irene he wanted, or should he just admit it and find another way to threaten them?

Lothaire paced back and forth, each time getting more agitated. His whole plan was ruined. He couldn't pretend that it was Heaven he wanted anymore, and now that Irene knew, it would be harder to manipulate her. Maybe even impossible. Or even worse. He wouldn't have the chance at all.

Now, since his plan was ruined anyway, he could as well create chaos. Make Zamiel regret that he ever crossed paths with him. He knew it would be stupid to let his emotions control him and seek Zamiel without having a plan, but the fury was making his blood boil.

Zamiel had let his enemy take away his mate. Just knowing that Euphorion was keeping Irene under the ocean made him feel like his face was on fire. His imagination went wild, thinking of the things Euphorion would do just to anger him further.

He could see the water demon laughing at him.

Before he knew Lothaire found himself in Zamiel's home. He let his anger get the best out of him. He was going to make himself look like a fool, especially since Zamiel already expected his visit.

'Welcome.' Zamiel stood upstairs with a knowing smile.

He crossed his arms behind his back as he descended the stairs.

'You are very much like Zarin. Or should I say he is like you? Both of you like to come in, uninvited.'

Lothaire forced himself to stay calm as Zamiel came to stand in front of him.

The source of this _chapter;

'Please sit.' He said, motioning toward the coach.

Without a word Lothaire went to sit down. He leaned back to seem relaxed, despite itching in his nerves.

Zamiel was calm as he sat down and rested one arm on the side of the couch. Lothaire had a bad feeling. Zamiel's calmness rubbed him the wrong way.

'Would you like something to drink?' Zamiel asked when he said nothing.

'No, thank you.' Lothaire replied. 'It was brave and foolish of you to bring Heaven home.'

'It was brave and foolish of you to possess her.'

‘It seems like you don’t care for her safety.’ Lothaire said.

His eyes turned cold. ‘Do you know me to be reckless?’ He asked.

Lothaire knew that Zamiel was a wise man. If he brought back Heaven, he was sure he could keep her safe. He knew that Lothaire’s plan was completely ruined.

‘Don’t waste your time. Irene is out of reach now. You are lucky I found a place for her to feel safe. You know how far she would go for her children.’

Zamiel was right. Lothaire had tried his best to keep it a secret because he knew Irene would eliminate herself to keep her children safe if she knew he was after her.

Now all his efforts were wasted. Even if he found Irene and brought her back, he had no chance. He could end up losing her forever. He would be the reason for her death.

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He couldn’t let that happen. He remembered the pain of when he thought he had lost her to childbirth. He didn’t want to lose her again.

But what was the difference between losing her to death or to someone else? She was away from him. Far away, beyond reach. He couldn’t even watch her through the eye, like he used to do. Yet he knew there was a difference. This one hurt his pride more than anything else. But losing her to death, that was another kind of pain.

‘You think you are doing me a favor?’ Lothaire scoffed.

‘I am. I know better than anyone the pain of losing your mate.’

Lothaire stood up from his seat. For the first time in a long time, he felt powerless. He could lie to himself if he wanted, but Zamiel already knew that there was nothing he could do. Because the people Zamiel cared for were the people Irene cared for.

He wished to just kill them all. Maybe even Irene. He wouldn't be in this position if he had stopped caring.

‘Keep your loved one's safe.’ He told him. He could at least scare him.

Zamiel remained unprovoked. ‘Keep your kingdom hidden.’ He said.

Lothaire froze. What did he mean? What did he know?

Unwilling to show weakness, he pretended like he had nothing to fear and disappeared.

He went home, raging. ‘Tezznin!! Hezznin!!’

They appeared immediately. ‘What is wrong?’ Both looked shocked.

The source of this chapter;

‘Do you want to die?! Because I have nothing to worry about.’

They looked at him, confused. ‘Find a way to protect our kingdom or an ancient demon is coming to destroy you all.’

Hezznin clenched her hands into fists while Tezznin's eyes widened. ‘I told you it wasn't worth it. I told you not to provoke him.’

‘Don’t tell me what to do?!’ He snapped.

‘What is happening?’ Tezznin asked. ‘Are we in danger?’

Lothaire felt like tearing his hair out. He knew that Zamiel knew something he shouldn’t have known.

‘Of course we are in danger. The kingdom is hidden to protect those who manipulate. Not those who cause any other kind of trouble. It was rules father established but broke himself.’ Hezznin was furious. ‘We can’t protect the kingdom if you keep breaking the rules. Now do nothing. Irene and Heaven are not worth it unless you plan to abandon your mission.’

She was right, but Lothaire didn’t want to listen. ‘I want you to find the kingdoms under the water and destroy them.’

If he couldn’t have his revenge on Zamiel, he could have his revenge on Euphorion.

Tezznin looked at him like he had lost his mind. ‘Father, we don’t have enough power under the water to fight water demons.’

Hezznin crossed her arms over her chest. She was baffled. ‘Your army is to manipulate. Not to go to war with other demons. You will lose everyone you fought for to get on your side.’

Tezznin put her hand on her sister’s shoulder to quiet her. ‘Father, why don’t you calm down and we will be back after a while?’ She suggested.

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Lothaire fell back in his seat. He wasn't thinking rationally. He had to calm down. His mission was the most important thing. He had to remember that.

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

Chapter 278: 155

'The devil wants you.' The words kept echoing in her mind.

Irene had a hard time believing it. Lothaire had left her by choice, and she had decided not to follow him by choice. Why would he want her now? And if he did, why would he do all of this to get her? She couldn't understand.

Euphorion saw her confusion and went ahead to explain to her what he and Zamiel had found out. Irene listened, both in disbelief and fascination. It was the first time she heard this version of the story. It made sense, yet not.

So this was all to corrupt her and make her the devil's mate. Not just his mate as a demon.

All this for revenge?

'Not just for revenge. He does want you for himself as well.'

She shook her head. She couldn't believe it. He let her children go through hell, all because he wanted her to himself and to have his revenge? All this was because of her? How couldn't she have figured it out? She would have ended this a long time ago.

She stood up. 'I need to go back.' She said.

Euphorion stood up as well. ‘You don’t have to do anything. Your children are safe now.’ He told her.

‘How can you be sure? Lothaire will not let this go?’

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Euphorion shrugged. ‘He doesn’t have much of a choice. He already risked a lot to get you. He can’t afford to risk more.’

She shook her head. ‘I don’t know what you mean but I still need to go.’

‘And do what? Sacrifice yourself? Do you think you will be doing your children a favor?’

Irene halted.

‘Zamiel brought you here so that his mate wouldn’t have to lose her grandmother. You are the only close grandparent she has.’

Oh, he really knew how to make her feel bad.

‘I just want my children to be safe.’

‘You will keep them safe by staying here.’ He told her.

‘What is Zamiel’s plan?’ She asked, wanting to know if he would truly keep her family safe.

He motioned for her to sit down again. Both of them sat down before he spoke.

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‘There is one thing the devil cares for more than anything. His mission. His revenge on humans. He spent years building his army, finding demons willing to join his cause. His kingdom was built to keep his army safe from anyone who wanted to destroy them, and those who join him have to join him willingly. If he uses his kingdom to force people into his mission or to protect those who cause damage in any other way than manipulation, then he could lose his kingdom. If he loses it, then demons won’t be willing to join his cause because they won’t be safe.’

‘How could he lose it?’ She asked.

‘I am not sure how, but the devil was given special powers with restriction. He is not all that powerful as everyone believes him to be. It is all about finding the restrictions to his powers.’

‘What if he doesn’t care about losing his kingdom?’

‘His kingdom makes his mission possible. Not caring about the kingdom means not caring about his mission. He is the devil.’ Was all he said, and Irene knew what he meant. His mission was what made him the devil. If he gave up his mission, then they wouldn’t be having any problems.

‘The other part of the plan is you. Losing a mate is very painful. He won’t hurt your children.’ He assured.

Did he care about losing her?

‘Even if he didn’t, there is a more than just an emotional pain connected to losing a mate. For the demon, nothing hurts more. When demons lose their mate, it is very difficult for them to keep living. That is why most decide to end their lives to follow their mate’s.’

If the devil wanted to stay sane and focus on his mission, he wouldn't do anything that would cause the death of his mate. The way he went about getting Irene already told him that the devil was very careful to not let anyone find out that it was Irene he wanted. It was a matter of reputation but also fear of losing her. He was well aware of the pain that followed the death of a mate.

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This made Euphorion think of Zamiel. The demon had not just lost his mate, but also his child. He could only imagine the agony he went through, and the devil was a fool to want to fight a man who had already been through hell.

This is why Euphorion decided to live alone. He knew nothing about heartbreak or loss. This whole love thing was like walking into fire, knowing you would burn. Even the devil fell into that trap and now he was suffering. Euphorion would save himself all that pain.

'Why don't you rest and then take your time to think about everything?' Euphorion suggested. 'Let me show you to your room.'

Irene followed him in silence, still fascinated by her surroundings. The water kingdoms and the water demons were fascinating to everyone. Even to those who knew more about them. It wasn't strange that Irene was mesmerized and had many questions.

Euphorion took her to a quarter in the castle that he emptied just for her until she got used to being around water demons. He didn't want her to feel frightened.

He showed her around. 'You are free to walk around here as you like. The place is only for you.' He said.

Euphorion thought she would be relieved, but the way the corners of her mouth tilted down made her look sad.

'I am alone again.' He heard her think as she looked around.

Euphorion was hit with realization. She must have been excited to be finally reunited with her family, only to end up here.

'You won't be here forever. You will go back eventually.' He assured her.

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She gave him a faint smile.

Euphorion wondered how someone like her ended up with the devil? He had expected something else, not exactly sure what, but definitely not someone like her.

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

Chapter 279: 156

After showing Irene her room and leaving her to rest, Euphorion went back to his nonexciting life. He already missed to be on land and discover new things. He didn't know why he never visited the lands for a very long time. Things had changed a lot, and he had been fascinated by many things.

Even the humans were fascinating with all their disturbing and confusing thoughts. They thought loudly, unlike demons who had learned to control their thoughts while in the presence of others.

Now, after many days, it was finally quiet in his head. Unlike land demons, he didn't know how to easily shut out so much noise. He didn't have to do that here at home.

He sat on his favorite couch of feathers and relaxed. Leaning his head back, he closed his eyes and enjoyed the quietness. He was also finally cold like he was used to be, leaving the hot weather of the lands behind.

It made him suddenly think of Irene. She was probably not used to the cold in the ocean.

Euphorion went to her room to check on her and found her sleeping, curled into a small figure to keep herself warm under the thin fabric they covered themselves with. She needed something thicker; he thought.

He went to bring a blanket of fur and covered her with it. After a while, she relaxed under the warmth.

Euphorion couldn't help but watch her for a while. For a turned demon, she was beautiful. And her eyes. He remembered when he first looked into them, they were bewitching.

Well, she was a witch. One that had managed to put a spell on the devil himself. She made the demon lose his mind, and now he didn't know whether to look for his brain or his mate.

Oh, how he wished he could see Lucifer's face the moment he found out. Euphorion could imagine him setting himself on fire. He would be furious to know that his little witch turned into a fish. That is what he liked to call the water demons.

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If the fool only knew. Euphorion have had more intellectual conversations with fish than he'd ever had with Lucifer.

Irene stirred in her sleep, and Euphorion quickly made himself invisible. She opened her eyes and turned on her back. She then took notice of the fur blanket that covered her and wondered where it came from. It didn't take her long to know that it was from him.

Removing it away from her body, she swung her legs down the bed. She slid her feet into the shoes she wore when he brought her here and then headed toward the door. Curious to know where she was going, Euphorion followed her.

Irene was fascinated by the interior of his castle. She walked around, not caring where she was going and only admiring her surroundings. Then slowly her thoughts drifter away and she thought of her home and family. She worried for them, missed them, and again she felt lonely.

She felt anger and resentment toward herself and Lucifer. From her thoughts, Euphorion sensed that there was more than just anger and resentment in her heart. There was guilt, self-blame, disappointment, and helplessness.

Her dream had always been to have a wholesome family, and the time she had that was short-lived. She even wondered if any of it had been real. Euphorion knew nothing about family, so he couldn't sympathize with her, yet her sadness reached him.

But he didn't care. She had chosen to be with the devil, and now she was paying the price.

Lost with her in her thoughts, Euphorion walked too close behind her that when she slipped and fell back, he instinctively caught her by the waist,

revealing himself to her. Startled, she looked up at him with eyes wide open. Euphorion found himself staring into those mesmerizing emerald eyes again before he gently pushed her back on her feet.

He cleared his throat, feeling as if he was caught doing something bad. 'Are you alright?' He asked.

She blinked a few times. 'Yes. Thank you.' She said, adjusting her dress.

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They looked at each other awkwardly before he spoke. 'Would you like to have dinner?'

Dinner? Lunch?

Well, it was... something in between.

'I would love too.' She smiled.

He walked past her to lead the way but she was slow to follow him. He turned back to see what was going on and found her looking at the floor and walking carefully. She looked up with an embarrassed smile. 'It is very slippery.' She said.

With a sigh, he offered her his hands. She looked surprised at him and then hesitantly put her hand in his. Her skin was soft and warm against his cold one. He shouldn't like it as much as he did. He was probably just lusting because he hadn't taken a woman to bed for too long.

'Thank you.' She smiled, faintly.

She walked beside him, holding his hand to keep her balance. Now and then she would slip slightly and squeeze his hand to hold herself up, and every time she did that, a wave of heat would travel up his arm and settle in his chest.

How he regretted offering his hand.

Once they arrived at the dining room, he was relieved to finally let her go. They sat opposite each other at the small square table. He had learned what land demons ate, so he had told his servants to prepare land food as soon as he arrived. He would have to wait and see what they served.

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‘The food will be served soon.’ He said.

She looked into his eyes. ‘Thank you.’ She said, while trying to figure out the color of his eyes.

He didn’t have a single color if she was looking for one. His eyes were different shades of blue and green.

She found them beautiful. She found him beautiful.

Euphorion looked away from her gaze, hoping not to hear more of her thoughts. A conversation would be a good distraction.

As if reading his mind. ‘Can you know if everything is alright up there?’ She asked.

‘I can find out for you, if you want.’ He was close to rolling his eyes.

When did he ever do things because others wanted him to?

‘I would be grateful.’ She said with pleading eyes.

He just nodded.

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‘When will I be able to go back?’ She asked.

She could go back now. Zamiel only asked to keep her here so she wouldn’t have to harm herself to save her family, or for the devil to not be able to manipulate her. Here she could save them while being alive and safe.

‘Hopefully soon.’ He said.

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

Chapter 280: 157

Zarin stood behind his parents’ home, hiding in the woods. His heart was going wild inside his chest, and he felt something strange in his gut. It made him want to vomit.

No, he couldn’t do this. He was almost sweating. He was full of guilt and shame that he couldn’t even manage to take a step forward. He didn’t know how long he had been standing there, trying to convince himself that he could do it. That everything would be alright.

He would do as Zamiel said. See this as his punishment and make it all up to his parents. But no matter what he said to himself, he couldn’t bring himself to walk out of the woods.

He kept hiding there, thinking of what he would say if he went to his parents. How he would apologize, how he would look at them without wishing that the ground would open up and swallowing him alive.

Then he thought of what they would say. He imagines their reaction. He could see their anger and disappointment, but he also knew they would be happy to see him.

Maybe.

A happiness that would be cut off by pain when they see his eyes. When they realize what he had done. How would they react?

Zarin was stuck to the tree, holding it like it would save his sinful soul. Like it would erase everything he had done. He knew was only delaying the inevitable. He should man up, admit his mistakes and make up for them.

Swallowing the lump in his throat, he appeared from behind the tree. Hesitantly, he walked toward his parents' home. The nausea came back, and he felt dizzy. He wasn't breathing. Pausing, he took a deep breath to calm down. He was going to his parents, not to hell, even though it felt like it.

Gathering his courage, he walked around the house and went to the front door. He clenches his trembling hands into fists as he stared at the large wooden door.

He prayed to the Lord to help him find strength and courage to proceed. Just when he was about to step forward, the door opened and his mother stood at the entrance.

Zarin's heart ceased to beat. All the preparation he had done felt useless as he looked at his mother. He couldn't tell what she was thinking or feeling. She just looked at him.

'Zarin.' She called his name as if to make sure it was him.

Zarin felt a hard lump in his throat again and tears burned his eyes.

'Mother.' It left his lips as a plea.

God, he wanted to fall on his knees and cry, but he remained standing. His legs trembled.

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Since this was happening already, he didn't want to disappoint his parents any further. He wanted to show them he was here to take responsibility for his actions.

His mother hurried down the stairs, but paused when she stood right in front of him. Zarin looked into her beautiful blue eyes that inherited and he smelled her scent. She smelled like everything good. She smelled like home.

Carefully, she reached for his face carefully, as if afraid he would disappear. When she touched him, he felt his heart shrink, then expand. A tear fell down his cheeks and his mother wiped it away.

'What took you so long?' She asked.

Zarin couldn't hold back his tears anymore. They poured down his cheeks like rivers. 'Mother.' He said, missing the feel of the word on his tongue.

‘Zarin. My son.’ She wrapped her arms around, overwhelming his with her love.

He hugged her back and burst into tears.

His mother gently stroked him on the back, comforting him while crying too.

‘I am sorry, mother. I am very sorry.’

‘It is alright. Everything is alright now.’ She told him.

She stepped back and grabbed his face. Her eyes were red and face wet with tears. ‘I was afraid of losing you forever.’

He was ashamed to have made her suffer like this. ‘I am sorry.’ Was all he could say, even though it didn’t feel enough.

‘Oh, you will be sorry!’ Suddenly Gina stood at the entrance with a grim look on her face. Her eyes were burning and her hands were clenched into fists and if ready to fight.

His mother turned to look behind. ‘Gina.’ His mother spoke her name to calm his sister down, but she Gina kept her gaze fixated on his. ‘Your brother is back.’

‘I can see that.’ She said, trying to sound calm, but there was a threat in her voice.

The source of this _chapter;

‘Let’s not fight now.’ His mother said.

‘I don’t think I can forgive him if I don’t beat him first.’

His mother was about to say something to Gina, but she turned to Zarin instead. ‘You’ve hurt many people Zarin.’ She told him.

He nodded. ‘I know.’

‘You have a lot of apologizing to do.’ She meant for him to apologize. She didn’t want them to fight. But Zarin knew his sister. This was not happening without a fight.

‘And a lot of beating to endure.’ Gina added. ‘Mother, please, let me handle this.’

Zarin moved his mother out of the way, gently. He gave her a nod, even though he didn’t know what he meant by that. But his mother understood.

Gina walked down the stairs with a murderous look in her eyes. Zarin prepared himself. At least someone in his family would give him the beating he deserved.

Sprinting forward, she landed a forceful punch on his face, throwing his head to the side and causing his lip to burst. The pain in his jaw moved down his neck as he turned his head back, but she punched him again. This time on the other cheek.

‘Come on! Show me what you learned while you were gone? Did they at least teach you how to defend yourself?’

Zarin held his hands out. ‘Gina, I am...’

‘Don’t!’ She cut him off. ‘Don’t you dare say it yet.’

'I am sorry.' She punched him again and then kneed him in the stomach.

Zarin hunched in pain, but didn't make a sound.

'You are sorry?' She asked.

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'Gina..' His mother tried to interfere, but Zarin held his hand out.

'I am fine.' He said, straightening himself before looking at Gina again.

She was still going easy on him. He deserved much more.

He would let her release her anger.

'You will be fine after this.' She said this time not going easy and hitting him like the demon she was, sending him flying and then falling on his back.

She was quick to come after him and kick him in the stomach as soon as he tried to stand up. Zarin fell back with a groan again.

He rolled on his back. 'I miss you beating me.' He said, holding his stomach in pain.

She raised one brow. 'You do?' She said kicking him again, but this time he grabbed her leg and held onto it. He looked up at her.

'I know I hurt you.' He began.

She tried to wriggle her leg away. 'Let go!'

'I am truly sorry.'

‘I am not forgiving you.’ She said.

‘Don’t forgive me now. But give me a chance to make things right.’

She looked down at him with a frown, and he gave her a pleading look.

‘Let go of my leg and get up!’ She ordered him.

He let go of her and was about to get on his feet when she kicked him again and he fell back. ‘I just had to do it one last time.’ She smirked.

Zarin had never been so happy about getting kicked before. He was slowly getting his sister back.

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‘I won’t go easy on you. I will make home a hell.’ She promised.

‘Fair enough.’

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

Chapter 281: 158

While Zarin dusted himself off, he sensed his father’s presence. He looked up and found his father standing with his hands behind his back and look on his face that made Zarin’s heart tighten in his chest.

Even though they were standing outside, it felt like there was no air to breathe in. Zarin felt nauseous again. He was mostly sorry and guilty toward his father. He had never been fair to him.

‘Father.’ He could hear the slight tremble in his tone.

‘Zarin.’ His father said his name as usual. Not softer, not colder. Almost as if he had been there all the time and never left.

How he used to hate his father’s calm yet resolute voice. The voice of a confident and responsible man. The voice of a leader. The voice of his father that he should have been proud of.

Hesitantly, he walked up to him. ‘Father, I am back.’ He said, feeling shame.

‘If you accept to have me back.’ He thought.

With dread, he looked into his father’s eyes. There was so much pain trapped in them. Pain that he had caused. A frown settled between his brows and his jaw clenched.

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‘Is it my son who is back?’ He asked, noticing the golden flecks in his son’s eyes.

Zarin had forgotten about them for a moment.

‘Father. Even if you opened my veins and emptied them of blood, I would still be your son.’

His father shook his head with teary eyes. ‘It seems like I failed as a father.’ He said.

‘No!’ Zarin shook his head violently. He wanted to say something, but his throat became suddenly dry and the words refused to come out.

‘I know I haven’t been the best father. I am sure I made mistakes. You are my firstborn. Before you I have only held Heaven.’ He took a deep breath, having difficulty continuing. ‘I have never felt a happiness like the one I felt when you were born.’ His voice broke and Zarin felt his heart break into a million pieces.

He had seen his father being vulnerable before, but he had never seen him this way.

‘I have never felt such love for someone before, and I have only wanted and wished the best for you. What have I done so badly that you had to do this to yourself?’

The source of this _chapter;

Zarin wanted to reach for his father, but he felt unworthy of touching him. Tears blurred his vision, yet he could still clearly see his father’s pain. He could feel it in the air. He could breathe it in, and it would suffocate him.

His mother was sobbing at the side. She had probably never seen her husband like this before.

Gina was also crying in silence.

‘Tell me what I did wrong? Tell me, son.’

Zarin forced himself to speak through the tears. Through the pain that tightened his heart and squeezed the air out of his lungs.

‘It is not you, father. It is me.’ He said, placing his hand on his chest. ‘I was the son who could never be like his father because his father was too good. I hated that I had to reach to your level. I hated that people

expected me to be like you. They would compare me to you, say that I was nothing like you.'

Even Heaven had compared him to his father. How could someone who had his parents as parents turn out to be like him? It was a valid question that people asked. But instead of looking inside himself, he put the blame on his father. Hated him for being the way he was and distanced himself from him.

'Father. You were everything I wanted to be, but I didn't want to put the effort to be better. As much as I hated to be compared to you, I hated to hear that I wasn't like you. I was lazy, jealous and full of hate. Seeing Gina being just like you, made me feel even more incapable. It made me... envious.'

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He looked over at Gina, expecting her to be disgusted with him, but she just cried. He had no right to envy her. While he enjoyed life, she worked hard to reach where she was.

He turned back to his father and held his arms out with a pained smile. 'See. It is me. I envy everyone. Even my own family. My heart is full of darkness but... do know father... you...you saved me from drowning completely. There is a little place in my heart where darkness couldn't reach because it was engraved with the good things you taught me. I could never say that I didn't know the difference between right and wrong. I could feel it in my heart every time I did something bad. I would hear your words.'

His father closed his eyes, letting the tears stream down his face. But Zarin wasn't done. He wanted to let it all out today.

‘A good father might hold his son’s hand and help him walk so he doesn’t fall. You father, you let me walk alone. But instead you armed me so when I fell I could shield myself and fight my way up. That is the kind of father you...’

Before he could finish his sentence, his father grabbed his shoulders and pulled him in for a hug. Both of them cried. ‘Where did you learn to talk like this?’ He asked, embracing him.

Overwhelmed with so many emotions, Zarin wrapped his arms around his father. His manly scent that he could smell stronger now because of his demon made him feel protected. His father was his protector and no matter how old he became, his father would always be his hero.

‘I learned from you.’ He replied. ‘I am sorry for everything.’

‘It is alright, son. I am glad you came back.’ He clapped him on his back.

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His mother and Gina joined the hug, wrapping their arms around the two men. They were one happy family again.

But Zarin had more people to thank and apologize to. Especially Heaven and Zamiel.

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

Chapter 282: 159

After Lucifer left, Zamiel went upstairs to his room. Heaven had just woken up and sat on the edge of the bed. She looked at with a slight panic in her eyes.

‘Grandpa?’ She said.

‘He left.’ He said simply, going to sit next to her on the bed.

‘Just like that?’ She asked.

‘Well, he has nothing to take with him.’

She sat up, looking worried. ‘He won’t give up easily.’ She told him.

Zamiel turned his whole body to look at her. ‘Heaven. There is nothing your grandfather can do. All of it was a manipulation. He was trying to evoke fear in you. He never intended to kill me, and if he wanted to kill you or your parents, he would have done it a long time ago. He can’t lock you in his kingdom, either. Every time he takes away someone’s free will, he will face consequences. If he doesn’t give up now, he will destroy himself.’

Lucifer’s face had exposed him today. Zamiel had seen the fear in his eyes. His kingdom was very important to him. Because of the story he learned under the ocean, Zamiel had found out the devil’s real weakness. The thing he cared for the most, and it wasn’t Irene. It was his mission. Irene only came second.

His mission was his identity, the sole purpose of his existence. His deeply rooted hatred for humans couldn’t even be erased by the love of his mate. Or even the pure love of his children.

If love couldn’t save him, then what could?

Heaven looked at him for a long moment, then sighed. 'I am afraid of letting my guard down.' She said.

Zamiel stroked her cheek. 'Do you remember telling me once that you wanted to live and not only exist?'

She nodded.

'So do I, and without you, I feel like I only exist. I don't want us to only exist. Let's live our lives. Even if they are short and full of troubles.'

Heaven smiled and nodded.

'No more worries.' He told her.

'No more worries.' She repeated after him.

'Good.'

'I should go home now.' She said.

He gave her a nod.

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She stood up, this time less shy, she dressed in front of him. Zamiel watched her in silence while trying to ignore the whispers of his demon. This time it was his gums that itched. It was like his demon needed to secure this woman as his, despite the mark still being there.

Once she put on her shoes, she turned to him.

'What happens to grandma? Will she have to stay there forever?'

‘Your grandma will find a way to come back.’ He told her.

He didn’t know exactly what she would do, but now that he had provided her with a few options, he would wait and see if she would take them or make other choices.

‘You are talking in riddles.’ She told him.

‘She will be back.’ He assured her.

Her eyes narrowed, but asked no more questions. Instead, she came to him, leaned down, and kissed him.

‘Good bye, dear husband.’ She smiled, then vanished.

Zamiel pressed his lips into a thin line. The thing’s words alone could do to him. He liked to be called husband a bit too much.

Heaven felt bad for teasing Zamiel, but from the way he looked at her when she was getting dressed even after taking her to bed twice made her wonder if he would ever get enough.

She thought that she would have enough and wake up feeling dead, but she woke up with a newfound energy. As if the love making brought life back into her body. Or maybe she had just eaten and rested enough.

Once she was back in her room, she just took a moment to look around. Oh, how she had missed everything. Her bed, her windows, her walls. She went to her garden and just stared at the beauty of it. It was, of course, nothing like the one in her grandfather’s kingdom, but this one

was hers. She grew up in this place and created so many memories. With her parents, her maids, Zarin and Gina.

Zarin? Was he still in the hidden kingdom?

And Gina. Heaven had to go see her friend. She knew she would receive a beating, but she would take. Everything else could wait. She had already seen her parents, now she would go see her friend, Klara and Roshan.

Heaven went to their home and just when she was about to knock on the front door, it flew open and Gina stood there with a big smile.

‘Heaven!’

‘Gina.’

Gina didn’t waste a minute and hurried to hug her. ‘You are back!’

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‘Yes.’

She pulled back and looked at her from top to toe. ‘Oh, you are alright.’ She said, hugging her again. ‘I was wondering when I would see you again.’

‘I am sorry I just left.’ Heaven said, hugging her back.

‘You should be. How could you just leave?’ She stepped away from her and put her hands on her hips.

Heaven gave her an innocent look.

‘Don’t!’ Gina warned. ‘And what happened to you?’

‘I know. I look awful. Now that I am home, I will return to my normal shape in no time.’ Heaven assured her with a smile.

‘I wish I could beat your grandpa.’ She said.

Oh, Heaven wished too. She lost hope that he could redeem himself. Now she hoped for him to face the consequences of his actions. He had caused too much suffering. Especially to someone he claimed to love.

‘Come in.’ Gina grabbed her arm and pulled her inside. ‘I don’t know what day it is. Everyone is coming back.’ She said.

Heaven halted. ‘Zarin came back?’

‘Yes.’

‘Oh.’ Heaven let out a breath of relief. ‘Is everything alright with him?’

‘He is fine. He will be better when I torture him for days. See how badly he wants to be here.’

Heaven had no doubt that Gina would give Zarin a hard time, but he earned it.

‘Torture him for me as well.’ She said.

Gine smirked and put her hand around her shoulder. ‘Don’t worry, my friend. I will make him pay for all of us.’

Heaven chuckled. ‘I miss you.’ She said.

‘Of course. Everyone does.’ She shrugged.

Heaven shook her head at her friend. ‘So where is he?’

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‘He went out with father. They are having some father and son time alone.’

Heaven nodded. They both needed it.

Where was Klara?

‘Heaven.’ Just when she thought of her, Heaven heard her voice.

Klara’s face radiated happiness as she came to the hall. ‘Oh lord. It must be a good day.’ She said, coming to hug her.

And then, just like her mother, she asked a thousand questions and nagged her about her appearance and her health. ‘Well, you came just at the right time. We were going to eat dinner.’ She said.

Right. Now everyone was going to feed her.

‘Since the men are gone, we should have a night alone. Just us women.’ She said. ‘Gina, why don’t you bring Hazel and Irene.’

‘Alright, mother.’ Gina said and disappeared before Heaven could tell her she wouldn’t be able to bring her grandmother.

‘Grandma is not here.’ Heaven told Klara.

‘Why? What happened?’

Heaven told her the rest of the story, and Klara listened carefully. Meanwhile, Gina was back with her mother.

Klara was concerned. 'I don't feel good about this.' She said.

'Don't worry. Zamiel has everything under control.' Heaven couldn't believe that she was saying that, but she would let Zamiel handle it this time.

He wouldn't bring her home if he wasn't sure about his plan.

'Well, as long as he can keep you safe.' She said.

Heaven wasn't worried about herself or Zamiel anymore. It seemed like her grandfather wouldn't repeat the same mistake of possessing her. Now, she only worried for her parents.

'Alright. Let's not ruin the mood. We should celebrate tonight.' Gina said.

'Yes. I don't want to think of grandfather. Let's talk about other things.' Heaven suggests.

'Of course. Let's have dinner while talking about pleasant things.'

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Klara, a princess who had never cooked a meal in her life before, had become the best cook after her marriage. She said it brought her joy to make something with her own hands for her family. Her food always tasted good because it was made with love.

Heaven had missed the taste of it, and eating with three women she loved made the meal even more enjoyable. If only her grandmother was here. It would be like old times.

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

Chapter 283: 160:

After a long night with the ladies and lots of chatter and laughter, Heaven went back home to sleep in her bed after such a long time. There was no place like home, and having her mother sleep next to her made it all better.

Her mother caressed her cheek. 'How fast you have grown.' She said, sounding sad. 'You have been through a lot.'

Heaven smiled at her.

'I want you to be happy now. Don't worry about me or your father. We have had many beautiful years together and if it is meant to be then we will have many more.' She said.

Heaven nodded. 'Everything is going to be alright.' She didn't know whether she was telling herself or her mother.

Holding each other's hands, both went to sleep.

When the morning came, Heaven woke up alone in her bed. Her mother was gone. Instead, she found Kate preparing a bath.

'Kate.' Oh, she had missed her, but Kate didn't even know about her absence.

Her mother told her of how they kept her absence a secret. They told everyone that she was sick and only Lydia, Ylva, and Kate could enter her room and tend to her. Lydia and Ylva already knew the truth, but they had to manipulate Kate to fit into the plan. Heaven felt bad looking at her innocent handmaiden.

‘My Lady. I didn’t mean to wake you but Her Majesty, the Queen told me to prepare a bath for you.’

Heaven sat up. ‘You didn’t wake me.’ She said, getting out of bed.

She stretched her limbs before looking at the hot water in the tub. Kate added some more water and then dipped her hand. ‘I think it is good now.’

Heaven slid out of her nightgown, and Kate turned away, knowing she liked some privacy. Then she stepped into the tub and relaxed in the lukewarm water. Kate turned back around and helped her wash her hair. Heaven remembered what Zamiel’s fingers felt like in her hair. She wished he could help her again.

The source of this _chapter;

After the bath, she had breakfast in her garden. She was slowly getting her appetite back and managed to empty her plate. Then she just sat with her cup of tea and enjoyed the peace for a while.

Everything seemed to be back in place, except for her grandparents. At least her grandmother was safe, but she wondered what her grandfather would do next. He would have to come up with another clever plan, or he could act recklessly. She would let Zamiel deal with him. Right now, she wanted to forget that her grandfather existed for a while.

Heaven left her room with a new spirit. Her grandfather's evil scheme had put her dreams on hold, but now she would go back to living her normal life. She would go back to her theoretical and practical lessons and continue to pursue her dreams.

Her father was in a meeting when she went to find him. She didn't want to interrupt, so she waited patiently outside until he finished.

Once the meeting ended, the door to the room opened and men flooded out. Lincoln was the first to notice her.

'Your Highness.' He came up to her. 'I am glad you are back and you are back at the right time.'

'Thank you. What is happening?' she asked.

'The King of Haresh declared war against us.' He said.

'Why?'

'Leaders are building empires now. Soon there will be no kingdoms. There is more war going on now than ever.' He explained.

That didn't sound good. Would this mean that there could be more war declarations against them?

'Now is your chance.' He told her. 'General Kian had been looking for you. Him and his father are the ones to impress.'

Heaven nodded, feeling nervous. This was a big war, and she felt like she didn't have enough knowledge yet to be of great help.

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Lincoln noticed her worry. 'Most people fail the first time. That is what we learn from.'

Heaven smiled at him. 'Thank you. I'll try my best.'

'I know you will. I look forward to seeing what you come up with.'

If she was going to take this as a learning experience, then she was curious to see what she could come up with as well. It was time to put what she had learned into practice.

Lincoln wished her luck and left. Heaven went to see her father. She had expected him to look troubled but he sat relaxed in his chair.

'I am glad to not see you worried, Your Majesty.' Heaven spoke.

He looked up at her and smirked. 'It is useless to worry about the inevitable and the unknown.' He said, and she felt like it was meant for her.

'I am not worried.' She told him.

'Good, because you will be participating in the war.'

Heaven was surprised her father was letting her participate. She thought she would have to nag him. It would be a cowardly move to plan a war and not take part in it.

'We only have three days left?' He said.

What?! Lincoln left out that part.

'How can we plan a war in three days?' She asked.

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‘It is the King of Hareh’s strategy. He had planned for a long time but he gave us a short notice. If we don’t go out to fight him, he will come here and take over.’

It seemed like this King didn’t want to play fair.

Her father leaned over the table. ‘I used some tricks of my own. I have all the information we need.’ He told her.

Heaven nodded. Since that sneaky King was using his own dirty tricks, her father had used his demon forces. She knew he had demons working for him in secret.

‘Remember, as a leader, you need to have the right people by your side. There is nothing you can do alone no matter how strong you are.’ He told her, standing up.

He walked around the table. ‘People you can trust and even those you can’t. The important thing is to know who is the one to trust or not.’

Heaven was confused by her father’s sudden lecture. He came to stand in front of her. ‘You used to be so eager to quickly become a leader. Ignoring to follow the steps and what I say.’ He smiled. ‘That is part of being young, I guess. We want to do so many things at the same time. To see that you are being careful now, makes me realize how much you have matured so fast.’

Heaven realized that her absence had made her parents all emotional. It was harder for them than she imagines.

‘It is good to grow.’ She said. ‘You make it sound like a bad thing, father.’

He smiled and put his hand on her shoulder. It was a different gesture than what she was used to. He usually put his hand on his soldier’s shoulders. ‘We are only young and foolish for a while. We should enjoy that part of our lives.’

‘I have enjoyed enough and I don’t miss being foolish. I am already foolish enough.’ She assured him.

He chuckled and drew her into his arms. Heaven hugged her father back. He was making her emotional, too.

‘I have missed you, daughter. My days felt dark without you.’

The source of this _chapter;

‘I miss you too.’ She said.

He held her for a while, then pulled back as if controlling himself. ‘I am guessing you have a lot to do.’ He said.

Yes. She had a war to plan.

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

Chapter 284: 161

Zarin woke up with the worst headache. It felt as if his head would explode. You would think he would be used to it by now, but it hurt the same every time.

Last night, he went out with his father so they could enjoy some time alone. They had deep conversations over a few drinks that soon turned into more than just a few. They ended up drinking bottles and Zarin couldn't even remember how he got home. But he knew he had a good time with his father.

Suddenly someone kicked him out of bed from behind. He flew across the room and bumped into the wall. 'Good morning, brother.'

Of course. It had to be Gina. She couldn't wait to begin her torture.

'Hurry. I am hungry.' She said.

He stood up with a groan. His head throbbed even more. What did he have to do with her hunger?

Gina threw his clothes at him. 'If you don't come down fast enough, I will kick you down as well.' She said then vanished.

Zarin had to take a moment to recover before getting dressed and hurrying down. He didn't need another kick.

Gina was already waiting downstairs for him. 'Come with me.' She said.

He wasn't even fully awake yet. Still, he followed her obediently. But why was she taking him to the kitchen?

'Mary and Lara. Zarin is here. Remember what I told you.' She said.

'Yes, My Lady.'

What did she tell them? Zarin was confused. He looked at his sister questioningly.

‘You will help Mary and Lara to make us lunch. Please hurry. I am hungry.’ She said, then turning, she left.

Zarin knew kitchen work wasn’t easy. To stand in the heat all day and boil things didn’t sound fun, but since he was going to make it up to his family, he pulled his sleeves up and prepared to do some labor work.

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‘What do I need to do?’ He asked and so his labor work began.

The maids sent him to carry water and chop wood. Then he had to light a fire and make sure it stayed alive. The heat was already making him sweat and now peeling onions made his eyes water.

What was happening?

‘My eyes are burning.’ He said, and the maids laughed at him.

‘You will get used to it.’

Then he had to chop the onions, and other vegetables and it didn’t go well. Mary shook her head at him, looking at what he had created.

‘Mother Mary. Please, have mercy.’ He told her jokingly.

Mary and Lara have known him since he was a little boy.

She chuckled and patted him on the shoulder. ‘This is only the beginning child.’

Zarin realized how much work they went through just to make them food. Once they were done with the cooking, he served the dining table with them. His parents and Gina came to the dining room for lunch.

Gina's eyes scanned the table before looking at Mary and Lara. 'I hope you didn't let him cheat.' She said.

Mary smiled. 'Zarin worked really hard. He helped us a lot.' She said, looking at him. He smiled back at her.

'Well done, brother. You didn't burn the kitchen.'

His parents seemed to know about Gina's plan, since they weren't asking questions.

'Let's sit and eat then.' His father said.

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All of them sat down, except for Zarin. He felt strange leaving Mary and Lara behind.

'What is wrong?' His mother asked when he kept standing.

'I will eat in the kitchen with Mary and Lara.' He said.

They looked surprised at him. Gina blinked a few times.

'Excuse me, my Lord and my Lady.' He then bowed and motioned for Mary and Lara to leave with him.

'What are you up to?' Lara asked.

‘We cook together, we eat together.’ He told them.

‘Silly boy.’ Mary said.

After finishing his lunch, Zarin helped them clean up. By the end of it all, he was exhausted. He was a demon. He shouldn’t get tired this easily, but he had to admit that cooking was a hard job. Using a knife to cut small vegetables that slid out of his fingers was needed so much focus. It was harder than sword-fighting. He would rather go to battle than stand in the kitchen all day.

These women were really strong to do that and Zarin needed more strength because Gina wasn’t done with him. She still had tasks for him to complete. What did she have in store this time?

‘Laundry.’ She said.

Laundry would take time, and he had a few things he wanted to do before being tortured.

‘Gina. I’ll do whatever you ask of me but I need to meet a few people.’ He said, thinking of apologizing to Zamiel and Heaven.

Gina nodded. ‘Heaven is back.’ She told him.

Zarin was surprised. ‘She is? When?’

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‘Last night she was here and had dinner with us.’

Zarin knew Zamiel would save her, but he didn’t expect it to be so soon.

Gina saw his confusion and explained to him everything. Zarin was relieved to hear that Heaven was back, but he was sad that Irene had to stay hidden. He wondered if Zamiel had an additional plan or if Irene would have to stay in the ocean forever.

‘I am going to see Zamiel first.’ He said, knowing that he would need a lot more time with Heaven.

Gina’s eyes lit up. ‘I am coming with you.’

‘No!’ He was already nervous about apologizing. He didn’t need more eyes and ears around him.

‘Yes!’ Gina insisted, crossing her arms over her chest.

Zarin sighed. He knew it was useless to fight her. She wouldn’t give up.

‘Alright.’ He said.

Zarin felt his heart race when looking at the front door of Zamiel’s house. He had mixed emotions of shame and gratefulness. He hadn’t even planned how to apologize. He learned that apologies didn’t work like that. When it was real, it came from the heart. He would let his heart speak and see if he had truly changed for the better.

‘He has a gracious home.’ Gina said. ‘But he won’t be living here for too long.’

Yes. He would get married to Heaven, and they would live in the castle.

Zarin walked to the front door and was about to knock when the door opened by itself. Zamiel seemed to like doing that.

‘Should we just walk in?’ Gina asked.

‘Well, he opened the door.’ Zarin said.

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They walked in and Zamiel stood in the grand hall. As usual, he welcomed them with a polite smile.

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

Chapter 285: 162

Zamiel sensed Zarin's presence long before he knocked on the door. Someone else was with him and upon hearing a female voice, Zamiel guessed it was Zarin's sister, Gina. He was glad to know that Zarin had chosen to go back home.

Zamiel had wanted to meet Gina for a long time now to apologize. He had wanted Heaven to make them meet and not just go over to her house. Now that she was here, he would take the chance to apologize to her.

With a wave of his hand, he opened the door, then waited for them to come inside. Gina was walking right next to her brother as they came into the hall. Zarin looked wary, while his sister looked excited. When she laid eyes on him, she lifted her eyebrows as if surprised. Zamiel was sure that she had seen him in his normal state once before.

‘Welcome.’ He said, walking up to them.

Ignoring Zarin, he looked at his sister. ‘You must be Gina.’ He reached his hand out, and without hesitating, she placed her hand in his. Then he kissed her knuckles, and a blush crept to her face.

Zamiel could see Zarin rolling his eyes.

‘From a close distance you look even more beautiful,’ she blurted.

Zarin gave his sister a hard glare, and Zamiel smiled. Heaven had already told him that her friend was bold and spoke her mind.

‘Your beauty is seen from a long distance.’ He told her.

She nodded approvingly. ‘Charming too,’ she said, turning to her brother. ‘Watch and learn.’

‘Please come.’ Zamiel said, still holding her hand. He led her to the parlour and motioned for her to sit.

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‘Thank you.’ She smiled.

Zarin followed them, looking as if he wanted to murder his sister. He sat next to her on the sofa.

Once Zamiel sat down, he asked them what they wanted to drink. Gina liked tea just like him and Zarin liked nothing, so he just ordered tea as well.

‘I am sure you have met Heaven by now.’ He began.

‘Yes. Thank you for bringing her back.’ She said. ‘And don’t let her go again. I know she is stubborn.’

He nodded with a smile. ‘I have been wanting to apologize to you. Things didn’t start well between us.’

‘Oh, no.’ She held her hand out and waved. ‘Things started very well. It was a thrilling experience that led to this.’ She smiled.

Zamiel had to admit that she was interesting and he could tell that behind her playful personality there was a clever woman.

‘Heaven told me you are in the trading business,’ she changed topic.

‘Yes.’

‘I want to open my own trading market in the near future. Hopefully, we can be partners.’ She told him.

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‘It depends on what you have to offer.’ He said.

‘I am learning from the best. I am sure you know my grandfather.’

‘I do. He is a great businessman. You are a woman. You will have to work twice as hard if not more.’ He told her.

She nodded knowingly. ‘I have no plan to fail.’ She said.

‘Good. I would like to see a woman doing well in the trading world.’

With Heaven wanting to become the first female ruler, it would be good to have a woman known in the trading world as well. Zamiel would like to support her if she was willing to work hard.

Zarin sat silent the whole time, confused by where the topic went. Helen came with the tea and served them and Gina and Zamiel went on to talk about trading and Heaven. She was also curious about Irene, but he

couldn't disclose any details since he wasn't sure himself. He just assured her that everything would be alright.

'It was nice meeting you, Lord Zamiel.' She said, standing up at last. Zamiel stood up as well. 'I am sure we will see each other more but I'll leave you alone with my brother now.'

She was enjoying her brother's misery.

'It was nice meeting you too.' He took her hand again and kissed her knuckles. She gave a nod and then disappeared.

Zamiel was left with Heaven's less interesting friend now. He already knew why he was here, so he sat down to see if the boy had turned into a man.

Updated _at

Hopefully, he wouldn't disappoint. Having a tough sister and parents and Heaven as his friend, he must be better than this. Zamiel wanted to believe that he had only been lost for a moment.

'So, what brings you here?' He asked.

Zarin took a deep breath. His shoulders rose, then fell before he spoke. 'I came to apologize and thank you.'

Zamiel nodded and let him continue. Zarin's eyes darted and he didn't know where to begin. His thoughts were a mess, but he decided to just say whatever came to his mind at last.

‘It is people I envy that I hate. People I envy have qualities I don’t have but want to have.’ He paused and looked at him to see if he understood, but Zamiel pretended to be clueless.

‘What I am trying to say is I like you and that is why I hate you.’ He shook his head thinking that his words made no sense but Zamiel understood what he meant perfectly. ‘Heaven was also changing and becoming someone independent, and that is why I hated that change. I hated everything good because it made me realize where I was lacking and I didn’t want to admit it or change.’

Zamiel remained quiet to see how far Zarin would take his apology.

‘I said very hurtful things and did unforgivable things. I hope you find it in your heart to forgive me.’

Now Zamiel was impressed. The boy knew how to speak. Or shall he say the man now? He was speaking like his father.

‘I forgive you.’ He said.

Zarin let out a deep breath. ‘Thank you.’

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Zamiel could see that this was still difficult for him. Apologizing wasn’t something he was used to, but at least he was trying.

An awkward silence followed the apology, and Zarin sipped his tea in the eerie silence. When he put his cup down, he gazed at him, looking a little nervous.

‘Would you like to go out for a drink?’ He asked.

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

Chapter 286: 163

On their way out, Zamiel and Zarin met Ilyas and invited him to go with them. Ilyas was hesitant at first, but then he followed them. They went to a tavern and as usual, gazes turned and eyes widened when they entered. It smelled of alcohol and food and... men. An unpleasant scent.

They went and sat at an empty table and ordered their drinks. There was a heavy tension between Zarin and Ilyas as they waited for their drinks to be served. Ilyas didn't bother to hide his dislike for Zarin. He had been there for Heaven after Zarin had hurt her.

Zarin couldn't stand the tension, so he spoke first. 'I'll apologize to Heaven. I care for her too,' he told Ilyas.

Ilyas just glared at him, and Zarin shook his head. 'Why am I even telling you this?' he muttered to himself.

Zamiel found the whole situation to be entertaining. He just sat with his drink and watched the awkward silence between them. For some odd reason, they started a drinking competition while glaring at each other. None of them wanted to give up, and they finished several jars within a short time.

When both got drunk, some men in the tavern who had been ogling them thought this was their chance. They got up from their seats and came to their table.

'Young handsome boys.' One of them licked his chapped lips.

Zamiel didn't use his frightening aura to scare them off. He was interested to see what would happen.

Ilyas turned to the man with a look of disgust on his face. 'Go away,' he slurred.

'Or what?' another man behind him smirked.

Ilyas shook his head, as if it would wake him up from his intoxicated state.

'Or I will chop your limbs and feed them to him,' he said nodding toward Zarin.

Zarin looked over at the man and wrinkled his nose.

'The pretty boy knows how to make threats,' the man told his friends and they laughed.

'Sir, I want him,' the bald man behind the man with chapped lips nodded toward Zamiel.

Zamiel raised one brow but remained silent.

'No, that one is mine,' the man with chapped lips insisted.

He walked along the table and to his side with unsteady feet all while eyeing him. When he neared, he leaned down and Zamiel could smell his filthy breath as he spoke. 'So beautiful,' he said, bringing his hand up to touch his hair.

Before he could lay a hand on him, Ilyas grabbed his wrist, placed his hand on the table and drove his dagger through his palm, pinning his

hand to the table. The man screamed in pain and horror, and the other men gasped before drawing their weapons.

Ilyas kicked his chair back, ready to fight them. Zarin was shocked by the sudden turn of events.

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One of the men swung his sword at Ilyas, but even in his drunken state, Ilyas easily dodged his attack. A fight broke out. Seven men against Ilyas.

‘I should probably help,’ Zarin said and took one last sip of his drink when it was knocked out of his hand.

The drink splashed all over Zamiel’s face. Well, this was a good day.

Zamiel wiped the beer from his face, and Zarin stood looking furious for getting his drink spilled.

‘Let’s see if the pretty boy can fight,’ said the man, holding out his sword.

Zarin drew his daggers. ‘Oh, I am handy with daggers. After I am done, you will look pretty as well,’ he promised, rolling his daggers between his fingers.

Zamiel decided to just sit and observe, but the man crying next to him was making it hard to enjoy watching the fight. He was trying to pull the dagger out of his hand, but was too scared to do so.

‘Do you need help?’ he asked.

The man turned to him, looking confused. 'Yes, please.'

Zamiel grabbed the dagger and was about to pull it out when the man screamed again. 'No! No, please!'

Zamiel stopped. 'Is it yes or no?'

'Yes, yes,' the man cried, but as soon as Zamiel grabbed the dagger, he screamed no again!

Zamiel chuckled. Ignoring him, he pulled out the dagger, and the man fell to the ground, holding his hand while crying out loud.

'Well, you have to help your friends,' Zamiel told him.

Ilyas and Zarin were turning the place upside down. It seemed like almost everyone joined the fight. Zamiel would now and then dodge a jar or a chair that came flying his way. Or kick off someone who got away from the fight and tried to attack him.

The fight was over quickly with Ilyas and Zarin winning. Zamiel had hoped for a twist, but unfortunately the fun ended already.

There was a pile of humans on the floor, rolling, groaning, or just lying still. All the furniture was broken. The walls were smeared with food, drinks, and blood.

'You are not bad,' Ilyas told Zarin, while randomly grabbing a drink that didn't belong to him.

'You are good,' Zarin told him, stepping over a few men lying on the floor to also grab a drink.

They met in the middle and toasted before gulping the whole thing down.

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Zamiel paid the tavern owner for the damage they caused before leaving with Zarin and Ilyas. Unable to walk straight, both walked around him in circles as they went back home.

‘You didn’t drink enough,’ Zarin scolded him.

Ilyas nodded in agreement.

‘The plan was to drink,’ he reminded.

‘Not get drunk and fight,’ Zamiel added.

‘The man was laying his filthy hands on you,’ Ilyas slurred.

‘Yes, filthy hands. Did you see the dirt on his nails?’ Zarin asked Ilyas.

Ilyas nodded.

‘Well, thank you for protecting me. I needed that,’ Zamiel said with sarcasm.

‘Wait!’ Zarin held his hand out and came to block Zamiel’s way. ‘Why didn’t you fight them? You caused lightning to strike me.’

Ilyas lifted his eyebrows. ‘You caused lightning to strike him?’ he was surprised.

Zamiel nodded.

Ilyas burst out in laughter. It was the first time Zamiel saw him laugh.

Zarin frowned. 'It is not funny.'

'It is. Sadly, I missed seeing it.'

'I can always make it happen again,' Zamiel teased.

Zarin was done with them. 'I am going to see Heaven,' he said.

'Wait, I'm coming with you,' Ilyas said.

'I don't need you to come with me.'

'I am going to see Lady Heaven to offer my help,' Ilyas explained. 'She will fight a war.'

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Zarin's eyes widened. 'Well then, we need to hurry.'

Zamiel opened his mouth to protest, but both of them were already gone. Fools. How were they going to help her when they could barely stand?

He quickly went after them, and they all stood in Heaven's garden. Sensing their presence, Heaven came out of her room. A frown settled on her face when she saw them.

'What happened to you?' she asked.

Gina was right behind her, and she raised her eyebrows. 'Well, it seems like you had a lot of fun,' she said.

'My Lady,' Ilyas bowed sluggishly.

Heaven looked at him, concerned. 'He just had a lot to drink,' Zamiel explained.

'Heaven!' Zarin called, surprising them all by bowing as well.

What was the boy doing?

Ilyas kicked the back of his knees, making Zarin fall on his hands and knees. 'You don't get to bow. You kneel!' he told him.

Zarin remained kneeling and looked up at Heaven. 'I have been the worst friend. I have hurt you a lot, and you still remained good to me. I don't deserve your forgiveness. I am not worthy of your forgiveness right now, but can you give me a chance? I will become someone worthy of your forgiveness.'

Being intoxicated helped him speak his true emotions.

Heaven looked at him with a frown, but remained silent. Gina crossed her arms over her chest.

'I know I shouldn't come here and apologize, looking like this. I just wanted to do it while I had the courage. You said I was a coward. You were right. I am. But... I don't want to lose a friend like you.' He rubbed his palms together. 'This garden, we grew up here together. We used to play and fight here. I hope we can remain friends and create more memories here together.'

Zamiel had to admit that his apologies were getting better, and Heaven was getting tears in her eyes.

'And our children can create memories here as well.' Suddenly, everyone stiffened and looked at him questioningly.

‘No! ‘No!’ He raised his hands in defense. ‘I mean our children not together...I mean with others...’ he shook his head not knowing how to explain himself. ‘I mean I hope that my children and your children become friends and create memories together as well.’

Heaven had been holding back her laugh but now she let herself go and laughed. ‘Are you thinking of having children?’ she asked, surprised.

‘Well...’ he scratched the back of his head. ‘Not now. I need to grow first.’ He grinned.

Heaven shook her head at him with a smile. ‘Alright. I’ll give you a chance,’ she said.

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

Chapter 287: 164

Heaven went to see general Kian as soon as she left her father. General Kian was busy planning the war and was having a discussion with other men when she found him. In the middle of his speech, he took notice of her and excused himself to come and see her. He approached her with a big smile.

‘Your Highness, I am glad to see you.’ He really seemed happy to see her.

‘Thank you. How have you been?’ she asked.

‘I am better now that you are here, Your Highness,’ he said.

Heaven got the impression that he liked her. She hoped not, because she liked him very much. Despite his young age, he acted maturely and was forward-thinking. He was also supportive of her and she didn't want to lose him as a good man by her side because of unreturned feelings.

'You are very kind.' She smiled.

'I hope you are not forcing yourself to be here. You still look unwell,' he told her with concern.

'I am fine,' she said, but just then she felt a little dizziness and nausea.

General Kian was quick to notice. He grabbed a chair and told her to sit down.

Heaven sat down carefully. What was happening to her? She had just been fine.

'Your Highness. I know you want to help and I know you want to become a general. I am sure you will succeed one day but you need to take care of your health first.'

Heaven gave him a reassuring smile. 'Being in my room all the time just makes me feel sicker. I want to do something to feel better,' she told him.

He looked at her for a long while, then nodded.

'Alright. I am curious to see what you come up with,' he said.

He showed her a map of the battlefield with his plans sketched on it.

'What do you think?' he asked.

Oh, Heaven loved him. None of the other generals och commanders would ever ask for her opinion about war or anything.

Heaven took a closer look at the map and he explained to her what he meant with the different sketches and gave her more details about his plan. She wasn't an expert, but from what she saw and understood, it was a good plan. Except there were a few things that she found concerning.

She didn't know how to point it out without offending him, so she decided to make it a question instead.

'The archers that are hiding here, how will they shoot their arrows?'

He nodded knowingly. 'I know. This part needs more work. To shoot arrows from this long distance won't be effective, but this is the only place they can hide. Maybe they can hide here until the army arrives and then run out and attack.'

He looked at her, curious about her opinion.

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Heaven was thoughtful, but she couldn't come up with a good answer yet.

'I am not sure. I need to think about it.'

General Kian stood up and went to his desk. He opened a drawer and took out another map. He handed it to her.

'Here. You can sketch here if you come up with something,' he said.

She took the map from him, 'thank you. I don't know if His Majesty told you yet but I'll be participating in the war.'

General Kian frowned, 'His Majesty told me but if I may step out of line, you don't look alright Your Highness.'

Heaven wanted to curse. Her appearance was making things difficult for her. 'I am recovering fast. I will be fine when it is time to leave.'

He nodded, 'I hope so.'

When she left the room, she heard a few soldiers speaking behind her back. 'General Kian. We can't have a woman follow us to war. It is a bad omen,' she heard someone say.

She stopped to listen.

'Here,' General Kian spoke. He probably handed the soldier something. 'She will come back with a plan. If you come up with a better plan than hers, then she won't come with us.'

'But general...'

'End of discussion!' General Kian said in an authoritative voice. She had never heard him speak like that before. He sounded intimidating, and she could imagine the soldier bowing and retreating.

'Now Heaven would have to come up with a good plan to participate in the war and she didn't want to disappoint General Kian, who believed in her.'

Determined, she went back to her room, ready to go through her books and notes of everything she had learned and create a plan. She would also have to eat and make sure she looked better before leaving for war.

When she came back to her room, she found Gina sitting on her bed and waiting for her.

‘Oh Gina. I am glad you are here. I might need your help,’ Heaven said.

‘What does the future Queen need?’ said her friend, standing up.

Heaven went to the table and opened the map. ‘I need to plan a war.’

‘I know nothing about planning a war,’ Gina said.

‘I know. I’ll do the planning. I just need fresh eyes to go through it once I am done and a different perspective. You might see things I don’t.’

‘Alright.’

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‘And you can help me find information.’

Heaven brought all of her books and placed them on the table. Gina’s eyes widened.

‘Did you read all of these?’ she asked.

‘Almost,’ Heaven replied.

Gina and Heaven sat down and began to read about different war strategies.

‘I want to tell you something,’ Gina suddenly spoke still looking down at the book in her hands. ‘I went to Zamiel’s home today.’

Heaven looked up from her papers.

‘Zarin was on his way to apologize to Zamiel so I went with him.’

Heaven blinked in disbelief.

‘Zarin went to apologize to Zamiel?!’

Gina nodded. ‘He said he would come here to apologize to you after that. He is still not here.’

Oh, no! Did they get into a fight? Zamiel wasn’t the type to get easily angry, but anything could have happened.

She sighed. She had a war to plan. She couldn’t worry about grown-up men. If Zarin got some beating, he deserved it.

‘Are you worried that something happened to him?’ Heaven asked.

Gina opened her mouth to say something when her head turned to the door. ‘Did you hear that?’

Heaven strained her ears. Someone was in her garden. Both went to look, and what she saw was something she never expected to see. Zamiel, Zarin and Ilyas together. This was the second time she was surprised within a day and then Zarin surprised her a third time with his apology.

Heaven had expected to beat him up the day he apologized for all the hurt he caused her, but his apology was so sincere she forgot about the beating. And she liked the idea of their children being best friends. It brought a smile to her face. She was also happy that the three men seemed to get along now.

Heaven invited them into her room and wrinkled her nose when they walked by. They smelled of beer, sweat, and blood.

Zamiel walked steadily, but Ilyas and Zarin had a hard time keeping their balance. Gina crossed her arms over her chest and glared at her brother. She shook her head at him as he sat down on the sofa. Ilyas stood at the door to her garden and breathed in the fresh air. He was trying to sober up. Heaven had never seen him like that before.

‘What happened?’ she asked Zamiel.

‘We decided to have some fun, and it got a little out of hand,’ he explained. ‘They will be fine soon,’ he said turning back to look at Zarin, who had already passed out on the sofa.

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‘Or not.’

Gina was about to wake him up with a kick, but Heaven told her to stop. ‘Let him rest.’

She then turned back to Zamiel. ‘I need to go back to work. I have to plan a war and participate.’

He nodded. ‘Can I be of any help?’

Heaven looked at him. He was only a distraction. ‘I am sure you can.’

They went and sat at the table again. Ilyas joined them soon. ‘Are you feeling better?’ Heaven asked him.

‘Yes, My Lady.’

Gina looked up from her book and studied him in silence before speaking, ‘You are...?’

Ilyas stood up and Heaven felt him wobble a little. He was still not sober yet. 'I apologize for not introducing myself. My name is Ilyas. I serve Lady Heaven. You must be her friend, Gina,' he said.

Gina nodded, but looked suspiciously at him. She leaned over the table, closer to Heaven. 'When did you find yourself a demon servant?'

'It is a long story,' was all Heaven said.

Gina turned back to Ilyas again as he sat down. 'How old are you?'

'A little over a hundred years, My Lady.'

Suddenly she grabbed his wrist and turned his hand so she could see his palm. Heaven was surprised by the sudden action.

'You are a demon slayer,' she said accusingly. 'And don't deny it. I know because my father is one.'

Ilyas looked at her, confused. 'Yes. I. Am.'

'Who do you work for?'

'Gina, please stop.' Heaven gave her a look that Zamiel was also there.

'Yes, right,' she said, releasing his hand.

Heaven could understand that after everything that happened, her friend was being a little more protective.

Ilyas looked at his hand, probably wondering how Gina was able to tell. Heaven could see nothing different about his hands.

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‘Alright. Let’s go back to work now.’ Heaven said.

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

Chapter 288: 165

Heaven watched Zarin, who after he woke up buried himself in her books. He was very determined to help her. Ilyas sat quietly and also read one of her books, turning page after page. Sometimes he would raise his eyebrows. Heaven guessed it must be the times he either read something surprising or interesting.

Leaving them to read, she turned back to her map and tried to make a few sketches of what she thought would be a good plan. Gina said she knew little about war strategies, but she was good at finding loopholes and then they would correct them together. Zamiel was mostly quiet. Heaven knew that he wanted to give her the space to discover her own strength, but he was there in case she needed him.

After a while, Zarin came to take a look at the map. The archers seemed to still be a problem. The battlefield was a vast, empty area surrounded by hills. General Kian had planned for the archers to hide behind the hills and wait for the enemy’s army to arrive and then shoot their arrows. It wasn’t a bad idea, but the sight was bad and the distance too long. The enemy also had great armor and helmets and a larger army. So Heaven wanted all her men to become of good use.

Zarin studies the map and her sketches for a while. Heaven became curious about what he was thinking.

‘I say we put the archers somewhere no one would expect. This is a common strategy for archers to hide here. If the enemy is smart, they will be prepared for this. We need to hide them somewhere unexpected, or maybe not hide them at all,’ he suggested.

The way he spoke reminded her of younger Zarin. The one that loved to study and was calmer and smarter than her. It seemed like the young Zarin was still in there somewhere.

‘I agree,’ Heaven said.

‘How many soldiers do you have?’ He asked.

‘Two thousand and the enemy has twice as large an army.’

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‘The book says if weaker than the enemy, avoid them,’ Gina said.

‘Yes, but the size of an army doesn’t always equal their strength. My father alone can kill a thousand men. It is also about how you utilize your resources.’

‘Well then, maybe you should let Zamiel participate. He could strike them with lightning, open up the ground to swallow them or cause a hurricane that sends them back home. No one would know. It would look like a natural disaster,’ Zarin joked.

‘A natural disaster that only kills the enemy is suspicious,’ Gina said.

‘Who will be the suspect? The weather?’ Zarin asked.

‘We have to pretend we are humans only and they can’t cause a natural disaster.’ Heaven looked over at Zamiel but he just smiled at her.

She noticed that his silver eyes seemed to gleam more than usual but she didn’t think much of it and went back to work.

The rest of the day went by fast. Heaven went to see if her father found out anything else and then proceeded with her plan. She also went to see general Kian to ask details about their army.

Surprisingly, Zarin was very engaged and suggested different ideas. They sketched, discussed, changed and recreated but Heaven was still not satisfied. She wanted it to be really good but it was already late and everyone had to go home.

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Zamiel was the only one left in her room. Heaven was exhausted but for some reason the good ideas only came to mind now. She would just sketch some more and then sleep, but her body refused to stay awake and she didn’t know when she dozed off.

Someone’s touch woke her up and she felt that she was being carried to bed. Knowing that it was Zamiel she didn’t bother to wake up. He placed her in bed carefully and then covered her with a blanket. His cold fingers removed the hair from her face and then he leaned down and kissed her on the cheek.

‘Good night.’ He whispered before vanishing.

Heaven was suddenly fully awake. A kiss on the cheek had a completely different feel. She wanted this. A kiss on the cheek to wish her goodnight every night. Feeling warm inside she fell asleep.

The next morning when she woke up, she quickly went back to work. She took her map and went to ask the opinion of Callum and Lincoln. Callum studied the map in silence, and Heaven waited nervously for his feedback.

‘I like the idea of dividing the army and attacking from behind. But how do you plan to do that?’ He asked.

Heaven showed him her plan with the help of the map. ‘Having only half the army standing in front of them will lure them to think that it is going to be an easy fight. We will attack from the front first, while the other half of the army will ride around the hills and go behind the enemy. We will surround them. We might be fewer but we are much stronger.’

From what her father told her, the King created a large army but most soldiers were untrained or lacked many years of training, unlike their own army.

Callum nodded.

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‘We should also prepare the castle’s defences. The King doesn’t seem to want a fair fight. He could have planned to attack the castle and is only using war as a distraction.’

She handed him another map, where she sketched how the castle should put up their defences.

He looked at that one as well and made a few sketches of his own, where he thought she could improve or change.

‘I think it looks good otherwise,’ he told her.

She was happy to hear that. ‘Thank you.’

She then went to see Lincoln. He was much more critical. ‘It is true that we can defeat them easily, but this plan is to prove what you are capable of. You shouldn’t plan the war with the thought of our army being stronger. The plan should aim toward minimizing deaths, waste of resources and wartime and not only to win if you want to impress,’ he told her. ‘If a general made this plan, not many would question it but you are the one making it. Everyone will study every detail and try to critique it.’

Heaven nodded, knowing that the soldiers wouldn’t easily accept her plan. ‘Thank you, Lincoln. I will work on it.’ She said standing up to leave.

‘One more thing.’ He stopped her. ‘When presenting your plan, do it as a soldier. Not a princess. Forget that title for a while.’

‘Yes, Sir.’

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He smiled at her.