

Married To The Devil's Son (WN) – Chapter 97: Vol2
Chapter 37 |

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

Chapter 97: Vol2 Chapter 37

Pierre hadn't been able to rest for the last few days. He kept having nightmares and in those nightmares, he saw Lucian. Every night, his brother while looking like the devil would haunt him and drag him to hell.

'Feel at home brother.' He would say and then leave him there to burn.

The nightmares would feel so real that when he woke up he would be drenched in sweat and his heart would beat like drums inside his chest. It didn't help that rumors about his brother being alive were making rounds and it was scaring the hell out of him even if he didn't want to admit it. Everytime he went to sleep he would feel as if someone was in his room, watching him and waiting patiently for an opportunity to strike. It was making him lose his mind.

'Come out! Show yourself ! Don't hide like a coward.' He yelled but no one replied or showed themselves.

Everyone was starting to think that he was crazy, talking to himself and yelling without a reason.

At first, he tried to hide his fear and frustration but now he no longer cared what people thought of him. He just wanted this torture to end. He was sleep-deprived and he felt exhausted for everyday that passed by.

Tonight while he had dinner at his chamber he kept looking at his bed. He didn't look forward to sleeping. Maybe he could go to one of his

mistresses and sleep there instead of alone. Why hadn't he thought of that before?

Standing up from his seat he went to the mirror. He had to make sure that he looked good before he left the room but while he glared at his horrible state in the mirror a guard suddenly barged inside the room.

'Your highness. We are under attack.' He exhaled.

'What do you mean attack?! Who is attacking?'

'The royal army. I don't understand why.' The guard seemed confused.

Pierre on the other hand knew why. It was his brother Lucian. He had come for him just like in his nightmares and now he would drag him to hell. All those years he mocked his brother for being the devil's son without truly believing it but now all that turned out to be true.

'Your highness. We need to take you to a secure place. Please follow me.'

But Pierre couldn't move. He was in too much shock. He didn't know where to begin.

The guard grabbed him by the arm and began to drag him out of the room.

'Protect the King.' He ordered the other guards. 'and clear the way. Our priority is to take the king somewhere safe.'

'No place is safe. The army seems to know their way around. Someone on the inside is probably working with them.' Another guard spoke.

‘Its Lucian.’ Pierre breathed after holding his breath for what seemed like hours. ‘He has come to kill me.’

The guards looked at him as if he was insane and maybe, he was. He would find out soon.

‘We can take him through the secret passage.’ The first guard suggested.

Pierre knew there was no use in escaping. Lucian knew every passage in the castle.

‘We are all going to die.’ Pierre whispered his eyes wide in fear.

‘Not yet brother.’

A shiver went down Pierre’s spine. This voice he knew very well and he never thought that he would hear it again. Slowly he turned around and just right behind him a few feet away stood his brother, Lucian. He looked just like he remembered and not like someone who came back from the dead.

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Pierre’s guards froze in place, their eyes wide in both shock and fear. Their arms shook while they held their swords up in a defensive way. Pierre wanted to tell them to attack but the words couldn’t form in his mouth. It felt as though his tongue was paralyzed.

Lucian took a step forward and the guards held out their swords.

‘Stay were you are.’ One of them warned but it sounded like a plead.

‘Put your swords down.’ Lucian ordered.

The guards hesitated and seemed confused as to what to do.

‘While I am being nice.’ Lucian added.

One of them dropped his sword because he was shaking too much.

‘How...is this...possible?’

Lucian narrowed his gaze. ‘You...’ He began pointing at the guards.

‘You are the one who burned me? Aren’t you?’

The guard fell on his knees. ‘I...I...I am sorry y..yo..your highness.

Please don’t kill me.’ He stuttered.

The other guard fell on his knees as well. ‘Please don’t kill me, your highness. I swear my loyalty to you.’

The first guard shook his head violently. ‘Yes me too. I swear my loyalty to you.’

Pierre stood there confused. His guards just abandoned him. Should he run? But to where?

‘I don’t need your loyalty but I’ll give you a head start.’ Lucian said looking amused. ‘Run as fast as you can because if I catch you, I’ll burn you alive.’

Even though his brother was not speaking to him Pierre felt like running but instead, he fell to his knees as his legs couldn’t hold him up anymore.

There was something very frightening about Lucian and he couldn’t quite put his finger on what it was. The fact that his brother didn’t look at him once only added to his fear.

‘Your highness please, we will do whatever you want. I have a family.’ One of them cried.

‘I said run!’ Lucian repeated and this time they got up quickly and ran away clumsily.

Then ever so slowly Lucian turned his gaze to Pierre. ‘Why so quiet brother? You were so good with words.’

Pierre felt wetness on his face as if someone poured water over his head, but he knew it was his own sweat. He must have looked so little and pathetic. He tried to gather some courage but as he gazed into Lucian’s eyes he saw a rage like no other. This was the end, he thought.

Lucian took more steps forward and then crouched so that they were on the same level. He looked Pierre in the eyes.

‘You are mistaken brother. This is not the end. It’s only the beginning.’ He said.

He could read his thoughts. Pierre felt his head spin and black spots began to cover his eyes before everything became dark.

Lucian stared at his brother’s unconscious body on the ground. He was really disappointed but he would get to torture his brother eventually. First, he would let him get over his state of shock and get a grip over reality and then he would begin with his favorite task. Torture.

For now, he orders his men to throw Pierre into a cell and he proceeded to find the ones who threw him into a well and burned him. As usual, they tried to gain some sympathy by mentioning that they had families.

‘Your highness please. I have a family. They can’t live without me.’

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‘And I didn’t have a family?’ Lucian raised a brow.

‘That’s not what I meant. I was...I was just following orders.’

‘No you were not. Pierre told you to get rid of my body. The natural thing would be to bury it, not throw it in a well and burn it to ashes.’

The soldier’s eyes darted around unsure of what to say next. Lucian nodded for his men to take them away.

‘No, no. Your Highness, please! I promise to serve you with loyalty for the rest of my life. Please spare me once.’ They called as they got dragged away.

Lucian was too tired right now to torture them and he did not want to kill them yet. He would take care of more important things first and then he would enjoy his revenge.

‘Your Highness.’ Callum came walking toward him with Hazel trailing behind. Lucian noticed the blood that seeped down her arm.

‘What happened?’ He asked and rushed to her.

‘Nothing.’ She smiled. ‘Just a little cut.’

Callum fell on one knee and bowed his head. ‘I’ll accept my punishment.’ He said in a regretful voice.

Hazel chuckled. ‘He is funny. There will be no punishment. You protected me well. Get up on your feet.’ She ordered.

Lucian realized that Hazel had become much more strong and confident. She must have gone through a lot for her to change so drastically, he thought. Anyway, he liked this version of her.

Callum got up on his feet and that's when Lucian realized that he had lost his man to Hazel. He would not have stood up without his order otherwise. Callum would now be more loyal to Hazel than anyone.

'You disappoint me Callum.' Lucian said with humor, meaning that he got hurt.

Callum looked at him carefully. 'I am sorry, Your Highness.' He said genuinely.

'Don't be. I just hope she chooses you the way you chose her.'

Callum looked at Hazel and she looked at them both confused. Just when she was about to say something, Lucian's men gathered and informed him that everything was done accordingly and now the castle was his. After such a long time he was back home, the home he never liked but now that would change. He would make this place into a real home, with his wife and he would make it up to her for all the mistakes he had done.

'Well, while we are at it, why don't you choose your own two personal guards.' Lucian suggested turning to Hazel. 'You can choose anyone except for Lincoln.'

'I don't need personal guards.' Hazel whispered.

'Yes you do. You will be no princess anymore, you'll be a queen.' Lucian whispered back.

Hazel looked at the guards but not for too long. 'I chose Callum and Oliver.' She said.

They both came forward, bent a knee in front of her and swore their loyalty. Lucian found it all amusing. He was so used to having his men

only obeying him and now he would have to get used to them obeying his wife.

Hazel left with her guards to treat her wound and Lucian went ahead to take care of the rest.

‘How are things going?’ Lucian asked Julian.

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‘We have informed the people of this kingdom that you will be their king and general Black is preparing for your coronation tomorrow.’

Lucian nodded. He couldn’t believe how fast things happened. Would the people of this kingdom accept him as their king or would there be more war?

‘You said you would take care of the witches. How?’

‘You don’t have to worry about the witches. We don’t like unnecessary fights. You are a drosht and half-demon, your father is the devil himself and your mother is a very powerful witch, now even half-demon I guess. The witches would be fools to pick a fight with you unless they are sure they will win, and witches are anything but fools.’ Julian explained.

He couldn’t say the same about the demons.

‘And what if they want to fight.’

‘Then there will be a problem because it means they have gathered really powerful witches. Those are scary.’ Julian pointed.

‘Do you know the most powerful witch?’ Lucian asked.

‘There is no most powerful. The leader of every coven are the most powerful ones.’

‘Then arrange for me to meet your leader.’ Lucian ordered.

Julian hesitated. ‘Your Highness. I don’t think it’s a good idea.’

‘Just do it.’ Lucian insisted.

Julian nodded then left.

Lucian sat back down with a sigh. He had too many things to take care of. Humans, witches, demons, it was just too much.

He lay back and closed his eyes. He knew he had a lot to do but he just wanted to rest for a short while. Hazel next to him would make it all better.

Hazel. He called her inside her mind. He wasn’t sure if she would hear it but he hoped so. After a while he heard the door open, some footsteps and she was laying next to him on the bed.

He didn’t open his eyes, he just inhaled her sweet scent, mixed with blood.

‘Did you treat your wound?’ He asked.

‘Yes.’

‘And your maids are safe?’

‘Yes.’

‘And..’ before he could ask any further Hazel pressed her lips to his and kissed him viciously.

‘You worry too much, husband.’ She said after breaking the kiss.

Lucian put on arm around her waist and flipped her over so that he was laying on top.

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‘Now you should worry, because I won’t let you out of this bed.’

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Chapter 98: Vol2 Chapter 38

Klara could see a shadow in the darkness slowly stalking toward her bed, but she didn’t feel the least bit scared. She already knew who the shadow belonged to since he came to visit her every night. No! Not only visit, but he also did other things as well.

Klara’s heart raced as he slowly neared her bed and then carefully removed the blanket. She was only wearing her nightgown which had slipped up and was now revealing her legs and thighs. He leaned down and then slowly traced his fingers up her leg and down her thigh.

Closing her eyes Klara could feel his fingers slowly sliding under her dress and his face came close to hers. His hot breath tickled her lips and she wondered if he would kiss her.

‘Open your eyes, Klara.’ His masculine voice was low and made her shiver in anticipation.

She wanted him to kiss her. Just a bit closer and their lips would touch.

‘Klara! Wake up!’

Just a bit closer...

‘Klara!’

And closer....

‘Klara..?’

A bit more...aaaand he kissed her!

Or maybe not. The kiss was too short, only a peck followed by a loud feminine laugh that woke her up.

Klara shot her eyes open and looked around confused. What just happened?

‘You..you..’ Astrid could barely talk because she was laughing too much and rolling on her bed.

Klara sat up. ‘What’s wrong with you?’ She asked rubbing her eyes.

‘You...’ Astrid stopped laughing and took a deep breath. ‘Ok sister. Now you need to tell me what or who you were dreaming of?’

Klara shrugged. ‘No one.’

‘Please. You were pouting your lips desperately that I just had to give you a kiss, otherwise you wouldn’t wake up.’ She chuckled.

Klara’s cheeks burned. She had been dreaming of Roshan. Again!

Since she came back she hadn't been able to stop thinking about him. The way he had kissed her on the rooftop kept repeating itself in her mind and the taste of him still lingered on her lips.

Not only did he wander in her mind all day but also in her dreams all night. What if he had done something to her? It had to be that way because thinking about him this much was abnormal and annoying. She wanted to move on with her life especially now when her brother had welcomed her back and wasn't forcing her to get married anymore.

Rasmus had been so angry when she came back and he scolded her like never before.

'Where have you been?' He had asked with clenched teeth.

Klara looked down terrified. Her brother could be really scary when he was angry.

New chapters are lished here:

'Answer me, Klara! Where have you been?'

Klara couldn't tell him where she had been. It was too complicated.

'Do you know how worried I was? Do you know all the things I imagined while you were gone? All the things that could have happened to you. I didn't even know if you were dead or alive. Do you know how that feels?'

'I am sorry.' Klara apologized. 'But I had no other choice. I don't want to marry him.'

Rasmus hit the table with his fist. 'And I wouldn't force you if you had chosen one yourself and if you hadn't betrayed me.' He yelled. 'I raised

you, Klara. You and your sister were only eight when mother and father died. I took care of you both. I raised you, I fed you, I clothed you and I protected you and how do you repay me ?‘

It was true. Her brother had done everything for her. He had raised her into a strong woman and made sure she had everything she needed. He always treated her with love and respect, so she could understand that he was hurt by her actions.

‘I am sorry.’ Tears filled her eyes because of guilt.

Rasmus sighed. ‘I thought you were dead when I couldn’t find you.’

‘I am sorry.’ She repeated. The tears fell down her cheeks.

Her brother looked her up and down. ‘Are you unharmed ?‘

She nodded.

‘Come here.’ He opened his arms and Klara went to hug him.

Oh, she had really missed her family. ‘I am sorry.’

‘It’s alright.’ He said stroking her hair.

‘Please brother. I don’t want to marry him. I promise to choose one myself.’

Rasmus grabbed her face. ‘You better hurry. You are twenty-two, Klara. All the women of your age are already married. If you don’t get married now no one will marry you.’

‘I know.’ Klara said.

Most girls got married as soon as they turned seventeen if not before. Klara knew she was very late with the whole marriage thing but she didn't think she would be. She never expected Lucian to be already married when he came to visit them.

None of it mattered now. Her brother wanted her to find someone soon and her sister had already arranged for her to meet some suiters.

Klara didn't look forward to it but she knew she had to go through with it eventually. Unfortunately, none of them caught her interest

One of them only kept talking about himself and the other only spoke of war and politics. Klara could see that he only saw her as a weapon to gain more power.

One kept praising her beauty the whole meeting which made her uncomfortable and one barely said anything and she had to lead the conversation. Some of them she didn't even listen to because her mind drifted to Roshan. That man had occupied her mind and she couldn't help but compare every man to him. Unfortunately, none of them made her feel anything close to what Roshan made her feel.

'You seem disappointed,' Astrid noted.

'I mean they are all good looking and powerful, but...I...I don't know. I don't feel anything.' Klara said frustration clear in her tone.

New chapters are listed on

'The feelings will come.' Her sister assured.

'What if they don't? What if I never feel anything for anyone and then I have to marry one of them?' The thought terrified her.

‘What do you think of Noah? He is handsome and charming, even funny.’

Yes, Noah. He had been the only charming one of the bunch and he was very good looking as well. He also seemed to listen to her and not only talk, but her mind had been elsewhere.

Roshan.

He was the problem. She needed to deal with him first before she could focus on finding a suitor.

At night when everyone went to sleep, Klara locked herself inside her room. She grabbed the necklace that Roshan gave her and then she called him inside her mind. It was crazy, but she hoped it would work. When nothing happened she tried again only this time she whispered his name.

‘Roshan.’

She waited for a while and when nothing happened she gave up and decided to go to bed, but just then she heard his voice.

‘Hello princess.’

Klara turned and found him standing next to her bed. He looked as handsome as she remembered, if not more. He wore a royal blue shirt that sat loosely on his torso and a pair of black trousers. His hair seemed wet or maybe it was the dim light that made it glow, either way, he looked exquisite.

‘You came.’ Was the only thing she managed to say.

‘I thought you wouldn’t need me.’ He said taking a few steps toward her.

His male energy seemed to already affect her because her heart began to race as he came closer.

‘I don’t. I just want you to undo whatever it is you have done to me.’ She crossed her arms over her chest.

‘And what have I done to you?’ He asked with a frown.

‘You know what you have done. Just undo it.’ She ordered.

‘I can’t undo it if I don’t know what it is.’

‘You’re doing your demon thing...manipulating me to...to think about you all the time. I just want you to leave my head.’ She sounded frustrated.

Roshan took a step forward looking at her carefully. ‘You were thinking about me?’ He sounded surprised but pleased.

‘Yes, because you are in my head and now I want you to leave.’ She tried to sound calm but failed. Not that Roshan seemed to care. He was busy enjoying the situation.

Crossing the distance between them he grabbed her chin. ‘Listen princess. If I am inside your head it’s because you are thinking about me and not because I am manipulating you. If I wanted to do that I would have had you pinned to my bed by now.’

His eyes held hers. Klara could see the lust in those Hazel eyes combined with something else she couldn’t understand, but whatever it was brought a fluttering feeling to her stomach.

Annoyed by the way he made her feel she drew away from his hold.

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Roshan's lips curved into a knowing smile. 'Admit it princess. You want me.'

'I don't.' She hurried to say as if trying to convince herself.

'You said it yourself, that you have been thinking about me.' He reminded. 'If you don't want me I'll just leave and you can keep thinking about me. Or...you could actually have me.'

God, he was so convincing. What did he expect from her? To tell him to stay and do what?

Pin her to his bed. Well, it would be her bed now. Was she really believing that he didn't manipulate her? Then she would have to admit that she indeed had been thinking about him. No, not only thinking but dreaming and fantasizing as well. Shame on her. If he hadn't kissed her like that on the rooftop she wouldn't have thought about him this much.

Oh great! Now she was blaming him when she has kissed him back willingly. God, what was she supposed to do with him? Or with herself?

'You are a demon.' She said not sure where she was going with it.

'Yes, I am. And?'

'And...and nothing! I just want you to leave me alone.' She was desperate to stop thinking about him.

Roshan raised a brow. 'I would have, if that was truly what you wanted.'

You don't know what I want, she wanted to say but the look in his eyes told her he knew very well. Deep down she knew as well, she just had to admit to herself.

'Have a good night Roshan.' She said turning away from him and when she turned back he was gone. He didn't even say goodnight. Was he angry with her?

She shouldn't care but she did and it kept bothering her the whole night.

The day after she met Noah. Klara tried really hard this time to forget about Roshan and focus on the man in front of her. Noah was tall, with beautiful long brown hair that reached his shoulders. His dark brown eyes were as warm as his smile and he had a dimple on his left cheek. He was not only good-looking but smart as well, yet Klara felt nothing as she walked with him in their garden while he spoke of his travels around the world. He had seen a lot and Klara could tell that's how he gained his wisdom, by meeting new people and learning different cultures. He would be a perfect match for her. She knew it but she didn't feel it.

'So, what do you think?' Astrid asked when Klara came back.

'I like him,' Klara said simply.

'Really?' Her sister sounded pleased.

Klara nodded. 'Yes.'

'But...do you just like him?' Astrid knew something wasn't right.

'Yes. I am not interested in love.'

It was true. Noah was a perfect match for her, besides she wasn't looking for love. She didn't believe in love anymore. Those things happened only

in stories. In real life, love wasn't a good thing. It was something that could hurt you, that could make you selfish and stupid and something that people could use against you. Why would she need such a thing?

'Love is not an interest. Its a feeling that you can't help and if you don't feel it then you just don't.' Astrid explained.

That was the problem. Klara thought that she could never love again. What she felt for Roshan was just an attraction and what she felt for Noah was only respect.

'Love is not a necessity.'

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Her sister's expression turned somehow into a sad one. 'I know you are hurt but it's not going to hurt every time.'

'No, but it can hurt a second time.' And Klara couldn't handle a second time.

No, she couldn't. She could not fall in love with a demon! That was a big no!

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Chapter 99: Vol2 Chapter 39

Everything was going smoothly. Lucian got his revenge on his brother and today, he was getting crowned. Very soon he would be the king of Decresh, the king of one of the most powerful kingdoms in the world. But Lucian didn't seem happy. Something was bothering him and he wasn't talking to me about it.

‘Is something wrong?’ I asked while the maids helped him get dressed for the coronation ceremony.

Lucian smiled. ‘No, nothing is wrong.’

I motioned for the maid to stop doing whatever she was doing. ‘Leave us alone,’ I ordered and the maid left quietly.

I went to Lucian and placed my hands lightly on his shoulders. ‘You are going to be a good King.’ I assured him.

He grabbed my face with both his hands and placed a kiss on my forehead. ‘Only with you by my side.’ He smiled.

‘I’ll always be by your side.’ I said adjusting his hair and then I took a step back to see if everything was in place. ‘I think you are ready to go.’

Lucian entered the throne hall walking with grace and confidence. Not many people were invited, only high-rank generals, politicians and some priests. General Black wanted Lucian to be crowned as soon as possible therefore not many could attend the ceremony.

The priest who was supposed to crown Lucian didn’t look very pleased, probably because of the rumors that happened to be more than just rumors. I wondered how the priest would react if he found out that he was indeed placing the crown on the head of the devil’s son. He would probably die of shock.

After announcing Lucian as the king of Decresh the priest placed the crown on his head. That was it. They made a great deal out of nothing.

Everyone kneeled to their King and swore their loyalty then Lucian motioned for me to come forward. I looked around confused. Why was he telling me to come forward?

With hesitant steps, I walked up to him and then gave him a questioning look. Lucian gave the priest a nod and then turned to me. He took my hands in his.

‘Will you be my queen, Hazel?’ He asked.

‘Of course.’ I replied still confused.

He turned to his left where the priest now stood with another crown. The crown was made of gold and adorned with stones and diamonds. Lucian was crowning me as his queen. Now!

A king never crowned his queen at his own coronation ceremony. Usually, they chose their queen later on and it wasn’t necessarily the first wife, rather the most powerful one. The rest were only referred to as the king’s wives and not as queens. There could only be one queen and Lucian was crowning me as his queen, right now.

Lucian took the crown carefully from the priest and then ever so slowly placed it on my head without hesitating. I wanted to say something but everything was happening so fast that I didn’t have time to think.

‘I hereby name you queen of Decresh.’ He said loudly so that everyone could hear. ‘Kneel to your queen.’ He then ordered.

Everyone in the room kneeled and bowed their heads. This was not how it was supposed to be but Lucian didn’t seem to care about any rules. No, he wasn’t because he suddenly took my hand and began to lead me out of the hall.

‘Where are we going?’ I whispered.

‘You will know soon.’ He replied.

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And soon we arrived at our chamber. Lucian shut the door behind him, removed the crown from his head and then mine before grabbing my head and capturing my lips in a heated kiss. I was surprised by his sudden l.u.s.t but I kissed him back while he opened the straps on my dress and then let it slide down my shoulders. I opened the buttons on his shirt and he took it off swiftly all while still kissing me.

Suddenly we were in bed, our bodies pressed against each other, his hands roaming the sides of my body and my fingers entangled in his hair. Soon more clothes came off and our bare skins moved against each other. I should take a moment and ask why things were happening so fast but I was lost in the heat and too aroused to think. We were not speaking, only touching, kissing, feeling and making love, just like last night and even though we just made love last night we still craved each other as much.

After crying out for the third time Lucian rolled over and I lay there breathless next to him. For a while we just stared at the ceiling and tried to catch our breaths. What on earth just happened? We never did it like this before, fast and quiet but still very intense. I guess lovemaking was not always slow and sensual.

‘Are you alright?’

I nodded. I could still not speak, probably not walk as well. Three orgasms in such a short amount of time were too intense. I could still feel my legs quiver.

Lucian turned to his side and rested his head on his hand. ‘Was it too fast for your liking?’ He asked while looking at me.

I shook my head. ‘No. I liked it.’

He caressed my cheek with his thumb. 'Hazel, I will be really busy from now on but anytime you need me, you just call me. Alright?'

'Alright.'

He leaned in and kissed me quickly. 'I need to leave now.' He said apologetically.

'I know.' I smiled.

As a new king there was a lot of pressure on him and a lot of things to do. I just hoped that he wouldn't overwork himself. I watched him while he got dressed and this time he seemed much calmer. Could lovemaking relieve stress? Then I would let him love me all day, everyday.

I swung my legs down the bed and stood up but my legs felt weak and wobbly. Maybe all day everyday would be too much then. I needed to walk after all.

Once Lucian left and I got dressed I went to the library, with Oliver and Callum trailing behind me. Now that I was a queen I needed to educate myself a bit more. I refused to be useless like I used to be.

'Oliver.'

'Yes, My queen.'

My queen? That sounded strange but I liked it somehow.

'I need good simple books about politics and war.'

Without asking questions, Oliver looked through the bookshelf and then found some books for me to read. He then helped me carry the books

back to the room. The room was already cleaned and Lydia was polishing the mirror while Oliver placed the books on the table.

‘Anything else, My queen?’

‘Yes. Lydia!’

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‘Yes, My Lady.’

‘Serve this young man something delicious to eat. A lot of it.’ I ordered.

‘Yes, My lady.’

‘There is no need, My Queen.’ Oliver protested.

‘It’s an order.’ I said.

He had regained some weight but he still looked weak.

I turned to Callum. He had regained his strength completely and looked just fine. Still, I wondered if he wanted to eat something as well.

‘I am alright, My queen.’ He hurried to say.

I nodded. ‘You may leave.’

Once I was left alone I took my books and went to the garden where I began to read while sitting on the swing. After two hours of reading and only understanding, a half hours reading I gave up. Where was Klara when I needed her? She had even promised to teach me some fighting skills. Could be useful in a world full of witches and demons even if one of them slept right next to me everynight.

I thought of Lucian. Of everything he must be going through right now. After dying, getting tortured, coming back to life, and losing his memory he met his real parents. One of them he thought was dead for many years. I wondered how he was doing mentally. How confused and maybe angry he must feel. He didn't deserve to go through all that, not after growing up lonely and mocked by everyone.

I wanted to help him heal and get back everything that he had lost or never had.

I needed to meet Irene. I hoped she would come and visit me soon as she had promised.

The rest of the day went by with my writing notes on the things that I understood and memories them.

'What makes you so occupied, My Lady?' Lydia asked while serving me dinner.

'Complicated politics.' I sighed putting the notes aside and looking at the food.

I knew Lucian would be too busy to eat with me so I ate alone, not aware of what I was putting in my mouth because my thoughts were elsewhere. I didn't want to spend the rest of my days bored so I knew I had to find something to do during the day. But what?

Right! I needed to learn how to ride. Tomorrow I would ask Oliver or Callum to teach me. I could not wait.

Excited I stood up to prepare for sleep when Lucian suddenly appeared out of thin air. He had learned how to teleport himself.

'Lucian. I didn't think you would come tonight.' I said surprised.

‘Here I am.’ He said opening his arms.

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I went to hug him.

‘Will you stay?’ I asked.

He wrapped his arms around me and kissed my hair. ‘Yes.’

‘How was your day?’

‘It was...’ He stopped and I felt him stiffen.

I looked up and found him staring behind me with surprise. I turned to see what he was looking at and found Irene standing in front of the door. Her face seemed pale and her sad eyes were red as if she had been crying.

‘Lucian.’ Her eyes rolled back into her head before she fell down on the floor.

‘Irene!’ I was next to her in a minute and shook her slightly. ‘Irene!’

I looked at Lucian who stood there with a frown. ‘She is not responding,’ I told him.

Without a word, Lucian bent over and then carried her up and to the bed. He lay her down carefully and then palpated her puls. ‘She is alive.’ He said calmly.

What happened to her? Lothaire?

Just as I thought of him I felt icy air just behind my back and I knew immediately that he was there.

I turned to him. ‘Lothaire? What happened to her?’

‘She is just a bit unwell. I’ll take her with me.’

He walked passed me and to the bed where she lay unconscious. Just when he was about to lift her up Lucian grabbed his wrist to prevent him from touching her. ‘You are not taking her anywhere.’ Lucian said sternly looking his father in the eyes.

‘And why is that?’ Lothaire asked.

‘She is a witch and you are the devil. How do I know you are not keeping her against her will?’

For the first time, I saw Lothaire looking confused. ‘You think I am manipulating her?’

‘Why would a mother not visit her son?’

My eyes widened when I realized what Lucian was thinking. He thought that Lothaire was the one who kept his mother away from him.

‘Is it because she is a witch? Is it because I am half-witch that you wanted me dead?’ Lucian stared Lothaire in the eyes demanding an answer while still holding his wrist in a steel grip.

This _ content is taken from

‘I would never stop your mother from visiting you.’ Lothaire spoke.

‘I’ll ask her myself once she wakes up, until then she will stay here.’

Married To The Devil's Son (WN)

Chapter 100: Vol2 Chapter 40

‘Irene ? Are you awake ?’

Irene opened her eyes but everything was a blur and it took her awhile before she could see Hazel looming over her with a concerned expression.

‘Haz...el.’ Her voice cracked as if she hadn’t spoken for days. ‘How long was I gone ?’

‘Two days.’ Hazel spoke. ‘You got me worried. What happened ?’

Irene recalled sneaking into her son’s room at night to take his pain away. She had practiced the spell for days and even though he had told her he didn’t want to, she couldn’t let him stay in pain. But as she took some of his pain away, she realized she couldn’t even handle half of it. It was too much and knowing that her son was in so much pain, pained her even more. She wanted to take all of it away, so she pushed herself over the limit and ended up in this condition.

One thing she would never forget was seeing Lucian in that dark well, getting burned over and over again. She would make sure Pierre went through the same and even worse.

‘I haven’t slept for days, that’s probably why.’ She lied. ‘Where is Lucian ?’

‘Do you want me to bring him ?’ Hazel asked.

‘No, it’s alright. I am sure he is busy.’ Irene was nervous to meet her son. She didn’t know what to say to him to make everything alright. She felt like the worst mother on earth.

‘You haven’t eaten for days. Let me help you up and then we will have some lunch.’ Hazel suggested.

Irene nodded.

After taking a bath and getting some new clothes to wear, she sat at the garden with Hazel while some maids served lunch.

‘Did...Lothaire come to bring me?’

Hazel who was chewing her food paused and looked at her.

She nodded and swallowed the food in her mouth. ‘Yes, but...Lucian didn’t let him take you away. He believes Lothaire is the one who kept you away from visiting him.’ She explained.

Irene knew her son was in too much pain, so he was trying to find different reasons as to why his mother didn’t visit him. It was understandable.

Hazel put her fork down slowly on the table as if she wanted to say something important. ‘Irene, I want to help, but I need you to show me the rest of your story. I want to know everything.’

Irene nodded. ‘Alright.’

Once they were done eating, they went back to the chamber and Irene decided to show the rest of her tragic story to Hazel and this time she would not leave any details out.

Updated _at

‘Close your eyes.’ Irene ordered while holding Hazel’s hand.

Hazel closed her eyes and Irene took her back in time, to when she was married to the King.

Weeks had passed since she arrived to her new home and so far she didn't like it here. Her husband treated her well, and she was his favorite, but his wives and mistresses were a pain to deal with. They envied her and felt threatened by her beauty and wits. Nyx wouldn't mind if she had other friends she could spend time with, but she was utterly alone. The other wives and mistresses would invite each other from time to time without including her and make sure to spread bad rumors about her every time they got the chance.

If the King didn't believe in her, she would have been in trouble, but she had him by her side. She was thankful for that, yet he didn't take away the emptiness she felt. He was only there at night, to satisfy his needs without thinking of satisfying hers, and then in the morning she was back to laying alone in her bed again. She didn't want this life, and she decided to speak to her husband about it. Maybe he could let her stay with her family from time to time. He often granted her wishes.

When the sun went down Nyx dressed beautifully and waited for her husband's arrival. He caught her attention as soon as he walked into the room. He was handsome, she couldn't deny it but tonight he was something more. She couldn't quite put her finger on it, but he made her heart race.

'My lord.' She stood up from her seat and walked over to him.

She took his hand to kiss his knuckles, but he turned his hand over and kissed hers instead. His lips felt cold, yet his kiss warmed her. Strange, she thought. He never made her feel that way.

Nyx helped him take off his crown and his royal robe before he sat down at the table. A maid served him his night tea and Nyx went to sit in front

of him. She studied him carefully while he took a sip of his tea and wondered why he seemed so different. If her mother had returned her magic, she would have been able to read his thoughts.

‘My lord, I have a request.’ She began.

He put down his cup and looked at her carefully. ‘And what is your request?’ He asked.

Nyx got a strange feeling as he spoke, but she shook it away. ‘I was wondering if I could stay with my family from time to time. I know that the rules don’t allow such a thing, but can’t you bend the rules for my sake once. I feel...’

‘Suffocated.’ He finished.

Nyx looked up at him, surprised. How did he know?

He stood up and reached his hand out for her to grab. She took his hand, and he drew her into his embrace. His closeness made her heart skip a beat. ‘If you feel that way, why have you never called for me yet?’

Called for him?

She looked into his eyes and realized that this gaze did not belong to her husband.

‘Lucifer!’ Startled, she pushed him away.

Lucifer let his disguise fall and showed his true self.

‘What do you want?’ Nyx asked.

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She knew the Devil never wasted his time on meaningless encounters.

Lucifer narrowed his cold gaze. 'I could not stop thinking about you since I met you. I believe you are the one.'

The one? Did he mean his mate? She shook her head. Nyx knew demons could know if someone was their mate with only a few encounters, but she had only met him once.

'I believe not. I am married.'

'That changes nothing.' He said coldly.

She knew nothing could change the fact that he thought she was the one. Demons claimed their mates despite everything.

'I am a witch.' She said hoping the hatred between their species would make him change his mind.

'I know. It still changes nothing.'

'I don't want to be your mate.' She said taking a few steps back.

Spending her life with the Devil? What kind of nightmare was this?

'I thought you wanted to leave this place.' He pointed.

'Yes, but that doesn't mean that I want to leave with you.'

He strode toward her with determined steps until he trapped her between him and the wall. 'I won't force you to come with me but I can tell you this. I would never let you spend your days alone, or leave you frustrated at night, or leave you alone in bed in the morning, or stop you from

living your life the way you want. I would never suffocate you. I would treat you like an equal, give you the life you deserve.’

Nyx looked into his cold eyes that didn’t match his warm words. The life he described was tempting, but he was the Devil and tempting people was his specialty.

He took a few steps back, ‘Think about it. I’ll come back tomorrow.’ He said before vanishing and just as he promised he was there the night after.

Her husband had just taken her to bed and once he was done with her he fell asleep, leaving her unsatisfied once again.

Disappointed, Nyx slid into her nightgown and wrapped a shawl around her shoulders before going out to the garden. She looked up at the sky. If she only had her magic, she would fly among the stars for a while, or maybe she would fly away from this place forever. Maybe that’s why her mother took away her magic. If she knew she would have protected it.

Suddenly the air became cold, and a chill went down her spine. Someone was behind her. Turning around slowly, she found him standing there, blending with the darkness as if they were one. His silver hair glowed like the moonlight and his cold blue eyes stared at her with a blatant appreciation. It reminded her that she was only wearing a nightgown, which made her wrap the shawl around her shoulders even tighter.

‘I am not coming with you.’ She said.

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‘People complain too much about their lives, yet when they have the chance to do something about it they don’t.’ He said thoughtfully. ‘Don’t you wish to live the way you want?’

‘I just wish for you to leave me alone.’

He strode toward her slowly. ‘You are already alone. I wish to take your loneliness away. Together with mine.’

Yes, she was alone. Alone, frustrated and unappreciated. She felt useless. No! She felt used and then forgotten. How long would she be able to put up with this ?

‘How will you take my loneliness away?’ She asked.

‘Like this.’ He said lowering his head and then captured her lips with his.

Nyx never knew a kiss could make her so deeply inflamed. She was breathless, her stomach bubbling with excitement as he grabbed the back of her head and deepened the kiss. All rational thoughts fled her head and her body came alive. The intense feeling shocked her and soon she pushed him away, appalled and disgusted with herself.

‘I can’t.’ She shook her head in denial. ‘I am married and you...you are the devil.’

Yes, he was the devil, and he just made her sin. She ran back to her room without looking at him, because if she did she might have changed her mind.

But the devil was persistent, and he came every night, at first only stealing kisses, but he was also slowly stealing her heart. She found herself opening up to him and trusting him because he always kept his word. Sometimes he would take her away from her boring life and show her the world, and sometimes he would just hold her and chase her loneliness away. All that without asking anything in return. Or so she thought.

‘Come with me.’ He said one night.

‘I can’t.’

He grabbed her face between his hands. ‘Even if I say that I love you? I love you, Nyx.’

The words echoed in her mind. Words her husband never said to her. Her eyes teared up. Why did the man she loved have to be the devil?

‘I can’t Lucifer.’

‘You can, but I can’t. I can’t stand the thought of you laying in the same bed as that man. I can’t stand the thought of him touching you and... I just can’t. I feel...suffocated.’

It was the first time she saw him vulnerable, and at that moment she knew his feelings were true.

‘Come with me. I want you...I need you next to me.’

She wanted to leave with him so badly, but the consequences would be grave. The witches and even the demons would do anything to destroy their relationship. She knew they could never be, and that suffocated her. She grabbed his face and kissed him softly while tears ran down her cheeks. This would be the last time she would let him go. That night she let go as well, and they made love under the starry night sky. But who knew the best night of her life would lead to 25 years of misery.

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

Chapter 101: Vol2 Chapter 41

‘My Lady, You are pregnant.’ The midwife told her, excitement clear in her voice.

Nyx should have been dancing with joy but she wasn’t. She loved children and she wanted so badly to have her own, so why wasn’t she happy? At least her husband would be happy she thought but she was dead wrong.

The king barged into the room, his face red with anger. ‘Leave!’ He told everyone and once everyone left he grabbed her by the neck and pinned her to the bed. His grip was tight, cutting all air away.

‘What ...are ..you doing?’ She managed to ask while in pain.

‘What have you done?’ He growled bringing his face close to hers.

‘Whose child is this?’

Nyx grabbed his wrist and tried to remove his grip but he held her in place. Her eyes teared up.

‘It’s...yours.’

‘Don’t lie to me!’ He yelled letting go of her neck. She took in a sharp breath and then began to cough while holding her neck. ‘Tell me whos child it is while I am asking?’

With a sore throat, ‘Why would you think it’s someone else’s?’ She asked.

He grabbed her arm and yanked her out of bed. ‘I have birds who whisper into my ears and I have been hearing a lot about you but I have been ignoring them. Now you have crossed the line.’

Birds? Her mother had once told her that many powerful kings either had help from demons or witches. Why hadn't she listened and which one did whisper things into her husband's ears?

'Tell me you are not bearing a demon's child?' He said utterly disgusted.

Nyx froze in place. This couldn't be possible. She could not be pregnant with the devil's child. She hadn't met Lucifer for a month, she could not be pregnant with his child.

'No! This is not his child.' She shook her head. 'No!'

'Who is he?' Her husband asked.

Nyx kept shaking her head in denial. 'No! It's not.' She kept repeating. What would she do now? What would happen to her child?

'I don't need you, or this demon child. Guards!'

Nyx panicked as some guards entered the room.

'Lock her up!' He ordered. 'Tomorrow you'll be beheaded in front of everyone.'

Beheaded? What was he talking about? What about her child?

The guards grabbed her arms and began to drag her out of the room.

'Wait! What are you doing? Let go! This is absurd.'

'Let her go!'

It had been so long since she had heard this voice.

Mother.

The guards dropped their hands and left the room as if nothing happened.

Nyx turned around still in shock and shaking in fear. 'Mother.' She squeaked relieved someone came to her rescue.

Her mother looked very angry as she stared at her husband. 'I gave my daughter to you, not so that you could abuse her.' She told him.

'You gave her to me yet there is a demon in her w.o.m.b.' He said with revolt.

'I'll take care of it, but you won't lay a hand on her.'

'You don't give me orders.' He spat.

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With a twist of her hand, the king fell on his knees, his face twisting with pain. 'Don't forget who gave you the power to order people around.' Her mother reminded.

Everything fell into place. The witches supported her husband. That's why he was one of the most powerful kings.

'Nyx! Leave us alone.' Her mother ordered giving her a stern look.

Nyx hesitated for a while but then left the room with shaky breath. What was going to happen now? Whatever happened she would never let anyone hurt her child.

After what seemed like forever her mother called her inside again. Her husband walked passed her without giving her a look.

'Come here, dear.' Her mother said opening her arms.

Nyx was surprised. She had thought that her mother would be furious but she wasn't. Relieved she ran into her mother's embrace and began to cry hysterically.

'I am sorry mother. I was just so alone. I'll never meet him again. I promise.'

'It's alright. It's not your fault. He is the devil, tricking people and ruining families is what he had done since the beginning of time.'

'Please don't let them hurt my child. I'll do whatever you want.' Nyx begged.

Her mother grabbed her face. 'No one is going to hurt you. I'll look after you.' Her mother promised and just as she had promised she looked after her during her pregnancy.

She had stayed with her all the time, saying that she wouldn't let the devil manipulate her again. At this moment Nyx didn't care about anything than her child's safety but sometimes she wondered what her mother told her husband to make him keep quiet.

'He hates me mother. How do you expect me to live with him? Take me home with you.'

'This is your home from now on.' Her mother said with finality. 'You better get used to it. I never said it would be easy.'

Nyx didn't know what plans her mother had for her but as her stomach grew and she was near to giving birth she got a bad feeling. She even had nightmares where her mother took her child away from her. Somehow she knew they weren't just nightmares, they were signs.

And then the day came. After much pain and agony, she heard the cry of her baby. The most beautiful sound in the world.

‘It’s a boy.’ The midwife smiled holding the baby.

Nyx held her arms out. She wanted to hold her baby. The midwife placed him in her arms and at that moment all the pain and suffering she went through were gone. She looked at her son. He was the most beautiful sight she had seen. His face so angelic that her heart melted and tears filled her eyes.

She held him close for a while but then she noticed something. His eyes. They were just like the ones in her nightmares, sometimes burning like wild flames and sometimes glowing like molten gold. They were beautiful but her mother would not think the same. She was going to take her child away from her.

Nyx stood up despite all the pain. She was going to run away with her child before her mother came, but just then the door opened and her mother stepped inside.

Nyx tightened her hold around her son while taking a few steps back.

‘Nyx my dear...’ Her mother began walking toward her slowly.

‘No! I won’t let you take him.’

Her mother sighed. ‘You are only bringing more evil into the world. You don’t need him. You are still young and you can give birth to many more.’

‘He is a child. How can a child be evil?’ Nyx said in his defense.

‘He won’t be a child forever. Now give him to me.’ She said reaching her arms out. ‘I won’t let him suffer. It will be quick.’

Nyx couldn’t hold her tears. She couldn’t believe what she was hearing. Her mother had let her go through childbirth just so that she could kill her child. What could be more evil than that?

‘You...’ Her throat tightened. ‘You are evil.’

Her mother’s face hardened and then she nodded toward the maids.

‘No, no, no!’ They held her in place while taking her child forcefully away from her arms before giving him to her mother.

Nyx fought, cried and yelled hysterically. ‘Please mother! Don’t hurt him. He is just a child. I’ll never forgive you if you do.’

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But her mother was not listening and that’s when Nyx did something she never thought she would. She called Lucifer.

‘Lucifer! Lucifer, please help!’

Her mother’s eyes widened. ‘You dare!’ She said fuming with anger but there was also fear in her eyes.

‘Lucifer!’

And just like that, he appeared to her surprise. Everyone fell to the ground except for Nyx and her mother. Whatever Lucifer did Nyx didn’t care. She just wanted him to save their child.

‘Shyla.’ He looked at her mother.

They knew each other?

‘Lucifer.’ Her mother looked surprised but collected herself quickly. ‘My stupid daughter here thinks that you will save this child. Have you told her that your kind are not supposed to reproduce?’

‘No. Have you told her that your kind should not get involved with mine?’

Shyla’s face turned into one of distaste and anger. ‘You both have done something forbidden and you shall be punished for it.’

‘Mother please.’ Nyx felt suddenly giddy and her legs couldn’t hold her up anymore so she sat down carefully. ‘Lucifer plea...’

As she sat down she realized there was a pool of blood underneath her feet. She was bleeding. ‘Mother.’

Shyla turned and looked at her daughter and then slowly a frown settled on her forehead. But before she would hurry to her daughter Lucifer was already by her side. ‘What’s wrong? Why are you bleeding so much?’ He asked.

With a snap of his fingers he woke the midwife. Nyx couldn’t hold her eyes open anymore and her heart slowed down to a painful rate. What was happening to her?

‘She is bleeding.’

‘Then stop the bleeding.’ Lucifer ordered.

‘I’ll try but she has already lost a lot of blood.’

‘What does that mean?’ Lucifer asked anger evident in his voice.

It became dead silent. By the way Lucifer tightened his hold around her and by her mother's silence, Nyx could tell it was bad news. She could feel how the life drained out of her still she shot her eyes open. She had to save her child.

As she opened her eyes she found Lucifer holding her with a frown on his face. Was he sad? She couldn't tell but her mother was crying silently next to her while holding her baby.

'Mother...' Nyx forced herself to sit up and Lucifer helped her. She reached her arms out, wanting to hold her child. Shyla placed him in her arms and Nyx held him tightly.

Nyx looked at her son's face and a tear ran down her cheeks. Would this really be the last time she would hold him? She didn't want to die.

She turned to her mother. 'Mother, please promise me you'll protect him. Please.'

Her mother cried shaking her head. 'If I do others will hurt him in a worse way.'

'That's why I am telling you to protect him.' Nyx almost yelled.

'If that's what you truly want.' Her mother wiped her tears away and then determination showed in her green eyes. Reaching out she took her grandchild away from her daughter.

'Wait. What are you doing?' Nyx asked confused.

Shyla looked at Lucifer and then back at Nyx. 'You told me to protect him. That's what I'll do. From now on no witched or demons will ever be able to come near your son.'

‘What do you mean?’ Nyx asked confused.

‘It means I won’t be able to raise your son nor his father. He will grow up among humans.’

‘No! You can’t do that. Lucifer say something.’ Nyx was terrified. Who would raise her son if not his family? He could not grow up among humans. He needed someone who could understand his abilities and help him hide them. The humans would kill him if they found out what he was.

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‘Don’t worry. Your husband knows of witches. He will take care of him.’ Shyla assured.

Nyx wanted to laugh. Her husband would not raise his wife’s child from another man.

‘He will,’ Lucifer said. ‘I’ll make sure of it so don’t worry about it.’

Nyx couldn’t believe her ears. Even lucifer agreed with her mother. ‘Do you know what this means?’ Nyx asked. ‘This means you will never be able to see your son.’

‘I know. But that’s for his safety.’

Nyx shook her head. ‘No!’ She pushed Lucifer away and tried to get up but as soon as she stood up her head began to spin and her legs wobbled. Still, she tried to get to her son but she could barely see where she was going and stumbled on her own feet.

Lucifer caught her before she fell and wrapped his arms around her tightly while she saw a foggy image of her mother walking away with her child.

‘Mother! Come back now!’ She yelled struggling to free herself from Lucifers hold. ‘Let go of me. Give my son back!’ She cried.

‘Nyx, please. He is safer with humans. The demons and witches will never spare his life.’

After fighting a bit more Nyx gave up and leaned into Lucifers arms. Lucifer sat her back down onto the ground and then loosened his hold. He slowly stroke her back in a comforting way but it didn’t comfort her at all.

She knew that he was right. Her son was not safe among their kind and the thought of her bringing such child into this world weighed her with guilt. On top of that she was leaving him, alone in this world.

‘I don’t want to die.’ She whispered and then felt a teardrop land on her cheek. She looked up and saw another tear fall down Lucifers cheek.

Nyx was surprised. She thought the devil had no feelings, how come he was crying ?

‘I think this is my punishment.’ He whispered. ‘I am sorry I got you involved.’

He even apologized.

Why ? Did this mean he cared ? Did this mean that his feelings had truly been sincere ? That he didn’t manipulate her as her mother made her believe.

‘Lucifer?’

‘Yes.’

‘Am I really the one?’

‘Yes. The one and only.’

‘Then why didn’t you show up all this time?’ Nyx was confused.

‘I am the devil. Living with me will not take you good places and you are a good person. You deserve good things.’

But in the end, she was dying and leaving her child alone. What was so good about that? Or maybe this was her punishment for betraying her husband and sinning with the devil. She wondered where she would end up after her death? Would she end up in hell?

‘Lucifer. I don’t want to die.’

She knew she was dying. Her heart had slowed down even more and her chest felt heavy making it difficult to breathe. Her skin turned cold and her throat and lips felt dry.

Lucifer hugged her closely but that didn’t make her less scared or sad.

A cold shiver went through her body and then she couldn’t keep her eyes open anymore.

‘Nyx!’ She heard her mother’s footsteps before she felt her hand grab hers.

‘Lucian.’ Nyx whispered. ‘I want to name my son Lucian.’

‘He shall be called Lucian.’ Her mother sobbed kissing her hand.

‘Tell him I...’ Her voice cracked and a cold shiver went through her. Her body felt numb and there was no pain anymore. except the one in her chest. ‘Tell.. him.. I am sorry.’

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And then everything became dark.

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

Chapter 102: Vol2 Chapter 42

Nyx shot her eyes open with a gasp as if someone punched her soul back into her body. Then she took a few deep breaths but there was no air and she found herself trapped in what seemed like a box. It was pitch black, she could see nothing nor could she move or breath.

Panic kicked in when she realized that she was suffocating. She tried to kick and push the walls that surrounded her but to no avail. She was locked inside and soon she was out of breath.

Air. She needed air now! What had happened to her and who had trapped her in this dark place?

Her heart quickened because of the panic and her lungs burned. Her body jerked uncontrollably while every cell in her body screamed for oxygen until her eyes watered and she finally found peace in the darkness.

Then she was awake again, but she was still trapped without oxygen. She panicked again not wanting to go through the same pain. But she did. This time she managed to scream for help but no one came to her rescue and she fell into the darkness again.

The same thing happened a few more times before Nyx could understand that she was in a coffin. Buried, under the ground. And there was no way she could come out. Another thing she realized was that every time she ran out of breath she died, but then she came back alive. How and why she didn't know.

She didn't know how to escape either. The little time she was alive she did everything she could. At first, she tried to open the coffin herself but didn't succeed and it didn't seem like the wisest choice. Even if she opened it the soil would suffocate her before she could crawl out.

So she tried to use her magic but it didn't work. She called her mother and Lucifer but none came to her rescue.

Nyx slowly began to give up hope because there was not much she could do the short amount of time that she was alive without oxygen.

But after a few days of torture, she felt that she heard something or someone.

'Nyx! Nyx!'

It was Lucifer! Nyx's eyes teared up of happiness.

'Lucifer!' She called beating the coffin so that he could hear her.

'Lucifer!'

She prayed that he would hear her because she was running out of breath again. Her eyes teared up and her body jerked, her lungs screaming in pain. She was fading away again.

No!

Lucifer!

Did he hear her ?

That, she wouldn't know until next time.

The next time she came back to life she couldn't open her eyes at once. It was too bright. She had to peak a few times to adjust her eyes to the brightness before she could open them completely.

Nyx looked around both surprised and relieved that she didn't wake up in that dark coffin. But where was she ?

Scanning her surroundings, she found herself in a large room with two big windows on each side of the large bed she sat on. Heavy velvet curtains hung on sides of the window leaving the faint sunlight to peek through. Antique furniture stood on the thick black rug that covered the ground and the walls were decorated with strange-looking paintings. Everything in the room was either black or red, even the bed she sat on. It was black with red silken sheets that felt so smooth against her skin.

How did she end up here ?

Slowly she recalled hearing Lucifer's voice. He must have saved her. Yes, he did. Suddenly she wanted to scream in joy. She didn't have to die anymore. She fell back on the bed, enjoying a simple thing like breathing the air inside the room. How long has it been since she was able to breathe ? It felt like she was in that coffin forever.

Abruptly Nyx felt a heavy feeling inside her chest. She began to sweat and it became difficult to breathe.

Her son !

This _ content is taken from

Where was he? What did they do to him?!

She climbed down the bed and rushed toward the door. Just as she opened the door and was about to exit she ran into Lucifer's chest. Stumbling a few steps back she looked up at him.

'Where are you going?' He asked with his usually serious face.

How he could maintain the same expression all the time she wondered.

'Lucifer. My son. Where is my son?'

'Our son is safe.'

'I want to see him.' She said and tried to get past him but he grabbed her arms.

'You can't.'

'He is my son! Why can't I see him?!' She yelled.

'He is my son too!' He yelled back while shaking her slightly as if to wake her up.

Nyx froze in place. He had never raised his voice before, but then she became angry and pushed him away.

'It's all your fault. It's your fault I can't see my son!' She hit his chest but he just stood there and let her take out her anger on him. Once she was done he wrapped his arms around her and let her cry. She cried because she felt helpless.

'What will happen if I meet him?' She asked with red swollen eyes once she calmed down.

‘He will die. If you meet him other witches will find him and not only kill him, therefore, your mother made it so that if you met him, he better die without pain.’

Nyx could understand her mother’s intentions yet she couldn’t help but hate her. She knew very well that if witches caught demons they didn’t just kill them, they tortured them until they admitted that they were sinful creatures. Then they burned them. Demons cannot die by getting burned therefore they would burn until the witches decided to kill them.

Nyx had several times heard the cries of demons getting burned over and over again and now she felt bad for not ever doing anything about it.

‘Can’t you meet him then? You are the king of demons. Can’t you protect him from them?’

‘I probably can but who will protect you?’

‘What do you mean?’ Nyx asked confused.

‘If I meet him you’ll die. I just got you back. I can’t lose you again.’

Nyx pushed him away. ‘Don’t worry about me. I want you to be there for him.’ She said.

‘Didn’t you hear me. I said you will die!’

‘I don’t care!’ She yelled. ‘Please. I want you to raise our son. There is no meaning in living when my son is out there alone.’ She pleaded.

Lucifer sighed. ‘I’ll think of something. Get some rest first.’

He tried to walk her back to the bed but she shoved him away.

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‘Mother. I want to speak to my mother.’

Lucifer grabbed her face and made her look at him. ‘You are dead to your mother. I am the only one you have now so abandon everything and start anew.’

Nyx slapped his hand away. ‘Tell my mother that I am alive!’ Nyx ordered with a harsh tone.

‘She already knows but you are still dead to her. The daughter she gave birth to, her witch daughter whom she named Nyx, is dead. You are not one of them anymore. You are a demon now.’

Nyx stiffened.

She had become a demon! Because... she gave birth to one.

Oh lord. Her mother hated her now and she would never help her get her son back. More tears fell down her cheeks. She should have just died. What would her life be like now? She could neither get her son back nor go back to her family.

Slowly she turned around and went back to bed. She lay down curled and cried silently. How did her life turn like this?

As days went by Lucifer tried to cheer her up in different ways but her heart felt numb from all the pain. All she could think about was her son. She kept trying to convince Lucifer to go meet their son, but he refused every time, and one day he had enough.

‘Enough!’ He rose from his seat. ‘He is not only your son. He is mine too. You didn’t want him to die but you don’t want him to suffer either. This

is his fate, being the son of a witch and the devil, he either lives and suffers or he dies. You should have let him die.'

Nyx rose hastily from her seat and slapped Lucifer across the face. 'Then why did you seduce me? Why did you make me pregnant? Why?!'

Lucifer's eyes turned red and his jaw shook. It was a frightening sight she had never seen before. 'I am sorry I forced you.' He said trembling as if to control anger. 'And I am sorry I loved you.'

Nyx realized he wasn't angry. He was hurt. He hadn't forced her to do anything. Everything had been her own choice and there was no time in her life that she had been so happy as when she was with Lucifer. He had been there for her in her loneliest times when even her family had abandoned her.

Lucifer turned and left, leaving her standing there alone.

Nyx wanted to apologize but she still thought that he had been harsh with his words. Maybe he just didn't know how to comfort someone by not telling the truth. Why did she hate the truth so much? Did she really make her son suffer by keeping him alive?

But he was alive and safe now. Wasn't he? Even if it was without her she should be happy that he could be kept safe. She shouldn't be greedy.

Slowly Nyx came in terms with everything and one day when she discovered that she regained her magic she gained hope.

'How is this possible? I still have my magic.' She told Lucifer.

'Demons have magic as well.' He said simply.

‘Well, yours are not called magic really. It’s more like powers. I mean that I can still cast a spell.’

Lucifer seemed surprised. ‘What does that mean? Then...are you both a demon and a witch?’

They were both thoughtful for a while but then Nyx went on to practice her magic. She wanted to be stronger than her mother so that one day she could cast a spell that would protect her son but still make it possible for her to be with him.

‘Irene.’

‘Who is that?’ Nyx asked.

‘It’s you. Your new name. You got a chance at a new life. You should have a new name.’ Lucifer explained. ‘Do you like it?’

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Nyx nodded. ‘Yes.’

Demons often kept two names, their original demon names and more normal names so that they could blend in with the humans. Even though she wasn’t just a demon it was refreshing to have a new name. She liked it.

‘What is your other name?’ She asked curiously.

‘Lothaire.’

Lothaire. She liked it. It sounded very unique and...cold. Just like him, she thought with a smile.

Irene thought of her son. One day she would be able to call him by the name she gave him.

Lucian. Her angel, her light, her everything. She would meet him someday.

‘Why are you crying?’ Irene asked.

It was so sad and I couldn’t help myself. All the pain she went through, just so that she could be with her son. It was painful to see all of that.

‘I’ll tell Lucian everything. He will understand.’ I said crying.

‘No don’t. He has already gone through enough pain. I don’t want him to see mine.’

I didn’t want him to see either but I wanted him to finally be with his mother. I wanted them to hug and talk. To laugh together, eat together and walk together. I wanted them to stop hurting and start anew.

‘Oh, Irene.’ I wrapped my arms around her and hugged her tightly.

‘Oh, darling. Don’t be so sad. I am alright now.’ She said hugging me back but then her stomach growled loudly and we both laughed.

I stood up and wiped my tears. ‘Let’s eat,’ I said.

We sat in the garden where the food was served. While Irene ate with a great appetite I just mostly stared at the food. These days I had no appetite at all and everything seemed tasteless. Even things I used to love eating before. Now even certain smells made me feel sick.

I tried to breathe through my mouth instead of my nose. The smell made me nauseous.

‘Are you alright?’ Irene looked at my face worriedly.

‘No, I feel...’ My stomach lurched violently at the sight of the food on the table. ‘I don’t have an appetite. Excuse me.’ I said standing up.

I wanted to quickly get away from this smell but the ground under my feet swayed and I grabbed the table as to not fall.

‘Oh dear...’ Irene hurried to my side and grabbed my arm. ‘You don’t seem alright. Come.’ She said and helped me back to the room. She sat me down on the bed carefully and then touched my forehead with the back of her hand.

‘I am alright. I just feel a bit nauseous. That’s all.’ I assured her.

‘How long have you been feeling that way?’ She asked.

‘I am not really sure but the last two days I have been feeling really nauseous at the smell of food.’

Without saying a word Irene took my arm and placed two fingers on my wrist. She was quiet for a while but then she gazed up at me with a smile.

This _content is taken from

‘Hazel. You are pregnant.’

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

Chapter 103: Vol2 Chapter 43

Roshan did his best to give Klara some space and make her realize that she indeed liked him as much as he did. But as he watched her get closer to Noah, he could not control his demon who briskly turned green from

jealousy. He never had problems keeping his demon at bay before but now the dark existence withing him howled like a starving wolf.

Today, as he watched her walk around the garden with Noah, he felt queer possessiveness take over him. How dare that man look at his woman? How dare he speak to her? How dare he touch her?

Miffed at his own reaction he turned away for a moment to calm himself down.

Calm himself down?!

He was flabbergasted by the fact that he needed to collect himself. He, who had always been calm and composed, how did he turn into this fretful and covetous beast. Was this all because of a woman?

No! Deep down Roshan knew she wasn't just a woman. She was the woman. The one. His mate. He should claim her and not waste time. But he couldn't just throw her over his shoulder and abduct her. Well, he could but that was not his style.

When he turned back around he found Noah making and attempt to kiss Klara. Panic hit him so hard that for a short moment he imagined throwing himself at Noah and separating his head from his body but something stopped him from turning his imagination into reality. It was Klara's thoughts. She was going to let Noah kiss her because she wanted to know if it would feel like the kiss they had on the rooftop.

The hell with that. He was not going to let that happen. Just when he was about to interrupt their kiss his limbs froze in place, and just then their lips locked. His demon shrieked in pain at the sight. He was for sure going to spill some blood today and it was going to be either Noah's or Enoch's.

‘Don’t you want her to figure out her real feelings?’ Enoch asked appearing next to him.

Roshan wanted to curse but he couldn’t since he was frozen. This was one of Enoch’s unique powers and Roshan still didn’t know how to undo it.

‘If you don’t let him kiss her, she will never know the difference. She will always think that kissing anyone will feel the same since she has no experience.’

Enoch’s words made sense and Roshan would think the same if he hadn’t been so possessive of her but he knew that his friend was doing this mainly to annoy him.

Klara put her hands on Noah’s chest and pushed him away lightly.

‘I don’t think she liked it,’ Enoch said shaking his head. ‘At least now you know and she knows.’

Roshan had a strong urge to cut his friend’s tongue and feed it to him just to silence him. Later, he thought. He would do it later, but then he wouldn’t just cut his tongue.

‘You can thank me later.’ Enoch winked before releasing him and disappearing.

Roshan let out a breath of frustration once he could move again. He was enraged but he would deal with Enoch later. Now, where was Klara?

Klara hurried to her room bothered and flustered by her own actions. How could she let Noah kiss her just to compare it to Roshan’s kiss?

Just how?! Roshan was making her do all kinds of unusual things. She should stop now before making anymore mistakes. Noah didn't deserve this. When they meet again she was going to end things before getting too involved. But if not Noah then who? Her brother was waiting eagerly for her to choose a suiter.

Astrid had already found someone and she was now engaged. Klara was happy for her sister but this put a lot of pressure on her.

She sat down on her bed with a sigh of frustration. What was she supposed to do now?

Updated _at

'Klara!' Suddenly Roshan was in her room. There was a look of dissatisfaction on his face and his voice sounded rather harsh whilst calling her name.

Klara stood up slowly unsure of her feelings at the moment. She was happy yet anxious that he came to find her. Happy because she had missed him and anxious because she shouldn't have missed him.

Why him?! Noah was also good looking, smart and unlike Roshan, he had good manners. Yet she felt nothing when he kissed her.

Why-why-why?! She had wanted to feel something so badly. She wanted to get over Roshan so badly. The last thing she needed was to like someone whom she couldn't be with and get heartbroken again.

'What are you doing here?' She asked.

He clenched his jaw and his eyes pierced into hers. 'Remember I told you I might not be able to stop myself every time?'

Klara nodded holding her breath.

‘I might take you with me today.’ He said clenching his hands into fists.

She shook her head in denial. Again she wasn’t speaking as if she had lost her voice. Why did this happen to her everytime Roshan was present ?

Roshan slowly took a step forward eyeing her like a predator would eye its prey. Klara felt the dark aura around him and it made her want to run yet she couldn’t move her limbs. At that moment she knew he was inside her head making her unable to move.

‘Roshan...’ She began carefully thinking of how to make him stop. ‘You said you wouldn’t let anyone hurt me. You said you don’t want to do this.’

‘Sometimes we do things we don’t want to. Just like the things you have been doing lately.’

He knew what she has been doing ?! How could he invade her privacy like that ? What did she even like about this rude man ?

A muscle ticked in Roshan’s jaw as if he knew what she was thinking.

Wait!

He knew!

‘You!’ She raised her voice feeling betrayed. ‘First leave my head and then I will teach you a lesson.’ She threatened.

Roshan who had been so tense and serious suddenly chuckled darkly.

‘I would love for you to teach me anything.’ He smirked. Then he grabbed her wrist and drew her into his arms and just like that they arrived somewhere in the woods.

Klara pushed him away as soon as they arrived. ‘Take me back n...’

Before she could finish her sentence Roshan threw something at her and she caught it in the air instinctively.

It was a sword.

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‘You wanted to teach me a lesson.’ He shrugged casually.

Klara knew she could never win yet she drew her sword. This man had invaded her privacy in a way she could never imagine. He deserved a beating.

‘Where is your weapon? I don’t fight unarmed men.’

Roshan pulled two daggers from each side of his h.i.p.s and flipped them swiftly between his fingers. ‘Don’t go easy on me princess.’

‘I don’t plan to.’ She said and then without warning or hesitation she swung her sword at him but unfortunately, she missed.

She swung again, and again, and again but missed every time until she was tired and out of breath. Roshan, on the other hand, seemed to be enjoying the whole situation and not even one hair on his head was out of place.

‘I hate you!’ She yelled swinging her sword one last time but this time she felt it cut through something.

Confused, she looked at the sword. There was blood on it. Looking up she found blood seeping down Roshan's arm.

Shocked she dropped the weapon and rushed to his side. 'Oh lord. You're bleeding.'

She placed her hand on the wound not knowing what else to do.

'I am alright.' He said placing his hand on top of hers.

'Why did you let me strike you?'

'You said you hated me. I would let you strike me a million times if it would make you hate me less.'

Klara looked up at him, taken aback by his words. How could he make her heart melt so easily? Confused, she looked away from his dreamy eyes.

'You are crazy.' She said.

'I guess I am. Crazy about you.'

Klara could feel more blood seep from his wound and through her fingers, yet all she could do was stare into his hazel eyes. She was caught. Caught under his spell and she could not escape. That's if she even wanted to.

'Klara,' He stepped closer to her and she held her breath overwhelmed by his closeness. 'I don't think I can stay away from you anymore.'

Then don't, she wanted to say but she didn't have to since he could hear her. Her cheeks flushed and she looked down quickly. All this time he had been able to hear what she had been thinking. She felt betrayed again.

God! She was so confused. What was she supposed to do with this man?

‘Do whatever you want. If you want to punish me then do it, and if you want to have me then I am all yours.’ He said.

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She wanted to do both. Roshan’s lips curved into smile and Klara shrieked knowing he could hear her. Now her cheeks burned painfully.

Roshan placed his hand on her cheek, his cold skin cooling her burning face. ‘Feeling better?’

Embarrassed Klara slapped his hand away with her bloody one which reminded her that he had been bleeding.

‘Your wound.’

‘It has already healed.’ He assured her rolling up his sleeve and showing her clear skin without even a tiny scar. Klara stared astonished at his arm where there had just been a deep wound but she didn’t bother to ask how. If there were demons and one was standing right in front of her, anything was possible.

‘You made me worry for nothing.’ She snorted.

Roshan chuckled amused. The sound of his laugh always made her feel a certain way.

‘Take me back home now.’ She ordered crossing her arms over her chest.

‘As you wish, My Lady. But then you will have to hug me.’ He opened his arms finding pleasure in the situation he put her in.

Rolling her eyes Klara made her way into his arms. ‘Stop enjoying this and make it quick.’

‘How can I not enjoy it?’ He said wrapping his arms around her and pulling her closer.

As soon as they arrived she would kick him where the sun never shines.

‘I can hear you.’ He reminded before teleporting them back into her room.

As usual, Klara pushed him away as soon as they arrived but this time he didn’t let himself get pushed away. Instead, he held her tightly.

‘What are you doing?’ She used her authoritative voice but that didn’t scare him.

‘Klara.’ She cursed inwardly hating how her body responded to the sound of her name on his tongue. ‘You still haven’t told me. Do you want to punish me or have me?’

‘How about both?’ She blurted.

God! Did that slip out of her mouth?

‘Sounds good to me.’ He said simply.

‘I...I...’ Why was she stuttering?

She was Klara, a confident princess, a strong woman, a smart general, and a respected warrior. Why was she acting like a little girl around this man?

New chapters are lished here:

‘I’ll be waiting for you then.’

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

Chapter 104: Vol2 Chapter 44

Klara watched the sunset at the horizon, bringing a splash of rich colors spreading all over the sky. Oranges, blues, crimsons, and purples blended like the finest art creating a breathtaking canvas.

Once she had been like those colors. Warm, vivid, alive and full of passion. She had been someone who lived her life on her own terms. She was strong, confident and adventures. But nowadays she had been nothing but confused and scared. Even her sister Astrid had noticed.

‘You don’t want to marry him. Why are you doing this?’ Astrid had asked.

‘Rasmus is waiting for me to choose someone.’ Klara reminded.

‘And when did you ever let brother decide things for you or anyone else for that matter?’

Klara sighed. ‘I am getting old.’ She chuckled.

‘And when did you care about society’s rules? Come on! Where is my rebellious sister who did whatever she wanted?’

‘I thought you hated her.’ Klara wondered.

‘I did, but now I miss her.’ Astrid smiled. ‘I don’t want you to ever stop doing what your heart tells you, just like you did before. I want you to be happy.’

And here she was after having done what her heart told her. Admitting that she wanted Roshan. What would this lead to ?

If Klara had met Roshan before getting her heart broken she probably wouldn't have cared if he was a demon or if her brother opposed to their relationship. She would have followed her heart and told him straight that she liked. Just like she did with Lucian.

But now, after knowing the pain of not being able to be with the person you love, she became less fearless. Now she feared for her heart, which was beating erratically inside her chest while she waited for Roshan.

Klara looked outside the window. The sun had set completely and the sky turned black. Klara had lied to her handmaidens that he was going to sleep and didn't want to be disturbed. Once she was alone she had dressed nicely, combed her hair and painted her lips all while her stomach fluttered with nervousness. Lastly, she put scented oils and perfume onto her skin before blowing a few candles off and waiting anxiously in her dimly lighted room.

While waiting Klara questioned her insanity a million times. Even if she went back to being fearless, she shouldn't be so fearless to invite a demon into her chamber at night. What had she planned to do with him? Just what had she done ?!

But as soon as she remembered his touch, his kiss and especially his words her fear turned into yearning. She already longed to be in his arms. Even if it was forbidden for a maiden like her.

After a while's wait, she grabbed a book to kill some time. Laying down on her bed she began to read, but soon she was getting tired and Roshan hadn't shown up yet. Did he forget about her? Or was he making her wait on purpose ?

If he didn't come tonight she would never meet him again. She didn't want someone who gambled with her feelings.

Annoyed and frustrated Klara went back to reading her book. For awhile she did her best to not fall asleep but gave up eventually and decided to take a nap. Adjusting her pillow she rested her head on it before closing her eyes. Right before she fell into a deep slumber she felt cold fingers caress her cheek.

Roshan.

The sleepiness she felt vanished in the blink of an eye and all she wanted was to open her eyes, jump up and hug him. But she quickly reminded herself that he had made her wait.

'I am sorry I made you wait.' He whispered.

Klara ignored him and kept her eyes shut.

'You can add it to my punishment.' He whispered again.

Klara kept ignoring him. If he wanted to be punished then this would be his punishment. After a short silence, Klara felt the edge of her mattress sink. Her heart skipped a beat. He was climbing into her bed and crawling under her sheets. She wanted to turn around and scold him but he snuggled against her back and wrapped his arm around her waist, locking her in place.

Klara stiffened. She never let a man into her bedroom let alone her bed and now this man was holding her comfortable as if she belonged to him.

'Don't you want to belong to me?' He asked his hot breath tickling her neck.

Klara could feel his hard chest pressed against her back. His fresh scent and the warmth of his embrace made her lose track of her thoughts.

‘Klara.’

The source of this _chapter;

She bit her lips. She could not resist every time he called her name.

‘I want to make you mine.’ He buried his face in her blonde locks and inhaled her scent. ‘You don’t know how long I have suppressed the need to touch you, to kiss you and hold you. I want you, Klara.’ His lips moved across her ear.

Klara’s breath hitch, her brain stopped functioning and her body reacted in ways that frightened yet excited her.

Roshan’s fingers brushed the hair away from her neck and then ever so lightly he pressed his lips onto her skin. The heat from his lips made her skin tingle with carnal awareness as he slowly kissed his way up to her jaw.

Klara should have pushed him away or at least left the bed, but instead, she turned to him, her body drawn to his involuntarily. She took a moment to look at him and again she was fascinated by his beauty. The dim light in the room made his skin look golden and his l.u.s.trous black hair shine. Her eyes traveled to his, those hazel eyes and feminine lashes always had her trapped.

Roshan propped up on an elbow and studied her in turn. ‘You still haven’t said a word.’ He noted.

‘I don’t think I have to. You already know what I am thinking,’ She stated simply.

‘Still. We don’t always choose to say what we think. I want to know what you choose to say.’

‘I choose to say that I hate that you know what I am thinking.’

He chuckled. ‘Well, I can do nothing about it, princess.’

‘Don’t call me that.’ She muttered.

‘Ah, you like when I say your name.’ He smiled knowingly.

Klara’s cheeks flushed in embarrassment. She tried to get up but he grabbed her shoulder and pushed her down again.

‘Do you really want to get punished?’ She threatened.

‘Why do I get aroused by your threats?’

Aroused? How could he use such a word?

Roshan chuckled. ‘Than what should I say?’

‘You are shameless.’ She said trying to get away from his hold but he still held her down.

Roshan leaned over her with a serious expression. ‘Would you rather I say I feel nothing while having your body next to mine? You don’t know how much self-control it’s taking me to just lay next to you and do nothing.’

Klara inhaled sharply through her mouth. This man did things to her body just by speaking.

‘Should I keep quiet then?’

‘No! I mean...yes.’ She frowned at her own confusion.

Roshan grinned revealing his perfect white teeth. Klara took notice of his unusual long canines. They seemed longer than before, looking almost like fangs. She had never seen someone with such teeth before. Was it because he was a demon?

‘Yes.’ He replied to her unspoken question.

‘But they weren’t this long the last time.’

‘Usually they are just slightly long but they elongate when we are angry, sad, frustrated or aroused.’ He grinned at the last word.

‘Why?’ She breathed.

‘You might get scared if I tell you.’ He warned.

The source of this _chapter;

‘Tell me.’ She urged her heart beating fast.

He studied her for a short while. ‘To bite.’

Bite? ‘Like a vampire?’ She whispered.

He chuckled. ‘Vampires don’t exist and we don’t bite for blood.’

‘Then what?’ She was suddenly very curious. If she was going to be with him she needed to know everything about demons.

Wait! Did she just consider the option of being with him?

‘We bite to mark our mate. The mark creates a special bond between the partners and makes you connect on a deeper level. It allows you to somehow feel each other’s emotions if they are strong enough.’

Mark ? Mate ?

‘What do you mean ?’ Klara asked dumbfounded.

Mate ? like in soulmate ? If he found his soulmate was he going to bite her ? Does it hurt ?

‘Well, you can call it soulmate. And yes, I would bite her but only if she wants to and they all want to eventually.’

Now Klara had to push his arm away and sit up. She needed to think for a moment. A demon biting her. Why was she not scared ? She tried to come up with different reasons to be frightened and despite coming up with a hundred reasons she was still not scared.

Roshan sat up as well and wrapped his arms around her from behind. ‘I wish you would belong to me forever but I won’t bite you unless you want me to.’

‘Would you have me forever ?’

That had been her biggest concern. That Roshan wasn’t serious about her. That even if she came over her fear of being with him, maybe he wouldn’t want her the same.

‘If you let me, I would have you even after.’

‘How can I trust your words ?’ She asked.

‘If you let me I would be willing to bite you. The mark will bond us forever.’

Forever.

Did that mean that he wanted to marry her? But wait! Could humans and demons even get married? Was it possible to be with each other physically? Or did demons function differently? And could...

‘Relax.’ Roshan chuckled. ‘It’s very much possible for humans and demons to be together in every way. Just the way your friend Hazel is able to be with Lucian.’

Lucian?

Klara’s mind went blank for a while and then it hit her. The rumors surrounding Lucian, the way she had felt when she had met him for the first time, his dark frightening aura, his fighting skills, and his strange eyes. It all made sense now. He was a demon. And he was married to Hazel. A human.

So... it was possible.

But Did Hazel know?

Of course, she had to know.

But what about children? Klara wanted to have children. Could demons and humans reproduce?

Roshan suddenly pushed her back down on the bed holding her in place with his upper body. ‘Klara. Are you really thinking that far ahead now?’

Updated_at

Klara cursed inwardly with embarrassment.

‘It pleases me.’ He added.

She glanced up at him surprised. ‘Roshan?’

‘Yes.’

‘Why do you want me?’

She had never been kind to him or done anything for him. Why was he willing to be with her? It could not be because of her beauty. A man like him could get any woman he wanted so why her?

On the other hand, he had taken care of her. He had helped her escape and let her stay in his home without asking for anything in return. He had helped her visit her sister and once she wanted to go back home he had taken her back.

What she liked the most about him was that even though he called her princess he never treated her like one. That could be why she felt more free with him than other men who expected her to act according to her title. Roshan made her feel alive again, he challenged her, he angered her, irritated her yet made her heart flutter.

Did she make his heart flutter?

Without a word, Roshan took her hand and placed it on his chest. Klara could feel his heart hammering against his ribcage but then he leaned down and claimed her mouth with his. The kiss came as a surprise and Klara felt his heart race under her palm in rhythm with her own.

Roshan kissed her tenderly, his lips moving over hers slowly as if he didn't want to frighten her. Then he pulled away and studied her carefully.

Klara's cheeks flushed under his scrutiny and her breath came out in shallow pants. How could a kiss leave her breathless?

'That's how much you affect me.' He said.

Now she understood why he placed her hand on his chest and kissed her. His heart was beating as fast as hers.

'I have been unable to sleep since I kissed you.' He began.

Me too, she thought.

'You are curious as to why I want you? Why wouldn't I? You are beautiful, kind, smart, strong and stubborn of course.'

Klara smiled at him. She was indeed stubborn but how could he say that she was kind? She had been everything but kind to him.

'Kindness is not just about being friendly, or helpful or charitable. Anyone can be those things. Kindness is mostly about being courageous because it takes courage to be kind when it's the hardest thing to be.'

Roshan knew that Klara had saved Hazel. The woman who happened to be the wife of her first love. She even befriended her which really fascinated him. That someone of her status was willing to become a second wife also said a lot about her personality. She didn't care about those things. She was someone who followed her heart.

Fortunately for him, Lucian was a demon and he had already found his mate, otherwise a man in his position would be willing to marry as many women as possible. Especially beauties with high status.

'You think I am courageous?' She asked her bright blue eyes looking at with curiosity.

He never thought he would find a blonde, blue-eyed, pale-skinned woman beautiful but he did. Her blue eyes made him think of clear summer skies and her golden locks of warm sun rays. Her pale skin made obvious whenever she blushed and those rosy cheeks made him weak. He imagined himself kissing every inch of her pale skin until her whole body flushed.

Roshan clenched his jaw and discarded the thought quickly.

‘Yes, you are.’ He smiled at her.

She gave him a satisfied look and then snuggled against him with a smile.

‘Will you stay here till I fall asleep?’ She whispered.

‘Of course.’

But soon he was regretting his words. Having her warm, luscious body against his the whole night without doing nothing was pure torture. He would make sure to make her pay for this.

New _chapters are lished here:

‘You are going to have many sleepless nights with me, princess.’ He whispered.

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

Chapter 105: Vol2 Chapter 45

I am pregnant. I am pregnant, I am pregnant.

I kept chanting those words to myself the whole day. I could still not believe it, nor could Irene. She kept repeating that she was going to be a grandmother. Her whole face had lit up and I had never seen her so happy before.

‘I need to tell Lothaire.’ She said excitedly. ‘I’ll be back very soon.’ And then she was gone leaving me alone to figure out a way to tell Lucian.

Would he be happy to have a child in this mess? He had never said anything about wanting to have a child ever which made me a bit concerned. Somehow I felt that he wouldn’t be thrilled.

I tried to imagine his reaction in my head several times but I couldn’t figure what his expression would be like.

‘Ylva. I am pregnant.’ I told her as she prepared me for the night.

Ylva stared at me through the mirror. Her eyes twinkled with both surprise and happiness.

‘My Lady...’ She exclaimed after she opened her mouth several times but not been able to say anything. ‘Can...I hug you....once?’

I blinked a few times in surprise. Ylva had never asked for a hug before. The only time she had hugged me was when she found out that I was alive. This would be the second time.

I stood up and embraced her, unable to help the smile that settled on my face. Ylva hugged me tightly and soon she began to sob.

‘Are you crying?’ I asked surprised.

She pulled back and wiped her tears away. 'I have witnessed you grow. I have been with you since you were a baby. To see you have one of your own now makes me so...so' She began to cry again. 'I am just so happy to have the chance to take care of your baby as well.'

I wrapped my arms around her getting emotional myself. Ylva and Lydia had raised me like their own daughter. Without them, I wouldn't have been able to stay sane in my own home.

'I am glad to have you. I will need your help a lot since I know nothing about raising a child.'

'Don't worry I am here for you, My Lady.' She sobbed. 'Oh God, I need to tell Lydia. She is going to be so happy. Have you told His Highness?'

'Not yet.'

'He is going to be so thrilled, My Lady.'

I wasn't sure about that.

She adjusted my hair one last time. 'I'll leave you alone then, before His Highness comes. Have a good night, My lady.'

'Goodnight,' I said and she left singing in joy.

I sat down in front of the mirror again and stared at my reflection. I was probably worrying for nothing and Lucian was going to be as happy as I was to hear the news. But would he come tonight or was he too busy?

He had told me to call him anytime but I didn't want to disturb him?

I let out a sigh and stood up. Just as I was about to turn I saw Lucian's reflection in the mirror.

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I turned to him with a smile. 'I was waiting for you.'

He crossed the distance between us and took my hand before kissing my knuckles. 'My Queen, I am sorry I made you wait.' He said charmingly.

I pulled my hand away. 'Hmm...you need to apologize with actions, not words.' I played along pretending to be displeased. Then I turned away from him and crossed my arms over my chest while a smile crept to my face at my own childishness.

Lucian wrapped his arms around me from behind. 'What can I do to please My Queen? Shall I feed her with my hands? Or let her rest in my arms? Or shall I keep her up all night?'

'How about feeding me with your hands and then after keeping me up all night let me rest in your arms?'

Lucian chuckled. 'You delight me, wife.'

Despite having eaten, I let Lucian feed me fruits while sitting in our bed. He reached his hand out and I took a bite of the strawberry in his hand before he popped the rest into his mouth. Then he peeled a clementine and fed me a piece of it.

I had never eaten in a bed before and I could say that I found pleasure in it. Lucian seemed to enjoy himself too. I fed him some gr.a.p.es and we just looked at each other while we chewed the food.

I felt more at ease now once I saw his face. It felt as though I could tell him anything and not be afraid.

'Is everything going alright now?' I asked.

Lucian nodded. 'There are a lot of things to do but everything is going accordingly. You don't need to worry.'

'What happened to Pierre?'

I had been avoiding that question but now that he seemed relaxed I thought I should ask.

A muscle ticked in his jaw. 'He is getting what he deserves.'

From the look in his eyes, I didn't want to know what was happening to Pierre. I just hoped that Lucian wasn't hurting himself by hurting his brother. Even if Pierre wasn't his real brother Lucian had grown up believing so.

Lucian took a bite from his apple and chewed it grimly. Now he was in a bad mood.

'Shall we move on to the next task?' I asked to avert his attention from bad thoughts.

Lucian stopped chewing and swallowed slowly before turning his gaze to me. For a short moment, he seemed surprised but then a smug look crept on his face.

'What was the next task? Could you remind me, wife?'

I knew he was playing with me so I decided to give it back to him. I grabbed the fruit basket, climbed out of bed and put it on the table. Then I went back to bed removed my robe before laying down.

Lucian watched me curiously and a bit confused the whole time.

‘The next task is to sleep, of course. I am tired.’ I said trying my best to maintain a serious expression.

The next thing that happened, I never expected. Lucian laughed out loud. It was a sound that I hadn’t heard in a long time and it made my stomach flutter.

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‘You have really learned how to deal with me.’ He smiled then leaned down and placed a kiss on my forehead. ‘I am proud of you.’

At that moment I felt more special than ever. I never had someone tell me they were proud of me so I got a bit emotional.

‘I love you, Lucian.’ I blurted in my emotional state.

Pure joy washed over his face. ‘I love you too.’ He said and drew me into his arms. The only place I wanted to be forever and in that comfortable state I fell asleep.

When I woke up in the morning Lucian was already gone. I scolded myself for not telling him that I was pregnant. I knew I was worrying for nothing and that the news would probably make him very happy.

After getting dressed I decided to look for him immediately. Callum and Oliver were waiting outside the room as usual and started following me wherever I went. As I walked through the halls I came across Lincoln.

‘Lincoln.’

‘Good morning, Your Majesty.’ He greeted.

‘Where is Lucian?’

‘His Majesty is sitting in a meeting.’ He informed.

‘Show me the way,’ I ordered.

With a nod, Lincoln led the way. We arrived at a place in the castle that I hadn’t seen before. Suddenly a large door in the hall opened and a crowd of men began to exit the room. Imperial officers, generals, and soldiers chattered as they left.

‘I believe the meeting has ended, Your Majesty,’ Lincoln spoke. ‘I’ll inform His Majesty that you are here.’

He made his way into the room and after a short while, he came back and gave me an indication that I could come in.

I walked into what seemed a large hall. A huge table took most of the grand space in the room and Lucian sat at the end of it, almost fifteen feet away. He seemed engrossed in the papers in his hands.

I cleared my throat to capture his attention.

Lucian put the papers down on the table and stood up before looking at me. ‘Did you already miss me, wife?’ he smiled.

‘Am I disturbing you?’ I asked walking over to him.

‘No. But you are distracting me much.’ He said letting his gaze rake my body.

I did nothing extra to prepare myself so that he found me distracting despite everything, made me confident.

Lucian tilted his head to one side and studied me even more closely. ‘Did you gain some weight?’ He asked and my confidence went out the window.

‘I am not sure,’ I mumbled.

How could I gain some weight when I have been eating nothing?

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‘You look...’ His eyes darkened. I knew that gaze and it brought a fluttering feeling to my stomach. ‘You look enticing.’

A blush crept to my face. He seemed to find me more attractive with some weight on.

Lucian put his hands on my h.i.p.s and drew me closer. ‘Why do you distract me so much?’ He spoke in husky tones. Leaning down he brushed the hair away from my neck and kissed me softly.

‘Lucian, someone might come in,’ I said nervously knowing that the door was open and Oliver and Callum were waiting outside.

He drew away from me. ‘Lincoln!’ He called and the next moment Lincoln came inside.

‘Your Majesty.’

‘Close the door and don’t let anyone in.’

Lincoln nodded and shut the door behind him as he left. As soon as the door closed Lucian grabbed my waist and lifted me up before sitting me down on the table. His hand slid under my dress touching me eagerly while his mouth nibbled at my neck. I let out a gasp, surprised by his

action but also by how quick my body responded to his touch. I wrapped my arms instinctively and tilted my head back.

Lucian began to untie my dress as his lips searched mine. I m.o.a.ned into his mouth by the sudden heat of his kiss.

‘Lucian, wait!’ I was already breathless.

Lucian pulled back and watched me with a l.u.s.tful gaze. ‘I can’t wait for too long so tell me.’

My gaze fell on his mouth. His canines had elongated but this time they seemed longer and sharper than before

‘Your teeth.’ I pointed.

‘Yes. Many things changed since I came back to life.’ He explained.

It was strange that I found him sinfully beautiful with those teeth instead of being worried that they would cut his lips or mine.

‘Does it hurt?’ I wondered.

‘No, it doesn’t. But it itches badly and makes me want to bite something.’

Did he want to bite me again? Was it normal? Looking at his teeth, it felt like it would hurt more than last time.

While thinking Lucian’s gaze fell on my neck. The color of his eyes slowly changed to red and he looked away quickly.

‘You wanted to say something?’ He said looking everywhere but my neck. It looked like he was fighting himself.

‘You want to bite me?’ I breathed.

A muscle ticked in his jaw and his gaze darkened.

‘God Hazel!’ He hissed. ‘I don’t know what you are doing to me. I don’t know why I find you more beautiful for every day that passes by. I don’t know why with every kiss you taste sweeter and with every touch, you feel better. You make me feel starved.’

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His words made my blood run hot.

‘So yes, I do want to bite you.’ He added.

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

Chapter 106: Vol2 Chapter 46

‘So yes, I do want to bite you.’

‘Then do it.’ The fear that it would hurt suddenly disappeared.

Lucian stared at me surprised. ‘It might hurt.’ He warned.

Despite his warning, I bared my neck for him then wrapped my arms around his and tugged him closer. He hesitated for a while but then buried his face in the curve of my neck. His tongue swept slowly over my skin as if he wanted to savor the taste. I buried my fingers in his hair and tilted my head to the side giving him more access.

Lucian sucked and nipped at my neck until it ached and tingled with a strange sensation. It was almost as if I wanted to be bitten. As his teeth grazed my skin a sigh escaped my lips.

It was coming.

I held on to him and I shut my eyes tightly both in anticipation and nervousness. Lucian grabbed my hair and tilted my head back. Then he flicked his tongue over my neck one last time before his sharp teeth pierced into my skin.

I whimpered in pain, but it was quickly replaced scorching heat. A heat that inflamed the blood in my veins. A heat that made everything else fade away except the need to be taken. I became hot and needy, slowly getting lost in a raving l.u.s.t. But then suddenly I remembered. I was pregnant.

I shot my eyes open. 'Lucian.' I gasped.

I didn't know much about pregnancies but losing blood was probably not good for the child and from the wetness dripping down my neck I was concerned.

Lucian took his time, licking the blood away from my neck before pulling back. His lips were stained with my blood but with a swipe of his tongue, they were back to normal. Quickly I placed my hand on my neck to see if I was still bleeding, but I wasn't. I let out a sigh of relief then gazed at Lucian who was studying me carefully.

'What is wrong?' I asked.

'You tasted different this time and your pulse...it's strange but it's like you have two separate heartbeats.' A frown settled on his face.

Two heartbeats? It took me a moment to digest what he said.

'Lucian...about that...I came here to actually tell that...I am pregnant.'

Lucian stiffened and the room went quiet. I could hear my own heart race and it felt like forever before he said, 'What...did you say?'

'I said you will become a father soon,' I told him a bit louder and with more confidence.

Slowly, Lucian took a few steps back and then turned away.

Oh, God! He was not happy.

Hopping down from the table I went up to him. I put my hand lightly on his shoulder. 'I understand if you are not happy.'

Not having a good relationship with both his real father and the one he believed to be his father, could explain his reaction.

'Happy?' He turned to me carefully and grabbed my arms. 'I am not happy Hazel. I am lucky. You make me the luckiest man on earth even though I don't deserve it.'

I could see a mix of emotions in his eyes. Happiness, sadness, and worry.

'You deserve every bit of it,' I assured. 'And you will be an amazing father.'

New _ chapters are lished here:

His hands slid up to my face, holding it gently. 'Hazel, you are a blessing in my cursed existence.'

I didn't know whether to be happy or sad by his words so I just leaned into him and kissed him. It was instinctively as if he would find comfort

in my kiss. I hoped so at least. Lucian kissed me back, this time holding me gently in his arms while kissing me tenderly.

These kinds of moments made me want to never leave his arms.

Lucian spent the rest of the day by my side. To be more correctly glued to my side. He followed me everywhere, showering me with hugs, kisses, and praises. He kept telling everyone to take special care of me since I was pregnant, and he even arranged a special cook after finding out about my nausea and loss of appetite.

‘You will serve my wife and only her. Make sure to especially find out what she likes and...’ He kept rambling on to serve me healthy food and to serve on time or any time I feel like eating. He was even specific about telling the cook to not serve food that had a strong scent.

Later on the day, Lucian arranged for a midwife to come and educate the servants on pregnancy so that they could take better care of me. This caused the maids to swoon over Lucian.

‘The King is so romantic. He takes such good care of his wife.’

‘He is so good looking and gentle.’

‘The Queen is so lucky. He even crowned her on his own coronation ceremony.’

‘Oh, I wish to find a man like that.’

I stood outside the room where the maids received their lecture about pregnancy and listened to their chattering. They could not stop themselves from praising Lucian and squealing over him.

‘Should I seduce him?’ One maid whispered to the other.

At this Oliver scoffed and Callum's lips curved into a smirk.

'Shall I teach her a lesson?' Oliver whispered.

If I was the old me I would have waved it away but after getting myself a bit educated I learned that it could be good to sometimes let people know their place. 'Bring her to my chamber,' I ordered. Oliver nodded and went inside.

I turned my heels to go back to my room but all of a sudden the floor under my feet swayed. My hands instinctively searched for something to grab on to but I only grasped thin air and almost fell before I felt strong arms carrying me up.

'Excuse my behavior. I'll just take you back to your room.' Callum spoke.

'Callum put me down I can walk on my own.' I protested.

'His Majesty will not spare my life if I let you fall.'

'You are my guard now. No one will hurt you without my permission.' I told him.

At that, he just smiled.

Once we arrived at my chamber he put me gently on the bed. 'Do you want me to call the midwife?'

I shook my head. 'I am fine now.'

Shortly after Oliver came with the maid. He held her by the arm and walked her inside. When they were close enough he put one hand on her shoulder and pushed her down on her knees.

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I knew this maid. Jessica. The one who made my life into a living hell while working in the kitchen. Now she dared to speak that way.

‘Jessica!’

‘My Queen.’ She trembled and kept looking down at her hands.

‘Do you know why you are here?’ I asked.

She nodded.

‘Why?’

‘I...I wasn’t nice...when... in the kitchen.’ She stuttered.

At least she remembered.

‘That’s not why you are here,’ I told her. ‘Do you find my husband attractive?’

At this, she looked up at me and shook her head violently. ‘I wouldn’t dare, My Queen. I...I apologize if I said something.’ She rubbed her hands together as her forehead got lightly beaded with sweat.

‘So you are saying my husband is not attractive?’ I asked.

I wanted to torture her a bit.

Her eyes widened. ‘I wouldn’t dare...’

‘Do you find him attractive or not?’ I cut her off.

‘I...I...’ She shut her eyes tightly as if it would make it all disappear. ‘He is...’ Just when she was about to speak Lucian entered the room.

He paused when he took notice of the situation. ‘What is happening?’ He asked.

I reached my hand out gesturing for him to come and sit next to me. Lucian took my hand with a frown and sat by my side. He looked around questioningly.

I turned to Jessica. ‘Jessica. His Majesty his here. Why don’t you look at him and tell me if you find him attractive or not.’

Jessica shook her head and looked down even further.

‘It’s an order,’ I said more sternly.

She lifted her head hesitantly, shaking and sweating even more. Her eyes darted around before she could look at Lucian.

‘Now tell me. Do you find His Majesty attractive or not?’ I asked.

She squinted her eyes and her face twisted in fear. For a short while, I felt bad for doing this but then I remembered how much my hands and feet would ache after washing the same clothes over and over again. How my skin would burn under the sun and how my head would throb from all the heat. It made me angry again.

Jessica nodded slowly.

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‘I didn’t hear you,’ I said.

‘His...His Majesty is attractive.’ She breathed looking at him in both fascination and fear.

‘See, it wasn’t so difficult,’ I told her with a smile. ‘You may leave now.’

She turned her gaze to me, her eyes wide in confusion. She probably thought this was some kind of trick and that I would kill her later. Maybe a few sleepless nights would make her think twice before saying inappropriate things or making someone’s life difficult next time.

She stood up slowly her legs wobbling. I nodded for Oliver to help her go back since she had a hard time standing still. Oliver grabbed her arm to hold her steady and helped her leave. Callum followed them leaving us alone.

As soon as they were out of sight I turned to Lucian. ‘Was I too harsh?’

Lucian smiled and patted my head. ‘Well done.’ He said. ‘This way you punished her yet showed her that you can be merciful. Where did you learn this?’ He asked.

‘I read a few books,’ I told him proudly.

He kissed my hair. ‘I see you have been busy without me.’

‘Of course. I want to be someone worthy of you.’

‘You are more than worthy. I am the one not worthy of you.’ He said.

‘Why? Because you couldn’t protect me? Or because you couldn’t remember me? Both those things could have been avoided if I had been less selfish and let you marry Klara. Instead, I let you die and while I was here crying over small things you were alone in that dark place dying over and over again. That you felt so guilty and lost your memory makes

me feel even more guilty. I know you did your best to protect me but I can't say the same. So don't ever feel guilty or say that you are not worthy of me. I don't want you to hurt anymore. Just don't. Forget about torturing Pierre or anyone. Just be with me and let me make you happy.'

I have had enough of him hurting. I knew very well I was the one lacking yet he was the one to always apologies. Why was he the one apologizing when he was the one who died protecting us ?

'Hazel...' His voice cracked as if he was about to cry. Then he turned away as if he didn't want me to see him like that.

I stood up in front of where he sat and grabbed his face between my hands, making him look up at me. His eyes were wet with tears.

'Lucian. With me, you don't have to endure alone. Whether it's happiness or pain, share it with me.' I said.

Lucian wrapped his arms around my waist and buried his face in my chest. His shoulders shook uncontrollably while he cried silently in my arms. I held him closer and stroke his hair until he released all of the pain and sorrow that he could. Then we lay in our bed, holding each other in silence.

'Thank you.' He finally spoke while staring at the ceiling. He seemed embarrassed to have cried like that.

Why did men feel embarrassed about crying ?

'For what ?'

'For everything.' He said.

'Then can I ask for one thing ?'

He turned to me. ‘Ask for anything.’

‘Can your mother stay here? I need her now that I am pregnant with a demon baby. No one knows what to do more than her.’

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That was actually just an excuse. I wanted Lucian to get closer to his mother. I know that he had been worried about her the few days that she was here. When she was unconscious I had found him several times in her room, sitting next to her bed waiting for her to wake up. He had made sure to bring physicians to look after her health but once she woke up he avoided her most of the time.

Except for one evening, when I had promised to walk Irene around the garden since she had difficulty walking alone. When I arrived I already found her getting help from Lucian. He lent her his arm and she held onto it tightly while he patiently walked her around the garden. I was happy to see the progress but also frustrated since none of them said anything.

‘If that’s what you, then she can stay here as long as she wants.’ He said.

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

Chapter 107: Vol2 Chapter 47

‘Good morning!’

Klara was stretching in her bed and yawning loudly when she heard Roshan’s voice coming from nearby. Panicking she sat up hastily on her bed. Roshan was sitting at her table while holding a newspaper in his hands. Klara could smell freshly made tea and bread before she looked at the table and found that breakfast was already served.

‘You are still here?’ She whispered surprised.

He looked up from his newspaper. ‘Yes. Why would I leave when I could have a royal breakfast.’

Klara got out of bed quickly, slipped into her slippers and walked up to him. ‘Who served you breakfast?’ She asked anxious.

‘Your servants.’ He replied relaxed.

Klara hit herself on the forehead which made Roshan chuckle.

‘Are you insane?! How could you show yourself?’ She scolded.

‘Ah...about that. Don’t worry, I manipulated everyone.’ He winked.

Someone knocked on the door and soon a maid came in. ‘My lord, here is your coffee. I made it strong just the way you like it.’ She smiled putting the tray on the table.

‘Thank you.’ He smiled at her charmingly making a blush creep to her cheeks. ‘Would you like coffee or tea?’ He then asked turning to Klara.

Klara kept staring at the maid dumbfounded. Why was the maid not asking questions about who this man was? Was Roshan that great at manipulating people?

When she said nothing Roshan waved his hand in dismissal and the maid left.

Klara turned to Roshan. ‘Can you do that? I mean who does she think you are?’

‘No one in particular. I just made her believe that I am someone she had always been serving.’ He said wrapping the newspaper and tossing it aside on the table before standing up.

‘Are you leaving?’ Klara hurried to ask.

Roshan was glad to see that she didn’t want him to leave. He walked up to her and put his hand lightly on her cheek. She had been torturing him the whole night so he needed some time alone, besides he had things to take care of.

‘Yes I have some things to do, but I’ll be back.’ He assured her. ‘By the way, you look cute when you snore.’

He had been watching her the whole night while she turned back and forth while heavy grunting sounds came from her mouth. He never thought that he would find such sounds endearing.

‘I don’t snore!’ She said as her cheeks flushed.

He grabbed her face between his hands. ‘You do princess, but don’t worry I won’t tell anyone about it.’ He teased her.

She gave him a hard glare. ‘You annoy me, Roshan.’

‘And you delight me.’ He placed a kiss on her cheek and looked at her face one last time before he left.

Roshan arrived at Decresh, more specifically in the throne hall where Lucian just recently got crowned.

‘What are you doing here?’ Lucian’s voice came from behind.

Roshan wondered the same thing. He couldn't understand why he agreed to help Lucian. He hated the man for breaking Klara's heart yet he was thankful.

Lucifer had asked Roshan to help Lucian understand his powers and become stronger. Roshan could have denied his request since he had already paid his debt but knowing what Lucifer and Irene endured all these years he wanted to help. Not for Lucian's sake but for his parent's sake.

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'Just as I came here easily other demons can too,' Roshan spoke without turning to him.

'I was waiting for you.'

Now Roshan had to turn around and look at him. 'I thought you didn't want my help?' He asked.

'I don't want to but I need your help. My wife is pregnant and I want to protect my family.' Lucian explained.

Of course. Nothing was stronger than the need of a demon to protect his mate.

'Then maybe you should introduce me to everyone since I'll be spending a lot of time here,' Roshan suggested.

Lucian introduced Roshan to his men as someone who would guide and train them. Roshan took his time to study each one of them. He wanted to get rid of anyone who thought of betraying Lucian but he also wanted to find a few very trustful ones.

The one who followed Lucian everywhere seemed like someone who could be trusted with a secret.

‘That man can be trusted.’ Roshan nodded toward Lincoln.

‘I know,’ Lucian said.

‘I mean, he can really be trusted.’

Lucian narrowed his gaze. ‘You want me to tell him that I am a demon?’

‘And a witch. Just in case.’ Roshan added.

‘Do I have to tell him?’

‘As a king, you need to have people who are going to be by your side no matter what. If he can’t handle it then he is just not the right person. But believe me, he can. I am good at reading people.’ Roshan explained.

Lucian was thoughtful for a while but then he made his decision. He called Lincoln into a separate room and they sat in silence for a while. Roshan was begging to get impatient so he took charge.

‘So...Lucian called you here to tell you that he, in fact, is the devil’s son,’ Roshan said it as a simple fact.

Lincoln didn’t blink but his expression turned into one of confusion.

‘What?’

‘And he is also half-witch. And since demons and witches are enemies and Lucian is both, he is everyone’s enemy.’ Roshan continued.

Lincoln turned to Lucian. ‘Your Majesty, what is this man talking about?’

‘Also, I am not a man. I am a demon.’ Roshan corrected.

Lincoln kept looking at Lucian for confirmation. Lucian nodded. ‘It’s true.’

Instead of looking surprised Lincoln seemed concerned by the fact.

‘When did you find out?’ He asked.

‘After I died. I came back to life.’ Lucian explained.

Lincoln nodded as a deep frown settled on his face while finally putting the pieces together. Roshan knew that Lincoln had already suspected that something was different about Lucian otherwise he wouldn’t have been able to stay so calm.

‘Are you under some kind of threat now?’ Lincoln asked.

Roshan liked this man. He was quick.

New chapters are lished here:

‘The witches and demons will try to harm him. I have the demons under control for now but anything can happen. It’s good to be prepared.’

Lincoln nodded, still concerned. He had a lot of speculations going on in his mind and it would take him some time to get used to the new information.

‘Lincoln. I’ll tell you everything eventually.’ Lucian assured him.

Roshan could see that Lucian cared for Lincoln. It was good to see that he at least had someone by his side all those years.

The rest of the day he spent observing for the most part. He wanted to see how Lucians men worked, which of them he could trust and which of them to depose. Roshan noted that Lucians men were trustworthy but not all of them could handle his secret. He had to find some tough ones.

There were two men, in particular, that caught his attention and he took them separately to the side.

‘Your names?’ He asked.

‘I am Martin, My Lord.’

‘And I am Declan.’

Roshan nodded. They were tough but not as much as Lincoln. He would have to tell them gradually or drop hints.

Roshan continued with his search, walking around the castle and observing the soldiers as they did their daily tasks. While on his search he came across Hazel in the hall. She had two guards trailing behind her.

‘Roshan?’ She seemed surprised. ‘How come you are here?’

‘My Lady,’ He took her hands and kissed her knuckles. ‘I heard the news. Congratulation.’

‘Thank you. When did you come here?’

‘I have been here for a while.’

‘Oh. Did you have something to eat or drink?’ She asked.

‘No. Your husband lacks hospitality.’ He smiled.

‘I am sorry about that. Why don’t you have some tea or coffee with me?’
She asked.

‘Coffee sounds good.’

Roshan and Hazel sat in the garden where they had some hot coffee served.

‘Lucian told me that you are his cousin,’ Hazel spoke starting the conversation.

‘Yes.’

‘You don’t look like him?’

Roshan took a sip from his coffee. ‘The strongest demons agreed to settle in different empires where they could rule. After living there for centuries they developed the same appearance as the resident people to blend in. My father settled in the Persian empire where I was born and that’s why I look like this. Of course, as a demon, I could change my appearance but that would only be considered a disguise.’ He explained.

Hazel nodded thoughtfully. ‘I am glad he has you.’ She then smiled.

At this Roshan paused. He had never thought of Lucian as a cousin or as a friend. He was just here to help and then leave.

‘How is Klara doing?’

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Why would she think that he knew how Klara was doing?

‘She is fine.’ He replied shortly.

Hazel nodded but it seemed that she wanted to know more.

‘Do you consider her a friend?’ Roshan asked.

He hoped she would because he knew Klara did.

Hazel nodded. ‘But I don’t think she likes me much?’

‘If that is the impression you get then she likes you. She is usually bitter toward people she likes.’ He told her.

Hazel chuckled in agreement.

Roshan stood up from his seat. ‘My Lady, I should keep going. Thank you for the coffee and the company.’

‘You are welcome to visit anytime.’ She smiled at him.

Roshan bowed and left. On his way out he took a closer look at Hazel’s guards who were waiting outside. One of them, the taller one with short brown hair, dark eyes, and an angular face radiated power and confidence.

Roshan walked up to him to take a closer look. The man looked back at him suspiciously as if he knew what he was. Curious, Roshan went into the guard’s head to see what he was thinking and found out that the man suspected him to be what Lucian was. But what was Lucian? That, the man wasn’t sure of.

Demons had a different aura but only a few people were smart enough to actually pay attention to it. Most people ignored it while getting too caught up in their appearance.

‘What’s your name?’ Roshan asked.

‘My name is Callum, My Lord.’

Roshan nodded with satisfaction. This man would be able to handle their secret. Now he had enough men. He didn’t want all too many to know. Just a few who could guide and influence the rest and four would be enough. Lincoln, Martin, Declan, and Callum. This would do for now.

At the moment he wanted to leave quickly so that he could go back to Klara.

‘I’ll be leaving now.’ He informed Lucian who seemed busy going through some papers.

‘Why don’t you have dinner before you leave?’ Lucian asked without looking up.

‘You feed me now when you starved me the whole day?’

‘I was busy, besides you have already made yourself at home. I don’t see you as someone who seeks permission to do things.’

‘You are right.’ Roshan nodded. ‘I made myself at home and had a delicious cup of coffee with your wife.’

Now Lucian looked up and shot him a hard glare. Roshan knew how to catch a demon’s attention. Just name his mate and he will burn with jealousy.

‘What? I can’t have a cup of coffee with your wife?’ Roshan asked raising a brow.

Lucian stood up from his seat and strode toward him. When they stood face to face he looked him in the eyes. ‘Next time you want to have a

delicious cup of coffee with my wife, make sure to at least drink three cups because they will be your last ones.'

The man knew how to make threats. At least he wouldn't have to teach him that part.

Roshan placed a hand on his shoulder and squeezed it. 'Don't make threats you can't keep, brother.'

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

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

Chapter 108: Vol2 Chapter 48

Brother ?!

It was a word Lucian hated to hear. Every time someone called him brother, they said it with distaste. It reminded him of his hateful brothers.

But today when Roshan called him brother, he detected no distaste in his tone. It was rather playful and for a short moment, Roshan felt like a brother.

Lucian shook his head in denial of his feelings. Why would Roshan feel like a brother? That man was annoying. Still, Lucian had to admit there was a sincerity in Roshan's eyes that made him feel cared for. Like an older brother caring for his younger one.

He shook his head again. Maybe he was being like this because he had always wished to be treated like a younger brother by his older ones. Brothers who showed him nothing but contempt.

He sighed frustrated.

‘Is everything alright?’ Hazel spoke next to him in a sleepy tone. She had her eyes closed in the darkness and was almost falling asleep.

‘Yes. Everything is alright.’ He whispered.

She mumbled something and then fell asleep. Lucian studied her face in the darkness. He could still not believe that he was going to be a father. Of course, he was happy but he was also fearful. Now with witches and demons chasing him, he was afraid they would hurt Hazel and his child. That’s why he finally decided to speak to his parents.

No, he wouldn’t forgive them, but he was going to use them to protect his family. He was also going to work on learning his powers and becoming stronger.

Hazel turned back and forth next to him. She seemed to be having a bad dream. Lucian pulled her into his arms and eventually she calmed down and he fell asleep as well.

As usual, Lucian woke up early in the morning. Hazel was still asleep. Putting on some clothes he walked out to the garden. He loved early mornings when the sun hadn’t risen completely yet, and the sky was painted with different shades of pink and orange. He liked the cold morning breeze and the sounds of birds singing. It was strange, he was drawn to the darkness yet enjoyed the colors of an early morning.

But who had come to disturb this peaceful moment?

‘Your mother likes early mornings. She says it’s the birth of a new day. After a long time of darkness, you can finally see the light. That’s what she felt when she gave birth to you. That she finally saw the light and therefore she named you Lucian, meaning light.’

Light? It was his mother who named him?

Lucian turned to his father. 'I don't appreciate you coming here.' He said.

'I thought you wanted to use me?'

Lucian clenched his jaw. 'You owe me that at least. Don't you think?'

'I owe you more than that and I am here to give.'

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Then why didn't you appear earlier? Why didn't you give earlier? When I needed to.

Lucian wanted to ask all those questions but his father already knew what he was thinking. So if he wanted to give answers to his question he could, but he didn't.

'You can hate me all you want. I am not here to seek forgiveness.' His father spoke. 'I am here to be useful. I want to help you.'

The thing was that Lucian wanted his father to seek forgiveness or at least explain himself. He didn't want to hate. He was tired of hating.

'Lucian.' His father's tone softened which surprised him. 'No explanation is good enough and I am not deserving of your forgiveness. I told you I wanted you dead. You are alive because of your mother.'

Something felt strange. It was the feeling in which his father spoke. Lucian knew this feeling. He knew the familiar look in his father's eyes. He had seen that look a million times before, when he looked himself in the mirror.

His father was punishing himself by making Lucian hate him on purpose.

‘You don’t have to make me hate you. I already do.’ Lucian told him.

His father nodded.

‘But I need you.’ He continued. ‘I want you to keep the demons away.’

‘You worry about learning your powers. I’ll deal with the demons. No demons are going to hurt you or your family as long as I am here.’ His father assured.

‘Good.’ Lucian turned his back to his father and went back inside. If his father was not going to explain himself or seek forgiveness, so be it.

Lucian dressed and prepared to leave for his meeting. He had a meeting with the tax minister and the finance minister.

‘Your Majesty. If the poor pay less tax than the rich, the rich are going to stop supporting you.’ The tax minister advised.

‘Tell me? The majority of people in this kingdom, are they poor or rich?’

‘Poor, Your Majesty.’

‘Good. What I need is the majority’s support.’ Lucian said.

‘But Your Majesty. The rich have power.’ The tax minister argued.

‘Power in the form of capital is not what I need. I already have it. I need power in the form of community.’

This content is taken from

The tax minister and the finance minister looked at each other not understanding Lucian's logic, but they nodded in obedience.

'Just do your part. I'll deal with the rest.' Lucian assured.

Once they left he proceeded with his other meeting. Before lunch, he had an appointment with Julian.

'Your Majesty. I see things are going well for you.' Julian pointed.

'How are things going for you?' Lucian asked.

'Not very good. I have met a few covens and told them about you. They have a hard time believing that you are not siding with the demons, just because you are half-witch.' Julian explained.

'Bring the leaders to me. I want to meet them.'

Julian's eyes widened. 'It's not safe to bring them here, Your Majesty.'

'They won't dare to hurt me in my own home. Bring them to me.' Lucian ordered.

Julian seemed concerned but nodded at last.

Speaking of witches Lucian thought of his mother. He had promised Hazel to tell her to stay so he went to the guest room where she has been staying. With the help of a spell, he learned from Julian he tried to summon her.

While waiting for her to come his hands began to sweat and his heart hammered against his ribs. He was nervous. Why?

‘Lucian.’ She was here, calling his name in a way that made him feel weak.

Now he knew why he was nervous. He couldn’t resist her. He wanted to be mean to her, he wanted to hate her but as he looked at her face, his mother’s face all he wanted was for her to hug him. And why did her sad expression pain him ?

‘You came.’ He managed to say.

‘Now that I can, I’ll come anytime you call me.’

Lucian’s eyes darted around the room unable to look at his mother. ‘My wife would like for you to stay with her. That’s if you want to.’ He said avoiding to meet her gaze.

‘Of course. I would love to stay.’ She said with a smile.

Lucian couldn’t deny the joy he felt that she was staying. He shouldn’t be happy about it but he was. Bothered by his own feelings he decided to leave.

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‘Lucian.’ Her voice made him stop in his tracks.

He turned to her, ‘Yes.’

Her eyes teared up. ‘Thank you.’ She croaked. ‘And I am sorry for being a horrible mother, and...’

‘Why would a horrible mother name me Lucian?’

Lucian was surprised by his own question. It sounded as if he was defending her. Nyx seemed surprised as well.

‘Lucian...it means light.’ She began. ‘I was right to give you that name. It suits you very well.’ She smiled sadly. ‘Your kind heart is the light.’

‘I am only being kind because my wife likes you.’ He said.

Was he convincing her or himself?

She nodded. ‘You love her a lot.’

‘Yes.’

‘Then I will take very good care of her.’

Lucian nodded. ‘Make yourself at home.’ He said and left the room quickly.

Once he went back to his chamber he took a deep breath to calm himself down. He felt like his heart would burst. Why was he being kind to her? And those sad eyes of hers, they bothered him. Why was she hurting when he should be the one hurting?

The fresh scent of Hazel interrupted his thoughts. She came into the room, wet and wrapped in a towel with Ylva trailing behind. Once she took notice of him a frown settled on her face.

‘You may leave.’ She told Ylva and then came to bed and sat next to him.

‘What’s wrong?’ She asked.

Lucian shook his head. ‘Nothing.’

‘You look pale and...’ She touched his forehead. ‘you are sweating. Are you ill?’

He shook his head again but he did feel ill. His mother made him feel defeated. He didn’t know what to do. All the anger and pain he had kept inside, he thought he would take it out on her but instead, it was all still kept inside and it was suffocating him.

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‘Can you hold me for a while?’ he asked.

Hazel leaned into him and wrapped her arms around him. Lucian buried his face in the crook of her neck, finding comfort in her sweet scent and the warmth of her closeness.

This woman, his wife, his life and his love. She was the cure to all his pain.

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

Chapter 109: Vol2 Chapter 49

Klara lay on the grass under the starry night sky. Something she thought she would never do. The stars and the moon brought back memories of her mother. Klara could still clearly remember how her mother used to sing to her lullabies while they watched the stars. But it was also under those stars that her mother got killed. Just as clearly as she remembered the sound of her mother’s singing she remembered her screams as well.

Her mother, a brave woman with a big heart had hidden Klara, Astrid, and Rasmus under the ground when they got attacked.

‘Stay here and don’t come out no matter what happens.’ Her mother had warned them. ‘Rasmus, take care of your sisters.’

Then with muffled cries Klara and her sibling watched their mother fight big scary-looking men through a narrow slit between the wooden planks of the floor.

If it wasn’t for Rasmus who covered their eyes with his hands Klara and Astrid would have witnessed when their mother got stabbed to death. Seeing her lifeless body laying in a pool of blood was already a memory painful enough.

Klara remembered dragging her mother’s lifeless body and burying it together with her siblings while tears fell down her cheeks. She was a child and couldn’t understand why they had to put her mother under the ground but her brother told her that she would find peace that way, and be able to move on to the next life.

‘Will she not stay with us anymore?’ Klara had asked.

‘Maybe if she comes back as a bird she will sing for us and if she becomes a star she will watch over us. Maybe she is already one of the stars up there.’ Rasmus pointed at the sky.

This was the reason Klara could never hate her brother despite his outrageous behavior. She could understand why he behaved the way he did. He had witnessed not only one but both their parent’s death and despite all the pain he managed to take care of them well. In their darkest times, he was the one who comforted her and Astrid. Klara could never pay him back for all he did.

She looked at the stars again. If her mother was one of them then she wished the sun would never rise again.

‘Klara.’

Startled she turned her head and looked at Roshan who lay next to her. She had almost forgotten about him.

Oh lord, he probably heard her thoughts. Klara hated to speak of those things so she hoped he wouldn’t ask.

‘Maybe we should go back.’ She suggested sitting up.

Roshan had been kind and taken her out. They rode through beautiful landscaped, visited the city and now they lay on the grass next to a river. The sound of the water combined with the soft night breeze was calming. She wanted to stay a bit longer so why did she suggest to leave ?

Roshan rested his head on his hands and watched the sky. ‘Or maybe we could stay a little while longer.’ He spoke.

Klara lay back again in silence. At least he wasn’t asking.

‘I spoke to Hazel yesterday. She asked how you were doing. I told her you were fine.’

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‘You were in Decresh ? Why ?’

‘I am helping Lucian with a few things.’ He explained.

Klara nodded. ‘How is he doing ?’ Becoming a King after all the war could not be easy.

‘He is doing well so far.’

‘How is Hazel?’ For some reason, that woman made her worry.

‘She is pregnant.’

Preg...nant?

Pregnant!

‘What?! Really? When?’ Klara sat up again and looked back at Roshan.

Roshan chuckled. ‘You seem more excited than her.’

She was. Wait! Why would she be?!

‘No, I was just surprised.’ She said trying to calm herself down and lay back again.

Hazel was pregnant! Just a few months ago she would have died of jealousy but now for some odd reason, she felt excited like Roshan said. Klara loved children. She already longed to become a mother, but that would probably not happen anytime soon. Her brother would never allow her to be with Roshan so why was she staying with a man she could not be with?

Did she want to get heartbroken once again?

Klara stood up quickly ‘I should go back home.’ She said.

Roshan took her back home without any questions. Once they arrived she was still in his arms and he didn’t let go of her.

‘I won’t let you get heartbroken.’ He promised. ‘I’ll speak to your brother.’

Klara shook her head. 'No! Don't! You don't know my brother.'

Follow current _ on

Her brother would only marry her off to either a man with a powerful position or a very wealthy man. Rasmus believed that money and power meant protection and he wanted to protect her more than anything.

Roshan grabbed her face between his hand. 'Klara. Do you want to be with me? Forever.'

She nodded.

'Then trust me and don't worry about anything anymore. Now that you are mine, I'll take care of the rest. I'll take care of you.'

Klara nodded again lost in his eyes and her heart melting at his words. Normally she would've hated if someone calling her 'mine' but this man, she wanted to belong to him. She felt strangely safe in his arms.

'Goodnight then.' He said grabbing her chin and kissing her forehead.

'Won't you stay here?' She asked.

'I am a demon Klara. We are not very good at controlling ourselves. You will be safer without me tonight.'

Klara shook her head. 'I feel safer with you.'

If she only knew. Roshan's blood was on fire. He had been controlling himself for too long specially after a night of torture in her bed. All he wanted to do now was push her on the bed behind and fulfill all of his fantasies.

'Klara...' He wanted to protest but she put a finger on his lips.

‘You said you would take care of me.’ She whispered.

He knew she didn’t mean what he was thinking because the way he was thinking of taking care of her was sinister.

‘I don’t want to be alone tonight.’ She admitted looking down.

She was recalling the memories of her mother from earlier. Roshan never thought that a starry night sky could make someone so sad. But everyone had scars, no matter how perfect their life seemed.

‘Why don’t you go and change. I’ll wait for you in bed.’ He suggested.

Klara nodded and hurried away relieved.

Roshan lay comfortably in Klara’s bed and waited while she changed. Again, he could feel how his demon was crawling to the surface and urging him to let go of his control and satisfy his needs.

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Roshan shut his eyes tightly fighting back his urges but it wasn’t helping that he was in her room, laying in her bed where her sweet scent lingered. It wasn’t helping that the lights were dimmed either and that she just walked into the room wearing a light pink nightgown that complimented her fair skin. This woman was driving him mad.

With a smile Klara went to the dresser picked up a hairband and tied her hair revealing her long slender neck. Roshan’s felt his gums itch badly and tried to focus on something else to calm himself down.

‘Did you wait too long? I did my best to change quickly.’ She smiled while climbing up on the bed.

Roshan stretched out his arm for her to lay one. She rested her head on his arm and he pulled her closer.

‘No. You changed quickly.’

‘Good.’ She mumbled snuggling against him.

Roshan could feel her hot breath on his neck and then slowly she inhaled his scent. She thought he smelled good and she liked his body next to hers. Her train of thoughts tempted him even more than his own.

‘Do I really snore?’ She suddenly asked.

‘Yes.’

‘Is it loud?’

‘No. It’s endearing.’ He said

She went quiet for a moment. ‘Roshan?’

‘Yes.’

‘I am...scared. I don’t want to lose anyone anymore.’ Her voice trembled.

Roshan was surprised by her confession. He knew she was someone who never admitted or showed anyone her doubts and fears. He was glad she was opening up to him.

‘I won’t let you lose anyone. I’ll convince your brother. You won’t have to lose any of us.’ He promised.

Normally he would have just manipulated her brother but Roshan knew how much Klara cared for him so he would try his best to convince him without any tricks.

Klara pushed herself up on an elbow, leaned over him and pressed her lips to his. Roshan stiffened not expecting what happened. The self-control he had been holding onto so tightly snapped at that moment.

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Klara pulled away quickly, her eyes darted around. She, herself seemed surprised by her own behavior. She had begged him to stay, snuggled against him and now she kissed him. What if he thought that she was trying to seduce him?

‘I...’ She didn’t know what to say.

Roshan grabbed her shoulder and pushed her down placing her under his body. ‘You shouldn’t have done that.’ He said.

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

Chapter 110: Vol2 Chapter 50

‘No!’ Klara shot her eyes wide open and her heart jumped inside her chest.

Quickly, her hand flew to her neck and she let out a sigh of relief when she realized that it was only a dream. In the dream, Roshan had bitten her against her will. Was it maybe because of what happened last night?

Klara had seen Roshan’s eyes turn a dark red and his fangs elongate.

‘You shouldn’t have done that.’ He told her and then leaned into her neck.

Klara had stiffened in fear. It wasn’t that she was scared of him, she was just scared of the bite. She couldn’t yet comprehend how someone who looked just like a human could bite another one.

Roshan had sensed her fear pulling back from her and out of the bed. ‘I don’t think I can stay here tonight. I told you. You are safer without me.’

Klara couldn’t understand what made Roshan suddenly react that way. It couldn’t be her kiss, could it?

Still confused she got out of bed. While getting ready for the day Astrid came by.

‘Did you know that the king of Trevish declared war against us?’ Astrid asked as she made herself comfortable in Klara’s bed.

Klara turned in her chair. ‘No. Why?!’

‘Clearly Rasmus threatened to take over their Kingdom so their king got mad and wanted to show his power,’ Astrid explained.

‘Trevish is a powerful kingdom. Why would brother do that?’ Klara was confused.

She knew her brother could sometimes get power-hungry but he was always strategic. This seemed like a stupid move.

‘I am sure Rasmus has some plan. Like a powerful ally or something.’ Klara said with hope.

‘Trevish has many allies as well and since they declared war first I am sure their King has a secret weapon’.

Astrid was right. Klara needed to speak to her brother.

Once the maids finished preparing her she made her way to the throne hall where Rasmus was speaking to some generals.

‘Excuse us for a while. I need to speak to His Majesty alone.’ Klara spoke.

Rasmus motioned for the generals to leave and once they were alone Klara gave her brother a hard glare.

‘What have you done now?’ She asked accusingly.

‘I have done nothing sweet sister. I really don’t know why Trevish declared war against us, besides that man always wanted to have my kingdom.’

‘So he is the one who wants your kingdom and not the other way round?’ Klara crossed her arms over her chest.

‘Of course it’s the other way round as well. Our lands are too close. Sooner or later one of us will rule over the other. So, I have been thinking of taking the first step but I guess I am too late.’ Rasmus explained.

Klara sighed. She didn’t like war. Her people would suffer but she didn’t want someone else to rule over them either because then they would suffer even more.

‘What do we do now?’

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‘I need a very powerful ally. This time it’s not only about winning the war, but it’s also about taking over a kingdom.’ Her brother said thoughtfully.

‘And where do we get such an ally?’

‘That, I am not sure.’

Klara spent the rest of the day planning for war and trying to find an ally willing to help. She couldn’t say she missed it but she missed her men. What she couldn’t understand is why they always seemed excited to go on war. Did they not care about their lives or what would happen to their families if they died?

Tired after a whole day of planning she went back to her room. Her maids helped her change to her nightgown and prepare for sleep. As she lay comfortable on her bed she thought of Roshan. Would he come tonight? Were things alright between them or did something she was unaware of happen last night?

‘Roshan.’ She whispered his name in the darkness as if he would hear her.

Strange she thought. But even stranger was that he actually came just after she called his name.

‘Klara.’ His voice came from behind.

Klara sat up on the bed and turned so that she could face him.

Roshan stood in the dim light, only half of his face visible and the other half was hidden behind the shadows. Klara didn’t know why having him in her room, in the dark made her heart race.

All of a sudden she felt as though she could not speak.

Roshan walked slowly toward her bed until she could see his whole face. He gazed at her just the way he did in her dream, eyes filled with l.u.s.t.

‘I am not sure if I should be here at night?’ He spoke.

‘Why?’ She whispered.

‘At night, my demon awakens.’

Klara wasn’t sure what he meant by that but it didn’t sound good.

‘I almost bit you last night. I told you I wouldn’t but I wanted to so badly. If I stay I might break my promise.’ He continued.

‘But you stayed with me many times before without biting me.’ Klara didn’t want him to leave.

‘The more I stay with you, the more I want you.’

She could relate to that. She wanted him more as well.

His eyes darkened. ‘Then do you want me to stay?’ He asked.

‘Will you bite me?’

‘I might.’ He warned. ‘You should tell me to leave if you aren’t ready.’

Klara studied him for a while weighing her options. For some reason, she trusted that he wouldn’t bite her if she didn’t want to.

‘Stay.’ She whispered.

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Roshan watched her for a moment before taking off his coat and crawling into her bed. Klara grabbed the sheets around her tightly, suddenly feeling like prey from the way he looked at her.

Roshan's hands slid under the sheets, grabbing her ankles he pulled her across the bed against him.

Klara gasped as she fell back on the bed and her dress slid above her knees. 'Roshan!'

She tried to pull her dress down but Roshan grabbed her wrists and pinned her hands above her head.

'Do you trust so easily even after I told you what I wanted to do to you?' He asked his face close to hers.

'You told me to trust you.' She breathed.

'I didn't know you were so obedient.' He leaned down burying his face in the crook of her neck.

Klara stiffened feeling every muscle in her body tense.

'Relax. If you are going to trust me then trust me all the way.' He spoke next to her ear.

Klara tried to relax but her body refused to listen.

Roshan pulled back and gazed into her eyes. There was no fear in them, which meant that she was only nervous. Letting go of her wrists he let his fingers trail down her arms and to her face.

Klara closed her eyes as Roshan's fingers softly moved across her face, tracing her lips they continued further down her neck.

Her body grew hot under his touch and her muscles slowly relaxed. She opened her eyes and found him staring at her with admiration. She knew very well that she was beautiful but she never felt more desirable than at this moment. The way he undressed her with his eyes made her body flush.

Roshan's hands slide to her shoulders, pulling her nightgown off each shoulder and down her arms slowly. Klara shut her eyes tightly this time as she felt her gown sliding down her b.r.e.a.s.t.s. She had never been n.a.k.e.d in front of a man before.

Roshan stopped when he felt her tense again. Instead, he leaned down and pressed soft kisses across her collarbone and up her neck and jaw until he could feel her relax again. Then he captured her mouth with his in a gentle kiss.

Klara sighed into his mouth, her hands instinctively moving to the back of his head as he deepened the kiss. She pulled him closer, feeling his hard body against hers. Roshan trailed kisses down her jaw and nipped at her throat. His hands slid under her gown caressing her thighs while pulling her dress up.

He kissed a path down her chest and stomach and even though it was through the thin fabric of her gown, Klara could feel the heat of his lips, making her body ache for his.

Roshan moved further down, prying her legs apart he kissed the tender skin of her inner thighs. Klara's muscles tensed again but not in an uncomfortable way. Her back arched as his lips sensually played over the sensitive skin.

She held onto his hair as he slowly moved up and kissed her hip and then further up to her stomach. Klara felt shy being half-n.a.k.e.d but she was

so inflamed by his touches and kisses that she ignored every other feeling.

Roshan paused and drew back. He knew she wasn't very comfortable being n.a.k.e.d so he thought of undressing first.

Unbuttoning his shirt swiftly, he tossed it aside. Klara's mouth fell open as her gaze fell on his torso. This man was perfection and she wanted to feel his body with her hands. She knew she was staring but she couldn't stop until he began to unbutton his pants. Klara averted her gaze quickly, looking up at the ceiling instead while her cheeks burned.

She heard Roshan chuckle softly before he grabbed her hands and placed them on his chest.

'I thought you wanted to touch me.' He spoke.

Klara felt the heat of his body under her palm and the way his muscles flexed as he leaned down and placed a soft kiss on her lips. She felt his bare skin against her thighs and his hardness pressed against her stomach. Panic and excitement bubbled inside her while her hands still rested hesitantly on his chest.

'Don't hold back, because I won't.' He captured her lower lip and sucked on it.

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Klara m.o.a.ned into his mouth, her hands sliding to the back of his head to pull him down. Just like he said he didn't hold back. He kissed her until her lips felt sore, and her skin burned and her body ached in places she could never imagine. She found herself curling her toes and wanting to clasp her thighs together to stop the throbbing between her legs.

This time she let him take her gown off and her undergarment. She wanted to feel his skin against hers. She wanted to be touched everywhere, kissed everywhere.

‘Oh, I am planning on doing that and more.’ He promised with a grin.

Roshan moved his gaze swiftly of her bare body. She was more beautiful than he imagined and he already ached to be inside of her. But it was her first time, so he wanted to be gentle. He had to control himself even though his demon was howling like a beast.

You will have her forever. She is yours now so calm down. He told his demon.

It was true. He didn’t need to rush things. He wanted to make her first time to feel safe and comfortable. But after that, he would show her his sinister ways.

‘Roshan?’

He looked into her concerned eyes and saw a reflection of himself. His eyes had turned red and his fangs had elongated even more. His body was telling him to claim her.

‘Don’t be afraid.’ He told her as if being sure he could control himself.

What if he didn’t? She would begin to fear him or maybe she would never trust him again.

‘I am not. I am just...nervous.’

Did that mean she was embracing herself to get bitten?

‘Do you want me to bite you?’ He asked.

‘If you can’t control it then it’s alright.’

Roshan caressed her cheek with the back of his hand. Klara didn’t know why this gesture and his gaze made her suddenly feel loved instead of desired. Slowly his eyes returned to their normal color but his fangs remained the same. Klara got curious as to why?

‘Can I touch them?’ She asked.

Roshan was taken aback by her question. Women had touched him on many places but never his fangs.

‘Yes.’

Slowly she lifted her hand and traced a finger over his fangs. A strange sensation went through Roshan’s body, intensifying the hunger he already felt for her.

Klara continued to play with her finger around his mouth. He had very kissable lips, a beautiful yet masculine face, and his neck. Her hands trailed down his neck. She never thought she would find a man’s neck inviting.

Her hands continued further to his strong shoulders, grabbing them she pulled him down on her. His bare chest pressing against her bare b.r.e.a.s.t.s, creating a friction that made a m.o.a.n escape her lips.

Rosha devoured her mouth, while his hand slowly and teasingly slid between her legs, touching her where she ached the most. Klara m.o.a.ned against his lips and her back arched. She was embarrassed, yet she didn’t want him to stop. She had never experienced such sweet torture before.

Her entire body burned, flushed, tingled and ached until she couldn't control the sounds that came out of her mouth.

Roshan grabbed her legs and pulled her closer adjusting himself between them. Klara's heart skipped a beat, embracing herself for the pain to come.

Roshan leaned down and kissed her belly. 'Relax.' He spoke against her skin. 'I'll take it slow.'

New chapters are listed on

He kept kissing and caressing every inch of her until her body begged for his. As if he knew he leaned into her and then gently pushed himself inside. Klara gasped at the intrusion but it didn't hurt as she had expected. It was only uncomfortable.

But Roshan was slow and gentle and her body adjusted quickly to his.

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

Chapter 111: Vol2 Chapter 51

Klara woke up looking forward to her day after such a long time. Her body ached sweetly from last night's activity and her cheeks grew hot as she remembered the details. Oh lord, how could she have behaved that way?

Slowly she turned in bed expecting to find Roshan sleeping next to her but to her surprise and disappointment, he wasn't there.

Sitting up she looked around. He was nowhere to be seen. For some reason, her heart raced and her stomach turned.

‘Roshan.’ She called.

But no one answered.

‘Roshan!’

Nothing again. Her heart tightened making it hard for her to breathe. Her eyes stung, tears threatening to run down her cheeks like rivers. She wrapped her arms around herself as if that would take away the pain.

‘Roshan.’ She croaked as tears began to fall down her cheeks.

How did this happen? He had used her and left her. How could he do this to her? Why did she trust him so easily?

She was stupid, a fool and a moron.

◆◆◆Oh, God!’ She cried burying her face in her hands.

‘Klara.’ She heard Roshan’s voice through her cry.

Shocked, she looked up. Roshan stood in her room with a concerned look on his face.

Klara got hastily out of bed, holding the sheets around her body with one arm.

‘Where have you been?’ She asked angrily.

‘I was...’ He looked down a bit embarrassed. She had never seen him like that before. ‘I brought flowers.’ He said raising his hand in which he held a bucket of pink roses. ‘I wanted to surprise...’

Before he could finish his sentence she threw an apple at him that she grabbed from the basket on the table next to her.

‘You idiot!’ She screamed as she threw it on him.

Roshan caught it before it hit his face. He stared at her appalled.

Quickly Klara grabbed another fruit from the basket and threw it on him.

‘Arse!’

He dodged it swiftly, but another one already flew his way. ‘You fool!’ She screamed.

He dodged it again.

Now a pineapple came his way. She was really angry. ‘Stupid demon!’

Roshan sliced the pineapple with his dagger in the air. Klara stared at him furiously.

Roshan looked around at the wasted fruits on the ground. ‘Princess, no need to waste food if you don’t like roses.’

She threw on more fruit at him before turning her back to him as more tears fell down her face. How could he not understand how she felt? He had scared her!

Roshan wrapped his arms around her from behind. She tried to push him away but he held her tightly.

‘I am sorry.’ He spoke against her hair. ‘I shouldn’t have left but I needed some air to not bite you in your sleep. But I am disappointed in you. Do you think so low of me, that I would leave after our first night?’

Klara didn't know what she had been thinking. Why did she imagine the worst? Why did she believe that everyone would leave her?

New chapters are listed on

'I am sorry.' She apologized suddenly embarrassed of her behavior.

Roshan turned her around, grabbing her face he made her look at him.
'Klara. If you are going to trust me then trust me all the way.' He wiped her tears away with his thumb.

She nodded.

'Good. Now I have another surprise for you.' He said.

'What is it?' She asked.

'A surprise.' He grinned. God, he knew how to annoy her. 'You can look forward to it during the day but I need to leave to prepare it.' He explained.

'Now?'

'Yes.' He nodded.

'Alright.' She agreed slightly disappointed.

Leaning down he kissed her in a way that made her fall weak in the knees.
'I'll see you later.' And before she could catch her breath he was gone.

Roshan arrived at his father's home. He should have called it his own home but he had been staying with Irene and Lucifer for so long that this place didn't feel like his home anymore.

‘Ramiel!’ His father cheered upon his arrival. As usual, his father was surrounded by women and liquor. ‘Come and join us.’

The women observed him and then nodded in appreciation. Roshan was used to it so he just ignored them.

‘Father, I need to speak to you.’

‘Oh,’ His father took a sip of his wine. ‘What makes my son concerned?’ He asked.

Roshan manipulated the women to leave.

‘Ah, it’s a woman.’ His father grinned. ‘I knew you liked that blonde.’

‘I don’t just like her. She is my mate.’

His father put his glass down as his expression turned serious.

‘A human? I was expecting...’ He waved his hand in which he held his glass of wine. ‘Nevermind. Congratulations son!’

‘Thank you, but I need your help!’

‘Finally you ask for my help. What is it?’

‘Her brother won’t let her marry anyone so...’ Roshan began.

‘Anyone?!’ His father cut off. ‘Who said you are anyone? You are my son. That is not just anyone.’

Roshan wasn’t sure if his father was complimenting himself or him.

‘You are rich, handsome, powerful, the highest class of demons. What more can he ask for?’

Roshan shook his head. His father was clearly intoxicated.

‘Well, telling him that I am the highest class of demons will not help me in any way.’ Roshan reminded.

‘Yes right. Then...what’s the problem? Just get inside his head.’ His father suggested.

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‘That’s why I am here. I don’t want to do that.’

‘Then I’ll do it.’

‘No!’

His father chuckled. ‘You care too much son. Just don’t get your heart broken...like me. Maybe it’s good that she is human.’

His father’s mood suddenly went down the hill. Both of them always avoided speaking of his mother.

‘Father, will you help me or not?’

‘Of course, of course.’ His father waved.

‘Good. I have a plan.’

Klara tried to think of what kind of surprise Roshan was preparing. What kind of surprise would need this much preparation? It was already past lunchtime and he still hadn't come back.

Wait! Was she being too much? She had been doing nothing but thinking about him and waiting for him. What was wrong with her? She had a lot to do. She had a war to plan.

'Ugh,' she groaned.

'What is wrong?' Her brother stood at the door with a smile. He seemed to be in a good mood.

'What is wrong or right with you?' She asked.

'I am just glad I have a sister like you.' He smiled.

Klara frowned not sure where her brother was going with this. What had she done to make him happy?

Rasmus walked into the room and sat at the table in front of her. 'Now tell me...' He said leaning in. 'Just how did you find us such a powerful ally? How did you even get hold of him?'

'What ally? What are you talking about?' Klara was confused.

'Oh come on. I know everything already. He is already on his way.'

'Who is on his way?' Astrid interrupted their conversation.

'The richest man of the five kingdoms. Dariush Golchin. He helped the king of Shinai to unite the five kingdoms and that's how the Persian empire came into existence. He is the right man to help us.' Rasmus explained.

Shinai ? Persian empire ?

Oh lord! It was Roshan!

‘I am impressed, Klara.’ Her brother said with pride.

‘But why would he want to help us?’ Astrid asked skeptically. ‘I am sure he will ask for something in return. Something we probably don’t want or can’t give, since he is so rich and would probably have everything else.’

Astrid was always the one to think ten steps ahead. Suddenly Rasmus became thoughtful.

‘What did you tell him, Klara?’ He asked sternly.

‘Nothing!’ She hurried to say. ‘I mean... I am...I am not sure why he wants to help.’

It was true. She wasn’t sure if this was Roshans doing. It was only a feeling she had and she could be wrong.

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‘Anyway, both of you be prepared for his arrival. He will be here very soon.’ Rasmus told them before leaving.

Klara panicked. If this was Roshan than what was he planning?

‘You look like you have seen a ghost,’ Astrid noted.

How about a demon? Klara thought.

‘Do you think he wants you?’ Astrid asked. ‘I think he does. He must have seen you somewhere. Have you seen him?’

‘Astrid, I need to prepare myself so if you will excuse me.’ Klara motioned toward the door telling her sister to leave.

‘Rude,’ Astrid said flipping her hair and then leaving.

Klara paced back and forth in her room, not sure what to prepare for and before she could even get her thoughts together she was informed that Dariush Golchin had arrived.

Slowly she made her way to the parlor and found her brother sitting with two other men. She knew both of them.

It was Roshan and his father!

Her brother laughed at something Roshan’s father said when he took notice of her.

‘Oh, here is my sister. Come.’

Klara walked inside gracefully and tried her best to keep a straight face. Once she was close enough she curtsied, while her brother introduced them.

‘This is the famous lord Golchin and his... son Roshan. And this is my sister Klara.’

From the way, Rasmus said son she knew he had a hard time understanding how they could be father and son. They looked more like brothers.

‘Thank you for honoring us with your presence,’ Klara spoke and then got seated in one of the armchairs.

‘As you know we don’t discriminate between men and women.’ Rasmus began. ‘My sister is also a war minister, therefore, she is here. I hope that won’t be a problem.’

‘Not at all. I admire the fact that Her Highness is active in politics.’ Dariush admitted.

Rasmus nodded ‘I’ll be straightforward. What is it you want in return for your help?’

Speaking of being straightforward, ‘Your sister.’ Dariush said.

Rasmus tilted his head slightly and narrowed his gaze. He usually did that when he didn’t like what he was hearing. ‘Both of my sisters are unfortunately betrothed.’ He lied.

Klara panicked. She was not betrothed to anyone.

Dariush lips curved into a cryptic smile. ‘Since you said you don’t discriminate between men and women I am sure you would let your sister decide whether she wants to break the engagement or not. I am sure your sister is smart enough to know which engagement will bring more benefits to her and the kingdom.’ He spoke while looking at Klara.

‘You are willing to accept my sister despite her having been betrothed to another man?’ Rasmus asked a bit appalled.

‘It’s not me who is willing to accept. It’s my son.’

Rasmus nodded thoughtfully as he shifted his gaze to Roshan. ‘Why would I give my sister to you?’

‘Because you care for her. You raised her to be a strong woman who can make a difference.’

I won't let everything you taught her go to waste.' Roshan promised.

Rasmus seemed a bit impressed. He turned to Klara and looked at her for approval. She looked down shyly.

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'Since you said she is wise enough to make a decision I'll let her decide,' Rasmus said surprising her.

Klara was so happy she wanted to rush and give her brother a hug but all she could do was give him a smile.

'Fair enough.'

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

Chapter 112: Vol2 Chapter 52

'Do you have any siblings Roshan?' Rasmus asked as they took a walk in the castle.

'No,' Roshan replied.

'Then you probably don't know how I feel.'

'How do you feel?' Roshan asked even though he already knew since he could read his thoughts.

'My sisters are all I have. I have raised them, educated them, protected them, provided for them and in return, they gave me a reason to live. Now, both of them are leaving.' He paused.

Rasmus had a difficult time letting go of his sisters.

‘I want them to be in good hands. Yes, being a king and ruling over big lands feels good but I would leave it all for my sisters. So if anyone ever hurts them, I’ll look for them whatever they hide.’ He continued.

Roshan nodded.

‘Klara is not as tough as she looks. Her toughness is only a shield. She has been through a lot and seen a lot that she shouldn’t have seen. She keeps it all inside and hides it with her tough attitude but on the inside, she is a kind soul. Someone who can’t sleep in peace if she has done something bad. She even escaped home just to help those she thought she had wronged.’ He chuckled. ‘ She is very stubborn.’

Roshan already knew all this. ‘She is.’ He agreed. ‘She agreed to marry me with one condition.’

Rasmus came to a halt. ‘What is the condition?’

‘To visit you once every month.’

Rasmus was shocked. When a woman left her family she never came back home. That was a disgrace to her husband’s family.

‘I can’t believe it. I’ll speak to her.’ He said.

‘No need. I already agreed to her condition.’

Now Rasmus seemed even more surprised. ‘Why?’

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‘Why not? Who made those stupid rules anyway? If people can make rules they can break them as well and create some new ones more suitable for them. I don’t follow rules I don’t like.’ Roshan said.

Rasmus nodded impressed. He was thinking of doing the same thing. He was a king after all so he should abandon rules he didn't like set new ones. Ones that society would slowly accept and changes would take place eventually.

'This is Klara's quarters. Here is the dining room. I'll let you two have dinner alone while I accompany your father. I am sure you want to discuss a few things with each other.'

Rasmus motioned for him to go inside. Roshan had to admit that Klara's brother was openminded. He liked that about him. Helping him as a king would not be a bad idea.

Roshan got seated at the table and waited for Klara once Rasmus left. A few servants were setting the table when Klara arrived.

They still had to pretend like they didn't know each other since servants were present and they could spread gossip.

Roshan stood up from his seat. Walking over he pulled the chair out for her. After she got seated he went to his seat and sat down. The butler served them food and poured them drinks and then all the servants stood at the corner of the room, pretending not to see or hear anything.

They had already spoken earlier but only for a very short while, and about the one condition, it was all a lie. He knew she would want to meet her brother at least once every month so he lied about it.

'So My Lady. Tell me about yourself. I am very curious.' He said picking up a fork and a knife.

‘Well as you can see, if you are not blind of course. I am extremely beautiful, charming, smart and...isn’t that enough?’ She asked straightening her shoulders.

He knew she was playing with him but he could see the servant struggling to keep a straight face at her comments. They probably thought that she was shallow.

Roshan manipulated the servant to forget what they heard, leave and close the door after behind them.

Klara was about to pick a carrot with her fork when the servants suddenly began to move. Why were they leaving? As they left they closed the door to the dining room leaving her locked inside, alone with Roshan.

She turned to him to ask if he manipulated them but he was not sitting on his seat. She looked around wondering where he disappeared when she suddenly felt warm strong hands on her shoulders.

‘What did you think of my surprise?’ He asked standing behind her.

Klara tried to think straight despite his hands slowly crawling to her neck. ‘I liked it. But you should have told me. Don’t you know how fl.u.s.tered I was?’

Updated _at

‘I know.’ He said removing the hair away from her neck. Leaning down he pressed his lips to her neck making all the feelings from last night come alive. Suddenly she imagined him scooping her up in his arms and taking her to bed. She abandoned the thought quickly.

‘I can’t believe my brother agreed to this easily.’ She said.

‘He cares for you a lot. I told him that I would let you visit him every month.’

Klara stood up and turned to him. ‘Would you really let me do that?’

He grabbed her face between his hands. ‘I would do and give you anything you ask for.’

Klara wrapped her arms around him. ‘Thank you.’

He hugged her back holding her tight. ‘I can’t wait to take you home.’ He spoke next to her ear.

Klara’s heart skipped a beat. The thought of this man taking her home brought a fluttering feeling to her stomach.

‘Tonight I’ll be visiting Lucian.’ He began. ‘Do you maybe want to come with me and meet Hazel?’

Lucian. She hadn’t seen him since the day she helped him escape and she wasn’t sure if she wanted to see him now. On the other hand, she really wanted to see Hazel.

‘I’ll think about it.’ She said.

And she did. She thought about it carefully the whole evening. Yes, she loved Lucian once but not anymore. So there was no reason to avoid him. Now her heart belonged to someone else.

Once she made up her mind she dressed nicely and waited for Roshan.

‘So I see you are going.’ He said when he came.

She nodded. ‘Yes.’

‘Good. Now come here.’ He opened his arms widely.

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Klara shook her head with a smile as she made her way into his arms and wrapped her own around him. As usual in the blink of an eye, she found herself somewhere else.

From the interior design, Klara could tell they were inside a castle. While looking around the clicking sound of footsteps caught her attention. She turned to where the sound came from and found Lucian walking from a distance.

Klara’s heart skipped a beat. She hadn’t prepared herself to meet him yet. Her hands began to sweat and she looked down afraid as he came closer.

‘Klara?’ His voice was just like she remembered and she couldn’t help but look up. He seemed surprised. His gaze shifted between her and Roshan. ‘How come you are here? Do you know each other?’

Klara just stared at him for a moment, taking in his appearance and making sure he was alright. She had believed he was dead after all, but he seemed just fine. More than fine actually. He seemed more... she couldn’t put it into words. Something just seemed different about him. And of course, his long flawless hair was gone. Now it was shorter and fell just beneath his shoulders but it didn’t make him any less good-looking.

‘She is my wife to be,’ Roshan said shortly wrapping one arm around her shoulder. For some reason, she felt strange having the man she used to live in front of her and the one she loves now next to her. A situation she never thought would occur.

Lucian nodded thoughtfully but didn't reveal what he was thinking. Klara just kept her mouth shut. She didn't know what to say and Lucian didn't ask any further questions. He just led the way to the parlor and then ordered a servant to bring Hazel.

'So...can I ask how you two met?' Lucian asked breaking the awkward silence in the room.

'She ended up in my home while saving your wife,' Roshan said emphasizing the last part as if to remind him.

Lucian turned to Klara. 'Hazel told me everything. I never thanked you for helping her.'

'You don't have too.' Klara cut off. 'Since Hazel and I are friends now.' She grimaced at the word friends. She couldn't believe she said that.

Why did she say it when she didn't even know what the word meant since she never had any friends.

'Then thank you for being her friend. She could use one.' He said.

Just then Hazel came into the room. She looked around until her gaze fell on Klara. Klara stood up slowly from her seat, not sure why. She looked at Hazel who smiled widely at her before crossing the distancing between them and wrapping her arms around her.

Klara stiffened but then hugged her back loosely not sure how to respond.

Lucian and Roshan gave each other a look.

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‘I am glad you came,’ Hazel said as they let go of each other.

‘Me too.’

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

Chapter 113: Vol2 Chapter 53

Klara and Hazel sat at the garden, watching while Roshan trained Lucian on how to fight. Klara already knew that Lucian was a very skilled swordsman, but she was very surprised at how quick Roshan was. She could barely detect his movement and he avoided every strike coming from Lucian without effort.

While fighting he was instructing Lucian on how to hold his sword, how to stand and how to strike. For someone as skilled as Lucian to receive instruction just seemed unimaginable for Klara but at the same time, Roshan's movement was unimaginable as well. No human could move that way but again, he wasn't human.

‘Thank you for coming. I know it might feel uncomfortable.’ Hazel spoke.

‘No, I am fine, as long as it's not uncomfortable for you.’ She said.

Hazel shook her head. ‘I am glad you are here.’

Klara wondered what Hazel liked about her. She was not very friendly. She didn't know anything about being a friend.

‘So you and Roshan? Tell me about it. I am curious.’ She said leaning into the table with prying eyes.

‘Well, I...I don’t know where to start.’ Klara looked down at her hands. She never spoke about personal things with other people than her siblings. This felt strange.

‘Do you like him?’ Hazel asked.

Klara nodded.

‘What do you like about him?’

She turned and watched him while he spoke to Lucian.

‘He is relaxed and funny and spontaneous. The opposite of what I am.’ She shrugged realizing how different they were from each other.

‘But he is also straightforward, and charming and a great fighter from what I see. Just like you.’ Hazel smiled. ‘I can see you like him very much.’

‘How?’ Klara asked curious.

‘The way you blush and smile while you talk of him,’ Hazel explained.

Klara looked down at her hands again. She had been unable to stop the bubbly feeling in her stomach since last night and her cheeks flushed every time she remembered. Which was almost every time she looked at him or spoke about him.

‘So, how does it feel to be pregnant?’ Klara asked changing the topic.

Follow current _ on

‘It feels great so far.’

‘Are you scared? I mean it’s not a human child.’

Hazel paused her eyes widening. ‘Roshan told you what he is?’ She said with realization.

Klara nodded.

‘How...I mean what do you feel about it?’ She asked.

‘To be honest, I was very confused and scared at first. I didn’t know what all that would mean and how it would affect my life. I just didn’t know what to do.’

‘It’s normal to feel that way. I mean I had a long time to figure out and despite all the time that I had I was still shocked when I found out. It’s something you would never expect. I had all the signs in front of me but my brain refused to believe in them.’ Hazel rambled.

‘Yes right. That’s how I feel. It still feels unreal to me. I am just imagining him to be human.’

‘Yes me too.’

They both giggled looking at their respective partners.

‘I think they are laughing at you,’ Roshan spoke.

‘Why would they do that?’ Lucian asked aiming at him again and missing again. He wanted to throw his sword away in frustration and give up. He could barely see when Roshan moved. How would he strike him then?

‘Because you are a terrible fighter.’

‘Then aren’t you supposed to teach me instead of laughing with them?’
Lucian retorted.

‘Come on! Son of the devil and a powerful witch. You are supposed to teach me and not the other way round. You are not channeling your inner strength. Power without strategy is useless.’

Lucian paused. ‘Do you always talk this much?’

Roshan ignored his question and continued. ‘When you want to do something, you think about it while channeling your inner strength. When I avoid your attacks I am not actually moving, I am shifting position. That’s why you can’t detect my movement. Like this.’ He said and then suddenly he disappeared from his sight.

Lucian looked around wondering where Roshan disappeared when he felt someone behind him. Turning around he found Roshan standing there.

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‘Hello!’ Startled Lucian turned around to find Roshan standing behind him.

‘How did you do that?’ He asked. It happened so fast. Usually, when Lucian teleported himself it took time.

‘Now try it,’ Roshan told Lucian. ‘Just think of standing behind me while taking a step to do that.’

Lucian cleared his mind and then followed Roshan’s instructions. He took a step and imagined himself standing behind Roshan and just like that, he found himself shifting to where he imagined himself to be.

‘See, it’s not difficult,’ Roshan said impressed. ‘But...when you fight you have to think faster. Much faster. This is still slow.’

Roshan taught him how to move fast, how to make his movements unpredictable and a few tricks on how to easily kill demons.

‘I suggest you use daggers when fighting demons. In fast movements, swords are difficult to use since they are bigger and heavier.’ Roshan explained and then gave him two small silver daggers. ‘You can have these. They are completely new.’

‘I don’t know how to use daggers,’ Lucian said looking at them.

‘You are the devil’s son. You will figure it out. I need to leave now and take her home.’ He glanced at Klara who was chatting happily with Hazel.

‘Will you come back and teach me more?’ Lucian asked.

Roshan couldn’t understand how Lucian could be so sharp yet gentle at the same time. A perfect combination of his parents, he thought. Maybe that’s why he liked him.

‘Only if you call me brother.’ He teased knowing that it annoyed him the last time he called him that.

‘I’ve had enough brothers,’ Lucian said coldly.

‘Had.’

‘I don’t want a brother.’ He said.

‘Do you want a mother then? Have you reconciled with your mother?’ Roshan asked.

‘That’s none of your business,’ Lucian spoke calmly but Roshan could see that he didn’t like the topic.

‘I have not seen my mother in three hundred years. She left us and never came back. I looked for her everywhere thinking that maybe she got hurt or maybe she is unhappy but found that she was perfectly fine and living with her new family. She didn’t come and look for me even once. I don’t know what you have been through but I know your mother. I have been with her long enough to know that she missed you every single day.’ Roshan sighed not knowing why he was telling him this. Why did he even care?

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‘I’ll take my leave now.’ He said and left Lucian standing there alone.

‘Klara, it’s late.’ He said as he neared the table where she and Hazel sat.

‘Are you leaving?’ Hazel asked disappointment clear in her tone. They probably had an interesting conversation.

‘Yes, My Lady.’

They both stood up and Hazel took the initiative to hug Klara first. Klara hugged her back, less awkward this time. ‘Come and visit some other time.’ She told her.

‘I will,’ Klara replied.

Once they arrived back in her room Klara still had her arms wrapped around him and didn’t let go. Roshan looked at her but did his best to not read her thoughts. Because Only God knew what he was going to do to her if she was thinking something naughty.

‘Thank you for taking me out today.’ She smiled at him. ‘I had fun.’

‘I am glad.’

‘Will you stay tonight? I want you to stay.’ She said without blushing this time.

She was getting bold. Let’s see how bold she can get, he thought to himself amused.

‘What are you willing to offer in order for me to stay?’ He asked.

Her expression turned serious. Something he didn’t expect. ‘Roshan. I am willing to give myself to you entirely. Just...don’t break my heart.’

Roshan tightened his hold around her. He wanted to go back and fight Lucian for real this time for breaking this woman’s heart. He didn’t know what to say to convince her that he had no plans of breaking her heart or leaving her. Ever!

‘Klara,’ He grabbed her face gently and like every time he said her name her heart skipped. He loved the effect he had on her. ‘Then give yourself to me, entirely and eternally.’

His hand slid to the back of her head. Grabbing her hair he tilted her head back slightly. Leaning down he grazed his fangs against her neck, just to warn her of what he was about to do.

Claim her! Make her his. Forever!

Klara didn’t flinch back, nor did she push him away. She simply leaned into him as if approving and without hesitation, Roshan sank his fangs into her flesh.

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

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

Chapter 114: Vol2 Chapter 54

Lucian couldn't stop thinking of what Roshan had said to him. He couldn't stop recalling his mother's sad eyes. He couldn't stop recalling what it had felt like when she had hugged him. The way she had made him feel warm and safe. Lucian couldn't understand why she had abandoned him but he thought that she probably had a good reason. He hoped so at least.

The sweet scent of Hazel suddenly filled the air. It made Lucian turn in bed so that he could see her. She had just changed into her nightgown and was letting her hair down as she walked toward the bed. These days she seemed to glow even more and he fell in love with her all over again.

She came and sat on her side of the bed with legs crossed. She seemed happy. 'Roshan and Klara, Isn't that amazing. They look perfect together.'

Lucian agreed. He was glad she found someone. He could still remember the pain in her eyes when he had turned down her proposal.

'Are you uncomfortable with her being here?' Hazel asked.

'No. You seem to enjoy her company.'

'I do.' She smiled. 'She is stiff but she is genuine.'

That's what he thought about Roshan. He was annoying but he was genuine. The genuine couple.

Hazel turned to him and studied him with eyes glowing with desire.

‘Don’t look at me like that.’ He warned.

These days she had been more craving, whether it was food or s.e.x. She had never come at him like that before, without shying away. He wondered what changed.

‘Are you tired?’ She asked playing innocent.

‘Yes.’ He said just to see her reaction.

She nodded but he could see the disappointment in her eyes. He couldn’t understand why he enjoyed this version of her so much.

‘Goodnight then.’ She forced herself to smile and then tucked herself under the sheets turning away from him.

‘Hazel...’

‘Sleep if you are tired. Hearing your voice in the dim light makes it more difficult for me.’ She admitted.

Lucian couldn’t stop smiling to himself. He was glad that he wasn’t the only one struggling to control himself sometimes. He thought of letting her experience it for a while. But Hazel was restless. She kept turning back and forth in bed unable to sleep.

Once she even called his name to see if he was awake but he pretended to be asleep.

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How could he be so cruel? He thought to himself.

With a sigh, she turned the other way again.

Lucian opened his eyes. He watched her back for a while than ever so slowly he reached his hand out and trailed his fingers down her back.

‘Hazel,’ He shifted closer to her. She turned on her back and looked at him surprised.

‘Did I wake you?’ She asked.

Lucian nodded.

‘I am sorry. I just...’ She tried to come up with an excuse.

‘You just what?’

‘Nothing. It’s...too hot in here. I’ll just open the window.’ She said trying to get out of bed he stopped her placing one arm over her waist.

‘Hazel, it’s autumn and it’s cold outside.’

‘Oh yes, I...’

He knew he was being petty, wanting her to admit what she wanted.

‘I won’t bother you anymore.’ She said apologetically.

‘But I want you to bother me.’

It took her a while to understand what he meant and then slowly her eyes gleamed again. Lucian leaned down to kiss her unable to stop himself but to his surprise, she pushed him away and down on his back before placing herself on top of him.

Lucian was stunned by her sudden strength but didn't comment on it. He was too caught up in the moment and didn't want to ruin it. The way she looked at him, it was as if she had never seen him before or as if she just fell in love with him again.

Hazel leaned down, capturing his lips in a soft kiss while her hands trailed down his bare chest. The simple touch of her fingertips inflamed him but he stayed still. Tonight he would let her be in control. He was curious to know what she would do to him.

Hazel kissed a path down his jaw and neck. 'You smell so good.' She murmured.

'And how do I taste?' He asked breathless.

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'I'll have to taste again,' She said before capturing his mouth again.

Lucian smiled against her lips.

'Mhmm...you taste like spices.' She said.

Spices? Not what he expected, but she seemed to like it.

Hazel's hand's trailed down his body restlessly as if she was in a rush, then she took off the remaining of his clothes. Her eagerness was infectious so he pushed himself up and grabbed the hem of her nightgown. Hazel stretched her arms above her head making it easier for him to take it off. Despite having seen her bare body many times he felt his mouth fall open again and this time she didn't shy away or try to cover herself up. Instead, she grabbed his shoulder and straddled him.

The warmth and softness of her made his body instantly react which caused her to smile. She grasped his hair and kissed him hungrily. He could feel her need in the kiss and in the way her hands eagerly touched him. She had no patience and he was losing his.

Grasping her hair he pulled her head back and then kissed and licked a path down her throat. His hands went to explore her body. Hazel shuddered in his arms as her hands clutched his back.

He could feel her sensitivity. The way her body shivered with every flick of his tongue. He loved the way he could easily affect her and the way she surrendered to him completely.

Her body was flushed. He could feel her heat under his palm and the fullness of her curves. Lucian wanted to savor the moment but his body was aching and he could no longer wait. With a swift movement, their bodies became one.

A gasp escaped her lips and Lucian held onto her tightly as her warmth enveloped him, enslaved him. He was in sweet torture while trying to hold on to the last string of his control.

Hazel was still for a while letting her body adjust to his but then slowly their bodies began to move in harmony.

She dug her fingers in his shoulder urging him on. Lucian groaned against her neck feeling his heart accelerate in rhythm with hers. Her body flushed even more and her heat consumed him. He felt her body strain, her muscles clench, before she cried out in pleasure.

Lucian was amazed. She had never finished this fast before.

Hazel rested her head on his shoulder breathing heavily. Lucian stroke her back and tried to be patient despite his still hungry demon. He was not done yet.

‘Are you alright?’

She nodded unable to speak. Lucian rolled her over so that she was laying on her back with him on top. He studied her for a while. She was still shaking slightly. He caressed her slowly. ‘Tell me when you are ready to go again.’ He said grazing his fingers down her thighs. She usually needed a moment to recover. But not this time it seemed.

Reaching up she grabbed the back of his head and brought his lips down on hers. If she was so hungry he was going to give it to her without holding back.

They went a second time until they both cried out in satisfaction and then fell asleep with bodies entwined under the sheets.

Lucian didn’t know how long he had been asleep when he woke up but Hazel was still in bed and awake.

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‘Good morning.’ She smiled while tugged under the sheets.

‘Good morning.’ He said turning so that he lay fully facing her.

‘Aren’t you late? It was almost lunchtime.’ She said.

Lucian groaned not wanting to think of anything else but laying in bed with his wife. ‘I don’t want to leave.’ He admitted reaching for her under the sheets. She was still n.a.k.e.d.

Good lord. He wanted to touch her all over again as he remembers her bare body. He always thought she looked beautiful but now she was exquisite. She was fuller, more radiant and alive. She was ravishing.

‘Not again, Lucian.’ She beamed at him.

He was touching her under the sheets, enjoy the feel of her again.

‘Why not?’

‘Because I need to be able to walk.’

‘Oh, but I would rather have you in bed all day.’ He joked although it was partly true.

‘You never get enough, do you?’ She shook her head at him.

If she only knew, he thought.

Hazel sat up on the bed and then swung her legs down. ‘Oh god!’ She groaned startled.

‘What?’

‘Nothing.’ She giggled and then stretched her limbs.

While stretching he noticed a few marks on her body. His fingers were faintly imprinted into her skin but with his preternatural sight, he could see it clearly.

He pushed himself up on one arm. ‘Are you in pain?’ He asked worried that he might have been a little rough last night.

She turned back to him. ‘Just sore but starved.’ She said her eyes becoming distant as if imagining something. ‘Oh, I am craving strawberries ... or I could have meat. Yes. A lot of it.’ Her eyes lit up, probably imagining what the food would taste like.

Usually, she would hurry to put some clothes on, but now she kept dreaming of food.

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Lucian just smiled, amused by this new version of his wife.

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

Chapter 115: Vol2 Chapter 55

I don't know what happened to me. I went from having no appetite at all to craving food all the time. But food was not all I craved. I glanced up at Lucian from where I sat across him on the table. He was eating calmly compared to me who was trying to stuff everything at the same time in my mouth.

My body ached as I studied him in silence. Even though I was sore, I wouldn't mind going back to bed and do last night's deed all over again.

‘You are looking at me like that again.’ He smiled.

Stop smiling, I wanted to yell. His smile was not making it easier for me. I stuffed the grilled meat in my mouth and tried to focus on how it tasted instead of him.

Lucian chuckled. ‘Eat slowly. You might get indigestion.’

I cursed inwardly. Even his laugh was inviting.

What was wrong with me ?

I felt different both physically and emotionally. I was very sensitive, whether it was to touch, taste or smell. My senses were heightened and my body felt stronger. I guessed it had to do with the pregnancy. The midwife had said something about feeling sensitive and emotional or be very craving. I felt all those things but I never thought it would be to this extent. I had to ask Irene.

Once Lucian left for work I went to Irene's room. She was sitting on the bed and knitting something.

'What are you doing ?' I asked curious.

'I am knitting a sweater for the baby.' She smiled.

I went to sit next to her. She had chosen a beautiful turquoise color.

'Isn't the color beautiful ? Whether its a girl or a boy they can wear it.' She explained.

'Yes. It's very beautiful.' I agreed. 'Irene ?'

'Yes, darling.'

'Did you feel different when you were pregnant ? Like really different.' I asked.

'Are you talking about the cravings ?'

I nodded.

Follow current _ on

‘Well, your body is changing. A child is growing inside of you so it’s just normal to feel different. Things might taste and feel different. You might feel more sensitive both physically and emotionally. Maybe you get angry easily or sad. It’s different for every woman.’

I nodded again feeling relieved that it was normal but there was something else.

‘Did you also feel stronger?’ I asked.

Irene paused and then turned to me slowly. ‘Oh right. I forgot. Your baby is a demon, witch, and human. The human and witch side don’t have side effects but the demon side does. You are probably turning.’

‘Turning?’

Wait! I was turning into a demon because of my child.

‘Half-demon.’ Irene corrected. ‘You will feel more powerful and your senses will heighten. Trust me, everything will feel much better now when you are pregnant. Enjoy your time.’ She winked.

A blush crept to my face remembering that Irene was not only my friend now. She was my husband’s mother as well.

‘Well, I’ll let you finish your work.’ I excused myself and left.

The weeks passed by quickly with my cravings only increasing and Lucian being busy state affairs. Roshan would visit often to train him and sometimes Klara would accompany him. Now they were even planning for their wedding and Klara seemed very happy.

‘I wish I could invite you, but you know my brother,’ Klara said apologetically.

‘It’s alright. I wish I could be there too. But I’ll root for your happiness from here.’

Klara and I had become very close and to our surprise, we weren’t so different from each other as we thought. We had many things in common that we enjoyed and could chat and laugh about the whole day. I noticed that even Roshan and Lucian become close and sometimes they would just sit and talk. I was happy that Lucian found a friend in a demon so that he wouldn’t feel alone.

I was also happy that he was slowly opening his heart for his mother. Sometimes I would find him sitting with Irene and having long talks. He had said that she was only teaching him how to use his witch powers but I could see that he enjoyed her company. Even Lothaire would visit sometimes but things didn’t seem to go well between him and Lucian.

‘Lucian. Have you forgiven your mother?’ I asked one night as we lay in our bed.

‘No. There is nothing to forgive. I think I knew it from the beginning but I just...’

I knew what he wanted to say. He had been in so much pain so he wanted someone to blame. He wanted to release his pain somewhere so that he wouldn’t have to keep it inside.

I put my hand gently on his cheek. ‘Let it go, Lucian. You deserve to be happy. That pain and anger is your enemy, so don’t let your enemy win.’

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He took my hand and kissed my palm. 'I won't.' He promised. 'I want to be happy now.'

'Yes. Let's live happily together.'

'With our daughter.' He put his hand on my stomach.

'Daughter?' I said surprised. 'You want a daughter?'

Kings usually wanted a son. Someone who could carry on the line.

Lucian nodded. 'Yes. I want a daughter that I can spoil. A son will only suffer.'

'What if it is a son?' I asked.

'I'll do my best to give him a good childhood and protect him.' He said.

'Whether it's a daughter or a son, they will be lucky to have you as their father.' I ensured him.

'I hope so.'

That night, despite craving something else I was content with just sleeping in his arms. But as soon as the morning came I was not content anymore. I felt like a wild beast ready to eat anything and everything. I knew I had gained some more weight but I didn't care. At least not when food was laid in front of me. But when Lucian was in front of me, I craved him.

I really tried my best to not jump on him every night. Sometimes I would succeed and sometimes I would not. I wondered if he thought differently about me now. Did he find me bothering maybe? Not that he showed any signs of that but I just found myself bothering sometimes.

‘Do I look fat?’ I asked Klara one day when she came to visit.

She studied me for a while. ‘You look voluptuous.’ She said.

‘So I am fat?!’

‘Nooo...It’s not the same thing.’ She tried to explain.

‘You are just trying to sound nice. I know you think I am fat!’ Klara raised her brows surprised by how I acted. It was unlike me to get angry with people without a reason.

‘Well I...I think you still look beautiful. I mean you are pregnant so you are not going to look the same.’ She explained calmly.

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‘I am sorry.’ I apologized. ‘But uhhhh....I want to eat something.’

Klara laughed. ‘I thought you were worried about being fat just now.’

‘Well, I don’t care anymore. Let’s go eat some meat!’

Klara shook her head as she followed me to the dining room.

‘So your wedding is very soon. Are you nervous?’ I asked.

‘Nervous? No. Should I be?’

‘Well...I don’t know. I was very nervous.’

‘Oh...’ She said nodding as if finally understanding something. Then she gestured with her hand for me to lean closer. ‘I have already done it.’ She whispered.

Slowly I leaned back into my chair while trying to digest what she said.

‘You already did it?’

She nodded with a blush.

Of course. What was I expecting? Klara was not as shy or scared like me. She was adventurous and Roshan seemed like the type who knew exactly how to seduce a woman. With his looks, he probably didn’t need to put in a lot of effort.

My gaze fell on her neck but her hair was down so I couldn’t tell if he claimed her or not.

‘Did he also...’ I pointed at my own mark.

She nodded again. ‘Yes.’

‘How did it feel?’ I asked unable to stop myself.

‘It was a bit painful but very...pleasurable.’

I agreed with her. ‘Did he only do it once?’ I was curious since Lucian had done it more than once.

‘Yes. But when the mark starts to fade he will get the urge to bite me again. That’s what he told me.’ She explained.

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I nodded, now understanding why Lucian had bitten me again.

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Chapter 116: Vol2 Chapter 56

Things were going well for Lucian. The people of Decresh liked and appreciated the changes he had made, he had learned a lot about being a demon from Roshan and being a witch from his mother. His brother and those who wronged him were rotten in the dungeon and he would visit them sometimes to add salt to their wounds. His enemies still feared him and kept their distance. Maybe the rumors that were not rumors at all were good for him.

Most of all he was happy because his beautiful wife was pregnant and she was shining more than ever.

Was she demanding?

Oh yes!

Did he hate it?

Oh no!

He loved it and he gave in to all her demands. It's not like he could resist her when she was all over him with those lushes curves and seductive eyes. Oh, how he loved this delicate version of her where she reacted to the slightest brush of his fingers. She melted in his arms with only a kiss. She was too distracting for his own good. He knew he had to focus on other things as well.

He forced himself to get out of bed again while Hazel slept peacefully. He changed in his personal room as to not wake her and then left to do his Royal duties. Today he was going to meet leaders from a few powerful covens. He wasn't sure exactly what to tell them yet. He was just mostly curious to see what they thought of him.

When he arrived at the throne hall he was surprised to find Nyx there. She was sitting next to one of the large windows and looking outside.

She turned around when she heard his footsteps then smiled. 'Good morning.'

'Good morning.' He greeted back. 'What brings you here?' He walked closer to where she sat.

'I wanted to speak to you.' She said and then motioned for him to sit next to her.

Lucian wondered why she seemed so serious but he went and sat beside her.

'You are meeting with the witched soon?' She began.

Lucian nodded.

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'The witches will probably not accept you. I would advise you to focus on the demons. Demons usually follow those they fear. If someone is strong enough to lead them they will follow. They are not like witches. Witches think it's their duty to protect the weak and innocent but they don't realize that humans can be as evil as some demons. Now, that Hazel is pregnant they will become even angrier.'

‘Why?’

‘Demons are not supposed to reproduce except with their own kind. But the demons race is mostly male, so for those males who were without a mate, they sought human females to reproduce with. Witches were not happy with that since they thought that these demons manipulated the females to expand their race. But the fact is that these male demons found their mate in those female humans.’

‘They will not hurt Hazel!’ Lucian said clenching his fists.

‘They won’t dare to do that in your own home. Witches are not reckless. They don’t know the extent of your power since you are a half breed and they don’t know your allies, if the demons are backing you up, so they wouldn’t dare to attack.’ She put her hand on top of his as if assuring him.

‘Is that why you couldn’t be with me? Because...’

Because she, a witch gave birth to the devil’s child. Her family must have hated and abandoned her.

‘Yes. My mother...she put a curse on me so that I wouldn’t be able to see you again.’ Her voice cracked as she spoke. It was as if she was reliving the pain again. She fought back her tears. ‘But don’t worry. That won’t happen to your child. There are many demons that are mating with humans. The witches can not fight them all. My case was different since I was a witch. I was never supposed to be with a demon.’ She chuckled darkly. ‘Especially not the devil himself.’

Lucian could finally understand why his mother couldn’t be with him. But that didn’t take his anger away. Now instead he felt angry at those who separated them and caused his mother so much pain.

‘So what do you suggest I do?’ Lucian asked.

‘I suggest you summon the demons instead. Show them that you are not scared. Show them your authority and that they shall fear you. Because you, my son, you are the devil’s son. And now that you learned about being a demon and a witch you just need to trust your inner power. You need to believe that you are strong. If you have the demons by your side you won’t need the witches.’

‘I thought the witched were very strong,’ Lucian said confused.

‘They are. Together they are strong and that’s why witches have covens. One witch would have a hard time fighting a powerful demon alone. Therefore they can not sneak on you. If the witches plan to attack you, then you will know and if you have the demons by your side you only need to summon them.’

Lucian nodded thoughtfully. He had thought about it many times. The witches would never accept him because even if he was half-witch, his mother had sided with the demons, therefore, they would think that he would have no genuine intention of siding with them. Lucian hadn’t actually thought of choosing sides but he learned that demons and witches would never accept each other. They had been enemies since the beginning of times, therefore, he would have to either chose a side or not choose at all.

There was a chance that the demons would accept him but not the witches. Evil should never be accepted according to them and they would rather die here on earth then go to hell later.

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But Lucian had decided that if the witches were not going to side with him then he would make them fear him so much that they would tremble

and the mention of his name. He would show them what it truly meant to be a witch with demon blood running through his veins.

‘Your Majesty. The guests have arrived.’ A guard informed.

‘I’ll stay here with you.’ His mother said.

‘And me too.’ Roshan suddenly spoke from behind him.

Roshan noticed that Lucian’s aura suddenly changed as he made his way to the throne and sat down. He seemed more confident in himself but also frightening. That’s how he had wanted him to be all along. It would be interesting to see how he would handle the witches.

With a wave of his hand, Lucian signaled for the guard to let them in.

After a short moment, several men and women entered the throne hall. They walked along the red carpet that led to the throne and when they were close enough to see him their mouth fell open. Some of them blinked a few times as if to make sure what they were looking at was real.

Well, the man was too good-looking to be true, Roshan had to admit.

One of the older males who seemed to be in his late forties went out of his haze and greeted him.

‘Your Majesty. I have heard great things about you.’ He spoke.

Roshan could hear a hint of fear in his voice. Now that Lucian looked as though he could kill someone with a look anyone would be petrified.

‘I am sure. I have worked hard for the people in this kingdom to feel safe.’ Lucian said calmly yet there was a storm under that calm voice and the witches could sense it.

‘I can see that. Still, we came to tell you that we have no intention of making peace with you or the demons. We will keep protecting our people and humans.’ The man said trying his best to not seem the least scared. But Roshan was good at reading body language.

‘The way you protected my mother?’ Lucian asked motioning toward Nyx.

Nyx froze and Roshan turned to Lucian surprised. It was the first time he addressed Nyx as his mother.

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The man turned his gaze to Nyx and gave her a disgusted look. ‘Your mother chose to abandon her people. There was no reason for us to protect her.’ He almost spat.

‘And I? I didn’t choose anything. I was born this way.’ The way he said it should have sounded sad but it didn’t. It was more like a reminder that they had also abandoned someone who was one of their own people. Himself.

The man was taken aback by the question. It was something he hadn’t expected.

‘You said you protect your people and the humans. I am your people even if it is only half of me. As for the human, I have done more for them than you have. Am I wrong?’ Lucian still spoke with that same tone. Calm yet authoritative. He spoke like a true King. A true leader.

The man seemed to be at loss of words but he still straightened himself after a moment. 'Yes, you didn't choose anything. But the demons didn't choose to be demons either but they are. Unfortunately, we don't support evil.'

'Are you telling me that no witch is evil? And that no humans are evil either? Then I must say that you are either blind or lack judgment.'
Lucian sounded rather mocking.

They all tensed, clearly offended by his statement.

'Unfortunately for you, you have no intention of making peace but I hope that you have no intention of fighting either.'

'We fight evil. That's what we do.' Another man spoke behind him.

'Then I shall show you what real evil looks like,' Lucian had never looked as evil as when he said those words.

It was like he made them a promise but also gave them a warning. To not even think of coming near him.

Lucian stood up from his seat and Roshan could see how some of them flinched. He walked down the stairs to where they stood beneath him. They stood their ground but the fear was clear on some faces. Only those who came from very powerful covens were able to hide their feelings.

Lucian walked up until he stood very close to them before he spoke.

'I sincerely advise you to not provoke me. If any of you even try to hurt the people I care for, I'll come for yours. I'll make sure you know the feeling of being utterly alone in this world.'

Roshan wanted to clap. He felt proud for some odd reason. One thing witches cared for was their own people, especially their families. Threatening their families would make them think twice.

New chapters are listed on

‘So...‘ The harsh lines suddenly disappeared from his face and a smile appeared. ‘It was nice meeting. I’ll arrange for you to reach back home safely.’ He said confusing them.

Lucian knew what he was doing. He was showing them that he was a peaceful and respectful man who was not looking for a fight. But if someone wanted to be on his bad side then he was going to show them just that. His bad side.

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

Chapter 117: Vol2 Chapter 57

‘You handled the witches very well,’ Roshan told Lucian.

‘I know,’ Lucian said.

‘Arrogant bastard,’ Roshan muttered which caused Lucian to smile.

‘I learned that from you.’ He said.

‘I am not arrogant.’ Roshan denied.

Lucian raised a brow. ‘You are. But in a tasteful way.’

‘Is that supposed to make me feel better?’

‘No.’

Roshan chuckled. 'You are becoming more fun to be around.'

Lucian came to a halt. 'Roshan. I need to know everything about demons.'

'You are going to meet them?'

Lucian nodded. Before it was too late he wanted to solve all his problems and then just enjoy his time with his wife and child.

Roshan took his time and told him everything. From the creation of demons, how they came to rule different parts of the world, the war between themselves and how they became enemies with the witched. He also told him about different powers that demons could shield, how the rank system of demons worked and weaknesses he could use against them.

'Look demons are simple. They are not speakers so don't try to convince them with words. Use actions to communicate.' Roshan suggested. 'And don't be afraid. I am here.'

Lucian felt a strange feeling in his chest at Roshan's words.

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'Why are you helping me?' He asked.

Roshan tilted his head slightly and narrowed his gaze. 'I am glad things are going well between you and your mother. I don't even remember what my mother looks like anymore. It has been a very long time since I saw her last. Irene is like a mother figure to me. She is the one to always ask if I ate well or slept well and when I come late or get myself into trouble like I always do, she is the one to scold me. Of course, there is

my father and we are very close but he is a troublemaker himself. ‘ He chuckled.

‘That was a long answer to my question,’ Lucian said.

Roshan chuckled again. ‘I am saying you matter to me because you matter to Irene.’

Lucian already knew what he meant. Maybe he just hoped to hear something else.

‘Now, are you ready to leave?’

Lucian nodded.

Roshan was a bit concerned. He didn’t know what Lucian had in mind but he knew what he had to do. If anyone tried to hurt Lucian he would get rid of them. Without hesitation. Once Lucian was ready Roshan took him to the underworld as they called it. It was a place where demons liked to spend most of their time, but it was also where the lords of the demons ruled their subjects. And it was those lords that Lucian was going to meet. If he had the lords fearing him then he would have the subordinates fear him as well.

‘Where are we going?’ Lucian asked confused as they walked through a dark tunnel. They could hear laughter and instruments playing in the distance and the stench of liquor filled the air.

‘We are going to a brothel. There is nothing demons enjoy more than women and liquor.’

When they came to the end of the tunnel there was a large door blocking the way. The door opened by itself as if it knew that they were there.

Roshan walked in and Lucian followed.

Half-n.a.k.e.d women walked all around the place, some of them swinging to the music, others carrying alcohol around and serving some guests.

‘Lord Ramiel. Long-time no see. Are my woman not enticing enough anymore?’ A woman in less revealing clothes came forward and greeted them. Lucian could tell she was a demon from her elegant movements and extremely good looks.

‘Lady Tania. Your women are enticing but you know I am insatiable.’ Roshan replied.

Tania chuckled. ‘That I know.’ Then she shifted her gaze to Lucian and tilted her head. ‘And who is this lovely man?’

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‘I am Lucian,’ Lucian said as if that was enough for her to know who he was.

Tania pretended to shiver and wrapped her arms around herself.

‘Ohh...even your voice is delicious, young man.’ She said in a seductive tone.

Now the other women had gathered as well and were eying him with fascination.

‘I’ll give you a ride for free.’ One of them called and winked at him.

‘I’ll give you a ride you and pay you for it.’ Another one called and they all giggled like little excited girls.

‘Alright now. Everyone, go back to work!’ Tania called giving them a stern look. ‘Oh, you make everyone excited.’

‘I am not here for women,’ Lucian said.

‘I know. You are already taken. I can smell her scent on you.’ She smirked. ‘So what brings you here?’

‘We are here to meet some of your most precious guests,’ Roshan said.

Tania frowned. ‘I hope there will be no fight.’

‘I hope the same.’ Was Roshan’s short reply.

Tania led them further in, through several rooms and halls as if she was taking them to a secret place. Then when they arrived in front of a door she motioned for them to wait as she walked inside alone. After a short while, she was back and gestured for them to go in. Roshan walked in first and Lucian followed. He was surprised to find that the room they walked into looked just like one of the rooms in a castle and didn’t give a feeling of being in a brothel. It was clearly made for special guests and those guests sat in antique furnishings, wearing the most luxurious clothes and drinking the most expensive liquor, all while being surrounded by n.a.k.e.d women.

Women who forgot all about them as soon as they laid eyes on him. Before he could ignore their l.u.s.tful gazes Roshan gave them a nod to leave and just like that, obediently they left.

‘Ramiel! Why are you ruining all the fun?’ One of the four men spoke. Clearly, they knew each other. ‘And who is that?’

They all turned to Lucian, studying him carefully as if he was some unknown creature. Oh yes, he was. Probably the first of his kind.

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‘This is Lucian. I am sure you heard of him.’

The man was about to take a sip from his drink when he suddenly paused. His gaze turned slowly into one of anger and disgust. Roshan ignored their reactions and continued with his introduction.

‘And this is Antoine...’ He said gesturing toward the man who had spoken. ‘Valentine, Erez, and Davor.’

‘You brought a witch here?’ Antoine asked with a venomous tone while tightening his hold around the wine glass in his hand. Lucian could tell he would break it soon.

‘Yes, a witch and the devil’s son,’ Roshan said as a reminder.

That somehow made Antoine calm down a bit, or more correctly force himself to calm down.

He turned his gaze to Lucian, still disgust clear in his eyes. ‘If you came here to ask us to stand by your side against the witches then don’t waste your time.’ Pretending to ignore him he took a sip of his wine.

Lucian didn’t let Antoine’s actions affect him. ‘Who said I came here to ask?’ Everyone looked at him confused. Even Roshan. ‘I came here to command.’

Oh no, was the first thing Roshan thought but at the same time, he couldn't help but think oh yes. He liked fights after all and now Lucian had provoked some demon lord.

Antione was quiet for a moment as if trying to digest what Lucian said then he burst out into laughter. The others joined him.

Eventually, Antione stopped laughing when Lucian didn't react. Putting his glass down he stood up from his seat and walked up to Lucian. When they stood face to face he grabbed Lucian's jaw harshly.

Roshan didn't interfere. He wanted to see how Lucian would handle the situation.

'Listen to me kid. How old are you? Twenty-four? Twenty-five? Do you know how old I am? I am three hundred years. Three hundred! And you, a kid, dare to command me. Did you think I would fear you because of your father? He doesn't care about you.' He spat.

Lucian didn't flinch all the time Antoine spoke in his face. Instead, he let him finish talking and then grabbed Antoine's arm in a firm grip. The evil gaze Roshan had seen before returned in Lucian's eyes as he slowly removed Antione's hand away from his jaw.

'You shouldn't fear me because of my father. You should fear me because I am his son.'

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

Chapter 118: Vol2 Chapter 58

‘You shouldn’t fear me because of my father. You should fear me because I am his son.’

Antione grimaced in pain, that he tried so hard to hide but couldn’t. The other men tried to rush to his rescue but Roshan pulled out his daggers and gave them a warning look. They stopped in their tracks knowing better than to fight a demon who was known for his skills to kill other demons.

Antione looked like he was being strangled. His face became pale and he fell on his knees. He could barely utter a word and all Lucian was doing was holding his arm. Roshan wondered what was going on.

Finally when Antione looked like he was going to die Lucian let go of his arm. As soon as his arm was free Antione fell back and crawled backward as if afraid to stay anywhere near Lucian. The other demons stared surprised, even Roshan.

Antione was a demon lord. He was much older than Lucian and he was known to be fearless and a skilled fighter. For him to look so scared, Lucian must have done something even if they saw him do nothing.

The other demons looked at each other, scared and confused. When Antione was a safe distance away from Lucian he finally let out a breath then tried to get up on his feet. He stumbled a little but then turned to Lucian with a straight face.

‘What do you want?’ He asked breathless and still pale.

‘At my command, I want you to send your subordinates at any time and they shall obey me.’

‘You bast...’ Erez began to curse as he tried to lurch at Lucian but Antione put a hand on his chest to stop him.

He shook his head at him as a warning then turned back to Lucian again.

‘Alright. If that’s all you want.’ He said.

The others looked at him appalled.

‘I hope you spread the word and if anyone disobeys report back to me and I shall pay them a visit,’ Lucian said in his most threatening tone.

‘I shall do so, My Lord.’

My Lord? That sounded funny coming from him. Roshan put his daggers back knowing that he wouldn’t be needing them. Lucian’s commands were already cutting through the air like sharp knives.

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Without a word, Lucian vanished probably teleporting back home and Roshan followed. Once they arrived in the throne hall Roshan had to ask what Lucian did to frighten them so much.

‘What did you do?’

Lucian sat on his throne with a thoughtful look. ‘I wasn’t sure it would work but it did.’ He said.

‘What worked?’

‘Well, you know witches can draw power from nature like earth, sun, moon but also from each other. I am half-witch so I thought I would be able to do that. So when I grabbed his arm I drew power from him and used his own power against him.’ He explained.

Roshan never thought about that, maybe because no witch has ever done that before. Now he understood why Antione had looked so terrified.

Lucian was already too powerful for his age as a demon thanks to his parents and adding Antiones power on all that must have been shocking.

‘Are you saying witches can draw power from demons as well?’ Roshan asked. Then they were in danger.

‘Probably not. Witches are not physically as fast or as strong as demons. In fact, without their magic, they are no different from humans. Therefore grabbing a demon’s arm long enough to withdraw power is not only difficult but suicidal as well. I, on the other hand, have the advantage of also being a demon.’

Roshan listened fascinated. ‘That’s genius. I knew you would be beast.’

Lucian frowned. ‘I’ll take that as a compliment.’

‘You should. Always. Especially if it comes from a woman.’ He winked leaning against the wall and crossing his arms over his chest.

‘Do you think they are scared enough?’ Lucian asked.

‘They are. Trust me I know demons and now when you have them under your command you don’t need to worry about the witches.’ Roshan assured.

Now finally everything was under control. For a long while at least.

The latest episodes are on the website.

‘By the way. Klara and I are getting married next week and...you are not invited.’ Roshan shrugged jokingly.

Lucian chuckled. ‘You made a good decision. You don’t want the devil’s son and the bloodthirsty King to turn your wedding into a battlefield.’

‘Oh, I would love that. It would be good entertainment for the guests. I just don’t think the bride would like it very much. Especially when she gets blood on her white dress.’

Lucian shook his head with a smile. ‘Congratulations.’ He then said.

‘I’ll see you then...brother,’ Roshan said teasingly before disappearing.

Strangely Lucian didn’t feel annoyed this time.

All relaxed he made his way to his chamber. He longed to see Hazel and be with her for the first time without worrying about anything, but when he walked into their room he found his mother instead.

Irene sat next to the window, knitting what looked like a sweater. She looked up at him with a smile, her eyes twinkling just like every time she saw him. It was like she was looking at the stars or something more beautiful, more magical, more beloved.

‘Lucian.’ She said his name with such longing. ‘Look...’ she held up the sweater. ‘Isn’t it beautiful? I can’t wait to see my grandchild wear it.’

She looked at the sweater and held it as if it was the most precious thing in the world.

‘It is beautiful,’ Lucian said.

‘I did so many of those when I was pregnant with you, imagining how you would look in them.’ She still looked at the sweater while she spoke. Lucian knew she didn’t want him to see her cry but he didn’t have to see to know that she was about to. ‘I made them in all colors just in case. I even made a little blanket to keep you warm. All those things...you never got a chance to wear them.’

Now she looked up to meet his gaze and just then a tear fell down her cheeks. She wiped it away quickly and smiled at him. 'I am not crying because of sadness. I am happy for you. You will be a wonderful father just like you are a wonderful son. I am so happy I got the chance to meet you and talk to you. I never thought I would.' She shook her head. 'I am talking too much.' She chuckled. 'Hazel is taking a bath. I'll leave you two alone.'

Standing up from her seat she gathered her things and headed toward the door.

Updated _at

'Mother.'

The world suddenly went still. That simple word, that word he had wished he could say his entire life but never thought he would. He said it now.

Irene froze in place and stayed like that for what seemed like forever before turning around slowly. She could not believe her ears. Did she hear it right?

'What...what did you say?' She breathed her heart pounding in her ears.

'Mother,' Lucian repeated now more softly as his eyes teared up.

Irene's heart tightened in joy and she burst into tears. Dropping everything in her hands she ran to him and wrapped her arms around him.

Lucian hugged her back as she cried into his embrace. 'I love you son. Your mother loves you so much. So so much.' She grabbed his face and kissed his cheeks.

‘Mother.’ Tears fell down his face and she wiped them away gently.

‘Oh no, don’t cry.’ Him crying made her cry even more and they both cried in each others arms.

It was tears of sadness, pain, loneliness, frustration but most of all it was tears of joy.

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Lots of love ♥

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

Chapter 119: Vol2 Chapter 59

Three-month later....

Pregnancy was not easy. That I realized as my stomach grew and I became more and more afraid and worried. I worried about all the things that could go wrong during labor. I did not want to die. I wanted to be there for my child.

Besides the worry and fear, there were my mood swings. I had to say that Lucian was being very patient with me and I felt bad for him sometimes. I even felt bad for Ylva and Lydia who had to endure my outbursts.

Oliver and Callum followed me everywhere as usual and once in a while, I would yell at them as well. Sometimes because I just wanted to be alone and sometimes for no reason at all. Well, that's what happens when you don't get enough sleep because your stomach is in the way, when you constantly feel hungry and when everything feels uncomfortable.

'Lydia, Ylva I don't want you to work for me anymore. Bring someone that I won't feel bad yelling at. Like that maid Jessica or anyone you don't like.' I said feeling really bad for my mood swings.

'No My Lady. I don't trust anyone to take care of you now besides this is what I always wanted to do. To take care of you and your child.' Ylva said and Lydia nodded in agreement.

'Alright but don't hate me, please.' I pleaded.

'That's impossible, My Lady.' Lydia smiled.

I was so lucky to have them, even Oliver and Callum and everyone who had been patient with me. Irene who was there for me like a mother and Klara who listened to all my bullshit.

Oh, and now she was married to Roshan. Their wedding was extravagant and known to all the kingdoms. Clearly, Roshan's father was a very powerful man who even helped Klara's brother to expand his kingdom. Now the bloodthirsty king was even more feared. I always found Klara's brother frightening but I had to admit he was very smart.

Lucian was also feared but the people in our kingdom loved him. Most of them at least. He had established a few enemies on the way, especially the wealthy and powerful. Those wanted to feed on the poor instead of helping them. But Lucian was untouchable now, especially with his demon army.

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Apart from my own pregnancy struggles I had to say that these last three months had been very peaceful. Lucian wasn't as busy as before and after reconciling with his mother he spent a lot of time with her. Things were also going a little bit better with his father. Men are just slow when it comes to expressing themselves I realized which made the matter more difficult than it should have been.

Roshan and Lucian became even more close and sometimes the four of us including Klara would have Lunch or dinner together while chatting about all kinds of things. Sometimes Irene and Lothaire would join us, as well.

One night as Klara and I spent time together she seemed sad and absent. 'What's wrong?' I asked.

She shook her head. 'Nothing.'

'Is it you and Roshan?'

She sighed. 'No, not really. I just...I feel bad for keeping the demon thing a secret from my siblings. It's like I can't look them in the eyes anymore because I have been lying too much.'

'Your brother might already know,' I said.

I remembered my conversations with him. He had believed that Lucian was the devil. Also from Irene's story, powerful kings usually knew about demons and witches just like the previous king of Decresh. There was a big chance that Rasmus already knew and that could be the reason why he had been so curious about Lucian.

'I don't...think he does.' She said skeptically.

‘Just ask and see,’ I suggested. ‘Ask if he believes demons exist and what he thinks of them and from there you can decide if you want to tell him or not.’

I could see from her face that she wasn’t convinced but she was going to give it a try. Klara cared for her family a lot and if they did not know about demons telling them would be a life-changing decision for both her and her family.

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

‘Everything is going to be alright,’ I assured her and I really thought it would. I had seen how Astrid and Rasmus treated Klara. They were so protective that they treated her more like a daughter than a sister. I knew they were a family who would always stick together.

Sometimes it made me wonder what it would be like to have such a family and sometimes it made me miss my mother, even if she never acted like a mother. I wanted her to see her grandchild. I would surely visit her someday. Even if she wasn’t a good mother she was still my mother. The woman who gave birth to me and carried me for nine-month. Now being pregnant myself I knew the difficulties she went through.

That night I sat in our room and wrote her a letter. I told her about my pregnancy and that I would visit her sometime. I also told her that I missed her.

‘What are you doing?’ Lucian towered over me where I sat and looked at the letter. He put a hand on my shoulder. ‘You miss your mother?’ He asked.

I nodded.

He sat at the table and took my hand in his. ‘You will meet your mother. I’ll arrange for it. Whether you want to go visit her or bring her here you decide.’

‘Thank you.’ I smiled.

I never thought mother would reply to my letter so fast and I could almost hear the joy in her voice yet there was a hint of sadness I felt. I cried and I wasn’t even sure why. Maybe I had missed her more than I thought and I was so happy she replied.

We kept sending letters back and forth as the month passed by and the day for labor neared. I told her about my fears and she comforted me. In all the 18 years I lived with her we never spoke this much like we did these last month. I made a good decision in contacting her.

And then the day came, after a few painful days the pain hit me like never before. I remembered telling the midwife to just take the baby out and make it all end and sometimes I really thought I would die. Then I heard the cry of my child and the pain fled to the back of my head, so far back I didn’t even know or care that I was in pain. All I wanted was to hold my child.

‘It’s a girl, Your Majesty.’ The midwife said sounding sympathetic.

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I reached my arms out and she placed her in my arms. Tears flooded my eyes just from the feeling of holding her and then they ran down my cheeks like rivers upon seeing her face. I had never seen anything more beautiful. My heart melted in an instant. The joy was so overwhelming that I wasn’t even paying attention to Irene and Lucian who had been there the whole time.

Lucian looked so pale and scared yet relieved at the same time. He had addressed his fear of losing me to childbirth a few times before so I could understand why he seemed so terrified. He looked like he was going to faint but tried to keep it together.

I reached my hand for him. 'Come.'

Unsteadily he came closer and sat beside me. We both stared at our child in my arms for a while. Both of us fascinated, awed and very emotional. Everyone in the room left us alone, even Irene knowing that we needed some time together.

'Do you want to hold her?' I asked him since he was so quiet.

'I might drop her or...or hurt her.' He said panicking.

'You won't, Lucian. You are the last person to hurt her. Here.'

Slowly I placed her in his arms. He held her gently and slowly tears filled his eyes as well as he studied her face. He touched her clenched small hands with his finger and that's when a tear fell down his cheek.

'Heaven.' He whispered.

'I know.' I smiled. 'She feels like heaven.'

He nodded. 'Her name. We should name her Heaven.'

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Heaven. It was a beautiful name.

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

Chapter 120: Vol2 Chapter 60

Lucian had been both excited and worried for the last few days. Excited because his child was coming into this world soon and worried because he was afraid to lose his wife to childbirth. Hazel was the only thing that kept him happy and sane. He could not live without her. But last week she had been in so much pain and many times he thought she was about to give birth.

Not being able to do anything for her Lucian felt helpless.

‘Don’t worry. She won’t die. She has demon blood in her veins now.’ His mother assured him when she noticed his concern.

Still, he didn’t like to see Hazel suffer and many times she looked like she was going to die. Especially when he heard her screams on the day she was giving birth.

‘Your Majesty. It’s better if you stay outside.’ The midwife advised him but he didn’t listen.

He wanted to be beside Hazel. How could he leave her when she was in so much pain? But after witnessing the whole situation of giving birth his head began to spin. He tried to keep his calm and be there to support his wife but soon, he was losing it.

‘You have to push, Your Majesty.’ The midwife told her.

‘I don’t want to anymore. Just take it out!’ Hazel yelled.

The situation became more stressful and Lucian was tense the whole time while he held Hazel’s hand.

‘There is not much left. Just one more push.’

The veins in Hazel's neck and forehead popped out as she pushed one last time before her head fell back with a sigh and the baby's cry filled the room. At first, Lucian didn't pay attention to the child. He just looked at Hazel to ensure that she was alright. He was not going to let her leave him.

After a few deep breaths, Hazel reached her arms out eagerly to hold their child. It was like she didn't care about her own condition and just wanted to see the baby.

When the midwife placed the child in her arms a smile lit up her face.

Finally, Lucian felt his muscles relax after being tense the whole day. Now he just stared at the beautiful sight in front of him. His wife alive, holding his child. The world went suddenly still and everything around them faded. All that mattered and all he could see was the two most important people in his life. The ones who made living through hell worth it.

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It was the happiest moment in his life, or so he thought before Hazel placed their daughter in his arms. His chest felt heavy with joy and his eyes became wet with tears. He didn't want to let go of her. He never wanted to let go of this feeling. The feeling of holding her. The feeling of being in heaven.

And so he named her. Heaven.

If he was his mother's light, then his daughter was his heaven. What more could he ask for?

‘Your Majesty. I need to bath her.’ The midwife said with a pleading look when he didn’t want to let go of her.

Hazel chuckled. ‘Yes, and I need to feed her.’

‘Yes, yes of course.’

He handed her over to the midwife carefully.

Oh, he never wanted to let go.

But he had a lifetime to spend with these two precious people and he began by spending time with them today. He was still very emotional and all he wanted to do was hold them both. As they lay in their bed Lucian leaned in and placed a kiss on Hazel’s forehead.

‘Thank you for this beautiful gift.’ He said and then looked at their daughter who was sleeping between them.

‘Hmm...’ Was all Hazel said as she was falling asleep as well. He could see the exhaustion on her face.

Lucian kissed her on the cheek one more time before slowly getting out of bed. His mother had kept her distance, probably letting them have their time together but Lucian knew she was very eager to see her grandchild.

Slowly he lifted Heaven from the bed and carried her to his mother’s room. On his way, he got even more emotional. After seeing Hazel go through childbirth he understood the pain his mother went through. He understood the love of a parent and the strong desire to protect their child. He even understood why his father wanted to kill him. Not because he hated him, but because he wanted to save him.

And many times during his childhood Lucian had actually preferred death over living in utter loneliness. If he hadn't met Hazel he would still have that wish.

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Lucian knocked on the door to his mother's room and before the second knock his mother opened the door already with a big smile on her face. Her gaze fell on Heaven in his arms and without a word, she leaned closer to take a closer look. She couldn't even wait until he came in.

'Do you want to hold her?' Lucian asked.

Irene nodded and then slowly he placed Heaven in her arms. What happened after he couldn't quite explain but it was a magical moment. His mother holding his daughter was a picture he never thought he would see and this picture was breathtaking and heartbreaking at the same time. Knowing that his mother never got the chance to hold him long when he was born was the heartbreaking part. He couldn't imagine living without Heaven so he understood his mother's pain.

Irene broke down in tears but Lucian knew they were tears of joy. 'She is so beautiful.' She sobbed. 'She looks just like you but she has my eyes.'

Heaven had woken up but she wasn't crying. She seemed to look at Irene curiously with eyes green as emerald. Yes, she had the exact same eyes as his mother.

Lucian just sat and watched as Irene adored her granddaughter, singing her songs, kissing her and talking to her. He never thought that a child could bring so much happiness to a whole family.

Suddenly Heaven began to cry. 'She is hungry now,' Irene said.

‘Yes, I should take her Hazel,’ Lucian said standing up.

Irene placed Heaven in his arms still unable to look away from her.

‘Grandma will see you later.’ She whispered then turned to Lucian.

Grabbing his face she kissed both his cheeks.

‘I am lucky to have you both.’ She smiled.

Lucian leaned down and placed a kiss on his mother’s forehead. He had wanted to do that since he saw what a mother went through to bring a child into this world. His respect grew for both his mother and his wife and he was lucky to have them both.

But his father, where was he? Lucian had expected him to be here to see his grandchild but he wasn’t. Once again he was disappointed. Maybe he should just stop expecting things from his father.

Feeling somehow disappointed he went back to his room. Putting the thoughts of his father aside he decided to enjoy this time with his family. He just lay in bed with them while Hazel fed Heaven. His very moment felt more intimate than anything he ever experienced and Lucian wished for it to last forever. But he knew that even more beautiful moments would come in his life now that Heaven was part of it.

Eventually, all three fell asleep. Heaven slept in her crib and Hazel slept in Lucian’s arms.

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In the middle of the night, Lucian woke up feeling strange. Someone was in their room but before he could draw his weapons from under the bed his father spoke.

‘It’s just me.’ He said.

Lucian turned to find his father standing next to the crib where Heaven was sleeping.

‘I couldn’t help myself.’ His father said sounding apologetic.

Lucian removed the sheets and climbed out of bed. He went up to his father who kept standing still in the darkness.

‘Why didn’t you come earlier?’ Lucian whispered as to not wake Hazel and Heaven.

‘I shouldn’t be here.’ He said more to himself than to Lucian. Then he looked at Heaven. ‘Your daughter, she is beautiful.’

‘Your granddaughter.’ Lucian pointed out.

Lucifer kept staring at Heaven and Lucian couldn’t tell if he was getting emotional.

‘Do you want to hold her?’ He asked.

Lucifer’s eyes widened. ‘I shouldn’t.’ He shook his head. ”

‘I didn’t ask what you should. I asked what you want?’

Lucifer looked up at him. ‘May I?’ He then asked.

Lucian could hear the excitement in his father’s voice and his hands shook slightly as he picked up Heaven carefully. From the way, he picked her up and held her Lucian could tell it wasn’t the first time his father held a child.

The source of this _chapter;

‘I have not been a good father.’ He said as he studied Heaven lovingly and held her as if she was the most precious thing in the world.

‘Then be a good grandfather,’ Lucian said. It was his way of saying that he forgave his father.

Lucifer looked up and met Lucian’s gaze. In those eyes, Lucian could see gratitude but also a possible beginning of a relationship between them.

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

Chapter 121: Vol2 Chapter 61

The End

It was summer again. The sun shone brightly in the blue sky and the warm summer breeze spread the scent of flowers in the air. But despite the beautiful weather and view, all Lucian could do was stare at his now Five-month-old daughter in his arms. Nothing was more beautiful to him in this world.

The last five months of his life had been a blessing. He was surrounded by people he cared for. His wife, his daughter, his mother even his father. They were slowly getting along. What more could he wish for?

Hazel was well and healthy, and an amazing mother. She was also a wise queen. Lucian was proud of her. Now being half-demon she became even stronger and radiated beauty and confidence. Now he wasn’t afraid to hurt her as before.

His mother was always there to support Hazel and help her understand her demon side and his father was often there offering his help to run the kingdom. But Lucian was managing well so far without any help.

‘Are you going to stare at her the whole day?’ Roshan suddenly appeared disturbing his peaceful moment as always.

‘Sometimes I believe you exist to annoy me,’ Lucian said giving Roshan a stern look.

‘That’s what brothers are for.’ He smirked. ‘Didn’t you call me brother last week?’

Lucian sighed. He did call him brother last week. Why? He wasn’t sure, but he was definitely regretting it now.

Roshan leaned over Heaven. ‘Hello there. Remember me? Uncle Roshan.’ He smiled.

Heaven waved her arms in the air. ‘Oh, I miss you too.’ He replied.

Lucian had been surprised by how comfortable Roshan was with children. Now with his own child on the way he was very excited.

Klara visited often as well now that she and Hazel were very close. Sometimes they could chat for hours and other times Klara would teach Hazel how to fight. At first, Lucian was worried since Hazel had just given birth but she recovered so quickly and was so eager to learn. Maybe it was her demon that was giving her strength.

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‘Your Majesty, My Lord.’ Lydia came to the garden and before she could speak Lucian knew that Hazel had sent for Heaven. ‘Her Majesty wants to feed the princess.’

‘I’ll bring her myself,’ Lucian said not wanting to let go of his daughter.

Lydia bowed and left without a word.

‘I’ll take my leave as well. I just wanted to say hello to Heaven.’ Roshan spoke.

‘Will you come by for dinner?’ Lucian asked.

‘If you ask nicely.’ Roshan teased.

Lucian chuckled. ‘I wasn’t asking you to come. I just wanted to know so that I could poison your food.’

‘I guess you will have to wait and see if I want to die or not.’ He said before vanishing.

‘Your uncle is not in his right mind,’ Lucian told Heaven before carrying her to Hazel.

Once he arrived at their chamber he found Hazel in bed reading a letter. She had been exchanging letters with her mother lately and he noticed it made her both happy and sad at the same time. He could tell she missed her mother.

When she heard his footstep she looked up and put the letter away quickly. There were tears in her eyes that she tried to hide.

‘Is your mother alright?’ Lucian asked as he walked closer.

Hazel nodded. ‘She is fine.’ She smiled giving him a reassuring look.

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Lucian sat next to her on the bed. ‘You will meet your mother someday soon. I promise.’ He said hating to see her sad.

Hazel nodded again, then carefully she reached for Heaven. Once Heaven was in her arms a smile lit up her face.

‘I can’t believe she grew so fast. It feels like I gave birth to her yesterday.’

‘I know.’ Lucian agreed.

Time was running by fast and there were too many people Lucian wanted to spend time with all while taking care of the kingdom. He wanted to be with his daughter and wife but also with his parents. The last few months he discovered the fun side of his mother and the caring side of his father. He enjoyed spending time with both, but he had to say that he enjoyed spending more time with his mother than his father. Lucifer was still a bit difficult to figure out.

Hazel began to feed Heaven. Lucian kissed her hair before standing up to leave. ‘I’ll see you at dinner.’ He said and left to proceed with his royal affairs.

A king always had a lot to do.

The sun went down with Lucian still being busy with state affairs and then it was already time for dinner.

As he made his way to the dining room he was surprised by the many voices he heard inside the room. Who else was here? He used to dine with his wife and parents, sometimes even with Roshan and Klara but this time he heard other voices as well.

Curious he continued until he walked into the room and to his surprise found Julian and his family sitting at one side of the table and his parents, Hazel, Roshan, and Klara sitting on the other side. Witches on one side

and mostly demons on the other and.... they weren't fighting. They were actually chatting happily.

Lucian never thought he would ever see this happen. His real family together with the family that took him and helped him when he was lost.

Suddenly someone screamed. 'Lucian!' A girl came running toward him and wrapped her arms around his waist. 'I missed you.'

'Elle!' Julian suddenly stood up from his seat with a look of shock on his face. 'It's His Majesty.' He warned.

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Julian's family stood up quickly after him wearing an apologetic look on their face as they bowed to greet him.

Upon the word, Majesty Elle stiffened with a gasp and was about to let go of him when Lucian wrapped his arms around her.

'I miss you too, Elle.' He chuckled and then slowly she relaxed.

Irene stood up from her seat and walked up to him. 'I invited Julian and his family. I hope it's alright?' She asked.

'You did well.' He replied.

Elle looked up at him and smiled while still having her arms around him. Lucian patted her head with a smile. 'Shall we eat?'

She nodded and then followed him to the table. Lucian greeted each one of Julian's family and welcomed them. They seemed happy to see him as he was to see them and congratulated him on becoming a father.

Lucian sat at the end of the table. To his right side, his family were sitting and to his left side the family who had saved him. They were dining and chatting happily. Lucian looked at each one of them and warmth filled his chest.

Once Lucian had been utterly alone. He had no mother at all and no father who cared for him. His siblings were his main enemies and he had no friends. There was no one who knew what he was and no one had cared to know. Even he didn't know. He had been confused, sad and lost. He had given up on life. Until he met her.

His wife. The one who changed his life. The one who took his sadness away. The one who made his life worth living every day.

Hazel.

His eyes searched for her across the table. She looked up from her plate hearing his silent call and looked at him with concerned eyes.

I love you.

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A smile lit up her face at his words and even though he couldn't hear her he knew she was saying the same words back.

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

Chapter 122: Vol2 Chapter 62 Bonus

Heaven ran through the long halls of the castle holding her dress up as to not fall while the air whipped her hair back. She loved running and didn't understand why she had to wear a dress. It was hindering her from running the way she wanted.

‘Your highness, be careful!’ Lydia called as Heaven ran past her. ‘There she is running again.’ She then told the maid next to her.

Heaven kept running until she neared a crossway in the hall and heard some chattering voices. She slowed down and stopped before leaning against the wall and looking from behind the corner. It was her father speaking to some soldiers. He had that serious look on his face that he only had when speaking to men or when scolding her. Heaven didn’t want to anger her father or bother him so she lifted her dress again and began to tiptoe over the crossway hoping her father wouldn’t notice her. But as usual, he did.

‘Heaven!’ His voice made her freeze in place with one leg still in the air. Oh no, she thought.

Slowly she turned her head and found her father walking up to her. ‘Are you running again?’ He asked.

Heaven put her feet down, adjusted her dress quickly and curtsied. ‘I am, Your Majesty.’

Every time she tried to behave like a lady she could see a hint of a smile on her father’s face but he tried to remain serious.

‘And without shoes again?’ He crossed his arms over his chest.

Heaven looked down at her bare feet. She forgot her shoes again.

Looking up she smiled brightly at her father and just when she thought she was getting away she heard another alarming voice.

‘Heaven!’

Oh no. It was her mother’s turn to nagging her.

‘Here you are.’ Her mother said as she came around the corner. ‘I was looking for you everywhere.’

‘What about me?’ Her father asked smiling brightly at the queen.

Oh no! Heaven felt embarrassed every time her parents became loving toward each other in front of her.

‘I’ll be looking for you when your daughter gives me time to look for someone else except for her. Look at her. She hasn’t dressed properly yet, and her hair is still unwashed and...oh no.’ Her mother shook her head as she also noticed that Heaven was barefoot. ‘And she is still running without shoes. You spoiled her too much.’

Lucian gave his daughter a stern look. ‘Do you see? I am getting scolded because of you again.’

‘I am sorry, Your majesty. I’ll dress properly from now on.’ Heaven told her father. She knew she was her father’s weakness. Even when he scolded her he never raised his voice.

‘See. I haven’t spoiled her. She is a clever girl.’ Lucian told Hazel.

The latest episodes are on the website.

Heaven nodded her head in agreement. ‘Yes, mother. I can almost read and write as good as Zarin.’

‘Almost.’ Her mother emphasized. ‘And he is younger than you. I want you to read and write better than him.’

‘I can’t do that,’ Heaven said looking down.

‘Why?’ Her mother asked.

‘Because he wears trousers and I have to wear a dress.’

Heaven’s parents looked at each other then laughed. Heaven didn’t understand what was so funny.

‘Do you want to wear trousers?’ Her father asked.

Heaven looked up suddenly excited. Would her father let her do that?

She nodded.

‘But then you will have to be better than Zarin not only when it comes to studies but also fighting skills.’

Heaven couldn’t believe her ears. ‘Does that mean I can wear trousers?’

Her father nodded.

‘Papa!’ Heaven jumped in excitement then wrapped her arms around him.

‘I love you. I’ll do my best.’

Lucian hugged her back and stroked her hair. ‘I love you too. Now hurry, your lesson starts soon.’

Heaven had almost forgotten that she had to study soon with her cousin Zarin. Zarin was uncle Roshans son and their teacher was none other than her grandmother Irene.

Once Heaven arrived at the class she had already changed into a pair of trousers and tied her hair up into a ponytail. Her grandmother and Zarin were already there waiting for her. Was she late again?

From the look on her grandmother's face, she knew she was late. 'I am sorry I am late.' She apologized then looked at Zarin who seemed annoyed with her.

'You are always late. There is no use to apologize if you won't change your behavior.' Zarin told her.

Zarin was ten years old, one year younger than Heaven yet he acted as if he was much older than her.

Follow current _ on

'I am trying,' Heaven said getting annoyed with him too.

'Try harder.' He said and they both glared at each other with anger blazing through their eyes.

Zarin's eyes were the brightest blue just like his mothers and his hair was raven black just like his father. But his attitude was unlike anyone's. He was utterly annoying, Heaven thought.

'Alright, both. Let's not fight today.' Irene interrupted.

Luckily they finished class without killing each other and then Irene gave them hugs and kisses before sending them off. 'Don't fight now alright?'

They both nodded before leaving.

'What are you wearing?' Zarin asked confused once they were outside the room.

'That none of your business.' Heaven snapped then turned her heels and began to walk away.

The sound of footsteps followed her.

‘Why are you following me?’ Heaven asked turning around.

‘I am not. You are walking in front of me.’ He said simply.

‘No, you are following me!’

Zarin shook his head. ‘You are crazy.’ He said and walked past her.

Heaven’s face turned hot and red with anger. Did he just call her crazy?

‘You!’ She yelled behind him. ‘Stop right there!’

But Zarin kept walking away.

More anger built inside of Heaven threatening to explode. All those times he had belittled her, all those times he had scolded her and treated her like a stupid person came to her memory and made her explode.

She ran after him then grabbed onto his hair tightly.

‘Ouch! What are you doing?’ Zarin groaned in pain surprised by her attack. He tried to take her hand off his hair but she held on tightly.

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‘Apologize!’ Heaven ordered.

‘Let go of my hair!’

Heaven pulled him down on the floor holding onto his hair for life.

‘Let go of me!’

‘Apologize first!’

They began to roll on the floor, Zarin trying to come loose from her grip but it wasn’t easy.

‘You are crazy!’

Heaven pulled his hair harder and he groaned in pain again.

‘Heaven!’

Suddenly her mother’s voice cut through the air before she got pulled away from Zarin. Both her parents were there and even Zarins’s parents.

Zarins’s mother helped him up and adjusted his hair while he gave Heaven an angry look.

‘What are you doing?’ Her mother asked appalled while her father held onto her as if she would escape attacking Zarin again. Maybe she would if he kept staring at her like that.

‘What happened?’ Klara asked Zarin.

‘She just attacked me out of nowhere.’ He explained.

‘That’s because you called me crazy,’ Heaven yelled.

‘That’s not a reason to attack someone.’ Her mother spoke.

‘Zarin, you shouldn’t call someone crazy.’ His mother scolded. ‘You should apologize.’

‘You too, Heaven.’ Her father gave her a light push.

Heaven looked at Zarin. She really didn't want to apologize to him. Why would she ?

Updated_at

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

Chapter 123: Vol2 Chapter 63 bonus 2

Heaven was taken aside by her mother who had a serious expression.

'Listen, Heaven. That wasn't good behavior. I want you to apologize.'
Her mother said once they were alone. 'Sincerely' She added knowing how stubborn Heaven was.

'But mother, why do I have to apologize? He is always rude.' Heaven was still holding her ground.

'Because that makes you a bigger and stronger person. Fighting doesn't make you strong. Being kind does.'

That was so her mother. Heaven sighed. She couldn't understand how her mother could be so good with words and kind all the time.

'Alright. I'll apologize.' Heaven said.

'And you won't do it again.' Her mother added.

'I won't.'

Meanwhile...

Zarin sat in front of his father who seemed displeased. He had his arms crossed over his chest and a stern look in his eyes. His father was silent

for a long while instead of scolding him and that made Zarin feel uncomfortable. Soon he couldn't handle the awkward silence.

'Alright. I know I did wrong.' Zarin began.

'What exactly did you do wrong?' His father asked.

'I called her crazy.'

'And why did you call her that?'

'Because...' Zarin did think she was crazy but he couldn't say that out loud. She was crazy, stubborn, odd and annoying.

Suddenly Roshan laughed.

Roshan's laugh always made Zarin nervous. It was as if his father knew what he was thinking.

Suddenly his uncle Lucian came into the room. 'You shouldn't be so hard on him.' He told Roshan. Then he turned to Zarin.

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

'Zarin.'

Zarin stood up from his seat. 'Yes, Your Majesty.'

'Is your hair alright?'

'Yes, Your Majesty. Thank you for your concern.'

'I told you not to be so formal with me.' Lucian reminded.

‘I am sorry Your ma...I mean uncle Lucian.’

Lucian smiled at him.

Zarin liked his uncle very much. He was always kind to him despite all the fights with his daughter.

‘I know Heaven is lacking in many ways but that’s not her fault. It’s not easy living protected and isolated from the rest of the world. Other children, including you, go out and play with other children and you have many friends, but she doesn’t. I hope you can be the friend she never had.’ Lucian explained.

Zarin never thought about it and now he could understand a bit more. It must be sad not having any friends at all. He couldn’t imagine being without his friends.

‘I’ll try,’ Zarin said unsure if he could succeed.

His uncle patted his head before leaving him alone with his father again.

Roshan gave his son a stern look. ‘First I want you to apologize.’ He said.

Zarin’s shoulders dropped. Even though he felt bad for Heaven he was not good with apologies. How was he supposed to apologize?

He came up with many different ways to do it while he was looking for Heaven but none of them sounded good.

‘Zarin!’ Suddenly her voice came from behind.

No! No! He wasn’t ready yet. Slowly he turned around and there she stood looking at him with those fascinating green eyes.

Slowly she walked closer to him and he clenched his teeth trying hard not to show that he was nervous.

The source of this _chapter;

‘I have something to say to you.’ She said and then looked down at her hand.

At that moment she looked so innocent and vulnerable that he felt bad. It was really sad that she didn’t have a friend and always had to stay protected.

‘I... I am...’ She began.

‘I am sorry.’ He blurted.

She looked up, her eyes widening with surprise. He was surprised himself but then quickly he decided to man up and tell her straight and clear.

‘I am sorry I called you crazy.’ He said. ‘It was rude.’

She blinked a few times then smiled. ‘Yes, it was very rude.’ She agreed. ‘But I forgive you.’

He nodded feeling awkward again. ‘Thank you.’ He said and then tried to leave quickly but she blocked his way.

‘I need to apologize too. For pulling your hair.’ She pointed at his head.

‘Oh, it’s alright.’ He said despite that his head was still hurting. Then he tried to walk past her.

‘Are you leaving?’ She asked looking somehow concerned.

‘Yes.’

Heaven looked down at her hands again. Yes, she did find Zarin annoying but at the same time, she liked it when he was here. Sometimes she wondered what he did when he wasn't here. Did he have friends? Did he play with them? Did he have fun? Because she was very bored being at home.

Sometimes Heaven wished that Zarin was a girl. Maybe then he wouldn't be so annoying.

Suddenly an image of Zarin in a dress popped up in her head and she burst out laughing. Zarin gave her that look again. The look where he thought that she was crazy.

‘What's so funny?’ He asked.

‘Nothing.’ She put her hand over her mouth and kept laughing.

Zarin shook his head. And he actually thought he could be friends with her. That would never happen. ‘I am leaving.’ He said turning his back to her.

New chapters are listed on

‘Wait!’

He ignored her and kept walking away.

‘I am sorry.’

He stopped. Did she just apologize again? He turned to her just to see if he heard it right.

‘I just imagined you wearing a dress. You looked funny.’ She explained.

He sighed. He couldn’t understand this girl.

‘What’s funny about that? You have dressed like a man already. I don’t need to imagine that.’

‘At least I don’t look funny in it.’ She said.

He had nothing to say to that. She actually looked good in it.

‘I actually wore this so that I could play with you. I can’t play the games you play with a dress.’ She explained.

She wanted to play with him?

‘Then what game do you want to play today?’ He asked.

Suddenly her eyes lit up as if she couldn’t believe what he said and her lips curved into a wide smile.

‘All of them.’ She replied.

****. ↓

♥ NEW Volume♥

Volume 3 is here.

Hello, guys! Congratulations on having finished volume 2 and thank you for reading.

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

Hope you enjoyed it. If you did, you probably want to read more.

Maybe **Heaven's** story?

If yes, then go to volume 3, chapter 124 by scrolling up.

Lots of love ♥

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

Chapter 124: Vol3 Chapter 1

♥ Synopsis♥

}} A mist appears in her bedroom, materializing into a seductive silver-eyed stranger who proceeds to satisfy her in every possible way.'

THE BEAST AMONGST US

Imagine living in a world full of fiery, feral beings, hiding in the shadows, roving in our dreams, creeping under our skin. Eavesdropping, manipulating our minds and exploring our bodies. They are savages, beasts, but some of them are companions and childhood friends.

Some are dangerous, others even more dangerous. They live amongst us. Some of us call them Demons, others call them Djinn. But some of them should never be called.

THE BEAUTY LOOKING FOR LOVE

Heaven, the devil's granddaughter and princess of Decresh, has everything in life. Loving parents, beauty, wealth, and status. But one thing is missing. And that is love. Heaven dreams of the kind of love her parents have and now that she has come of age to get married she has to

find her dream man and the future king of Decresh. And she has to find him soon.

There is one man. A mysterious silver-eyed stranger who keeps appearing in her dreams. Who is he and what does he want ?

As the line of suitors grows, Heaven's dreams become more vivid forcing her to go on a journey to find the man in her dreams. Could he also be the man of her dreams ? Or would he turn out to be a nightmare ? } }

< Chapter 1 >

He was here. Again. Hiding in the shadows. But Heaven didn't have to see him, to know that he was here. She could feel his presence. Whenever he arrived, the room would turn cold, until his touch inflamed her.

Heaven felt the other side of the mattress sink. He was getting into her bed.

No!

She lay still. She could neither speak nor move. Her body, her breathing, her heartbeat, everything stilled. Her ears strained, her mind conscious of his every movement.

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Suddenly, cold fingertips brushed her arm. Heaven recoiled inside in distaste. She wanted to move away from him, but she couldn't. Her body refused to listen.

As his icy fingers trailed down her arm, Heaven shut her eyes tightly, praying for this nightmare to end. It didn't go well with the stranger in her bed. Suddenly he grabbed her harshly and turned her around so she was lying on her back. He loomed over her.

'Open your eyes.' He commanded.

Heaven's eyes fluttered open, only to find herself looking into a pair of smoldering silver ones. They were metallic and gleaming in the dark. It wasn't the first time she had seen them. He had been here many nights before.

At first, he would only watch her from a distance. Not because he wanted to, but it felt as though there was a barrier between them, keeping him from getting close to her. But slowly he broke through the barrier, and that's when she began to see him, and when he began to whisper things in her ear. Things she would forget as soon as she woke up, together with his face. But those eyes she could never forget.

His hair fell over his face as he leaned closer. Wait! What was he about to do?

'Kiss you.' He smirked.

No! No!

As his lips came closer Heaven opened her mouth. She was screaming, but no sound was being heard.

No! Stop!

‘Stooooop!!’ Her voice echoed in the entire room while her eyes shot open. Her hand flew to her throat as she sat up. Thank you, Lord, she thought. Her voice came back.

A moment later her two personal guards barged into her room, almost breaking the door. They quickly looked around for any threat before looking at her.

‘Your Highness, are you all right?’

‘Yes, I am fine.’ She assured, ‘You may leave.’

They took one last look before leaving the room.

The source of this _chapter;

Heaven put her hand on her chest. Her heart was pounding so hard. She dreamed of him again.

Why?!

This was getting strange and scary.

The first few times she had been scared too, but she would forget her fear soon since she couldn’t remember anything from the dream except his eyes. But the more she dreamed of him, the more she could remember, and now she remembered everything once she woke up. She could even feel his touch on her skin. As if he had been in her bed for real.

Heaven was getting concerned. She used to disregard her fear with the explanation that it was only a dream. But now things were different. For

every night that he came, he was getting closer to her, and that scared her.

After getting dressed with the help of her two handmaidens, Heaven made her way to the great garden. Every morning she would have breakfast with her parents there. When she arrived, her mother was already seated at the table, sipping tea from a small cup.

‘Good morning, mother.’ Heaven greeted.

‘Good morning.’ Her mother smiled as she looked up from her cup of tea.

As Heaven got seated, she could feel her mother watching her closely. Here comes the scolding again, she thought to herself. What has she done wrong this time?

‘Is everything all right?’

‘Huh?’ Heaven got thrown off by the questions. She had been expecting a scolding.

‘It looks like you are not getting much sleep.’ Her mother commented.

Well, when a stranger gets into your bed at night, there isn’t much sleeping to be done. Not that she could tell her mother. That would be scandalous.

A maiden. Having a stranger in her bed. It would create havoc. But Heaven didn’t have to worry about that since this stranger was nonexistent.

‘I am fine mother,’ Heaven assured.

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She could see that her mother wasn't convinced, but Heaven didn't want to explain by lying.

'How is the selection going for you? Is there someone you like yet?'

Oh, no. This was the last thing Heaven wanted to talk about. Since she turned seventeen, and now she was almost nineteen, everyone was waiting for her to get married. The entire kingdom was waiting as if it was their own wedding.

Heaven could understand. It was a political thing. Since her parents didn't have a son, the only way to secure the throne would be for her to get married. Her husband would then be the future king of Decresh.

Heaven couldn't imagine any other man on the throne except for her father. He was a great ruler, loved by the people, yet feared.

'No, mother. There is nothing to like about those men.' Heaven sighed, thinking back to all the men who came asking for her hand.

They were powerful men, either very rich or royalties. But the only reason they came to ask for her hand was the throne. They wanted more power, and the way to gain it was through her. She hated that they looked at her as a tool to gain more power. Heaven didn't want that kind of husband.

'Those men?' Her mother raised a brow questioningly.

'Yes. Those men who are only looking for power. That is not what I am looking for.'

‘Then what are you looking for?’ Her mother asked, tilting her head to one side and listening curiously.

Heaven grabbed an apple from the table. ‘I want what you and father have,’ she replied before taking a bite.

‘And I hope you find it. But things won’t come to you, so you have to keep meeting these men. Hopefully, you will find someone you like.’

‘But mother, please. I don’t want to do this anymore.’ Heaven pleaded.

‘Then how do you intend to find a man?’

‘Maybe I can find him if you let me go out.’

This content is taken from

Her mother shook her head. ‘Heaven we spoke about this many...’

‘I know, I know. It’s dangerous and all.’ Heaven cut off. ‘But nobody will recognize me. I can dress like other people and blend in.’

Her mother shook her head again. ‘You know what. Speak to your father about it.’

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

Chapter 125: Vol3 Chapter 2

If there was one thing Heaven could change about her life, it would be being a princess. Because of her title, she had been unable to make many friends, or meet new people, or walk around the streets freely, or meet a man and fall in love.

Heaven knew she was being ungrateful. Yes, she couldn't do all those things, but she had many good things in life that other people didn't have.

Life was all about taking the good with the bad. 'No one lives a perfect life.' That's what her mother used to say. Now she wondered what her father would say about letting her go out.

He wouldn't let her. She knew it already. Yet she would try, once again.

As she waited in the hall for her father's meetings to end, she thought of ways to convince him.

'Dear father, I have been suffocating...'

No, that would be too much.

'Your Majesty, as an a.d.u.l.t woman who can take decisions for herself and be responsible for them I would like to go out. Alone.'

No, that was too formal. She needed to add more feelings so that her father would sympathise with her.

Or, she could act like a real grownup and tell him straight that she would go out and no one would stop her. But she wasn't used to going against her father's will.. He was her weakness. She loved him more than anything because she knew how much he adored her.

If it was her mother made who taught her everything then it was her father who gave her all the love in the world.

The clicking sound of footsteps echoed in the hall, and soon after whispers followed. Heaven knew it was her father coming. He would

always make heads turn, cheeks flush and hearts race whenever and wherever he appeared.

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All the females in the castle were smitten by him. Even some men. Heaven couldn't blame them. She had overheard a maid once describe him as a walking temptation. That, Heaven wasn't sure of, but yes, her father was very good looking. And he hadn't aged a bit. He still looked the same as when she was a child. It was the demon part, of course, which very few people knew of.

The only people who knew about them being demons, were her father right-hand man Lincoln and left-hand man Julian who, by the way, was also a witch. Then there were her mother's two guardian angels, as Heaven liked to call them, Callum and Oliver, who also knew about it. Heaven adored these two men because they took care of her when she was a child. Her mother's two handmaidens Lydia and Ylva also knew about their secret.

When Heaven was a child, her mother would trust no one to take care of her except for Lydia and Ylva. Therefore, both were very close to her heart. Heaven's own guards and maids knew nothing, and for that reason she felt alone sometimes.

'Good morning, my princess.' Her father smiled as he neared. Then he grabbed her face between his hands and kissed her forehead, as usual.

'Good morning, father.' Heaven greeted in a sad tone. If she didn't pretend to be sad how would her father allow her leave?

A frown settled on her father's face. 'What makes you sad?' He asked.

‘Father please, I would like to go out alone. Please.’ Heaven begged.

‘But Lord Aristo is coming to meet you today.’ Her father reminded.

Lord Aristo was a very well-known and a wealthy businessman. But he should stick to business and not try to become a king.

‘I don’t want to meet these old men.’

Her father chuckled. ‘I can assure you he is not old.’

‘Father, I never ask you for anything,’ because he already gave her everything before she could ask. ‘I just want to go out without having guards trailing behind me.’

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‘All right then,’ Her father sighed. Heaven’s heart raced in joy before he spoke again. ‘Then I must go with you, alone.’

The joy she felt a moment ago dissipated. ‘No father. That is dangerous.’

Her father had too many powerful enemies. He could not leave without protection.

‘No? Then how do you expect me to send you alone?’

Heaven looked down at her hands. She could never win this.

Her father grabbed her chin and made her look at him. ‘Don’t worry. Nothing will happen to me. Now get dressed, we’ll leave.’

Heaven felt suddenly bad. She didn't feel like going out anymore. If anything happened to her father, it would be her fault.

'I can't leave. I forgot. Zarin and Gina are coming here today, so I need to stay.' Heaven lied.

Zarin and Gina, her only friends who also shared her secret. Yes, they were demons as well.

Heaven hated lying to her father, but he already knew from the amused look on his face.

'All right.' Was all he said.

In the late afternoon, Lord Aristo came to meet her. They took a walk in the garden while he spoke of his business adventures and how he became so successful. At first Heaven listened with curiosity. She also wanted to go on an adventure and discover the world, but then slowly she became bored.

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Lord Aristo only spoke about himself. He never cared to ask her something. What she liked or disliked, if she had any skills, or just anything for that matter. When they had dinner, he changed the topic to politics and tried to impress her with his political knowledge. Heaven was relieved when the time for him to leave finally came.

'It was a pleasure meeting you princess Heaven. I hope to meet you again.' He said taking her hand and kissing her knuckles.

Never again, Heaven thought to herself. She didn't want a man as self-centered as he was.

Once he left, she went to her room feeling exhausted. These men were sucking the life out of her. Her handmaiden Kate helped her change into her nightgown, but Heaven didn't feel like going to bed. The nightmare was awaiting her, and this time she was very afraid.

'Do you need anything else, My Lady?' Kate asked.

'No, thank you. You may leave.'

Saying good night, Kate left her alone.

Heaven went to her bed, but only sat on it. She looked at the sheets, the pillows and the blanket. Soon she would have to share a bed with her husband. Just the thought of it sent chills down her spine. She couldn't imagine sharing a bed with a man. Specially not any of the men she met till now.

Suddenly cold air hit her face despite the closed windows.

Damn him. He always appeared out of nowhere since he learned how to do that.

'Zarin!'

The source of this _chapter;

Hello everyone, ♥ For pictures and trailer follow me on Instagram @Author_jazzmine.

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

Chapter 126: Vol3 Chapter 3

‘Zarin! Don’t do that!’ She scolded before she could even see him.

Her childhood friend Zarin was probably the most annoying creature to have ever existed.

Heaven grabbed her robe and covered herself quickly.

‘Can’t you arrive as a normal human being?’ She asked, turning to him.

He stood leaning against the wall next to her bed with his hands in his pockets. Slowly, a sly smile made its way to his lips upon seeing her irritated. That was what he liked to do, after all.

‘Except I am not a normal human being.’ He reminded.

Ignoring him, she continued. ‘We are not children anymore. You can’t come here as you please. This is a lady’s room now.’

Zarin looked around, pretending to be surprised. ‘A lady? Where is the Lady?’

Fuming with anger, Heaven threw a pillow on him. She missed, which made him chuckle.

‘Oh. You? When did you become a Lady?’ He continued to tease.

Heaven had lost count on how many times she had wanted to kill him. He lived to annoy her, but without him her childhood would have felt so lonely. But what could she do? She couldn’t love him without hating him.

‘Just leave! I need to sleep.’ She said lying down on her bed, facing the other side.

She could hear him sigh. 'I thought... maybe wanted someone to talk too?'

'About what?' Heaven asked curiously.

'About you getting married.'

'I am not getting married.' She muttered.

New chapters are listed on

'You have to, someday soon.'

Why was he adding salt to her wounds?

Pushing herself up in a sitting position, she looked at him for a moment.

'Are you happy that I have to get married?' She asked.

'Only if you are happy with it.' He replied.

'Well, I am not.'

'You just have to find the right person.' He persuaded.

'I don't think I ever will as long as I am locked in here, which means that I, eventually, will have to get married to someone I don't like, share a bed with him, let him touch me, give him children and ...'

'Relax.' Zarin cut off. 'Take a breath.'

She was panicking and squirming inside. She finally said what she had been keeping inside, but there was more.

‘You won’t have to marry anyone you don’t like.’ He assured sitting at the corner of her bed.

‘You don’t know that.’ Her voice almost broke. No, she would not cry. ‘I am a princess. I have a duty. I will put everyone in a difficult situation if I don’t fulfill my duties.’

‘Hell with duties. Your parents love you. They won’t let you sacrifice yourself.’ He explained.

That was the problem. They would sacrifice themselves instead, and Heaven didn’t want them to.

‘You are right.’ She said at the end. Zarin wouldn’t understand, anyway. ‘Where is Gina?’ She asked, changing the topic.

Gina was Zarin’s little sister and her only other friend.

Follow current _ on

‘Probably in some corner, reading a book.’

She was just like her mother. Who would think the famous warrior princess Klara loved to read during her free time? Heaven had once even received books as a gift from her.

She loved to read as well, but not as much as Gina. That girl could get so lost in a book she wouldn’t know whether it was morning or night.

‘All right, I need to sleep now. I have early training tomorrow.’

Both Heaven and Gina received sword training from princess Klara every other day, and tomorrow was the day. Heaven needed to sleep well if she

was wanted to perform well tomorrow. Princess Klara could be really tough when teaching.

Zarin stood up before turning to her. He watched her silently for a moment.

‘Are you sleeping well these days?’ He asked.

Did he know?

‘Yes. Why?’

He shrugged his shoulders. ‘Just heard some things.’ He said.

‘What did you hear?’ She asked curiously.

‘That you wake up screaming sometimes. Is it true?’

Heaven didn’t want to tell him the truth, yet. ‘I just have bad dreams sometimes.’

He nodded. ‘All right, then. Good night.’

Just when he was about to leave, Heaven changed her mind.

‘Wait!’

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Zarin stopped in his tracks.

‘Can you stay here tonight?’ She asked.

His eyes widened.

‘I don’t mean like that.’ She hurried to explain. ‘I just... have really bad nightmares. If you could just stay tonight?’ She gave him a pleading look.

The truth was, she wanted to know whether the man in her dreams only stayed in her dreams or out of it as well.

‘Well,’ He scratched his head awkwardly. ‘All right. Just tonight.’ He agreed.

‘Thank you.’ She smiled at him before tugging herself in to sleep.

Zarin sat on the sofa in her room before dimming the lights with a thought.

Heaven closed her eyes, feeling safer, and eventually she fell into a deep slumber.

When she woke up, it was still dark. For some odd reason the window was open and the chilly air came into the room. Heaven got out of bed to close the window when she took notice of Zarin sleeping on the sofa.

She felt bad for asking him to stay, so after shutting the window she took one of her blankets to cover him. Just as she was about to put the blanket on him he grabbed her wrist. Startled, she looked at his hand. It was cold, oddly pale and slender, despite the hard grip. Shaken, she lifted her gaze to his face.

It was him. The silver-eyes stranger. The one who caused her to have many sleepless nights.

He tugged at her arm so she fell on top of him; her face getting dangerously close to his. For the first time she could see him clearly.

‘Remember me.’ He whispered.

New_chapters are lished on

Also, let me know your thoughts on the book so far. I am in the process of writing it so any kind of feedback would help. Thank you♥

I will try to update chapters 3 times/week.

Lots of love ♥

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

Chapter 127: Vol3 Chapter 4

Heaven shot her eyes open. She looked around quickly, specially the sofa. Zarin was still sitting there, resting with eyes closed.

So it was all a dream. He had come, but only in her dream. This time she didn't wake up scared. She was curios.

Why did he ask her to remember him?

Did he exist?

That would be terrifying.

Who was he? And what did he want from her?

‘Did you sleep well?’ Suddenly Zarin stood next to her bed.

Heaven sat up on the bed and adjusted her hair quickly. ‘Yes. Thanks to you.’

‘Good, I’ll take my leave then.’

Heaven gave him a nod, feeling a bit strange that she let him stay in her room at night. It was very inappropriate for a lady to let such a thing happen. People would start talking if they knew.

Zarin left before her handmaidens came to help her get dressed. This time she wore no dress. It would be trousers because she would fight the famous warrior princess and Zarins mother, Klara.

After dressing and getting her hair braided, she made her way to the castle’s backyard. She knew she was early since nobody was there yet. Heaven took her sword and started practicing by herself. Her mother had made her practice from a very young age.

‘I don’t want you to be like me. I want you to strong, confident and independent.’ Her mother had told her.

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

Heaven knew her mother didn’t have a good upbringing. She wasn’t raised to be strong or independent. She was raised to be frail and submissive. But circumstances taught her to be strong and brave. Besides circumstances, she had her one and only friend Princess Klara to teach her a few things, like swordsmanship and politics. Still, sometimes her mother would join their fighting lessons and learn a few tricks herself.

‘Good morning, Princess.’ It was Princess Klara coming from afar with her daughter and my friend Gina trailing behind.

Heaven had always admired princess Klara and had wanted to be like her. She was a woman who walked with such grace and confidence and had an aura that demanded respect. Not to speak of her beauty, she was a woman who turned heads. Her husband Roshan wasn't any less good looking. He was alluring in his own dark way. You would find yourself drawn to him, yet you would want to keep a distance. But Heaven liked him a lot. He was fun to be around and always full of sarcasm.

'Good morning Princess Klara, good morning Gina.' Heaven greeted.

Her friend Gina was very cheerful, unlike her mother and mischievous like her father. She hurried and gave her a tight hug. 'We have a lot to talk about' She whispered in Heaven's ear.

Heaven already knew what Gina wanted to talk about. She wanted to know if Heaven had found a man. She would be disappointed to hear the news.

As for the fighting lesson, Princess Klara was disappointed with her after the lesson ended.

'What happened?' She asked, concerned. 'You are not focusing today. Are you ill?'

Heaven was panting as though she had been running through the entire castle. Her lungs and heart couldn't take it anymore. She felt weak and exhausted. What was happening to her?

'I am fine.' She lied, but Princess Klara didn't believe her.

'I think it's enough for today.' She said despite the quick lesson. 'Get some rest.'

Gina who was watching from afar wondered why they had stopped.

‘What happened?’ She asked as she came up to them.

‘Nothing.’ Heaven hurried to say. ‘Just a little tired.’

Princess Klara put a hand on her shoulder. ‘Make sure to rest. I’ll meet your mother.’ She said and left them both behind.

Once her mother was out of sight, Gina placed her hands on her h.i.p.s.

‘Whats wrong?’ She asked, clearly aware that something wasn’t right.

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Heaven contemplated on whether to tell her about the man who dwelled in her dreams and now in her mind, making her unable to focus on anything except for the voice in her head.

‘Remember me.’

Well, she clearly couldn’t forget him.

‘Come, let’s go to my room. I’ll tell you everything.’ Heaven said.

Gina was two years younger than Heaven, yet she was more experienced about everything. She knew more about the world and its people. Not because she was more educated, but because she socialized more, whether it was with humans or demons.

‘So...’ She began making herself comfortable on Heaven’s bed. ‘Tell me.’ She urged.

Heaven sat next to her, ready to share her worries and get some of that weight of her shoulders.

‘Well, I have this dream. About a man.’ She began and quickly Gina sat up with eyes wide. She seemed excited for some reason.

‘Oh. A dream about a man? Tell me about it.’ She said excitedly.

‘He has silver eyes and...’ Heaven wasn’t sure what more to tell her about him. It was all still very confusing. ‘The thing is, he appears in my dreams every night.’

‘Do you know him?’ Gina asked.

‘No. Never seen him before.’

‘Is he good-looking?’

‘Well...’ Heaven tried to think. Even though she had seen his face it was difficult to remember. ‘He is very alluring.’

Gina nodded thoughtfully. ‘You have probably seen him somewhere. Try to remember.’

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

Heaven was very sure she had never seen him before. If she had, she would never forget those eyes.

‘Nevermind. It’s just a dream.’ She waved it off. ‘Now help me with the reality. I have to get married and I don’t want to.’

‘Why not?’

‘Because, I want to get married for love. Not like this.’

Gina shook her head. 'Where politics rule, there is no love. Our parents were lucky to find each other, but only a few people find love and even fewer get married to the person they love.'

'Thank you for making me feel better.' Heaven said, irony clear in her tone.

'I am sorry.' Gina apologized. 'I didn't mean to make you feel bad.'

'It's all right. You are somehow right. What should I do then?'

Gina seemed to think for a while. 'See we are demons. We get to live a long life. You will eventually find love, but right now you need to get married soon. Choose someone you can negotiate with. Tell him you'll accept to marry him and he will get access to power, but he won't touch you. Unless you want to, of course. As for an heir, he can have other women. It's just an idea. Maybe its bad idea. You know what? Forget it.' She rambled.

'No, no. That's a brilliant idea,' Heaven said with a wide smile. She gave Gina a quick hug. 'You're so smart.'

Now, she would have to find this man that she could negotiate with. Who could it be?

Suddenly someone came to her mind.

Zarin.

The latest episodes are on the website.

I am glad that ya'll are excited about this story. I read some of your comments concerning whether Zarin and Heaven are related. You guys had different opinions, but they are not related. The Devil is a created demon (Highest rank) which Roshan explained in one of the chapters. That means he has no siblings. Yes, Roshan called him uncle, but he also calls Lucian brother. It's just a thing he does.

Hope this cleared a few things. Let me know what you think so far.

Do you still think Zarin is the silver-eyed stranger? If not, who do you think he is?

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

Chapter 128: Vol3 Chapter 5

At night Heaven waited for Zarin in her room. She had asked Gina to send him to her, but she hadn't told her why. Heaven wondered how Zarin would react. She knew he wouldn't like the idea, and he would probably not agree to help her.

While waiting nervously she prepared her speech in her head, but then slowly she became afraid. Would this ruin her friendship with Zarin? She didn't want to lose him. And where was he, by the way? What was taking him so long? She was getting impatient and tired.

Just when she was about to give up and go to sleep he appeared out of thin air. Heaven felt jealous everytime he did that. She wanted to be able to do that as well, but she couldn't. Only demons and half demons could do that, and she was neither. Being partly witch, human and demon made her a complicated creature.

‘Good evening, Princess.’ Zarin bowed teasingly. ‘How can I be of service to you?’

Heaven smiled at his childish behavior. ‘You are late.’ She complained.

He straightened himself and then ran his fingers through his messy hair to adjust it. Heaven studied him closely. He was handsome, and just like both his parents, he made heads turn.

On top of that, he knew how to dress well, and he would always experiment with his hair. Today he wore a blue shirt that matched his blue eyes, with a pair of black trousers and a black jacket adorned with fur on the shoulders. He let his black hair down except for the one braid on the left side of his head. His pink lips were slightly red. Heaven could tell he had been drinking wine and probably partying.

‘I apologize sincerely. But I am here now.’ He grinned.

Heaven stared at his mouth. His fangs had elongated, which meant that he had been s.e.x.u.a.lly active. When aroused, demon’s fangs elongate.

‘I am sure you had a good reason to be late.’ She said ironically.

‘Well, I was in the middle of something difficult to get out from.’

Heaven nodded knowingly, but she didn’t know why it bothered her. Zarin had always enjoyed the company of women.

Stumbling a bit, he took off his jacket and threw it on her sofa. Just how much did he drink? Demons and half demons could only get drunk after drinking enormous amounts.

‘So...’ He began as he came to sit next to her on the bed. ‘You wanted to talk?’

Heaven got suddenly nervous and her heart began to beat erratically.

‘What is wrong?’ He asked, after hearing the fierce pounding of her heart.

She turned to him slowly. He was sitting close to her and looking at her intently.

‘Zarin, I need to ask you a favor.’

He gave her a nod.

‘I want you to... to marry me.’

The world went still for a moment before Zarin blinked a few times in disbelief.

‘What did you say?’ He asked.

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Heaven stood up, hands fisted at the sides of her body. She gathered more courage before speaking again. ‘I said marry me.’ She repeated this time, less afraid.

Zarin seemed baffled by her words, so she decided to explain before he told her how stupid she sounded.

‘See, I don’t like any of the men I met so far and probably won’t like the ones coming too. Also, I don’t think any of them are worthy of being a King. I am comfortable with you and I trust you. Don’t worry, the marriage will just be a formality. We don’t have to consummate the marriage and you can have any woman you like. Besides, you get to become a King.’ She paused. Did she say everything she needed to say?

Zarin expression only seemed to get worse.

‘Do you hear yourself?’ He asked.

‘Yes. And I wouldn’t say this if it wasn’t the best option.’ Or the only option. ‘So what do you say?’

He stood up hastily. ‘I say no.’

‘Why?’ She grabbed his arm to prevent him from leaving.

‘Because it’s a bad idea.’

‘Then tell me a better one.’ She demanded.

‘Tell your parents the truth.’ He suggested.

‘And then what? They will say all right, take your time but father will always have to listen to those complains about why I haven’t gotten married yet. People in the kingdom will cause commotion. Also, there is no guarantee I will find someone in the next few years.’

Zarin sighed. ‘Listen, I can’t give you a better idea. I just know this is not a good idea.’

Heaven dropped his arm. ‘Fine. Then I will just say yes to the first man that comes here tomorrow and live unhappy for the next thirty or forty years.’

‘Don’t try to make me feel bad!’

‘You should feel bad. You can’t even help a friend in need.’

‘Heaven! Marriage is not a child’s play.’

‘I am not playing Zarin. I am desperate.’

‘All right, all right. Let me think.’ He said sitting carefully back down again.

He was silent for a long moment while Heaven waited restlessly.

‘Get dressed.’ He said when he finally spoke again.

‘Why?’

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‘We are going out. You were right. You can’t meet someone while locked in here.’ He explained.

‘Father won’t be happy if he finds out.’

‘I’ll handle it. Just get dressed, and not something too fancy.’

Heaven nodded and went on to pick a dress. Then she hid behind the folding screen and slid into the most simple dress she owned. A blue long-sleeve dress.

‘Is this all right?’ She then asked Zarin showing him what she was wearing.

‘You look beautiful.’ He complemented before reaching his hand for her to take.

Heaven placed her hand in his, and he drew her into his arms.

‘Ready?’

She nodded, and just like that they were somewhere else. It went so smooth and quick that she felt nothing but the air blowing her hair and dress.

Heaven looked around once Zarin released her from his hold. It was midnight, and they both stood in front of a large mansion with all the lights on. Heaven could see people drinking, chatting and dancing through the windows.

Zarin had brought her to a party.

‘This is Lord Augustins mansion. He is a very wealthy demon Lord, and he invites other wealthy demons to his parties. I think demons might interest you more than humans.’ He explained.

‘So all those inside are demons?’ Heaven asked, feeling slightly nervous. She had never been in a room full of demons before.

‘Most of them. There might be a few humans.’

Heaven looked at the big Iron gate where two guards stood. The butterflies in her stomach went wild.

Zarin put his arm on the small of her back. ‘Don’t worry. I am here.’ He assured her. ‘Just don’t act like a royalty. You are a friend of mine and your name is Anna. Look around, speak to some men, see if there is someone you like. All right?’

She nodded and Zarin led the way in to the party.

Heaven was surprised and looked around excitedly. She had never been among so many people before. Her father was not the kind to throw

parties. Yes, they have had many dinners but she could only remember one party and she was very young back then.

Now she found herself surrounded by people in fancy clothes and expensive jewelry. Some of them were dancing, others sitting at a table while either eating, drinking or chatting.

‘I’ll leave you alone now.’ Zarin whispered.

Heaven panicked. ‘Why? Don’t go.’ She held onto him tightly.

‘Men will only approach you if they find you alone. Otherwise they’ll think you are with me.’ He explained.

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‘But... what should I do if they approach me?’

‘Just speak to them and enjoy your time. I’ll be over there, so don’t worry.’

Before she could protest, he pulled his arm away from her grip and left her standing there alone. And it didn’t take long before a man came up to her.

‘May I have a dance with a beautiful lady?’ He asked, reaching his hand out for her.

Heaven took his hand hesitantly, and before she knew they were dancing across the dancefloor. He smiled at her surprised expression.

It must be a demon thing, she thought. She had never danced with a demon before. She looked around. All of them were good looking, including the man she was dancing with. He had dark brown eyes, almost

black, with a hair that matched in color. His pale lips were surrounded by well kept facial hair that hid most of his well-defined facial features.

‘May I ask your name?’ He said while they flowed over the dancefloor.

‘Anna.’

‘I have never seen you before, Anna. Are you from here?’

‘Yes.’ Was her curt reply.

‘Strange. I would never forget your face.’ He smiled at her.

Heaven was used to men finding her beautiful, but right now she was in a room with women as beautiful as her if not even more.

‘Why?’ She asked.

‘Look around.’ He said. ‘No one has a face like yours. And your eyes, they are magnetic.’

A blush crept to her face. She was not used to men complimenting her this way.

‘My name is Benjamin.’ He introduced himself.

‘Nice to meet you, Benjamin.’ She said.

‘The pleasure is mine.’

Benjamin continued to ask her question and shower her with praises before he got interrupted by another man who also wanted to dance with her.

The other man, Ricard, was also charming in his own way. After dancing with him, Heaven got the chance to speak and dance with many more men, and all the attention and compliments she got flattered her.

She couldn't deny she had a good time, but no specific man caught her attention.

After a while, her eyes searched for Zarin in the room. He was sitting in a corner with a beautiful lady and both of them seemed to have a good time.

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Heaven was about to avert her gaze when suddenly someone caught her attention. A man sitting alone in a dark corner of the room. He was holding a wine cup in his hand and he seemed to look at her. She couldn't see his face because of the darkness that surrounded him, but his eyes, she recognized them from her dream.

It was him.

The silver-eyed stranger.