

Married To The Devil's Son (WN) – Chapter 225: Vol13
Chapter 102 | Pub

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

Chapter 225: Vol13 Chapter 102

‘A smart person will give you smart answers, but a wise person will ask you smart questions.’ - Unkown.

Heaven's special qualities were actually of disadvantage to Lucifer. Zamiel remembered when he tried to get into her mind while he was in the coffin. It had been difficult to do that. She fought back and as an ancient even with her fighting back, it should still have been easy for him to get inside her head. But it wasn't.

He remembered that he could only watch her from a safe distance at first. He couldn't get closer, but then her curiosity opened the doors for him. Somewhere deep down she had wanted to see him, had been curious to know him, and that is when he was able to get inside her head.

Lucifer was of course more skilled when it came to manipulation and getting inside people's minds. But Zamiel guessed that he must have faced some struggle as well. There must be an explanation to why he hadn't been able to manipulate her so far.

Usually someone as young as her wouldn't have been difficult for him. She was at the age where people looked for more in life, wanted more from life. She was at the age where she doubted herself and tried to find out where she fit in to the world. Lucifer could have used all that against

her, but Zamiel already knew that wouldn't work. Because more than anything, Heaven cared for people.

She cared for her loved ones. She had no selfishness or greed inside of her that could be used against her. If there was one thing that could be used against her, it would be her love for him and her family. But love only behaved as a weakness.

Love itself wasn't a weakness. Fear was a weakness. The fear of losing those you love.

Love itself was the ultimate strength. Lucifer was fighting someone who held so much love in their heart, and love covered many sins.

'What is special about you is that you have a strong mind and a gentle heart.' He told her.

Heaven smiled widely while shaking her head at him. She believed he was only praising or charming her.

'I don't have a strong mind and I am not sure if having a gentle heart is something special.'

'You have both, and having them at the same time is what makes you special.'

'Is that it?' She asked.

He chuckled. 'Did you hope for something else?'

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She shrugged. 'I don't know what I was hoping for.'

‘Do you think your grandfather wants you for the sole reason to rule? Or do you think he wants something else?’ He asked.

Heaven was quiet for a moment before she spoke. ‘I don’t know what he wants. I don’t understand why he needs me to rule when he has other children. I have been thinking about it and I think he wants something else.’

Zamiel felt proud that she thought differently. ‘What could that other thing be?’ He asked, pushing her to think.

She became quiet again, her thoughts drifting away. ‘Maybe he just wants to have someone from our family on his side. When I was little, my family refused to follow him. Maybe he wants to show that someone is willing to follow him.’

Zamiel frowned. ‘You think he wants some kind of revenge?’

Heaven shrugged. ‘Not revenge. Perhaps, he just want to prove that it is not that bad to follow him by tempting me to do it.’

Zamiel became more confused than before. This could be a family thing that he didn’t understand yet.

‘Is it really impossible for grandpa to leave his mission and be with us? Doesn’t the mate bond affect him?’ She asked.

‘It probably does. But how much? Does he have a heart that cares when the bond connects him to his mate? Or does he merely feel the connection, but he doesn’t care? It is hard to know.’

Zamiel knew that the bond was attached to feelings. For it to be effective, feelings had to be involved. The bond itself couldn’t create feelings. It

only strengthened and confirmed the ones you had. Did Lucifer have feelings? Zamiel suspected he did, but maybe not enough.

Suddenly Heaven grimaced in pain and held her stomach. 'Heaven?' Zamiel reached for her, but she flinched and drew back from his touch. She quickly got out of bed and distanced herself from him.

Zamiel got out of bed confused, but before she could approach her, she held her hand out to stop him. 'Zamiel, please. Don't come closer.' Her voice was pained, and she pleaded.

'Why?' He asked, feeling torn. He wanted to rush to her, but from the way she looked at him, terrified, he was afraid she would run away if he did.

'Please, Zamiel. Just listen to me. Leave. I am hurting.' She wrapped her arms around herself and backed against the wall.

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Zamiel felt anger bubble inside of him. He suddenly wanted to punch something but stormed out of the room instead, unable to see her in pain anymore. While walking back to the carriage, he thought of how much he wanted to kill Lucifer. If that was only possible, he would risk his life doing so.

Lord help him and the people around him because they shivered as he passed by. He knew he was giving off that cold energy that made people freeze. He needed to calm down or he would end up killing someone.

The blood in his veins was boiling, but the heat wasn't enough to make him stop from turning autumn into winter. His hands were clenched and his eyes probably gleamed the brightest silver.

When he walked outside, he felt the cold breeze against his face, but it didn't calm him. He had to tell himself repeatedly to calm down.

Zamiel wasn't angry because she told him to leave. He was angry because he had to see her like that, knowing his presence somehow inflicted the pain and he couldn't do anything about it. He was angry because he couldn't protect the one he loved once again.

'Zamiel.'

He took a deep breath when he saw Irene approaching him. He didn't want to release his anger on her.

'Are you going home already?' She asked, coming to stand in front of him.

'Yes.' He replied.

'I didn't get the chance to thank you earlier for your advice. You were right. I am letting hatred blind me and it is stopping me from helping my granddaughter the way I should.'

Zamiel was really not in the mood, and it was probably visible. He just wanted to say 'good that you know' but he bit his tongue.

'I felt like what I said about Heaven upset you.' She continued.

Did it? Maybe it did. Or maybe he just didn't like the way she thought of Heaven. He had expected her to know more about her granddaughter and to put more effort into helping her.

'It is sad that you had to protect her from me.' She added.

‘I was not protecting her from you. I was defending her. I know you love Heaven, but you do understand that your thoughts are concerning to me. You seem torn and I understand that but I can’t sympathise with you since this is about Heaven’s Safety. Heaven is my priority and if she not yours in this case then I am afraid we are on opposing sides.’

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The only reason Zamiel was polite to Heaven’s family was because of her, but if they didn’t prioritize her the way she prioritized them, then there was no need for him to be polite.

Irene smiled at him. ‘I am glad she has you, and I don’t mind you protecting her from me as well. You should protect her from everyone that seems like a threat.’

Zamiel knew she was doubting herself, and what she might do that put everyone in danger. ‘Heaven loves you dearly. I hope you stay strong for her.’

Heaven would be devastated if her grandmother made a bad decision.

Irene nodded with a weak smile. He knew she was doing her best and he couldn’t comprehend how hard that must be.

‘And if you need to talk to someone...’ Was he really doing this? ‘I’ll listen.’ He said.

Her smile widened. ‘Thank you. I thought I would be upset that you could hear my thoughts, but I feel less burdened now that someone else knows.’

He nodded.

Irene always felt strange every time she talked to Zamiel. There was something about his demeanor that she liked so much. She had liked him from the beginning, before she even knew him, and just from the things she had heard about him.

Today he had opened her eyes to the things that she had been suppressing and denying. It was the realization that made her sad and not him.

Earlier she had seen his gaze harden when she told him she worried for Heaven. He didn't like that and she could understand.

While she expressed worry for Heaven, what had she done really to help her granddaughter? She hadn't even tried. At that moment he stood up for his mate. He told her that Heaven had her priorities straight, reminding her that she was the one confused.

It was a polite way of putting someone in their place. The demon knew how to speak.

While she doubted Heaven in that moment, he showed utmost trust in her. Irene knew she had to do better as a grandmother, and she was glad that Zamiel didn't judge her, even though she felt ashamed of her own thoughts. Maybe that was why she liked him and felt strangely comfortable with him.

He always surprised her with his choice of words and his way of thinking. She could see the goodness that Heaven spoke of in his eyes, but he also made it clear that if he had to turn bad for Heaven, then he would. Her mother had told her once that when good people turn bad, they turn really bad. Hopefully nothing of that sort would happen because behind those disturbingly calm silver eyes, there was a hidden threat. A dangerous storm.

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

Chapter 226: Vol3 Chapter 103

‘Any fool can know. The point is to understand.’ -Albert Einstein.

This was bad. What was this feeling? Why was she feeling like this?

Heaven tried to fight it and calm down. She paced back and forth in her room, telling herself that everything would be alright and that she was afraid for no reason. But the heavy feeling in her chest and the pain in her stomach was so strong that she became nauseous again.

Walking outside to her garden, Heaven breathed in the fresh air in order to feel better. Something was wrong. This had to be more than normal fear. No matter how those nightmares affected her, they shouldn't make her feel this way, especially when her brain couldn't see the danger. It was only her body alarming her.

Suddenly she felt a rush of cold air, and in front of her stood her grandfather. Heaven frowned upon his arrival. She didn't need him here right now.

‘I see you are not feeling well.’ He said.

Heaven narrowed her eyes at him. ‘What do you want?’ She asked.

‘That illness of yours, you should take seriously.’

‘What do you mean?’

He crossed his arms behind his back and tilted his head to one side. ‘I mean, you can hurt your mate. You could possibly end his life.’

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Heaven stiffened. Why hadn’t she thought of his before? Of course he knew she could hurt Zamiel, but he wouldn’t use that against her. Would he? She had always thought that he wanted her to follow him willingly, but it was never something he had said. It was just what she and her family thought. Would he force her now? By using Zamiel against her.

No, please! Oh lord, no!

She gave him a hard glare, and he chuckled. ‘I won’t do anything if you come to me on your own.’

‘And if I don’t?’

‘Then unfortunately what you are really afraid of will happen.’ He said.

Heaven’s stomach turned, but she swallowed her fear. This is probably what he wanted. To make her so afraid that she would go to him.

‘I would never hurt Zamiel.’ She said.

The smile left his eyes, and now he gave her a deadly stare. ‘I’ll give you time. You have until tonight to decide. If you don’t come to me by then, know that there will be consequences.’

Heaven felt her legs wobble and her breath came out in shallow pants. Her heart was beating in her ears. 'What... will you do?' She asked, afraid.

A corner of his mouth lifted. 'That will be a surprise.' He said and then vanished before she could say anything else.

Heaven fell to her knees when he left. The world around her started to spin and this time the fear kicked her in the stomach with such force, she thought she would vomit blood.

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Now she understood why she had been so sick. This was not only fear, it was a real danger. She was a danger to Zamiel, and the bond and her demon had been telling her to stay away in order to protect her mate.

How stupid she was. What was she supposed to do now? She started to panic and shake. This wasn't the way she thought her grandfather would make her join him.

She was so confused and terrified.

Grandma!

Yes! She needed her grandma before Zamiel came back to see her, but she couldn't even get up. She tried to use her magic, but it wasn't working since she wasn't focused. She couldn't focus.

Taking a deep breath, Heaven told herself that she had to calm down and think of what was important at the moment and it was protecting Zamiel.

Using all her strength she stood up, and she rushed back to her room, but before she could go looking for her grandmother, Irene came in through the door.

‘Grandma!’ Heaven almost yelled.

Her grandmother looked at her, confused and worried. ‘What happened, dear?’ She rushed to her side.

‘Grandma! I need your help. I need to you to help me. I need you to ...to...’ She was a mess, and she didn’t know what do to. She was panicking again.

Her grandmother put her hands on her shoulders. ‘Calm down. Breathe.’ She told her noticing that Heaven was hyperventilating. Her head spun again.

New _chapters are published here:

Irene took her to sit down on the bed so that she wouldn’t fall. Heaven looked around. The world around her was out of focus. No! No! No! She wouldn’t faint now.

‘Grandma Zamiel is in danger. You need to take away my magic so that can I never go to see him, and then you have to tell him to stay away. Take me somewhere far. Very far away. Please, grandma do something.’ She almost began crying, knowing deep down that none of that would help because her grandfather could find her anywhere.

‘Why? Why is he in danger?’

‘I can... I can kill him and grandfather knows that. He wants to use that against me.’

Irene frowned. 'What do you mean you can kill him?'

'I just can. I am the thing that can kill him.' More tears fell down her cheeks. 'Oh, God! What am I supposed to do? I have to go to grandfather or he will hurt Zamiel.'

'No! Calm down. You don't have to do anything. He is just scaring you.' Irene said wrapping her arms around her granddaughter, but Heaven shook her head.

'He is not. Something bad is going to happen. I had been feeling it and if I don't do what he says, then he is going to hurt Zamiel.'

'Stay here. I will go talk to your grandfather.' She said sounding furious, but Heaven grabbed her hand to stop her.

'Don't go. I don't have time. I only have until tonight.'

'You are not going anywhere, Heaven. I will take care of this.' She said.

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'How?'

'I don't know. I will find a way.'

Heaven shook her head. She didn't want her grandmother to be in danger as well. It was enough that Zamiel was in danger. He had already suffered enough. Why did this have to happen to him?

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

Chapter 227: Vol13 Chapter 104

‘The villain plays the victim so well.’ -Unknown.

Lothaire was having a good day, sitting comfortably on his throne and sipping his wine while watching everything that was happening with his family through The Eye.

This wasn't the way he had thought or planned on doing things. Manipulation had been his plan, but Heaven, despite her young age, surprisingly had a strong mind. Even stronger than her father's. Getting into her head or manipulating her had not been easy. He knew manipulating Zamiel wouldn't be easy, but Heaven had shocked him and reminded him to never underestimate the enemy.

Usually as the devil he worked with desires. What people truly desired, he presented it to them. But Heaven desired things for the people she loved more than for herself. There was nothing she desired more than the happiness and safety of her family. Those were not dark desires that he could manipulate in a way that was beneficial to him.

Even with Zarin, she had surprised him. While his daughters suggested that Heaven might follow him because of Zarin, Lucifer knew that she cared for her family too much to do something like that. So his plan had been to create hatred between them. If Heaven hated Zarin, then she would be taking a step in his direction. Because nothing good ever came out of hatred. But after everything Zarin did, she was still concerned for the boy. Her love was still stronger than her hatred, and since she refused to hate, he would have to use her love against her. He had already lost his patience, and that never happened.

Lucifer had to admit to himself that Heaven succeeded to annoy him. He never let people control his feelings, but he couldn't help it with her. He was annoyed to the point where it made him angry. He hated how her constant love stood in the way of his plans.

But why bother using the right method now. His new plan would of course make Irene hate him even more, which was why he had been avoiding it, but he would at least get her faster. With time she would adjust to the circumstances and accept him. How long would she fight him if she saw him every day and knew that there was no way out?

Not too long.

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He would slowly remind her of all the good days they had together, and eventually she would surrender to him. All women did. All women longed to love and to be loved. He would show her again what love and passion felt like.

A satisfied smile curved his lips when he saw Irene calling him. She was furious, just like he expected. But what would be the best thing to do? Ignore her or go to see her?

He knew she would keep calling until he went to see her.

'I know you can hear me. Show yourself you coward!' She called, which caused him to laugh.

Closing The Eye, he went to see her. As soon as he arrived, he smelled her delicious scent. He could still not pinpoint what she smelled like. It was a unique scent, and it reminded him of their days together.

That until he saw her green eyes, that glared at him with such hatred it could burn his soul. 'How could you do that? She is your granddaughter. How can you make her feel like this? Don't you have a heart?'

A heart?

He did have a heart, but she wasn't talking about the physical one. But what did the other one exactly mean? Having a heart was still a mystery to him. How could people have so much heart? And why care to have one?

He ended up like this because he once let himself have a heart and love this woman, and now he was miserable and acting this way just to get her back. Nothing good came out of it. He just made himself vulnerable.

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'I don't have a heart and you know that.'

The important thing right now was to never let her suspect that it was her he wanted. He had to make it seem like he wanted Heaven and only her.

'Can't you just let her be? You have other children who are willingly staying with you. Why do you have to force her?'

'Because I want her.'

'But why her?!' She yelled.

'You have Lucian. Why can't you just let me have Heaven? She is also my grandchild.'

'No, she is not because you are not behaving like a grandfather.'

‘If you hadn’t turned her against me, I might have behaved like a grandfather and not like this.’ He told her.

She looked at him, baffled. ‘So it is my fault you are behaving this way?’

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‘It is indeed.’ He said simply. It wasn’t her fault, but he just wanted to say it.

It infuriated her, and he didn’t know why he enjoyed it.

‘I am not responsible for your behavior.’

He looked at her for a long moment. ‘You are not?’

‘No!’

He nodded. ‘But you made me a bad grandfather in your granddaughter’s mind before I became one. I only became what you said I would become. You made her dislike me, you created distrust and distance between us, when I never did anything to harm her. You let the fight between us affect her. You made me her enemy and now you want me to be a good grandfather? Why?’

She opened her mouth but then closed it again. She blinked a few times, her mind going a thousand directions while processing what he said.

‘You said you wanted her to rule your kingdom?’

‘Did I say I would harm her or force her? Of course I wanted her to rule with me because I knew she would be a good ruler. I wanted Lucian to

do that as well. Did I force him? Or manipulate him? What made you think I would do that to Heaven? When you easily made me into the enemy in your minds, why wish for anything different now?

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Lucifer was happy with himself. He knew he got into her head. His words affected her and now she was questioning herself and wondering what she had done wrong?

At least one of them was easy.

‘Don’t stand in my way now. I will have Heaven no matter what. You wanted an enemy, now you have one.’

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

Chapter 228: Vol3 Chapter 105

‘You can’t keep dancing with the devil and wonder why you are still in hell.’ - Unknown.

Irene was stunned. She didn’t know what to think or believe. Did she really make him into a bad grandfather? Did she go that far with her hatred?

Maybe she did.

She was still burning with hatred. This man had once been her everything. She had no one but him. No parents, no siblings, no children,

nothing. And she couldn't even blame him for losing all of that since she was part of it. She fell for him and she payed for it dearly.

With him, she had been both happy and sad. She never had a moment of full happiness. How could she? Her own blood and flesh was out there and she couldn't see him or hold him.

And then, after many years of pain, they were all reunited, but that happiness only lasted for a short time. Lothaire wanted suddenly to go back to his world, and he wanted them to follow him.

Why?

He had left all that behind, and they had lived a peaceful life. Why did he want to go back and be the devil again? That is not who she wanted him to be. She didn't want to tell her children and grandchildren what their father or grandfather did. She didn't want to call him the devil, and she had already paid for her sins. She didn't want to sin anymore. The price was too heavy.

Now she wanted to lead a good life and be a good example to her family. She was proud of the good man her son had become; she wanted him to be proud of her as well. Therefore, she didn't accept Lothaire's offer, but she had asked him to stay.

She was even willing to forgive him and forget that he approached her with the intent to experiment. To create an unique offspring because she believed him when he said he fell in love with her despite his previous intentions. But his love wasn't enough to make him leave his mission for her.

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How foolish and desperate she had been. Even after admitting that he deceived her, she had believed everything he had said and even expected and hoped he would stay with her.

Both Love and hatred had blinded her, and she seemed to be the only one confused. Lucian hadn't even been surprised when his father wanted to go back to being the devil. It was almost as if he had been able to see through him, knowing that he couldn't change his nature easily and maybe that was why he never got close to his father.

But Heaven loved her grandfather.

Did she really make grandchild hate her grandfather?

It seemed like she did. Irene didn't know if Lothaire ever tried to manipulate their son, but he never forced him. So yes. Maybe she made assumptions and let hatred misguide her, but that didn't make him right. She might have made him the enemy in her mind, but he made himself on in reality.

'I was wrong. I shouldn't have let our fight come between you and Heaven. Heaven should have been given the choice to make a judgment for herself. But now... now after what you did, I am not sure if she will ever call you her grandfather again. Do you even love your grandchild? Do you have any love for her in your heart to blame me for making her hate you? Did you have any love for her to begin with? Because if you loved her, if even a little part of you loved her, no matter what I did or said, you wouldn't do this to her.'

Lothaire narrowed his eyes. 'I love differently. Can you say I never loved you?' He asked.

Irene shook her head. 'I don't know you anymore. I can only speak from what I see and you hurting our grandchild, that can't come from a place of love. If people we love can hurt us like that, then we don't enemies.'

'Heaven is hurt now, I know that. But she won't be later. She will like being with me because she will have the freedom she never had here.'
He explained.

Irene glared at with fury. 'How will she be free? How will she be happy? You are taking her away from her mate. Do you know how hard that is? Do you think she will just forget and be happy?' She was yelling now.

'Yes, she will. With time she will forget.'

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'She won't.' Irene shook her head. She knew very well that even when you hated your mate, you could never forget them.

'How do you know?' He asked.

Irene just stared at him, not wanting to reply. 'Did you forget me?' She then asked.

'How could I?' He smiled. 'I think of you all the time. It makes me sad that none of you wanted to come with me, but now I will have Heaven. A piece of us and she looks just like you.'

The way he looked at her reminded her of old days. When he looked at her with so much love and tenderness.

'Can't you just leave her? I... I will come with you instead. I know I am not a good ruler, but I am capable of many things.'

He laughed while shaking his head. 'No. Unfortunately, I can't. I want Heaven.'

He couldn't let her know that it was her he wanted. He had to insist to have Heaven, and he was going to have her. If Irene ever found out that it was her he wanted, then she would try something foolish. He wanted his mate alive, safe and by his side.

Irene took a deep breath to calm down. 'Why? She doesn't want to be with you. I am telling you I will come with you, willingly.'

He walked up to her, his hand itching to touch her face and before he knew he was caressing her cheek. 'You can come with me if you want, but I still want Heaven.'

'Please.' She whispered, her eyes tearing up before she closed them. 'Please leave her alone. Whatever it is you want from her, I will do it for you.'

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Lothaire took a step back before he did something foolish, like pulling her into his arms and holding her tight. The right thing to do would be to go back home and act as if he didn't care, but he wanted to be with her a little longer.

'I don't think we have anything else to talk about and I need to go back.' He said.

Her eyes widened. 'No! I am not done talking. I am begging you. Please, don't do this to her. What do I have to do to make you stop?'

'There is nothing you can do.'

‘Wait!’ She grabbed his arm, walking closer. Almost too close before she looked him in the eyes. ‘For the love and bond that we once shared, can’t you do this one thing for me. It is all I ask.’

No! He couldn’t give in. He shouldn’t.

‘Please.’ She grabbed his other arm.

He looked at her. She was a beauty so breathtaking she even tempted the devil himself. But temptation was his thing, and if she thought she could win against him, then she was wrong.

Lothaire leaned down and kissed her. She stiffened but didn’t pull back. It was only a brief kiss, a taste, and it left him burning to have more. But he couldn’t.

This was a game, and he couldn’t lose. A taste right now would confuse her more than a proper kiss. A taste would remind her of what she could have and make her long for more.

‘I can’t, my sweet.’ He whispered and then left her.

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

Chapter 229: Vol3 Chapter 106

‘Love is when you give someone else the power to destroy you, and you trust them not to do it.’ - E. Lockhart.

Heaven looked outside the window, getting more and more scared for each time. Hopefully, her grandmother would come soon and if she didn't come after a while, then she had to tell her parents.

As she waited, she panicked even more.

Oh, lord!

She shouldn't have let her go. It was really bad. What if her grandmother made a bad decision because of her? Now her stomach hurt because of her grandmother, and she ran to find her father.

'Father!' She barged into his study and he looked up, shocked by the way she threw the door open.

'Heaven?'

'Grandma went to see grandpa because he was here and threatened me. I told her, I shouldn't have and now she left to see him and she hasn't come back yet. It is all my fault. Please... go find.' She rambled until she was out of breath and she didn't even know if what she was saying was making any sense.

She leaned against the door, feeling dizzy again.

Her father quickly came to her side and caught her before she could fall.

'Grandma! Hurry!' She said before everything turned dark.

When Heaven opened her eyes again, she found herself in her bed. Confused, she sat up and realized that the morning sun was shining through the window. Next to her, her grandmother was sleeping.

What happened?

Slowly, she remembered everything. Her meeting with her grandfather, his threat, and then her grandmother's disappearance. And now she was here. She also found her mother sleeping on the couch. She had made them all worry, but now her grandmother was back. Was she able to make her grandfather change his mind?

The source of this chapter;

Irene stirred in her sleep, and then slowly opened her eyes. 'Heaven.'

Heaven looked over. 'Grandma, are you alright?'

Irene nodded. 'Yes.' She looked tired, as if she had been awake the whole night.

Did she cry? Her eyes looked swollen.

'What happened with grandpa?' She asked.

'He is a bastard.' She said and Heaven's eyes widened in shock.

She had never heard her grandmother or anyone in her family speak like that.

'Were you able to convince him?'

Her sleepy eyes opened wide and looked sad. 'I am sorry, Heaven. I couldn't do anything.'

Heaven panicked. She was still here, and her grandfather waited for her the whole night. What would he do now? She had to warn Zamiel, even though he wouldn't listen. She had to warn him and do something else. But what?

‘Grandma, I am going to see Zamiel.’

What? No!

She had wanted to tell her grandmother to go see Zamiel and warn him. She couldn’t go there herself, but she was already getting out of bed.

‘You are not afraid anymore?’ Her grandmother asked.

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‘Should I be? I would never hurt my mate.’

Her grandmother pushed herself up on an elbow. ‘I am glad you are better.’ She smiled.

No!

She wished her grandmother understood that it wasn’t only fear caused by manipulation. She could really kill Zamiel. It was real. No illusion, no bad dream, no manipulation. It was a reality. Her grandmother was taking this lightly, probably thinking her grandfather got inside her head.

‘It seems like you didn’t have enough sleep. You can sleep some more.’ Heaven smiled.

‘Alright then. I will sleep a little more.’ She said tucking herself under the covers.

Heaven was strangely calm. Even though she was telling herself she shouldn’t be, she kept staying calm. Something was wrong with her, but she kept going. She got clean, got dressed and then brushed her hair. Katy was there to assist her.

‘My Lady, do you want me to serve you breakfast now?’ Katy asked.

‘No. I will eat once I come back.’ She said.

When Katy left, Heaven looked at her mother and then grandmother. Both were sleeping soundly.

She turned back and opened her drawer where she kept some of her personal things, including her daggers. She had been carrying them around lately for protection. She only grabbed one of them now before staring at it. Roshan had given her the easiest daggers to carry yet sharpest. A light brush against the skin and it would still cut.

Heaven held it firmly in one hand before standing up. She imagined where she wanted to be while mumbling the spell she had learned and shortly after she was inside Zamiel’s home.

She should have put the dagger in its sheath and tied it to her thigh or her arm under the sleeves, but she was holding it in her hand. Just hiding it behind her back in case she came across Zamiel’s old maid. Heaven went slowly but steadily to his room. Just like she expected, she found him sleeping.

As usual, he was sleeping on his back and was completely still, as if he was dead.

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Now her heart raced. Somewhere in the very back of her mind a voice was telling her to turn around and leave, but she took a step closer instead.

No!

And she took another one.

No! No! Go back!

And another one.

Stop!

But she kept going and now she stood right next to his bed, towering over him.

Zamiel! Wake up!

The words didn't come out, but her hands came out from behind her back. One of them held the sharp dagger in a steel grip.

Heaven looked at the sharp tip of the dagger, and then her eyes went to his neck. She could see the visible veins, the pulsation. She could hear the steady rhythm of his heartbeat.

Her gaze slowly went lower to his chest, where his heart was beating behind his ribs.

There, between two ribs, she could stab him right in the heart. She grabbed the dagger with both her hands, positioning it above where she wanted to stab him.

Her hands began to shake. Something was wrong. She wanted to stab him, yet not. She was stuck between holding back and wanting to stab. And then she lost control and drove the dagger right into his chest.

She felt it cut through flesh, and she even cut herself in the process from the force she used.

Updated_at

Shocked, she stepped back and Zamiel shot his eyes open with a gasp.

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

Chapter 230: Vol3 Chapter 107

‘Stay away from negative people. They have a problem for every solution.’ - Albert Einstein.

Once she stabbed him, Heaven stumbled backwards and Zamiel shot his eyes open with a gasp. His breath came out in short rapid gasps and his face twisted in pain. She could tell breathing was difficult for him, but she couldn't do anything to help. Her legs refused to move, her body refused to obey her.

She stood frozen, while the voice in the back of her mind was slowly fighting its way through. Commanding her to move, but her body defied her.

It felt like her body didn't belong to her, and her mind felt like it became two separate parts. Somewhere far in the back of her mind was what she thought to be her real voice, and the front part, the one controlling her body, was unfamiliar. It made her stay calm in this horrifying situation.

Zamiel sat up and stared at the dagger in his chest before he turned to her. His eyes held so much pain she wanted to die right there. His eyes made her voice become louder and louder, fighting through with more force. Her heart raced, and she felt the panic slowly built up.

Zamiel grabbed the dagger and pulled it out. So much blood seeped from the wound and stained the white bedsheets.

He grimaced in pain before looking at her again. Those silver eyes looked tormented. They looked like the ones she had seen when she first met him. She had hoped she would never see that look in his eyes again, but here she was. Gazing into a pair of agonizing silver eyes.

‘Did... did you have to poison it?’ He asked, not sounding angry but hurt.

Poison ?!

No! She didn’t poison it. She would never! But even as she was thinking, nothing came out of her mouth.

Heaven felt as if she was suffocating. She was trapped in her own body.

Her body betrayed her, and she betrayed Zamiel. How could she do this? This wasn’t her. She would never....

Tears streamed down her cheeks. She had to move or else she would kill him. But if she could move, would she run to him or run away? She wanted to help him, run to him, save him. She was desperate, but she knew she would have to leave him.

Come on Heaven! Move!

Zamiel looked like he could barely breathe. His face turned all shades and colors until no color was left. It turned pale while he lost more blood. He placed one hand on the wound to stop the bleeding, but his eyes never left hers. He looked her straight in the eyes and she wondered what he was thinking.

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Hurt. He must be hurt and feeling betrayed and disappointed if he didn't hate her already. He must be angry.

But she wished his anger would make him move. Make him leave, since she wasn't leaving. Did he have a death wish?

Move Zamiel! Leave!

She prayed to God to give her the strength to move since Zamiel wasn't doing anything to save himself. She refused to think he would die. She couldn't let that happen.

More tears fell down her cheeks. Was she just going to watch her mate die?

No!

Her voice became louder, slowly getting through, and then suddenly she moved. But it was too sudden. Almost as if she woke up from a trance or a force left her body. It threw her off balance, but she didn't take the time to think about it. Her first instinct was to run to Zamiel, and that is what she did.

She shouldn't have, but her brain wasn't functioning right.

'Zamiel!' She pressed her shaking hands against his wound and over his hand, while bursting into tears. 'What should I do? What have I done? I am so sorry. I have to... what... I need to...'

She was a mess and Zamiel looked at her with those dead eyes. Almost as if he couldn't see her or couldn't focus on looking at her. He was in too much pain and too weak. She was killing him.

His heartbeat was slowing down. She had to leave, and it was the hardest thing she ever had to do. 'I am sorry. I...I have to go!'

How could she? It killed her. She felt like a part of her died as she teleported back home.

Heaven jumped straight into her bed and shook her grandmother violently to wake her up. Her cheeks were wet with tears and her hands covered in blood.

'Grandma!' She cried loudly.

Irene jumped out of her sleep.

'Heaven.' When she saw the blood in her hands sat up hastily.

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'Heaven. What is this? What...'

'Zamiel! I... I stabbed him. Please...hurry...save him. I can't... he... die.' She could barely speak. She was shaking, crying, panting.

'What... why?'

'I don't have time.' She got out of bed and dragged her grandmother out of bed as well. 'Please, just go help him.'

'Alright, alright.' She said.

‘What is happening?’ Her mother woke up and when Heaven turned to her with the blood on her hands, she could see the horror in her mother’s eyes.

Her mother hurried to her side with a thousand questions. ‘Did you hurt yourself? What happened? What is this blood?’

But Heaven was focused on her grandmother, who just wrapped a cloak around herself. ‘He will be fine.’ She assured before teleporting away.

Heaven didn’t realize that she had been holding her breath and ignoring her mother completely until she shook her. ‘What is happening, Heaven?!’

Yes. What just happened?

‘Heaven! You are frightening me!’

Heaven turned to her mother, feeling completely helpless and lost. She felt defeated. She had no strength left to even cry. She became numb for a short moment.

‘I stabbed Zamiel. With a poisoned dagger. I stabbed him right in the heart.’ She spoke in a flat tone.

Her mother frowned. ‘He will be fine. He is ancient.’

Heaven chuckled darkly.

She had promised Zamiel only one thing. To protect him. To never let him go through the same pain again, and now she stabbed him in his sleep. With a poisoned dagger. The thing he hated and feared the most.

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This might not have been her doing, but it was her fault. Her grandfather had warned her, but she insisted on finding other solutions.

Why ?!

More than her grandfather, she was angry with herself. She was warned many times. Through the dreams, through the bond and now her grandfather. She ignored all of that.

‘Mother, I want to die.’ It came out as a whisper, yet the words left her mother shaken.

She was usually very protective of her mother and never made her worry, but right now she wanted to be held. She wanted to hide. Disappear.

‘NO! Don’t say that.’ Her mother hugged her tightly and stroke her hair. ‘Everything will be alright.’

‘No mother. Nothing is or will be alright.’

Her grandfather kept his promises, and he must want her desperately if he was using such extreme methods to get her. She still couldn’t understand what happened to her.

‘Why did you leave?’ Her mother seemed confused.

But Heaven understood everything. The way she had observed her mother and grandmother sleeping soundly. That must also have been her grandfather. The observations had been intentional to show her his power. He set up everything. He could do anything. He could put her

whole family to sleep if he wanted to. She was powerless against him. They all were powerless against him.

Sometimes Heaven forgot that her grandfather was an ancient and not just any ancient. He was the devil. She should never forget. Forgetting was her first mistake.

She should have realized earlier that fighting was pointless. If she had just followed him, none of this would have happened.

She couldn't let her grandfather hurt anyone else because of her.

Who would he hurt next? Her father? Her mother?

He had so many ways to hurt her.

A shiver went down her spine as she thought of all the people she loved. One of them was already....

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Tears burned her eyes. Her heart felt heavy, as if weighing on her lungs and making it harder to breathe.

It was killing her to be away from Zamiel when she knew his condition. She wanted to stab herself in the heart, but she didn't have to. Her heart was already bleeding.

Zamiel. She couldn't live with herself if anything happened to him. She would never forgive herself if anything happened to him.

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

Chapter 231: Vol13 Chapter 108

‘Be an encourager. The world has plenty of critics already.’ -Dave Willis.

‘Father! What have you done?’ Tezz looked at him as if he had become crazy.

He had done nothing like this before, but again he had never been this desperate before. Heaven annoyed him. The girl was impossible, and she never listened.

‘What have I done?’ He asked calmly.

Lothaire hadn’t told Hezz and Tezz the whole plan, and now both were shocked.

‘You want Heaven to rule. She has to do it willingly so your job is to tempt and manipulate her. Not control her.’

She was right. Except it was not Heaven he wanted.

Manipulation and temptation rarely worked on Heaven. She had strong moral values and her desires were good ones. Besides, he tempted and manipulated those he wanted to sin because sin must be done by choice and if he controlled them to sin, then it wouldn’t be their choice.

But he wasn’t interested in making Heaven sin. Not now, anyway. Right now, he just wanted her to come to him and stay with him, and what better way to do it than to threaten the existence of her mate.

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‘I will tempt her once she is here and she will be here soon.’ Find authorized s in , faster updates, better experience, Please click <a href=‘#'s-son_14205835806705305/chapter-108_52677960817243381’|#'s-son_14205835806705305/chapter-108_52677960817243381 for visiting.

Lothaire had no other choice. Heaven was strong and her family made her even stronger. Whenever he managed to manipulate her and make her weak, her family would help her find strength again.

He was tired of playing that game and doing the same thing over and over again and have her family ruin it for him. As long as she stayed with them, she would remain strong. It made him realize that he had to change his plan. He had to separate her from her family if he wanted to manipulate her successfully.

Creating fear in her of what might happen wasn’t very affective since she knew he had something to do with it. So he had to show. He had to make her believe that what she feared wasn’t just a mind game but could actually happen in reality.

If she had just been weak and surrendered sooner, then this wouldn’t have happened. But she fought back, and now this was what she got.

‘I don’t understand. You have always been patient. Why go to such extreme just to get her now? Does she have something you need right now?’ Tezz asked.

She was confused, and it scared her that she couldn’t predict his actions anymore. She was worried he would do something reckless. In fact, she already thought that his actions had been reckless. Possessing someone

wasn't safe. But it was the fastest route, and he was willing to take the risk.

Heaven would never hurt her mate simply by being manipulated. He had to use her body.

Lothaire had only once possessed someone before. That wasn't what he did as the devil. He could have just compelled Heaven to do what he wanted, but he wasn't sure if his compulsion would be strong enough to make her go against her strongest desire, which was to protect her mate. He had to make sure that his plan would work this time, and possessing her body was the surest way. She wouldn't be able to fight him once he possessed her.

The nightmares he gave her didn't completely go to waste. It might not have affected her moral values, but it made her body and mind weaker, and while she was unconscious, he could easily enter her body.

Updated _at

Tezz and Hezz took care of the rest. Poisoning the dagger with the deadliest poison they could find and making everyone tired and sleepy.

Lothaire made sure everything was under control, but there was one thing he wondered. Would Zamiel's healing slow down if Heaven stabbed him while possessed? Because even if it was her body that stabbed him, she wouldn't be the one who made the decision to do so.

He didn't want Zamiel to heal fast. He needed Heaven to believe that her mate was going to die.

Lothaire added the poison in case the stabbing didn't work. Poison was the only thing that could bring a demon to the brink of death before they

could recover. He also added it because it was Zamiel's greatest fear and that would have an affect on Heaven. She would blame herself even more. The guilt would eat at her soul.

The possession itself would also affect her. Losing control completely was the most frightening thing humans could experience. It would make her lose complete trust in herself and in her abilities, which would also benefit him in the future.

He would have to tear her down in order to build her up the way he wanted her to be. At that moment, he almost forgot he was doing all of it to get Irene. He found excitement in this new experiment. Experimenting was his next favorite thing after manipulating.

Would he be able to change Heaven completely?

And would she be the only one changing? Possession had consequences for both parties involved. What would the consequences be for him?

'Father, you don't just possess someone. Especially not someone who doesn't share your values.' Hezz looked at him with judging eyes.

'I know. Don't worry. A simple possession won't change me.'

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Possessing someone could make you end up with their memories, or their feelings and thoughts could affect yours, sometimes so much that you could start liking the things they like. The longer you stayed in someone else's body, the worse the consequences would be.

But what could staying inside Heaven's body really do to him? He wasn't the least worried about any consequences. Changing his mind was not an easy task for anyone.

'I hope you make no more hasty decisions.' Hezz spoke.

Lothaire looked at both of his daughters. Both of them seemed worried and suspicious.

'No more decisions. Now we just have to wait.' He assured.

He would give Heaven some time. He didn't give her time earlier because he already knew she wouldn't come to him by just scaring her with words. So he gave her little time with the purpose to make her panic. That would make her weaker.

'What should we do with Zarin? It seems like your son is pulling him back.' Tezz crossed her arms over her chest.

'Don't worry. Once Heaven is here, he will be pulled equally from both sides.'

Lucian had a way of speaking. Lothaire had no doubt that his son's speech had an impact on Zarin. He had already expected that. No parent would watch their child walk toward hell without trying everything they could. Roshan was only restricted by Gina, and he knew what it meant to raise a finger against him.

'When will Heaven come here?' Tezz asked.

The source of this _chapter;

It would depend on Zamiel's condition and her own. Lothaire knew she would want to make sure that Zamiel was alright first.

'Soon.' Was all he said.

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

Chapter 232: Vol13 Chapter 109

'Beware of false knowledge. It is more dangerous than ignorance.' -

George Bernard Shaw

Irene was shaken as she made her way to Zamiel's home. She had never seen Heaven look like that before. She looked like a ghost, or someone whose soul had left their body. There was terror in her eyes that terrified her by just gazing into them. Whatever happened must be serious, but she couldn't understand how.

Zamiel was an ancient demon. He had survived being poisoned, having a sword thrust in and out of his body and a stab in the spine. What could Heaven have done that could possibly kill him? Why did she look so terrified?

Was this Lothaire's doing? Did he put so much fear in her that she actually thought she could kill Zamiel? And where did the blood come from?

Heaven would never hurt Zamiel, which made her realize that she must have been compelled. Irene was shocked and deeply disturbed. She never thought Lothaire would go that far to hurt their grandchild. She knew manipulation was what he did, so she wasn't shocked when he

manipulated, but this was different. Heaven had never done anything to him.

Irene hoped she was wrong and all this was just a bad dream. She held her breath as she made her way to Zamiel's room, hoping and wishing, but it was all in vain. She could already feel the smell of blood and hear someone grunting. When she walked into the room, she found Zamiel on the floor in a pool of blood.

He was groaning and writhing in pain and breathing heavily in between. Irene could immediately tell it was serious from all the blood on the floor, but also from his pale complexion. He had no color left on his skin and he could barely bring himself to say something or even help himself stop the bleeding.

Irene hurried to his side and went down on her knees. The blood overwhelmed her, but she became dizzy when she realized where the wound was located. He was stabbed in the heart and the wound seemed deep. If Heaven truly stabbed him, then Irene could be in danger. Would he trust her to take care of him, or would he unleash his fury on her?

It didn't matter. She had to save him or Heaven would never forgive herself if anything happened to her mate.

'Zamiel.'

He shot his eyes open, but they seemed unfocused and pained. He didn't even care to look at her too long before he shut them tightly and clenched his jaw to endure the pain. Something was happening to him. This was more than just a pain from a stab.

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‘What is happening to you?’

He sucked in a deep breath, his hands clenched and unclenched. His legs trembled and his face twisted in pain. She could see all the veins on his neck and forehead.

‘You have to tell me so that I can help you.’ She urged.

While she spoke to him, she put her hand on the wound to stop the bleeding. She knew nothing about taking care of wounds. She could take away the pain with magic, but would she be able to endure it? She would have to stay awake if she wanted to take care of him, and taking his pain would make her unable to help him.

Healing him using a spell was another option, but just like the pain, the damage would have to go somewhere. With magic, giving something needed a source of power, but taking something needed strength. Taking her son’s emotional pain had made her sick for days. Healing a wound that could lead to death would probably kill her, and it would take her a very long time to recover from death.

But why wasn’t he healing? She couldn’t understand.

‘Will you heal? What happened to you?’

‘Poi... son.’ He said.

Poison? Did Heaven poison him?

Wait! This meant she wouldn’t just have to heal the wound from the stab but also take the poison into her body. She would die immediately before she could even help him. It would be useless. She had to find another way, but hopefully he would heal by himself. There was no reason he

wouldn't. He would have to endure the pain for a long time, but he would heal.

Irene felt a rush of cold air against her back and her heart skipped a beat. Before she could turn, she already knew a demon was in the room with her. Turning back, she found a silver-haired demon standing in the room and he stared at her with his pale blue eyes. She hoped he was someone loyal to Zamiel who could help.

The man didn't introduce himself. He just hurried to Zamiel's side and looked at his face, almost as if he was communicating with him. From the way Zamiel calmly looked back at the man, he probably trusted him.

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'Will he heal?' Irene asked the silver-haired demon.

'I am not sure.' He replied.

'But why? Why won't he heal?'

'Because it was Heaven who stabbed him. Pain inflicted by her heals slower, even more in her presence.'

So Heaven was right. She wasn't just afraid. It was all true.

Irene felt her heart sink. Before she could digest the information, she received the silver-haired demon put his hand inside the wound on Zamiel's chest causing him to groan in pain.

Irene winced. 'What are you doing?'

‘I need to find the blood vessel to stop the bleeding.’ He said, then he frowned and pulled his hand out. ‘He stopped bleeding.’

Irene knew it wasn’t good news. It was bad. They were sitting in a pool of blood, so he probably lost all blood in his body. Her heart skipped a beat. Was he going to die?

She looked at Zamiel. His eyes seemed to roll back in his head before his body went limp. His heart was quiet and his breathing nonexistent. But this was normal with ancients. It didn’t have to mean that he was dead. He couldn’t be dead.

‘The poison is slowing down his healing.’ The man said.

‘We need to find an antidote.’

The source of this _chapter;

The man shook his head. ‘His body has already absorbed the poison and his organs are already damaged.’

‘We need to do something.’ Irene said desperately. ‘I will heal him.’

She put her hand on the wound and the first surge of damage into her body made her heart almost seize to beat. Irene pulled her hand away. The pain was shocking and made her shiver.

‘It is useless. You will just kill yourself and it won’t help him. It is not just his heart that needs healing.’ The man spoke.

‘It is better than nothing.’ She said stubbornly and put her hand on the wound again. She couldn’t let him die.

The man grabbed her hand to stop her. 'It is useless.' He repeated more firmly this time. 'I can sense your power. It won't even heal his heart before you die, let alone his whole body.'

'I am stronger than you think.' She said.

'Not stronger than him, but look at him. If you can heal him than he can heal himself.'

It was true. There was nothing her healing could do that his already couldn't.

What was she supposed to do now? What would happen to him?

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

Chapter 233: Vol3 Chapter 110

'Educating the mind without educating the heart is no education at all.'

-Aristotle

The silver-haired demon's name was Ilyas. He helped her clean up, and they placed Zamiel on his bed. He looked dead, but Ilyas assured her he wasn't.

Irene mixed some herbs with healing properties and put it on his wound before bandaging him up. Now they would just have to wait and hope that he would heal.

Feeling anxious, she sat beside his bed, praying that he would be alright. She wanted to go back to Heaven and assure her that everything was alright. She never felt this desperate before. If anything happened to this man, her granddaughter would never be the same.

Irene looked over at Ilyas. She wondered why he let her stay if he knew it was Heaven who hurt Zamiel. She wanted to explain to him that Heaven would never hurt her mate and there was something else going on. But looking at his expression, it looked like he didn't want or need an explanation. He was the type to just follow orders and he wouldn't do anything besides what he was ordered. She was only there because Zamiel didn't order him to make her leave.

The one she might have to explain to would be Zamiel. Poison and a witch wasn't a good combination for someone who has been through what he had been through. How would he react if he recovered? Would he resent Heaven?

Irene shook her head. Right now, the most important thing was for him to recover. She couldn't imagine what Heaven must feel at this moment, knowing she hurt her mate and not being able to be by his side.

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Did Lothaire really do this? She didn't know who to be more disappointed at. At him or at herself for believing he was better than this, when she knew he was very well capable of such things.

Wasn't that why she had decided to not be with him if he went back to his mission? He had told her the kind of person he became when he went there. He never hid that from her, and he had wanted her to be his queen and rule by his side. He wanted all of them to live there together and rule. But wouldn't they eventually turn out to be like him if they went with him? Wouldn't that mean accepting what he did or turning a blind eye even if they didn't join him in his activities?

Irene didn't want to live amongst or associate herself with people who did evil deeds. She didn't want to be one of them because she didn't believe that one could remain good in the company of bad people. She didn't want to abandon her morals and values and she didn't want to lose her humanity because according to Roshan, that is what happened when you went to the devil's world.

Irene had explained to Lothaire why she couldn't follow him, and he had seemed to understand. And he had explained why he couldn't stay with her, and she had accepted it. Now that she thought about it, they were fine when he left. Both of them had made their choices and chose different lifestyles where the other didn't fit in. When did things turn bad?

She didn't seem to recall the exact moment things changed. Only after.

While waiting for Zamiel to recover, Irene couldn't stop pondering on it. She was sure that she and Lothaire went separate ways with no bad feelings between them. She had felt sad that he left, but she hadn't tried to hate him, to replace the love she had for him, because she had no reason to.

So when did the guilt of loving him start which caused her to try hating him instead?

She shook her head. Maybe he was right, and she was thinking too much. After some time she had probably missed him and it became hard to endure a life without him, so she made up lies to make it easier for herself. She was disappointed with herself. Heaven was truly unlucky to have two bad grandparents.

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She looked over at Zamiel and her eyes teared up. She prayed to God to at least save her granddaughter's mate. Heaven deserved to have more good people in her life.

Zamiel started coughing and Irene shot up from her seat and loomed over him. 'Zamiel?'

He didn't reply and seemed to fall back into unconsciousness again. He kept doing that, scaring her and giving her hope every time he opened his eyes, but then disappointing her when he fell back like a dead body.

She could see that his body was fighting the poison and trying to heal. He was sweating, but his body remained freezing cold. He would tremble sometimes and groan in pain when he was awake.

Irene had never seen someone go through so much agony. She could see relief in his eyes every time he was becoming unconscious again. Relief that the pain would end and that he wouldn't have to endure it anymore. It frightened her of what this torture would do to his mind.

'Please, don't hate Heaven.' She whispered even though he couldn't hear her.

The next time he opened his eyes, he moved his mouth. He was saying something, but she couldn't understand. She leaned over him, bringing her ear closer.

'He... Hea... ven.'

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Heaven. He was asking for Heaven. Was it in a good way or a bad way?

Suddenly his hand came up and his fingers wrapped themselves around her arm in a steel like grip. After everything he had been through, she was shocked by his strength.

'Hea... ven. Where... she?'

Oh no. From his tone, this seemed bad.

'Heaven... she sent me here. She is real...'

'Where is she?!' He cut her off.

His voice gained its strength, but his hand loosened and fell as if he couldn't hold it up anymore.

Irene took several steps back to put some safe distance between them.

Follow current _ on

'Heaven. I...I... need... see her.' His speech became sloppy again. He was losing consciousness.

Irene slowly came closer again and before he closed his eyes, he said Heaven's name one last time.

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

Chapter 234: Vol3 Chapter 111

‘They never want to discuss what triggered you. Just how you reacted.’

-Unknown.

This time Zamiel was unconscious for a long time, and it made Irene worry. Was his recovery not doing well? At one time she thought he might have died and called Ilyas, who assured her he wasn't dead. Yet.

Irene was getting more and more worried. She took turns with Ilyas to take care of Zamiel and while he was gone, she tried to heal him despite being fully aware that she couldn't save him from death. She would have to find ways to help him heal on his own because interfering with magic in matters of life and death had severe consequences.

Magic couldn't prevent death. Yes, it could help him heal, but if his injuries were lethal, then there was little magic could do to save him. And all of Zamiel's injuries were lethal. Poison, a stab in the heart and slow healing were grave, but combined they were deadly. The only reason demons survived every injury beside the stab in the spine was because of their healing abilities. If the fast healing was taken away, then they could die from many types of injuries, just like humans.

That Zamiel's healing was slow when he was poisoned and stabbed in the heart was life threatening. She didn't know how much the poison and Heaven slowed down his healing.

Even if she healed his heart, which would kill her temporarily before she succeeded, his body would still need to produce blood to function. And

all his other organs would also need to heal from the damage the poison caused.

The payment of healing him would mean she would have to take the damage herself. One lethal injury would be enough to kill her. She would have to recover from death to take the other lethal injuries, and the recovery could take days. That wouldn't be an affective way to help him.

This was the only time Irene wished that magic had no consequences or limits, but she knew they were there for a reason.

Irene observed Zamiel. He lay unmoving, without breathing and with no heartbeat. His body was freezing cold and pale. His wound wasn't bleeding anymore. Irene took off the bandage to see if the wound healed and it didn't, which meant he just didn't have any blood left. It was amazing what an ancient's body was capable of surviving with slow or no healing.

Or maybe he did start healing, but in other parts of his body. The healing would probably take days, if not weeks. His whole body would need to recover.

When Ilyas came back, Irene took the opportunity to go visit Heaven. But what would she tell her when she asked about her mate? Irene thought being honest would be the best way. She didn't really know how things would turn out with Zamiel.

When she arrived at Heaven's room, both Hazel and Lucian were guarding their daughter. Heaven was lying curled in her bed. Her eyes looked absent, and she didn't even notice her arrival. Both Lucian and Hazel looked worried and Lucian quickly came to her, asking what happened. Irene could tell that both Lucian and Hazel were confused.

Heaven jumped out of bed when she finally noticed her arrival.

‘Zamiel? Is he alright?’ She asked, running to her.

Irene felt her heart race as she looked at her granddaughter. She didn’t want to be in this position.

‘He is recovering.’ She said despite not being sure.

Follow current _ on

What happened to being honest?

It would be bad if she gave her granddaughter high hopes, and it didn’t turn out well, but Irene discarded the thought quickly. Zamiel would be alright.

From Heaven’s expression, Irene could tell that her granddaughter already knew it was bad. She could probably sense Zamiel’s pain and she didn’t bother to say ask anything else. She just turned around and went back to bed, lying down curled. Her eyes turned empty, emotionless. It was a frightening and a disturbing sight.

Lucian was also disturbed as he took her aside to ask what happened. Irene told her son everything she knew, and Lucian became furious. She had to tell him to calm down.

‘Don’t do anything. Heaven needs you right now, so don’t go anywhere and stay beside her.’ She told him.

Irene didn’t know what Lothaire was planning next, but from his moves he was willing to go far. She didn’t want another person to get hurt while she was gone.

The most important thing right now was for Zamiel to recover so her granddaughter could get a little life back into her eyes. If Lucian did something hasty and got hurt, then Heaven would never recover.

‘Think of Heaven. Someone she loves is already in a critical condition.’
Irene added to make Lucian think straight.

After making her son promise to stay with his daughter, Irene went back to Zamiel.

Ilyas stood looming over his body with that deep frown he had since he came to help her.

‘Is something happening?’ She asked.

Please. She didn’t want to hear the word. She refused.

Holding her breath, she waited for Ilyas to reply. ‘He is... suffering.’ He said.

Irene exhaled, feeling bad that she was relieved to hear that he was suffering. He probably preferred death right now. She had seen it in his eyes sometimes.

Ilyas looked into her eyes for more than a short moment for the first time.
‘Did you eat?’ He asked.

Irene shook her head.

‘I asked the maid to make some food. It is served on the table.’ He said.

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Irene thanked him and went to eat. When she came back, he left to eat, and she looked after Zamiel.

Sitting beside his bed for a while, he finally moved his fingers, and then lifted his hand that went straight to the wound on his chest.

Finally!

His eyes were still closed, but his expression told her he was in pain. This time from the wound in his heart.

‘Zamiel.’ She called his name carefully, and he opened his eyes with a groan.

She still couldn’t hear his heartbeat, but he started breathing fast. His chest rising and falling while he stared at the ceiling for a while before he turned to her.

She went closer. ‘How are you feeling?’ She asked.

He gasped before trying to speak, but she could barely understand him. Talking pained him and his voice sound as if he had swallowed sharp blades. It was raw and raspy.

Water. She had to give him some water to drink, but when she stood up to leave, he grasped her wrist.

‘Heaven.’

Irene pulled her arm away, a little frightened. He made her shiver as if she got cold. Maybe it was his cold hand.

He rolled over to get up, but he didn't have the strength and ended up falling out of bed.

'What are you doing?' Irene went to help him up, but he was already pushing himself up and she realized that the wound on his chest started to bleed through the cloth. It was a good sign, but he had to lay still to not bleed out again.

'Heaven. I need...' He coughed and his breath came out in harsh pants. '...to see Heaven.'

'Heaven is alright.' She assured him.

'I need to see her.' He tried to push himself up with his arms, but they gave away.

'You can't see her. You will have to heal first.'

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Her words seemed to annoy him and he found the strength to push himself up and grab her arm before looking at her with a deadly stare. 'I need to see Heaven.'

'You will kill yourself.' She told him.

'I am...I...I need to see her... before I die.'

'No!' Irene almost yelled. 'You are not dying'

His head fell down as if he couldn't fight anymore, and then slowly he let himself fall back. He closed his eyes, grimacing in pain while breathing heavily.

‘You will be alright and I can’t let you see Heaven because I need you alive.’ She told him. ‘Heaven needs you alive.’

‘Please.’ He pleaded. ‘I just want to see her once.’

Why was he talking like he would die?

‘No! You have to fight if you want to see her.’ Irene didn’t realize that she almost started crying.

She crawled to his side and loomed over him. ‘Listen to me. You can’t give up. Heaven can’t live without you. She will...she will....’ Her voice broke thinking of what would happen to Heaven.

Ilyas came quickly into the room, and Zamiel opened his eyes to look at him. ‘Ilyas, bring me Heaven.’ He ordered.

Ilyas’ eyes widened. ‘My Lord, it is not good for ...’

‘Bring her to me!’

Ilyas frowned, but then his gaze hardened, and he clenched his jaw. ‘I am sorry but I refuse.’ He said.

Zamiel opened his mouth and looked like he was going to say something harsh or make a threat, but he ended up gasping in pain and then cursing.

It was strange to hear him curse.

‘Then I will go see her myself.’ He said.

The source of this _chapter;

Married To The Devil's Son (WN)

Chapter 235: Vol3 Chapter 112

‘Comparison is the death of joy.’ -Mark Twain.

Zamiel tried to get up again, but failed. Irene put her hand gently on his shoulder. ‘Please, Zamiel. You are going to cause the wound to open even more.’

He stopped struggling to get up and let his head fall back. He was panting while holding his chest.

More blood seeped from the wound on his chest. Blood should normally be bad, but in his case it was good. She just needed to stop him from trying to move.

‘You will be alright.’ She told him when he looked at her with pleading eyes. ‘You will be alright and then you will see Heaven again.’

He turned away from her and stared at the ceiling. He was quiet for a moment before he spoke. ‘I have wondered how I got so lucky to meet a wonderful woman again and fall in love. It always seemed too good to be true. Maybe... this is how lucky I will get.’

He turned back to her. ‘I want to be able to say goodbye this time. I want to look at Heaven and tell her how much I love her. I want to make sure she is alright. I want to...’ He stopped and grimaced in pain.

‘Say no more. Heaven is alright and I will let her know how you feel.’

Irene knew how she felt. She knew why he was so desperate to see Heaven. He wanted to free her from her guilt before he died. He wanted to let her know that his feelings for her remained the same.

Zamiel grabbed her hand that rested on his shoulder to keep him down. 'Will... you... let me see her?'

Irene didn't know what to say. She could be making a mistake if she didn't let him see her and he died, but she could also be making a mistake if she let him see her, and his condition got worse. She was torn, and she looked at Ilyas for help. He didn't seem to know what to do either.

Zamiel's grip on her hand loosened, and he started to lose consciousness again. This time, she didn't see relief in his eyes before he disappeared. She saw fear. He didn't want to go before seeing Heaven.

Irene panicked. 'He is not dead yet. Is he?'

Ilyas shook his head, coming forward. 'He is bleeding again. It is a good thing.'

Updated _at

Hopefully now, while he was unmoving, he would heal before bleeding out.

Irene and Ilyas kept watching him in silence. It felt like forever before he finally stirred in bed again. But it was only for a short moment, and then he was gone again. Irene thought she would get a heart disease from all this. She couldn't relax even for a moment, but after long hours of watching over him, she somehow fell asleep by accident.

When she woke up and realized that she had fallen asleep, she panicked.

Zamiel ?

She quickly turned to his bed, but it was empty. He was gone. Her heart dropped to her stomach. He must have gone to see Heaven.

Where was Ilyas ?

Heaven lay in her bed, curled up under the sheets. She wasn't sleeping, but she didn't feel awake either. She just felt empty. After drowning in her own pain and Zamiel's pain for too long, she became numb to all of it. She just stared emptily in-front of her, feeling dead inside.

Someone as weak as her, someone who didn't even have the strength to stop themselves from hurting their mate, didn't deserve to have one. She had stabbed him with her own hands, and of all the places, she stabbed him in the heart. Just thinking about it made her chest feel tight.

And the poison. She remembered the pained look in his eyes and wished the ground would open and swallow her. But she didn't deserve to be released from this shame and this pain. Not when her mate was suffering. She deserved to suffer as much, and now she didn't know what felt worse. To feel pain or to feel completely numb ?

Her parents were somewhere in her room. They had tried to talk to her, but their voices seemed distant. No words reached her ears. The only words she wanted to hear was that Zamiel was alright. Nothing else mattered at this moment.

In her absent state of mind she suddenly felt a chilling cold and then heard the distance gasp of her mother.

‘Zamiel.’

Zamiel ?!

Hastily she turned in bed and sat up. Her eyes searched the room until they found Zamiel. He was standing in the middle of the room, looking pale and pained.

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Heaven didn’t know what got into her, but she jumped out of bed and ran to him, wrapping her arms around him. She had told herself she would stay away, but at this moment, all rational thoughts fled her mind. She was relieved to see him alive and be able to hold him.

‘Heaven.’ His voice was filled with pain as he wrapped one arm around her. That is when all of her emotions came back and hit her hard, knocking all the air out of her lungs.

‘Zamiel.’ She pulled back, but he kept his arm around her.

Heaven gazed up at him. His face was pale, his lips were purple and dry, and his hair was wet from sweating too much. As he held her close, she realized how cold his body was. Colder than usual. His breathing was uneven, and his eyes looked tired.

She was the one who put him in this state. She was the one who caused him this much pain. How could he hold her so close and not look at her with hatred, disgust, or at least mistrust ?

‘I did this to you.’ She said, tears filling her eyes.

He shook his head. ‘No, you didn’t. You would never hurt me.’

Tears rolled down her cheeks. It pained her so much to hear those words, knowing that she did almost kill him.

He wiped the tears away from her cheeks with thumb and then grabbed her face with his icy hand. ‘I am sorry you had to go through this. I am always failing to protect...’

She covered his mouth with her hand to stop him from saying what he was going to say. He shouldn’t talk about failing when she was the one who failed. ‘Don’t say that.’ She felt ashamed to even look at him.

‘You shouldn’t be here.’ She said, afraid that something would happen again. She wouldn’t take risks again when he finally survived.

Placing her hand on his chest, she tried to push him away when she felt something wet under her palm. She turned her hand over; it was stained with blood.

Heaven looked at his chest. Blood was seeping through his white shirt.

‘Zamiel. You are bleeding.’ She panicked.

She thought he came here because he had already healed. How stupid of her to not think!

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‘You have to go. You can’t be here. Are you trying to kill yourself?’ She pushed him away gently, but he grabbed her arm instead. ‘Zamiel! You have to go or I will.’

He pulled her closer. ‘Don’t leave.’

The strength in his grip didn’t match the weakness in his voice.

‘Don’t...leave.’ He repeated, wobbling slightly and dropping his arm.

‘Zamiel!’ She grabbed his arms to prevent him from falling, but she wasn’t strong enough, and he fell to his knees. Before she could do anything, he quickly grabbed her wrist, as if he was more afraid of her leaving than the vulnerable state he was in.

‘Can I... be selfish once and ask of you to stay by my side... when I am leaving.’

He could barely breathe as he spoke.

‘You are not dying.’ She said firmly. It was almost as if she denied him death.

She tried to pull her hand away, but his grip was even stronger this time. How could he hold her with such strength when he couldn’t even speak properly?

‘You have to let me go.’ She tried to remove his hand with dread, but he refused to let go.

Instead, he pulled her down on her knees so they came face to face. She looked at him with tears in her eyes. ‘Please.’ She pleaded. She was panicking. He was going to die because of her.

She was the selfish one, hoping he wouldn't die when he was in agony. Refusing to listen to him or stay with him because she refused to let him go.

She didn't know what to do. It felt like whatever she did would have great consequences. She had to find out if there was hope, but at the same time, how could she give up hope. How could she give up on him?

She shook her head. For a brief moment, she hoped to take his place, but then she remembered what losing someone he loved again would do to him. She felt completely helpless.

Zamiel slowly let go of her hand as if giving up.

Updated _at

No!

What did this mean?

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

Chapter 236: Vol13 Chapter 113

'Don't let someone who has done nothing, tell you how to do anything.'

- Unknown.

Zamiel let go of Heaven's hand when he saw her eyes tearing up. He realized he was being too selfish and asking too much. He had just wanted to see her face before he died and have her hold him as he took his last breath.

His heart was telling him it reached its limit. Everything he did was causing him pain. Even holding his eyes open or breathing felt like torture. His body had enough after going through so much. It felt as if his soul was slowly leaving his body and he didn't have the strength to hold it back.

Maybe he should have died that day. When Heaven was willing to kill him. If he had died then, he would spare her and himself all this pain.

No!

Actually, he should have been locked forever in that coffin. He shouldn't have been released. What good did he bring?

'I'll be alright.' He told her.

He wanted to say he would be alright with whatever decision she made. He didn't want to see her hurt anymore.

As he spoke, he felt his vision becoming blurry again. The darkness came back to take him away. He tried to look at Heaven one last time, but he couldn't see her face clearly.

No, he wasn't ready to leave yet. He still had a lot to say.

He reached out with his hand blindly and was relieved when Heaven took it and held it between both of her hands.

'Don't go to your grandfather. This is not your fault.' He wished he could see her face, to know if she was listening to him. 'I want to see you when I wake up.' If he woke up. He hoped he would to see her again.

Before he could hear her reply, darkness swept him away.

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For a while there was no pain or agony until his consciousness slowly crawled back, but not completely. He was stuck somewhere in the darkness, awake yet not. It was as if his body was tied and he couldn't move, but he could feel pain. He could feel it coming from every place in his body. His mind screamed, but his body remained chained by the darkness.

After what felt like years of torture, he finally saw a glimpse of light, and the chains around him loosened. He was being carried toward that light, leaving the darkness behind until he found himself in a place that seemed like heaven.

Did he die ?

Under his feet, he felt something soft and warm. He looked down. He was barefoot and stood on the greenest grass he had ever seen.

He found himself in a garden unlike any he had seen before. The colors were harmonies; the breeze was as soft as the warm sunrays against his skin. The sky was the clearest blue and far on the horizon he could see mountains with the colors of the rainbow.

Where was he ?

A soft laughter caught his attention. He turned back and saw the back of a woman sitting on a white bench. Zamiel slowly walked toward her, but stopped abruptly when the woman stood up. She stood still for a moment before she slowly turned around to face him.

Zamiel froze when he locked eyes with her. Those amber eyes...

‘Zamiel.’ She smiled.

Zamiel couldn’t believe his eyes. This had to be a dream, but the way she called his name was so familiar and her voice was so clear.

‘Gamila?’

She looked so happy to see him. ‘I shouldn’t be happy that you are here, but I am. I have been waiting for you.’ She said, walking over to him. She slowly reached out and touched his upper arms, as if she couldn’t believe she was seeing him.

‘You are finally here.’ She breathed, her eyes tearing up. ‘I hope you came here without much pain.’

Zamiel just stared at her, astounded. What was happening? She felt so real. He could feel her touch on his arms.

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He reached for her face slowly. The feel of her skin on the tip of his fingers felt exactly like he remembered. She was real.

Gamila took his hand and placed her face in his palm. ‘I have missed you so much.’

‘Gamila? It is you?’

‘Yes. It is me.’ She gazed into his eyes.

How?

He couldn't count how many times he had wished to see her, and now she was here. Standing right in front of him and he was touching her and smelling her.

Without thinking, he drew her into his arms and hugged her tightly. He was happy to see her alive and replace the images of her lifeless body that had been haunting him for so long.

He pulled back to look at her again. He was still in disbelief. 'Are you alright?' He asked.

She smiled widely. 'Yes.'

They just stared at each other for a while before her gaze shifted to something behind him and she smiled again. Zamiel turned to see what she was looking at.

A young woman in a light blue dress stood a few feet away from them. She looked at him closely, as if trying to recognize him, but it took him no time to recognize her. She looked just like him, with her pale skin, dark hair, and silver eyes.

'Micah?' His daughter. She was alive and... she had grown.

She was so little when he buried her.

'Father?'

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His heart shuddered when she called him.

'Micah. This is your father. I told you he would be here one day.'

Gamila smiled at her daughter.

Micah stared at him in silence, and he stared back. He was an awe. No words came out of his mouth.

Zamiel remembered all the times he had played with her, carried her, showered her with kisses and hugs and let her sleep in his arms. But she had been a child and could probably not remember him. But oddly, she recognized him.

‘Father, I have been waiting to meet you.’ She finally spoke and came near him.

Tears burned his eyes and his heart felt heavy and warm at the same time. This was his daughter. His own flesh and blood and last time he held her she was dead in his arms. He wanted to hold her again. Feel her alive in his arms.

He took a step forward and wrapped his arms around her while tears streamed down his face. ‘Micah, I have longed to see you.’

She carefully put her arms around him and Zamiel felt his heart burst with the joy of holding her in his arms. He never wanted to let go. He kissed her hair and smelled her scent.

He held her tightly, then grabbed her face between his hands. He wanted to look at her. She looked just like him, but with feminine features.

‘She didn’t inherit any of my looks. She looks just like you.’ Gamila said causing Micah to smile.

Zamiel didn’t tear his gaze away from his daughter. It felt like she would disappear if he looked away, even for a short moment.

‘You look beautiful and... you have grown.’ Without a father, he added in his mind. ‘I am sorry I wasn’t there when you grew up.’

Micah placed her hands on top of his and smiled. ‘You are here now. It is all that matters.’ She said.

Gamila nodded beside him. ‘Yes. We are here and we are safe. No one can harm us here.’

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Here ? Where were they ?

Zamiel turned to Gamila. ‘What is this place ?’ He asked.

‘Heaven.’

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

Chapter 237: Vol13 Chapter 114

‘When you do not seek or need approval, you are at your most powerful.’- Caroline Myss.

Heaven ?

He died ? And he came to heaven ? Leaving Heaven behind ?

‘Am I dead ?’ He asked.

Gamila turned to her left, and he followed her gaze. Somewhere far away, he saw an opening. It was dark inside, and the opening seemed to shrink in size slowly.

‘You are dying.’ She said, turning back to him.

Zamiel looked between her and the opening, then he looked at his daughter. He was in heaven, reunited with his family again. Wasn’t this all he had wished for all those years inside that empty, dark coffin? Why wasn’t he happy now?

Heaven.

He couldn’t leave her behind. He had to go back. But then he looked at Gamila and his daughter and guilt weighed on his heart. He was going to disappoint them. Again.

‘You don’t want to be here?’ Gamila asked with a frown.

Zamiel felt a sharp pain in his chest and his eyes burned with tears again.

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‘Gamila.’ He took her hands in his and looked into her eyes. How was he going to explain himself? It felt like he betrayed her. Like he betrayed them.

‘I love you. I always have and I always will. But I have to go back. I am sorry.’

Tears filled her eyes, but she shook her head as if refusing to cry. ‘Don’t apologize. I understand. I have always prayed for you to find happiness and it seems like you found it.’

He nodded. He did find happiness with Heaven.

‘What is her name?’ She asked.

‘Heaven.’ He said.

‘Heaven?’ She smiled. ‘You found Heaven on earth.’

He did.

‘Then there is no reason for you to stay here.’ Tears fell down their cheeks.

Both were crying as they held each others hands. ‘You deserve all the happiness in the world. You deserve to have heaven on earth and even after. It pained me to see you hurt all those years. I am happy that you are happy now.’

‘Could you see me?’ He asked.

She nodded. ‘Once a year the gates of heaven open and we can go down to see our loved ones. Micah and I have gone down every year and for a thousand years I couldn’t see you because you were locked. And I couldn’t do anything about it. This year’s opening is still to come, so I didn’t know you were released.’

New chapters are published here:

She turned to Micah, who also had tears in her eyes. ‘Micah and I will come down to visit you again when the gates open.’ She said.

Micah nodded while she cried, and Zamiel went to hug his daughter. He hated this. After all those years when he finally saw his daughter, he

made her cry. 'I am sorry you had to have a father like me.' He said and she shook her head. 'I want you to know that I love very much.'

Now he was truly crying. His daughter had been his everything. She had been the light in his life. She had been a blessing from God.

Gamila put a hand on shoulder. 'Zamiel. You have to go now before it is too late.' She said. 'Micah and I will be fine.'

Zamiel's heart broke as he pulled away from his daughter. The warmth left his body, and he was cold again. Gamila came to stand in front of him. She grabbed his face gently. 'I have never blamed you for what happened. I want you to go back and be truly happy and let go of that guilt.' She said. 'Promise me.'

He felt a lump in his throat that made it difficult to talk. 'I promise.' He said, then took her hands and kissed both of her knuckles. In old times, it was a sign of respect.

Gamila smiled at him. 'I will come to see you with Micah when the gates open again. I hope to see you happy.'

He nodded. 'Will I be able to see you when you come down?' He asked.

'I don't know. Some people can see and others can't. I hope you can see us, otherwise remember the scent of this garden. When we come down, you should be able to smell it.'

Zamiel nodded.

He hugged Gamila and Micah one last time before he started walking toward the opening that was getting smaller. Tears streamed down his

eyes as he walked away. He was overwhelmed by all the emotions he felt inside. There was both joy and sadness, both pain and relief.

He turned back to wave one more time, and they waved back, smiling at him one last time. He would honor this memory and all of their other memories, and one day he would see them again.

Follow current _ on

Heaven left Zamiel in her room with Ilyas and Irene. She went to her parents' quarters to stay away from him so that he could heal. She cried and cried, not knowing if she did the right thing by leaving him behind. But if she stayed, he would surely die.

Her crying made her mother cry, who held her in her arms. 'He will be alright.' Her mother murmured some encouraging words while stroking her hair.

Her father was silent, but she could see he was going through his own struggle to see her like that. She could tell he was restless, angry and was trying to hold himself from rushing to her grandfather to fight him. But what was the point? Her grandfather would always win. He would always have a way to get back at them by hurting the people they loved.

After crying for so long, Heaven just leaned against her mother's shoulder, feeling exhausted. When would this nightmare end?

Just when she asked herself that question, her grandmother appeared.

Heaven stood up hastily. 'Is he alright?' She asked before her grandmother opened her mouth.

‘Heaven.’ From the way Irene said her name, Heaven knew it wasn’t good news. She felt her heart sink. ‘I think you need to come and see him.’

Heaven shook her head in denial.

‘His condition is getting worse, and I don’t want you to have any regrets. It was also his last wish. You should honor it.’ Her grandmother explained.

Heaven burst into tears. Her heart felt so tight in her chest it suffocated her. She didn’t want to accept this, but she had to see him if it was his last wish. It was the least she could do for him, after all the pain she caused. She would have to deal with her own pain later.

Heaven wanted to be there for him. Ease his pain in any way she could, even though she was dying inside.

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Feeling completely destroyed, she went back to her room. Zamiel was lying in her bed, his body looking dead. Ilyas stood next to him, and the look on his face wasn’t one she had hoped to see.

Slowly she neared her bed where Zamiel was lying. Her heart raced for every step she took and her legs felt heavy, as if refusing to obey her. She remembered the day she released him from the coffin. She wasn’t supposed to make him live just to kill him later. She wasn’t supposed to release him from suffering, to make him suffer again.

This was wrong. Zamiel didn’t deserve this. If he left, then her heart and soul would leave with him.

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

Chapter 238: Vol3 Chapter 115

‘Direction is more important than speed. Many are going nowhere fast.’

-Unknown.

Heaven went down on her knees next to her bed where Zamiel was lying and took his icy cold hand between hers.

‘Zamiel.’ She called him gently, as if he could hear her.

He didn’t move. He wasn’t even breathing. Heaven looked at Ilyas.

‘What happened to him?’ She asked.

Of all of them, he probably knew more about the death of ancients.

Ilyas looked down. ‘I think he is... leaving.’ He said.

Heaven tightened her hold around his hand. He must be in so much pain if he was leaving this slowly. She couldn’t even tell how much pain because she couldn’t differentiate between his pain and her pain anymore.

If he would only open his eyes once. She wanted to say some comforting words, tell him that she loved him and how the time she had with him had been the best time of her life. She wanted to tell him that she would keep him in her heart forever and strangely, she even wanted to assure him that she would be alright, so he could leave in peace.

Maybe it wasn't as bad as she thought. He would leave this world that only caused him suffering. He would be reunited with his family and hopefully be truly happy again.

Oh God. Was this really happening? Her heart tightened again and her head throbbed in pain from all the crying.

She looked at his face when she sensed a slight movement coming from him. 'Zamiel?'

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He didn't respond, but a tear fell out of his closed eye. 'Is he in more pain?' Heaven asked Ilyas.

How would he know? She should be the one to know.

'I don't know.' He said.

Another tear fell down. He was crying without moving or making a sound. Heaven tried to take away his pain in silence, but she felt nothing. There was no pain. There was nothing. She tried again, but it she felt an unsettling emptiness.

It was as if he wasn't there, inside his body. She couldn't feel his presence like she used to do.

'No!' She stood up, grabbed his shoulders, and started to shake him. 'No Zamiel. No! Please.'

She wasn't able to say goodbye. He couldn't leave without a goodbye.

Her parents came to her side and tried to hold her back, but she pushed them away and threw herself on Zamiel, hugging his cold body. ‘Please Zamiel. Don’t leave me. Please.’ She cried.

Her cries were so loud they scarred her throat. The pain cut through her veins, causing her heart to bleed. Sadness drained through her, traveled through every cell in her body and caused every nerve to scream in agony. She never felt a pain like this before. It left her beaten and broken.

So this is what it felt like to lose someone you loved. Zamiel had already gone through this. Now it was her turn.

She kept holding him, resting her head on his chest. Her surroundings disappeared. It was only her and Zamiel and she couldn’t let go of his body. She wasn’t ready to let him go yet.

Heaven didn’t know how long she had been holding on to him. Time didn’t seem to matter anymore. Nothing mattered anymore.

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With her head resting on his chest, she suddenly felt like she heard a sound. A heartbeat. She stopped crying and listened carefully.

Yes. She heard it again. Another heartbeat. She quickly got up and turned to look at him. ‘Zamiel?’

He was still. Heaven was sure she had heard his heartbeat. Her hand went to his face, and she let her fingers slide over his cheek.

‘Zamiel?’ She called him again.

She held her breath, hopeful he would respond. It felt like forever before his eyebrows moved slightly.

Heaven's heart skipped. He was alive.

His eyebrows settled into a frown, and she saw his eyes move behind his eyelids. But he was crying again. Tears fell down his temples, and Heaven wiped them away gently. 'Zamiel.'

Ever so slowly, he opened his eyes until she could see his silver gaze. She smiled at him in relief, while hearing sighs of relief come from her family in the room.

Zamiel kept looking up. His eyes were void of any emotion, even though more tears fell out of them. They were red, like he had been crying for too long, even though he just woke up. Heaven wondered why he was crying, but she guessed it could be for many reasons after everything he went through.

She wiped his tears away again. 'It is alright now.' She whispered.

His gaze shifted, and his silver eyes finally met hers. He just stared. Maybe he wasn't fully awake yet, because she hoped he recognized her.

His lips parted, and then he uttered her name. 'Heaven.'

Follow current _ on

Her heart had endured a lot today, but the simple sound of her name coming from his lips closed the veins in her heart that had been bleeding.

'I am here.' She said, taking his hand and holding it tightly.

He took a deep breath and closed his eyes. She knew he was exhausted, so she kept holding his hand and waited for him patiently. Meanwhile, she listened to his heartbeat. It was very slow and uneven at first, but gradually the rhythm got better.

Tears of relief streamed down her cheeks. She thanked God for hearing her prayers.

Zamiel's cold fingers encircled around her hand. He held her back, and she looked up at him.

'Don't cry.' His voice was hoarse. 'I am not... going anywhere.'

'I thought you left.' She sobbed.

He was quiet for a moment. 'Maybe I did. I just remembered I had to go to heaven and you are here.'

She chuckled through her tears, and he smiled. 'I am glad you remembered.' She said.

He turned away from her and looked around. Her family had gathered around the bed. 'I am glad you are alright.' Her father spoke.

Heaven could tell her mother and grandmother had been crying with her from their red, swollen eyes.

Ilyas looked alright, but Heaven knew even he had panicked.

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'Lets stop crying and bring him some water.' Her father said.

Married To The Devil's Son (WN)

Chapter 239: Vol3 Chapter 116

‘When they can’t find anything wrong with you, they create it.’ –
Unknown.

Zamiel had survived, but he still had to recover. Heaven took care of him every day, feeding him, cleaning his wound and wrapping it in a new cloth. She combed his hair and helped him bathe. It was a strange feeling to take care of him, but very satisfying. Usually, she was the one to be taken care of.

Heaven knew that it was her presence that caused his slow recovery, but she didn’t try to separate herself from him. If he wanted her there, then she would stay. She would make his slow recovery worth it.

The pain was worst at nighttime. He would wake up sometimes in pain and other times he would keep turning in bed. How stubborn, she thought.

If he had just let her leave for a few days, he would have healed faster instead of enduring this pain. The stab in his chest had almost healed, now. It was the damages from the poison that remained. Heaven knew how dangerous poison was, even for demons. But she didn’t know it would be this difficult to recover from.

Her father told her about the pain of being poisoned. It was not something anyone would want to go through. Demon or human.

Since Zamiel came back from the brink of death, she saw a change in him. He seemed much calmer, and he had already been a calm person. But this time the calmness was clearly visible in his eyes.

His scent had also changed. Apart from the scent of earth after rain, there was another scent she couldn't recognize.

What was it, and what had changed? What happened while he was gone? She wanted to ask, but she didn't want to bring back painful memories.

Today, as she combed his hair, he stared at her through the mirror as usual. He talked less and observed more lately. At first she thought he was like that because talking pained him, but he remained the same even after getting better. Every time he looked at her, it was as if he saw her for the first time, but still recognized her.

Updated _at

His eyes were calm, but his gaze was intense. 'You have regained some color on your face.' She said to break the silence.

'Do I look better now?' He asked.

She looked at his reflection in the mirror. Did he even need to ask? He had a face that would make any woman daydream. Even now when he looked a little sick.

'Yes.' She replied, putting the comb down on the dresser. 'I need to look at your wound.' She said.

He stood up and went to sit on her bed as usual, while taking his shirt off. Heaven followed him, then removed the piece of cloth that was wrapped around his torso. She crouched to inspect. Only a small opening was left,

and it wasn't bleeding anymore. Still, she wrapped it with a new piece of cloth for protection. Again Zamiel watched her in silence while she took care of him. He was making her nervous.

'Can you lift your arms?' She asked so she could wrap the cloth around him.

He did as he was told. Not once did he question her, refuse her help, or not comply. He was like an obedient child. Doing exactly what he was told and following along.

He had become a bit thinner after the injury, and even though she tried to make him eat, he didn't seem to be able to digest the food, so he only ate small portions. The poison seemed to have damaged his stomach as well.

Once she was done, Heaven grabbed his shirt and helped him wear it. Again, he let her dress him, even though he had healed enough to do it on his own. She was glad that he didn't protest and let her take care of him.

Deep down she knew why he was being like this. He wanted to release her from her guilt. But no matter how much she helped him, it would never undo the damage she caused.

Her grandfather had come to see her a few days ago. It didn't surprise her that he came. She knew it was only a matter of time before he came back to collect her. She had asked him to give her more time. She wanted to care for Zamiel before she left.

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She had been waiting for the right moment to tell him what she was planning to do, but she kept delaying it in fear of hurting him. Either way, he would be hurt.

If not by leaving, then by some other crueler way that her grandfather came up with. He threatened not only Zamiel, but the rest of her family as well. He had said ‘your loved ones’. She had no doubt he could hurt his own family. He had already broken her to pieces.

‘You smell different.’ She told him as she helped him wear his shirt.

‘How so?’ He asked.

‘I am not sure, but you have got an additional scent.’

‘What is that scent?’

Heaven tried to think of what it was. It was like nothing she smelled before. It was warm, gentle, and soothing. It was colorful; she wanted to say. Strange. How could smell have colors?

‘I don’t know what it is, but it makes me think of heaven. As if you have been there.’ She shook her head with a smile. What a silly thing to say.

Something in Zamiel’s gaze changed. He looked more serious and didn’t find what she said to be funny.

‘I have been there.’ He said. ‘I met my wife and my daughter.’

Heaven paused. ‘You did?’ It was hard to imagine.

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He nodded.

‘How?’ She asked astounded.

He shrugged. ‘I don’t know.’

Both became silent. Heaven tried to digest what he said. He went to heaven and met his family. Was that when he was crying? He must have been so happy to be reunited with his family. Did he want to stay there and not come back? Was that why he was crying?

‘How did that feel?’ She asked.

‘Overwhelming.’ He said.

‘Did you talk to them?’

‘Yes.I... I hugged my daughter.’ His face lit up when he spoke about her, but his eyes remained sad. ‘She isn’t a child anymore. She grew up into a beautiful woman. Beautiful and kind.’

Heaven nodded. She didn’t know which part made her sad. The thought of him wanting to stay with them or the fact that he got separated from them again.

She didn’t want him to die, but she didn’t want him to be sad, either. ‘I am sorry.’ She said, looking down. She was sorry for what she did and for what she was going to do. She was the worst mate anyone could have.

Zamiel put his hand under her chin and lifted her head. ‘For what?’ He asked.

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‘For wanting you to come back to me and separating you from them.’
Just to leave you. ‘You must have been so happy to see them.’

He smiled at her. ‘I was happy, but I would be disappointed if you didn’t want me to come back. And you didn’t separate me from them. I chose to come back to you.’

Tears stung her eyes. He chose her, but she was going to leave him.

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

Chapter 240: Vol13 Chapter 117

‘The best way out is always through.’ -Robert Frost.

‘Why are you crying?’ He asked when she couldn’t stop the tears from leaving her eyes.

‘I... I have to go.’ She sobbed. ‘I can’t stay with you. I can’t stay here.’ She let it out. She had been trying to find the right moment or the right way to say it but there was no such thing.

He didn’t seem surprised. It was almost as if he was expecting it to happen.

‘You don’t have to go. You know I would go through the same pain again just to be with you.’ He spoke calmly.

Heaven stood up and took a step back. ‘But I can’t go through the same pain again.’ She cried. ‘I am not that strong.’

‘So you will just leave?’ He asked.

‘Yes!’ She almost yelled. ‘I want to leave. I am tired of this.’ She fought back the tears, but they fought against her, forcing their way out.

There was so much buildup of anger and frustration inside of her that was pushing its way out.

‘I don’t want to be here. I can’t find peace here, and people will never accept me as a ruler. In fact, I don’t even want to be one. I just want to live a peaceful life and with grandpa I can do that. I can live freely and not have to hide that I am a demon.’

Now she was just spitting lies, but who was she lying to? Zamiel certainly didn’t believe her.

She continued, as if trying to convince him. ‘All I have done is worry and cry. That is not how I want to live. I want to be happy. In grandpa’s kingdom I don’t have to worry about being a royalty and doing my duties. I will be free from all of that. I will make new friends and go wherever I want and do whatever I want. That is how I want to live.’

‘Would living like that make you happy?’ He asked.

‘Yes!’ She held her chin up.

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‘Then you shouldn’t be crying while pursuing your happiness.’

‘I am only crying because I am tired.’ She said. That wasn’t a complete lie.

Zamiel remained calm the whole time. She couldn't tell what he was thinking or feeling. Then he stood up from his seat and walked up to her.

'What if I still tell you not to go?' He asked.

'You told me once I could decide. You told me you would let me go if I wanted to go.'

He grabbed her jaw gently. 'I did. But I don't think you understood what I meant. I would let you go if you found happiness somewhere else or with someone else. You are not convincing me right now.'

'I will be happy with grandpa.' She insisted. 'I can be a ruler there without trying.'

Zamiel dropped his hand. 'Alright. You can leave if you want to leave.' He said.

What?

Did she hear him correctly? She blinked a few times in surprise, and then stared at him.

'You will let me leave?' She asked.

He shrugged. 'I can't force you to stay. If it makes you happy to leave, then I want you to be happy.'

No! He was not supposed to be nice to her. If she didn't know him better she would think he was trying to make her feel guilty, but there was something else going on with him. He wouldn't just let her go. Would he ?

What was he trying to do ?

‘Do you mean it?’ She asked.

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He caressed her cheek and wiped some tears along the way. ‘Yes.’

Heaven was confused. She thought she would have to fight him to get away, but he agreed so easily.

‘You don’t want me here anymore?’ She blurted.

He chuckled. ‘You are the one leaving.’ He reminded.

Yes. She shook her head. What got into her? This was just so strange.

Zamiel could see that Heaven was confused. He didn’t want to confuse her, but he couldn’t let her know what he was thinking. If she was confused about him letting her go, then the devil would certainly be confused. He realized running away or fighting the devil wasn’t the solution.

Heaven had already endured a lot. It was visible in the way she said that she was tired. That part hadn’t been a lie. She had been put under a lot of stress and it could break her. He didn’t want that to happen.

If he asked her to stay, she would always feel like she had to watch her back, and if anything happened again, then she would never forgive herself. Carrying guilt was a heavy burden, and he realized how heavy

that burden was once it was lifted off his shoulder after meeting his family.

He didn't want Heaven to go through the same thing. Since he failed to protect her, he should at least not burden her. So he would let her do what she wanted while he tried to find a better solution.

Heaven would have to trust him without him explaining, just like he trusted to let her go and know that she wouldn't change while staying with her grandfather.

'Are you letting me go for my own happiness?' She asked.

'Well, it can't be for my happiness.'

She was trying to read him, and she didn't seem to find answers.

'How will you convince your parents?' He asked curiously.

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'I won't convince them. I will just tell them that I want to leave.'

From the way she spoke, Zamiel realized how tired she was. She became even thinner, paler, her eyes were darker and despite all that, she never made him feel as if she was the least tired while taking care of him. If she kept going this way, she would collapse.

Taking a step closer, he wrapped his arms around her. 'Do what you want to do. I'll support you.' He said.

She looked up at him. 'I don't understand you.' She said.

'You will, one day.' He smiled.

Zamiel stayed by her side when she decided to tell her parents. Her father was silent, but Zamiel knew that inside his emotions were loud. Her mother, on the other hand, made it clear that she wasn't going to let her leave.

Despite saying that she wouldn't convince them, Heaven tried her best to explain to her mother why she wanted to leave.

While they fought, Lucian studied Zamiel, and they stared at each other without talking. He was thinking of why Zamiel was allowing his mate to go to the devil? He couldn't figure him out, and he wasn't supposed to.

Would he ask? Or did he know it was pointless? He was not going to tell him anything when his thoughts were exposed to his father.

'Heaven! You are not going anywhere!' Her father finally spoke with his authoritative voice, but without breaking eye contact with Zamiel.

Heaven turned away from her mother to face him. 'You can't force me to stay, father.'

He stood up hastily and glared at her. 'I don't need you to sacrifice yourself for everyone else.'

'You told me that was the quality of a great ruler. To sacrifice your wants and needs for the greater good.'

Zamiel could see that Lucian regretted saying that ever.

'You are not a ruler.' He told her.

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‘But you are. Will you sacrifice everyone else to keep me here? Do you think I will be thankful?’

Lucian clenched his jaw, and Heaven regretted what she said. She went up to her father and took his hands in hers. ‘I will be alright. You know I am strong.’ She assured him.

‘You are not supposed to be this strong. I am still your father.’ He said.
‘You stay here. I will go.’

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

Chapter 241: Vol3 Chapter 118

‘Being there isn’t the same as belonging there.’ -Rigel J. Dawson.

Heaven waited for her father, who insisted he would go in her place, ignoring her wishes completely. She found out that her grandmother had already offered herself in exchange, but her grandfather only wanted her. So Heaven hoped he wouldn’t accept her father’s offer.

Her grandmother started to pack her clothes. ‘What are you doing?’ Heaven asked.

‘If you are going, then I am coming with you. Your grandfather doesn’t want Lucian.’

‘No! You need to stay. Father and mother will be sad once I leave so you need to stay with them.’

‘They have each other. I am not letting you go alone.’ She said with finality.

‘I don’t think Lothaire will allow you to come with me.’

She stopped packing and turned to her. ‘Lothaire didn’t accept an exchange, but he told me I could come to him if I wanted too.’

‘That is why you shouldn’t. He will be happy to have more of us joining him.’

‘Heaven. We will go there but we will never belong there. We have to make him realize that.’ She said.

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It wasn’t a bad strategy. Following her grandfather to his kingdoms but not following his footsteps. Wouldn’t he tire eventually and let her go if she didn’t become the person he wanted her to be? She would have to keep her mind strong.

Just like her grandmother suspected, Lothaire didn’t accept her father’s offer. Now it was time for her and her grandmother to leave. Her mother was still not convinced, but Heaven used the mate excuse.

‘Would you not do the same for father?’ She asked. ‘I don’t want to lose Zamiel or any of you.’

Her mother understood her reasons, but she just had a hard time accepting them.

While her mother struggled to accept her decision, Heaven was still confused by how easily Zamiel let her go. She shouldn’t be. All of them

should have realized sooner that there was no way out. The devil could and would do whatever he wanted.

Zamiel watched her in silence while she packed. She tried to focus on the task and not think of anything else, otherwise, she would end up crying.

No! She wouldn't think of how the separation would feel for all of them. She would just go and leave her emotions behind.

Once she was done packing, she turned to Zamiel. She dreaded this moment, but she would have to say goodbye. She couldn't avoid him. Besides, he had been supportive, so she owed to thank him as well.

Don't cry Heaven!

She smiled at him. 'I guess it is time to leave.' She said, trying to sound as optimistic as possible.

Zamiel walked up to her and grabbed her face between his hands. 'You don't have to pretend with me.' He told her. 'Just tell me what you truly want to say before you leave.'

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She placed her hands on top of his and looked into his silver eyes. 'I will miss you.' She said.

A selfish thing to say when she was leaving.

He smiled. 'I will miss you too.' He said, and then he leaned down and kissed her.

One kiss. Just one kiss made her feel at peace at that moment. It chased away all the fear and exhaustion and oddly; it made her feel strong instead of weak. The way his kisses usually made her feel.

He kissed her as if he wanted her to remember what kissing him felt like and hold on to that memory. When their lips parted, all the emotions she had been pushing away started to come swim to the surface.

She wouldn't be able to kiss him or hold him once she left. She wouldn't be able to hear his voice or smell his scent. She wouldn't...

Stop Heaven! She had to stop because her eyes teared up and she didn't want to cry while saying goodbye.

'Heaven. I will be happy as long as you are happy. So I don't want you to be sad.'

Zamiel knew her so well. He knew why she was leaving, even though she lied to him, and he must have had his reasons for letting her go so easily. Maybe he had a plan and he couldn't tell her. Whatever his plan was, she didn't want him to be in danger.

'I won't be sad as long as you don't get yourself hurt.' She told him.

'I won't get myself hurt. Lets both take care of ourselves.' He said.

Follow current _ on

She nodded.

It wasn't easy to say goodbye to everyone, especially her mother, but Heaven promised to see her again. She didn't know how that would happen, but she knew it would.

Her grandmother had already made up her mind to follow her. 'We will be back.' She said determined. She didn't know what her grandmother had in mind, but she made her parents calm down a bit.

If there was anyone who could have a plan without Lothaire knowing, then it was Zamiel and her grandmother. She made sure that Zamiel wouldn't get himself hurt, but her grandmother worried her.

Lothaire didn't come to escort them. He had told her that once she was ready, a portal would open in her garden, and she just had to walk through it.

Heaven and her grandmother walked outside to her garden, and soon after, a portal opened. This proved that her grandfather knew their every step. Her grandmother took her hand and they slowly but steadily walked inside.

It went by fast. It was almost as if someone pushed them from behind, causing them to stumble forward, and suddenly they were somewhere else.

Heaven looked around. It felt like she was inside a castle, but with the strangest interior. Everything was dark. Mostly black, red or grey. The lights were dim, casting shadows everywhere and giving a mysterious feeling.

It was quiet until the clicking sound of footsteps echoed in silence. Heaven and Irene turned to where the sound came from.

It was her grandfather. Lucifer. The devil. He appeared from the shadows with an amused smile on his face.

'Welcome.' He said.

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

Chapter 242: Vol13 Chapter 119

‘The problem is not the problem; the problem is your attitude about the problem.’ - Captain Jack Sparrow.

Lucian gave Zamiel a confused look when his daughter left. Zamiel detected a hint of doubt in the demon’s eyes. He was questioning how he was doing things, but he didn’t say anything because he knew he didn’t do anything better himself. He had also let his daughter go, so he couldn’t blame anyone else.

Hazel was very sad, but she didn’t look at him with doubt or resentment. To his surprise, she crossed the distance between them and took his hand in hers. ‘You are not upset with her, are you? She suffered with you while you were suffering. She died on the inside. I saw her empty eyes. She was even willing to give you up, just to end your suffering. Are you giving up on her?’

Zamiel had no doubt that Heaven suffered as much as him, if not even more. No one knew the feeling of seeing your loved one hurt more than him and not be able to do anything. It was something he never wanted Heaven to go through, and that was the reason he let her go. He couldn’t be selfish and force her to stay, just because he was willing to go through the same pain again.

If he got hurt, he could always assure her that it wasn't her fault, but if anything happened to anyone in her family, then there would be nothing he could do to assure her. She would blame herself forever.

Besides, letting her stay and assuring her all the time wasn't working. It wasn't effective. Letting her go, on the other hand, would confuse the devil. Zamiel knew that Heaven had a plan. She was going to get closer to her grandfather to know his ways. She couldn't do it from where she was. She had to go to him. He was surprised by her way of thinking, but it wasn't a bad idea.

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'I am not giving up on her. I am only trusting and respecting her decision.' He said.

She shook her head. 'It is a bad decision.'

'It is a logical one.' He replied. He couldn't believe he was agreeing with Heaven. He should have been panicking and going crazy. Lock her in somewhere, if he had to. But he let her go.

He either did the right thing or the near death experience messed with his mind.

Once he got back home, he smelled Heaven's scent. A smile curved his lips, and he shook his head. She failed at pretending to not care. He looked around to find what she took from him. He knew she took something with her that belonged to him before she left. He owned so many things, so he couldn't tell what she took away, except for herself.

He didn't own her, but she belonged with him. His other half was missing now.

Zamiel looked outside the window and up into the sky. It was clear blue, but not as blue as the one he saw in heaven. He remembered his daughter. Micah. She was a grown woman now. He was still in awe of her. Of her beauty, her kindness, and even her wisdom. The words she said to him before he left had stuck with him. She told him to not give up on life easily and to live as long as he could. Heaven could wait, but life only came once. Some people never got the chance to live, like herself, so he shouldn't choose to die when he still could live.

The source of this _chapter;

It pained him to hear those words, but it also opened his eyes. Some people didn't want to live and others never got the chance to live. Some only existed and others lived their lives to the fullest. People couldn't control what happened in their lives, but they could control how they react to the things that happened to them. Maybe that is why he felt so calm now.

He was also calm, because he knew Gamila and Micah were somewhere safe and they were happy. She had told him that sadness didn't last more than a brief moment in heaven.

'We are happy and we have everything we need.' She assured him.

Once, they had been his responsibility. It had been his duty and his pleasure to protect and provide for them. But God decided to take back what he had given him. Now, they were under God's protection. They were in heaven.

But Heaven was on earth and just like his family had been given to him by God, so was Heaven. Now, as long as he or she lived, she was his responsibility. It was his duty to protect her. He couldn't choose to die

now, when he had chosen to live once. He chose to live the day he disappeared before Heaven could stab him.

Because of his daughter, never again would he wish to die. Death would come one day without wishing for it, so he would live. He would live for himself, for his daughter who never got to live long, and for Heaven.

To die for someone, you only needed to find courage once. But to live for someone, you needed to have courage every day.

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Zamiel watched the sky change color. He had been standing and watching for too long, deeply lost in thoughts. The sun was setting, painting the sky with warm shades of orange and pink.

When the sun rises again, it would be a new day. A new day to behave differently and cause confusion. He would put his theories to test to see the devil's reaction. Lucifer liked to know everything, to feel like he was in control. It was time to take the control away from him and make him feel like he knew nothing.

The next day Zamiel went to the castle to meet Lucian. He wasn't surprised to find him with Roshan, but there was another demon present. An ancient demon. Darius Golchin. He was well known in the trading world, but most ancient demons knew of each other.

Zamiel knew they were discussing Heaven and her grandfather and they included him in the discussion. Roshan agreed with Zamiel to let Heaven go until they found a solution, but Lucian wasn't hopeful.

'What can we possibly do?' He asked.

‘The devil took without giving. Heaven always says it’s give and take.’

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

Chapter 243: Vol3 Chapter 120

‘The more I stay at home, the more homeless I look.’ – Unknown.

Lothaire was surprised when he saw Heaven and Irene standing in the garden with their clothes packed. He expected more resistance and didn't think that Heaven would come to him yet. Or to be more correct, he knew she would come, but he didn't expect her family or Zamiel to let her go so easily.

As expected, Lucian came to him to take his daughter's place, but Lothaire insisted to have Heaven. It was great to be immortal. None of them could do anything.

And could it get better? It certainly could, even if Irene already came with her granddaughter. He had waited for this moment. Maybe he should have done things this way long before instead of trying to be careful. He couldn't die. So what could consequences do to him? Nothing much that he couldn't recover from or fix.

No one and nothing could do him anything.

Once they arrived at his kingdom, to his very own castle, he went to see them. Heaven looked like she came back from the death, and she

probably did. She had lost color and weight and as soon as she saw him her eyes gaze darkened and he could see the hostility in them. Not that he expected any less.

Then he looked at Irene. She was as beautiful as ever, but she looked exhausted. Unlike Heaven, she didn't look at him. It was like she couldn't bear to look at him. As if the sight of him alone repulsed her.

'Welcome.' He said.

None of them replied. 'You both look tired, let me show you to your rooms.' He continued.

Both of them were extremely angry right now, so he didn't bother to converse. He led them to Heaven's room first. They followed him in silence while looking around. He knew his castle had a unique interior. It was dark, mysterious, and sinister. Once they arrived in Heaven's room, he motioned for her to go inside. Irene followed her in.

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'I have a different room for you.' He told her.

'I would like to stay here.' She said.

He nodded. 'Alright then. If you need anything...'

'We don't.' She cut him off.

He nodded again. 'I'll leave you alone then.' He said, and closed the door behind him.

Lothaire knew that Irene wouldn't forgive him easily after what he did. That was the only reason he had been avoiding to go about it this way in the beginning. But he got impatient.

Did he regret it? No.

Unlike Lucian, Irene was easy to manipulate. His son had somehow always managed to see through him, but not Irene. He only needed to play the victim to make her feel guilty, like the last time they met. He only needed to put her in a vulnerable situation where she felt alone, and then he would make her feel cared for. That is all she needed, and that is how he got her first.

She had been young when she was sent as a bride to the king's castle. She had been at the age where the heart and the self-esteem were vulnerable. Her husband hadn't given her love and attention, and that is when he struck. He gave her all that and more, and she easily fell into his trap. But he couldn't deny that he also fell into his own trap as well. He didn't know when it happened, but he became sure when she died and he grieved for the first time. When had he ever cared if someone died?

That day he knew she was special to him and he was glad when he discovered that she was alive. It was true that he left his mission at that time, but it was never for her. It was for himself. He was curious and wanted to try to live a normal life.

Irene had wanted to leave him several times, thinking that her son was separated from her because she was being punished for her wrong deeds, and didn't want to keep going on the same path. And staying with the devil was certainly not the right path to redemption.

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The struggles she went through somehow opened her eyes to what she was doing wrong. It made her mature and learn. Sad thing for him, but he convinced her to stay, saying he left his mission. It wasn't a lie, but it wasn't the whole truth, either.

He had finally found his mate. He had no intention of letting her go.

He went to his throne and sat down. The first few weeks or even months wouldn't be easy, but his daughters were good at doing their jobs. He would even include his sons and grandchildren.

It was all about changing Heaven's perception of him, his people, and his kingdoms. His children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren were good at deceiving just like him. He would make them get closer to her and eventually she would get attached and enjoy being with them. They were good at making themselves relatable. He wouldn't have to do much.

Once Heaven got along with everyone else, Irene would feel left out. She would join them slowly. She loved to have a family, and one way he had convinced her before was to introduce her to Roshan and Enoch. It made her feel like she was part of a family.

Meanwhile, Hazel wouldn't be able to live without her daughter. She would come to him, and Lucian would follow his mate. They would all join him.

But Zamiel was a concern. It looked like the demon had a plan, or he wouldn't let his mate leave so easily. Lothaire wondered what he was planning. He would have to keep an eye on him.

‘Did they arrive?’ Hezz came into the throne hall, with Tezz trailing behind.

‘Yes. You can start from tomorrow. Did you inform the others?’ He asked.

‘I did. They will be here when needed.’ Hezz said.

Tezz smirked, excited. She enjoyed seeing people change for the worse.

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‘It won’t be easy to change Heaven.’ He warned them.

‘Of course.’ Hezz agreed. ‘She has a mate she needs to go back to.’

‘That will make it more fun.’ Tezz spoke.

Hezz looked at her sister with a serious expression. ‘As long as the mark is there, it won’t be fun. She will be very protective.’

‘Maybe not, but it will fade one day.’ Tezz said, then turned to her father. ‘Father, can mates betray their mate?’

‘Yes. Why?’

‘Well then, we need to find an irresistible demon for Heaven. Someone with exceptional skills at seducing. Someone to make her feel less lonely.’ Tezz suggested.

Hezz chuckled. ‘I don’t think that will work.’

‘Not now, but eventually. Don’t underestimate lust, my sister. That is the sin all of them fall into at least once.’

The source of this chapter;

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

Chapter 244: Vol3 Chapter 121

‘Do not mock a pain that you haven’t endured.’ -Unknown.

Heaven couldn’t sleep for the whole night. The new bed, new space, new room felt odd to stay in. This wasn’t her home, and she already missed her home. She slept holding onto Zamiel’s shirt, which she took from his room. His scent made her stay strong. She had to stay strong for everyone. She couldn’t keep running away or hiding. She had already tried that technique and it almost killed her mate. He didn’t deserve to go through that again. None of her family deserved to go through such a thing just because she wanted to stay.

Zamiel had fought death to come back to her. The least she could do was to fight back for him. Not hide or run away. Rule number one to defeat the enemy was to know your enemy. She had to stay with her grandfather to learn his weaknesses. There must be something or some way out.

After what her grandfather did to Zamiel, even if it took her a thousand years, she wouldn’t let him win. She would never give him that satisfaction.

Her thoughts drifted back to Zamiel. He had given her a smile before she left and a slight nod. It was encouraging. That is what she loved the most about him. His trust and belief in her. He had been able to see through

her lies. In fact, her lies had sounded so bad that it caused her to grimace just thinking about them.

Zamiel. She would find a way to get back to him. Comforting herself with his scent and with the memory of the beautiful moments they've had together, she closed her eyes and fell asleep.

When she woke up in the morning, she found her grandmother already awake. She sat near the large window in the room, staring outside. She seemed deeply lost in thoughts. Heaven knew this was going to be very difficult for her grandmother and that is why she wished her grandmother had stayed back home.

But now was not the time to think of what should have happened or what she should have done. Now was the time to think ahead.

'Good morning, grandma.' Heaven greeted, bringing her grandmother back to this world.

The source of this chapter;

She was startled at first, but then smiled. 'Heaven, come here.' She said.

It seemed like she wanted to show her something. Heaven got out of bed and went to the window where her grandmother sat. She looked outside to see what her grandmother was trying to show her.

Heaven gasped when she looked outside. What was this?

A garden, but not a usual one. The colors were blinding, the brightest of greens, pinks, whites, oranges, and many more colors. The way they blended together was so unique.

A few fountains and statues were scattered in the garden. There were benches and swings where people could sit, and the paths through the garden were made out of marble. Some bushes were shaped into the forms of different animals.

Small lakes divided the garden, but the land was joined with small bridges. The place looked heavenly. It was so bright and so different from the feeling his home gave.

‘It is just an illusion.’ Heaven said.

Her grandfather was wrong if he thought he could entice her with materialistic things.

A knock on the door made them turn their heads away from the window. Who could it be? They looked at each other and then Heaven called for whoever it was to come in.

The door opened and four men carrying a large table with food on came in. Other men followed behind them, holding more trays and some glasses and drinks. They were all dressed alike.

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The men put the table in the middle of the room, then bowed. ‘Your breakfast, My Lady.’

Heaven stared, wide eyed. What was happening? She never received this kind of service, even as a princess.

They placed chairs around the table, poured them some drinks, and removed the locks so they could see and smell the food. This was too much. What was her grandfather trying to do?

The service didn't end. Once they ate breakfast, a few women came to their room with a large suitcase. When they opened it, there were several jewelries made of gold and silver and many dresses of expensive fabrics.

'We already have clothes.' Her grandmother told them.

'We dress differently here. I suggest you wear these if you don't want to draw attention.' One of the women spoke.

Heaven looked at how the women were dressed. Their style of dressing was the type to draw attention. They wore silken fabrics that covered their chests and sometimes their arms as well. But the stomach was bare. And a long, silken skirt, with splits on the sides. Some of them wore long velvet garments above, and others adorned themselves with jewelry.

The women excused themselves without arguing any further. Heaven looked at the clothes and jewelry. She would not wear these revealing clothes. Her grandmother already went ahead to wear her own clothes, and Heaven did the same. She was going to leave the room and get acquainted with this place.

Her grandmother followed her and behaved like a guard. Both of them were shocked by what they found once they left the room. The place they were in was not only a castle. It seemed to be an indoor market place or just something else all together. There were all kinds of shops, different places for theatre, entertainment places, which made her jaw drop. Her grandmother rushed her through before she could see anything. People participating in provocative and disgraceful behavior, but they seemed to find it normal.

The female demons were dressed just like the women who came to their room, and the males only wore a garment around their waist. Some of

them wore jewelry around their upper arms, wrists, or necks. The women were right. They were drawing too much attention by being dressed differently. Everyone they passed stared at them.

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‘Where are we going?’ Her grandmother asked, overwhelmed by the new environment.

Heaven didn’t know where, but she knew why she was here. She would gain nothing from staying locked in her room. To find a solution, she needed information.

‘Everywhere and nowhere.’ Heaven replied.

‘I was thinking of finding Zarin.’ She said.

Zarin. She had forgotten about him. How was he staying in this place? It was so odd and uncomfortable to be here. There was a part of her that wanted to talk to him, help him realize that he needed to go back. At least one of them wouldn’t have parents who were separated from their child.

The other part of her was exhausted. Just thinking of talking to him made her feel drained. What would she say? Her mind was too tired to think of anything clever.

‘You should find him. I don’t think I should talk to him yet.’

Until she had something good to say, it would be better to stay away.

‘I can’t leave you alone.’ She said.

‘No one will kill me here and I need to be alone.’ She couldn’t figure things out with her grandmother trailing behind her all the time.

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Being guarded didn’t help. It was time to be adventurous.

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

Chapter 245: Vol3 Chapter 122

‘Be careful who you trust. Salt and sugar look the same.’ -Unknown.

Her grandmother went to find Lothaire and Zarin. Heaven had seen that her grandmother had been avoiding to look or speak to Lothaire and avoiding was not the solution. If she was angry, disappointed or feeling any other way, it would be easier for her if she addressed her feelings. Not that Heaven believed it would make a difference to Lothaire, but she wanted her grandmother to find closure and peace within herself.

None of them could really avoid Lothaire anymore. He was everywhere, seeing and hearing everything. And this was his kingdom. A very strange place, but she was going to explore every corner of it. She didn’t know what she was looking for, but once she found it, she would know.

While walking around, she came to the garden that she saw outside the window earlier. It looked even more beautiful close up. Heaven wandered around, observing her surroundings. She saw a few demons here and there, but mostly she was alone. The demons didn’t seem to like spending time in the garden. They preferred a different kind of environment and entertainment.

While looking around, something far away caught her eye. Or someone. Her heart skipped a beat. It couldn't be.

Zamiel couldn't be here.

A man stood on the bridge, turned away from her. From behind, he looked exactly like Zamiel, but it was probably not him. Still, curiosity made her walk toward the man. Once she came to the bridge, she could see the side of his face. Not all of it, because his dark hair covered him. But the little she saw confused her even more.

She walked closer, but the man stood still and didn't turn to her. When she stood a few feet away, she expected him to at least look her way. But he didn't. Closer he looked even more like Zamiel and she just wanted to see his face once.

'Excuse me.' She spoke.

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The man slowly turned to her, and Heaven froze. It wasn't Zamiel, but he looked so much like him. The dark hair, the eyebrows, the face shape was all so similar to Zamiel's except for the eyes. This man had light brown eyes, almost yellow or golden. But the rest of him reminded her of Zamiel.

He looked at her questioningly and she realized he had said something. 'I am sorry. I thought you were someone else.' She gave him a weak, apologetic smile.

He raised one brow. 'I never thought I could be mistaken for someone else.'

Heaven gave him a halfhearted smile as a response.

His gaze followed along her body and then back to her face. 'You are new here?' He said.

Of course. Her dress exposed her.

The man was half dressed and the golden jewelries around his arms and wrists matched his golden eyes.

'Yes.' Heaven replied, reminding herself that people who stayed in this place were those who followed her grandfather's path.

'You are not a full-blood and you are part witch.' His eyes gleamed with curiosity. 'I think you will already get all the attention you need without dressing like this.' He told her with a smirk.

It seemed like he was implying that she tried to get his attention. From his attitude she got a feeling that he was admired by many women and now he thought she became one of them. But he was wrong.

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Heaven flipped her hair back so he could see the mark on her neck. 'I like attention.' She said, simply.

His smile widened. 'Well, now you have mine.'

Heaven felt disturbed by his smile. She just turned her back to him and started to walk away.

'What is your name?' He called after her, but she kept ignoring him.

Why did he look so much like Zamiel? She didn't want anyone to look like him. Certainly not anyone here.

Envisioning her room, she teleported back. Was this some kind of trick from her grandfather? But demons couldn't disguise themselves from other demons. That only worked with humans.

She shook her head. It didn't matter. She wouldn't trust anyone here.

Someone knocked on the door as if they had been waiting for her to get back. 'Come in.' Heaven called and watched the door open carefully.

Two of the most stunning women she had ever seen walked inside. They looked identical, but one had shorter hair.

Their hair was the richest brown she had ever seen, and it complimented their golden eyes and golden skin. Their skin had a radiant glow that made

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and their faces were shaped to look sharp, yet delicate.

'Who are you?' Heaven asked, unable to tear her gaze away.

'I am Hezznin and this is my sister Tezznin. We are your aunts.' The one with shorter hair spoke. 'We heard from father that you came here so we wanted to welcome you.' She smiled. Her teeth were so white and her smile so beautiful.

'Eh... thank you.' Heaven replied, still dazzled by their beauty.

‘We would love for you to meet the rest of our family. They are already asking about you. Especially my daughters, so we were wondering if you wanted to have dinner with us tonight?’ Hezznin asked.

Heaven hesitated for a moment. She wanted to decline but didn’t know how to do it without being rude, but then she wondered why she wanted to decline. She came here to know more about her grandfather and what better way to know him than through his family.

‘I would love too.’ Heaven faked a smile.

Hezznin looked at her dress with a genuine concern. ‘Were you provided with clothes?’ She asked.

Heaven realized that her clothes were probably not appropriate. ‘Yes.’ She replied curtly.

Hezznin nodded. ‘Good. If you need anything for tonight, then we are happy to help. I will come to personally escort you.’

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‘Thank you.’

They said goodbye, then left her alone. Heaven knew it was all an act, even though they seemed really nice. She would have to be on her guard. She wanted information, and they wanted something. There must be a reason to why they invited her and why they were being so kind.

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

Chapter 246: Vol3 Chapter 123

‘Don’t be upset about the results you didn’t get from the work you didn’t do.’ -Unknown.

‘Excuse me. Do you know where I can find Lucifer?’ Irene stopped to ask a demon who passed by.

She could just call him but wanted to know the way to where he stayed, but also to see if others knew.

Suddenly, another demon appeared before the first one could even reply. The demon bowed. ‘I’ll escort you, my Lady.’ He said.

Irene got startled. Lothaire was really keeping an eye on her.

The demon escorted her like he said he would. He led her through halls that were darker than the usual ones. Some walls were painted with strange frightening creatures and others told a story, she guessed. The story followed a hideous creature that seemed to represent the devil. He led people through dark paths and tunnels and brought them to hell.

Right behind him was what seemed to be his family. He was also leading them to hell, and then they were all burning. Him, his family, and everyone else who followed him.

The painting of the devil leading his family to hell reminded her of the conversation she had with Ilyas while they watched over Zamiel. He had asked her why the devil went so far to get Heaven. He didn’t seem to understand, either.

‘Maybe he wants to be an enemy because I made him an enemy.’ She said, thinking that could be the reason to why he was more angry now and acted the way he did.

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‘How did you make him an enemy?’ Ilyas asked.

‘I warned Heaven of her grandfather. He thinks I separated them by creating fear and hatred in her heart.’

Ilyas had smiled while shaking his head. ‘Do you know what it means to be the devil? The devil doesn’t need to be made into an enemy. He is the enemy. As soon as he went back to his mission, he became the enemy. He doesn’t discriminate when it comes to manipulation and temptation. Just because you are his mate doesn’t mean that he will spare you. His family will be the first ones he tricks into following his path. He wants everyone to burn with him in hell.’

‘How do you know?’ She had asked him.

‘All ancient demons know each other. My parents were ancient. We used to live in the kingdoms. The devil made his kingdoms very enticing. He is very honest about being the tempter and wanting everyone to burn with him in hell. It is no secret and he doesn’t pretend to be a saint. That is how good he is. You know he is the enemy, but because sin becomes your friend, you begin to ignore the truth. He makes you feel like you are no better than him, so you accept him and keep sinning.’ He explained.

Looking at the painting, Irene understood what Ilyas told her. Everyone knew what the devil did. He never hid who he was. He even had a whole

story painted on his walls, yet people stayed in his kingdoms. His family stayed in his kingdoms.

She could understand why. She was a sinner too. Once she had also been blinded by temptations. It wasn't easy to resist. She had a weaker willpower than her son and granddaughter so she prayed to God to give her the strength to fight the temptations that would come her way while staying here.

The demon took her to a great hall that looked like a throne hall and right in front of her was the devil's throne. Of course he had to have a throne. At least he wasn't wearing a crown. Only a devious smile.

He stood up from his seat and walked down the stairs to meet her halfway. 'Where can I find Zarin?' She asked before he could speak.

'I would escort you to his room but he is not here currently.' He replied.

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'Then are we all free to come and go as we please?'

He smiled. 'Everyone except for you and Heaven.'

'Why?' She crossed her arms over her chest.

'Because you didn't choose to be here unlike everyone else.'

Irene stared at him for a long while. There were so many things she wanted to say, but it would be a waste of her time.

'I would like to know where he stays. I will visit once he comes back.'
She said.

‘I can show you the way.’ He offered.

Lothaire led the way, and Irene followed him in silence. She remained one step behind him, feeling a little uncomfortable to be in his company. He didn’t say anything, probably knowing very well that she had no desire to talk to him.

Irene tried to pay attention to where she was going instead so she could find Zarin later when he came back.

‘He stays here.’ Lothaire came to a halt and motioned toward a locked door.

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Irene nodded, then the awkward silence followed. ‘I will go back to my room.’ She said.

She knew her silence would disturb him more than if she said something, so she stayed quiet. Turning around, she walked away. Again, he didn’t try to talk to her. At least he knew he did something that no words could fix.

Her heart used to skip a beat every time she saw him, but this time it stayed quiet the whole time. He had silenced her heart when he made her watch Heaven suffer. He killed her heartbeat.

If she was this tired, then she wondered how tired Heaven must be. How tired he must have made his own granddaughter. She wasn’t surprised when Zamiel let her go. He was the kind of person to understand and see others’ pain. Heaven had to endure a lot at the same time, without getting breaks in between to recover or at least process what happened.

She lost her friend, had to deal with nightmares and fears that her grandfather planted while learning to become a ruler and fighting to be accepted. And then she almost lost her mate and was forced to leave him after.

‘I am letting her go. She is strong, but I don’t want to test her limits. This is enough.’ Zamiel had told her and he was right.

It wouldn’t be good if she was pushed beyond her limit, and that is probably what Lothaire wanted to happen. But Heaven was quick to get up. If she cried and complained one night, then she would wake up the next morning with a newfound strength. She would accept her fate and keep going.

But what was her granddaughter planning right now? She seemed focused and detached at the same time. As if her mind and body were here, but not her heart and soul. Irene couldn’t tell yet if it was a good or a bad thing, but she was worried.

When she teleported back to the room, she found Heaven getting dressed, but what she wore shocked her.

‘What is happening?’

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

Chapter 247: Vol3 Chapter 124

‘It is always the ones with dirty hands pointing the fingers.’- Sonya Teclai.

Heaven was preparing herself to go to the dinner that she was invited to. She looked at herself in the mirror and thought of whether it would be a good idea to go there wearing her own clothes or if she should dress like everyone else. She didn't want to draw attention and walking around dressing like she did back home made everyone know that she was new to the kingdom. That is not what she wanted. She wanted to blend in.

After staring at herself for a while, she decided that she needed to change her clothes. She went to the suitcase that the women brought to her room and opened it. There were several fabrics in beautiful colors, but she grabbed a green one that matched the color of her eyes. Quickly changing into the strange clothes, she went to the mirror and looked at herself again.

Her first thought was, no!

This was too revealing. Her entire stomach and back were bare, and she wasn't comfortable revealing that much, especially now that she had lost so much weight. The skirt was tight around her hips, accentuating her curves, and the splits on the sides revealed her lower legs when she moves. She felt naked.

While staring at her figure, her grandmother walked into the room. Her eyes widened when she saw the way she had dressed.

'What is happening?' She asked.

Heaven's shoulders fell. 'I was invited to dinner by Lothaire's daughters.' She said then explained what happened.

Irene nodded. 'Will you wear this?' She didn't like it.

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Heaven didn't feel comfortable in it either, so she decided to change back into her own dress. 'No.' She said, going back to pick up her much less revealing gown.

'I am coming with you.' Her grandmother was resolute, leaving no room for argument.

'Alright.' Heaven said, feeling no need to argue when her grandmother had already set up her mind.

She wasn't invited, but who cared. Once Hezznin was here to escort her, Heaven would introduce her grandmother. If Hezznin continued to act kind, then she would invite her grandmother as well.

And she was right. When Hezznin arrived at her door, she asked her grandmother to have dinner with them as well. She led them to what she called the main quarter. It was where the devil's family stayed.

The main quarter had a different feel to it. It was brighter and more luxurious, with golden and wooden interior. Hezznin was very talkative, telling them a little about the kingdom, the people and her family. She had a soothing voice and a gentle smile as she spoke.

Heaven guessed that they neared the dining hall when she heard the sound of instruments playing, chatter, and laughter. They came to a large wooden door with a guard standing on each side. The guards opened the door for them and they entered a great hall filled with people. This didn't look like a simple family dinner.

Hezznin noticed her surprised expression and smiled. 'We are a big family.' She explained.

Heaven nodded.

There were several large tables placed around the room, leaving the middle empty for a few women who danced to the music. They seemed to like a lot of entertainment in this kingdom.

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The tables were covered with food, wine, candles, and decorations. A few servants were present near every table, serving the guests.

Tezznin was talking to a few guests when they entered the room. She excused herself to come and greet them. Then both of her aunts introduced their mates and children.

Hezznin had two daughters, and Tezznin a daughter and a son.

Hezznin's youngest daughter was closest to Heaven's age. Her name was Lilian.

Lilian took upon herself to show her around and introduce her to the rest of her cousins. The ones from her uncles side. All of them were very kind and welcomed her. But Heaven wanted to see her uncles. The rulers of the different kingdoms. She was curious to know what they were like and how they would react to her arrival.

She didn't think that they would like her, even if they pretended to. Her grandfather chose her to be a ruler among them. They would probably not like that someone as young and inexperienced as her got the same role and status as them.

Heaven watched her grandmother from a distance, sitting with her aunts and other female demons. She didn't seem to enjoy herself, and neither was Heaven. Her cousins were kind, and Lilian made a special effort to

make her feel included in the conversations by asking her questions. They all listened carefully, wanting to know what her life as a princess was like.

When Heaven spoke positively about her life, they wondered why she was here. 'Grandfather is forcing me to stay here.' She spoke the truth.

'Why?' One of them asked.

'Well, he thinks I am fit to become a ruler. I will rule one of the kingdoms here.' She explained nonchalantly.

If her grandfather wanted her for that purpose, then why not tell everyone? She just wanted to annoy them all. Some of them already looked at her in disbelief.

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'Are you not too young for that?' One of them asked.

He was one of her uncles son and she could see that he already thought that her becoming a ruler was an insult to his father.

Great, Heaven thought.

'Grandfather is wise. If he thinks I am capable of ruling then...' She shrugged. 'I guess I am.'

Something in Lilian's gaze changed, but she forced a smile on her face. 'Grandfather is very good at discovering different talents. I am sure he sees something special in you.' She spoke in the same positive tone she used all the time.

Some of her cousins didn't agree with Lilian, who was smart enough to not show her dislike of her comments. Like mother, like daughter, Heaven thought. They were all smart.

Suddenly, the atmosphere in the hall changed when two men walked in. They were tall, with toned bodies and glowing skin. Really glowing, as if their bodies had been oiled.

One of them had golden hair and golden eyes and looked very much like her grandfather. He wore a white robe around his waist and was adorned with golden jewelries. The other one wore blue robes that match his blue eyes. He matched his jewelries to his silver hair.

Heaven didn't have to guess who they were. They looked very much like her grandfather. They were her uncles, and just like her aunts, their beauty was mesmerizing.

The source of this _chapter;

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

Chapter 248: 125

'Life is tough my darling, but so are you.'- Stephanie Bennett-Henry

Her uncles were powerful, probably very old demons. She could tell by their aura as they walked further into the room. Her power was nothing compared to theirs.

Heaven watched them carefully as they made their way to the table where her grandmother was sitting with her aunts. They greeted her respectfully and then introduced themselves. The one with golden hair was Marcus and the other one Lorien. Heaven wondered how her grandmother felt about being surrounded by her mate's children. Whatever she felt, she didn't show it.

After speaking to her grandmother for a while, they turned around and started walking toward her. Heaven felt a little nervous, but she put on a brave face.

When they neared the table, all of her cousins stood up and greeted them with a slight bow. They showed respect to these two men. Heaven thought of whether or not to stand up at first, but she remained sitting. She had no reason to follow their rules. In fact, acting any way she liked might make her grandfather tire of her and his family tire of him.

She could see that a few of her cousins already disliked her for the way she was behaving, but her uncles showed no sign of distaste.

Lorien waved with his hand for them to sit down before he turned to her. Lilian played host again and introduced them to each other.

'It is nice to finally meet you.' Lorien smiled.

Heaven couldn't tell whether it was a genuine smile or if they were very good at acting.

'Thank you.' Was all she said, and it seemed to amuse them both.

'I hope you are enjoying your stay here.' Marcus said.

'I am.'

Was she being rude? She wasn't used to talking like this to elders.

'I am glad to hear. We won't be staying here for too long. We only came to greet you and your grandmother but we will see each other again.'

'I am sure we will.' Heaven said.

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'Have a nice evening.' Both gave her a slight nod and then left the hall while talking to each other.

All of them seemed to put extra effort to welcome her.

'They seem busy if they had to leave already.' Heaven told Lilian.

'They are. Our kingdoms are safe from those who don't belong here because it is hidden.' Lilian explained.

'Where are we now exactly?' Heaven asked.

She knew the kingdoms were hidden and no one could find them unless her grandfather wanted to.

'Nowhere you can find on a map.' She said.

Heaven nodded. 'What happens if you want to go to the human world and then come back?'

'It is hard to explain but once you join grandfather, you can come and go as you please but when you decide to leave, you can't find your way back. It is almost as if this place never existed for that person.'

Heaven wished that was the case for her. She wished this place never existed.

‘You don’t like being here.’ Lilian pointed.

‘Would you like to be away from your family?’ Heaven asked.

‘No. I don’t know what happened between you and grandfather, but I hope you don’t dislike us all.’

Oh. She was good, Heaven thought. She was so believable, and Heaven would have believed her if she hadn’t changed. She wasn’t the same old Heaven anymore. Now she couldn’t trust anyone. It felt as if everyone was hiding in the shadows, waiting for the right moment to strike. If her own grandfather could do this to her, then how could she trust other people? She had lost the part of her that always saw good in people and always believed in good.

Lilian smiled at her, and Heaven thought of something to say that wasn’t rude when someone in the room caught her attention.

Again, for a brief moment, Heaven believed that she saw Zamiel, but it was the man who looked like him. His presence demanded women’s attention, especially the young ones, and her female cousins gave each other a slight push. Heaven knew he was famous among women from the first time she had seen him. He looked like Zamiel, after all.

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Had Zamiel not been ancient, she would think this was his brother.

He wore black around his waist and nothing on his upper body, like every other male in the hall. Heaven had never seen so much skin in her

life before. And they loved jewelry. His muscled arms were adorned with golden bracelets, and his skin was glowing. They definitely put something on their skin, Heaven thought.

But who was he, and what was he doing here? She could tell he wasn't in disguise, which disturbed her even more than if he had been in disguise. He gracefully went to sit with a few males at a table and chatted with them.

Heaven noticed that Lilian was staring at him as well. 'Is he someone you know?' Heaven asked.

Lilian blinked a few times, and her cheeks flushed, but she tried to hide it. 'Yes. He is just a family friend.' She tried to sound uninterested.

Heaven nodded and didn't ask anything further. They were served some dessert, and Heaven listened halfheartedly to what her cousins were chatting about. After a while her thoughts drifted away. She wondered about her parents and Zamiel. She thought of Klara, Roshan, and Gina.

Heaven hadn't said goodbye to them. Saying goodbye to her family had already been difficult enough. She wasn't sure if she would be able to say goodbye to everyone else as well.

A part of her didn't want to say goodbye because she was afraid of never coming back then. Having not said goodbye to a few people she deeply cared for would make her fight harder to come back to them.

Someone clapping their hands twice made her come out of her haze. Startled, she looked around, confused by why all of her cousins were getting up and leaving the table.

‘Not you.’ Someone spoke when she was about to get up as well and ask why they were leaving her behind.

Heaven looked up to meet a pair of golden eyes.

It was him.

He pulled the chair in front of her and sat down. ‘We meet again.’ He smiled.

Heaven became uncomfortable by how close he was sitting, only half dressed.

He chuckled. ‘You seem surprised.’ He said.

‘Did you ask everyone to leave?’ She asked, baffled.

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‘No. I told them too.’ He said simply.

He wasn’t ancient, but she could tell he was very old and from his aura, he seemed to be from a powerful line of demons. Perhaps a direct descended of ancients. Heaven knew how demon hierarchy worked.

From the corner of her eyes, she could see Lilian looking at her with envious eyes.

‘I see you are still dressed to draw attention.’ He looked at her dress.

‘I dress the way I like.’ She said.

‘I like the way you dress.’ He smirked.

Heaven frowned. 'I have a mate.'

Now it was his turn to frown, and then he looked around as if searching for someone. 'Where is he?' He then asked, turning back to her.

Heaven clenched her fists under the table. Was he being serious now? Why did it matter? She was marked, and he could see the mark.

'It is none of your concern.' She said, getting up to get away from him.

He stood up as well. 'Will you at least tell me your name this time before you leave?' He asked.

'No.'

He blocked her way when she tried to walk away. The audacity of this man.

'I think you would prefer to be called by your name then something like... green eyed beauty.' He smirked.

He sure looked like Zamiel but behaved nothing like him.

'I would prefer that you don't call me at all, and I would advise you to move out of my way before I embarrass you.'

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

Chapter 249: 126

'He who envies others does not obtain peace of mind.' -Buddha

The stranger chuckled and moved out of her way. Heaven quickly rushed out of the hall and halfway through, she remembered her grandmother. She halted and turned around, just to bump into someone's bare chest. Stumbling back, she heard a chuckle.

It was him again.

'Are you following me?' She asked angrily.

'Yes.'

'Why?'

'You don't want to go around alone wearing this.' He said, nodding toward her dress.

'Don't worry. The devil wouldn't let anything happen to me after all the trouble he went through to bring me here. And now he is going through more trouble to make me stay.' She was referring to him, and he understood.

'It is true that your grandfather sent me to you. He doesn't want you to be alone since you will be staying here, but now, after I saw you, I am actually curious about you.' He said.

Did he not understand the mate thing, or was he so sure she would stay here forever that he would have a chance? If she stayed here, then she would never see Zamiel again because her grandfather would never allow him into his kingdom.

‘I know you are planning to leave, but whatever plan you have, don’t you think your grandfather already knows?’ He asked.

How could her grandfather know her plan when she didn’t know it herself? Just like during her mission, she was making a plan as she went. Using opportunities that presented themselves. Unless her grandfather could see the future, he wouldn’t be able to know what she would do next. The only thing he knew was that she had no plan to stay here forever.

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‘Heaven!’ Her grandmother came rushing after her.

‘I will see you again.’ Said the stranger then vanished.

‘Who was that?’ Her grandmother asked as she neared.

‘Someone grandfather is using to tempt me.’ Heaven said simply.

Her grandmother shook her head. ‘Let’s go back.’

That night Heaven went to bed with many thoughts in her head. She couldn’t stop thinking about her grandfather. He could read thoughts, he could watch the world, he could manipulate, compel, and he couldn’t die. He was given all that power, making him undefeatable.

No! Why did she think he was undefeatable? He was immortal, but that didn’t have to mean he was undefeatable. She grew up learning she could defeat the devil by having strong morals and not letting herself get manipulated.

Heaven had tried her best, but... possession? That was unexpected, and how was she supposed to fight possession? She had heard of demon possession before, but it almost never happened.

What was the reason?

The devil wasn't supposed to possess. Following him had to be a choice and not something forced on someone.

This could only mean one thing, which she already knew somehow. He didn't want her to follow him. He was using her for something else.

Heaven got out of bed carefully and wrapped herself in a cloak. She looked at her grandmother, who was sleeping peacefully, before she tiptoed out of the room. While walking around the castle earlier, she had seen painted walls that seemed to tell a story. She didn't know why she thought of it now, but she wanted to go back there.

She wandered around in the dimly lit halls until she came to where she wanted to be. The painted walls. The colors glowed in the dark so she could see everything clearly, even in the dim light. Heaven followed the story of the paintings from the beginning.

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In the beginning, God created the world and let djinn live in the beautiful lands, but the djinn were ungrateful and caused corruption, turning earth into a dark place. Heaven had already heard this story from Zamiel, so it was familiar, but now she saw something else. When angels were sent to fight the evil djinn, the good djinn, who were only few, joined the angels to fight the evil ones. And her grandfather was one of them.

As a reward, those djinn were raised to the heavens. They lived among the angels and were given names by them. Her grandfather was named Azazel.

Heaven loved the painting because they told more than a thousand words. In the paintings, Azazel was portrayed as the one who worshiped God the most. It was odd to see that.

But things changed when God created the first human. Why? Did Azazel feel threatened, or was he jealous? Or both? She couldn't tell. But as she went on, she understood that pride was his downfall.

After living all those years in heaven, he felt entitled. He was the best amongst all, and now God created a new creature that wasn't even as well created as him.

In the painting Azazel stood tall over the human, showing his superiority. He was more beautiful, faster and stronger. He was prideful.

Azazel was threatened and jealous. He became obsessed with the human, observing his soulless form made of clay. What could be so special about this creature? The human was made of dirt while he was made of smokeless fire. He was like energy. He could float in and out of the human's body.

Heaven halted, watching the painting closely. He entered the body of the human.

Like possessing him, but once he was inside, he found it empty. The body was hollow.

Heaven didn't understand at first, but when she looked at the next painting, she understood that the body he entered had been soulless. The human was given a soul later. But what did all of that mean?

She felt as though this part was crucial. She wanted to know more. Throughout the painting the devil appeared strong, but Heaven could see his insecurities. He hated humans. He blamed God and the humans for being cast out of heaven, and now he was going to have his revenge.

When he could ask one thing of God, he didn't ask for forgiveness. He asked for respite until all were raised from the dead. Until then, he promised to mislead them all.

Later in the painting some were following him, and others were going the opposite way.

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What a strange thing, she thought. The whole story was told here, and it didn't portray the devil positively. Why would he keep these paintings?

'Not everyone interprets it the way you did.' Suddenly her grandfather was standing next to her and watched the painting. 'We all can look at the same painting and see different things.'

Heaven looked at him. Why would someone like him even feel jealous? He was right. He was beautiful, strong, fast and many other things, but he let those things define him. He let what he was define him instead of who he was.

He turned his head and glared at her, knowing what she was thinking, but he remained silent.

‘What do you see?’ She asked him.

He was quiet for a while. ‘I see someone who spent all of his time worshipping God only to be replaced.’

‘But you were not replaced.’

‘I was.’ He said harshly, startling her. She had never heard him raise his voice before or seen him angry. She was in shock.

Every time she saw him, he had been calm. Even when he acted evil, he kept a smile, but right now his eyes were burning with anger.

‘When you are asked to bow down for someone after everything you did, after all the years of worship, then you are replaced.’ He said with clenched jaw.

‘What was your place?’ She asked him.

Was he given a certain position?

Her question made his eyes burn with fire. A blue fire. Another new thing she witnessed today. This topic was a sensitive topic to him, she noticed.

The source of this chapter;

‘Go back to sleep. You will start your training tomorrow.’ And just like that, he vanished.

Heaven turned to the painting again, and one particular image caught her attention. The devil eating an apple.

Married To The Devil's Son (WN)

Chapter 250: 127

‘The most dangerous person is the one who listens, thinks and observes.’

-Bruce Lee.

Zamiel stood in front of the ocean watching the gentle waves in silence. It reminded him of his first kiss with Heaven, but he wasn't here to enjoy the view or the memories. He was here on a mission.

As soon as Heaven left, he began with his plan. Beside confusing the devil, there was one thing he thought would help him, and it was the thing that confused him.

The possession.

It was unlike Lucifer to possess someone. Zamiel knew there would be severe consequences of taking away someone's free will, but he didn't know what the consequences were. Since possession was unusual, only a few knew what really happened. The rest only speculated, and Zamiel didn't know whose information he could trust.

He needed a reliable source, and he could only think of one person. The first created water djinn.

It was perfect because now he could find information without the devil knowing. The devil only had access to what happened on land since those he wanted to mislead were humans. Under the water he would be safe from the devil's eyes and ears.

Zamiel removed his shirt before walking into the water. It was cold, but it didn't bother him. He walked further in, and then he dived into the ocean. He didn't have to swim all the way to the water djinn's land. He teleported until he came to their safety walls that no one from outside could enter.

Zamiel stood at the gate. Using his powers, he reached inside Axia's mind and called to her. She was quick to respond and sounded happy to hear from him. Soon the gates opened and he could enter the enchanting lands of the water djinn. No place on earth looked this beautiful, and Zamiel had seen most places on earth.

Axia stood at the entry with her mate. Zamiel hadn't met him before, so she introduced them. His name was Stilos, and he was a young demon. Not older than two-hundred years.

'You came sooner than I expected. Did something happen?' Axia asked him. She knew him too well.

'I came here to meet Euphorion.' Zamiel said.

Her eyes widened. 'You know he doesn't like land demons.' She reminded.

'I know. Tell him it is Zamiel.' He said.

'Do you know each other?' She asked, surprised.

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'A little.'

She nodded. 'Alright then. Follow me.'

Euphorion had his own kingdom under the waters. He was not only a lord, but a king as well. The good thing about being a water djinn was that they could live without hiding themselves from the humans. Under the waters they were free.

When they reached his castle, they were stopped at the gates. The guards became a bit defensive when they noted that he was a land demon.

‘Let Lord Euphorion know that Lord Zamiel is here to meet him.’ Axia told the guards.

One guard disappeared and came back quickly. He gave the other guards a nod to let them in.

‘I’ll be alright from here.’ Zamiel told Axia.

‘Are you sure?’

‘Yes.’

‘I will come and meet you after.’ She said.

Zamiel nodded.

The guard showed him the way and soon he came face to face with a djinn he hadn’t seen for a very long time.

Euphorion. An ancient water djinn. The first of his kind.

He was the epitome of unique beauty. People would describe him as strange, yet mesmerizing. He had icy blue hair that fell over his shoulders in gentle waves, and his bare skin was pearl white. His lower

body was covered in iridescent fish scales and his eyes shifted color as they turned to look at him.

He tilted his head to one side and gazed at him curiously. 'What brings an ancient land demon here?' He asked.

'I came to ask for your help.' Zamiel said.

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Euphorion became even more curious. 'You need my help?' He arched one brow.

'Yes.'

'If you came to ask for forces that you should know that water demons don't get involved in the conflicts you have on land.' Euphorion reminded.

'I don't need your forces. Only your knowledge. Do you know anything about demon possession?' He asked.

Euphorion was one of the longest living djinn. Zamiel suspected that he knew more than most djinn knew about anything.

Euphorion narrowed his eyes. 'You should know better than to possess someone.' He said.

'What are the consequences?'

Euphorion walked over to the white couch in the room and sat down. He crossed one leg over the other. 'In worst case, you could be trapped in the person's body forever.'

‘And if not?’

‘If not, then you could end up with the person’s dreams, memories, emotions, characteristics, or all of them. That will confuse you, change you, disturb you and maybe even haunt you if that person had a bad experience.’

‘Are you sure about that?’ Zamiel asked.

‘You came here because you know that I know for sure.’

So the devil would end up with Heaven’s emotions, characteristics, or memories? He must have known that, so why did he do it?

He probably thought that nothing could happen to him. That he was untouchable.

‘Who possessed who?’ Euphorion understood that Zamiel wasn’t asking because he planned to possess someone.

‘The devil possessed my mate.’

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Euphorion’s eyes widened. ‘He wouldn’t be so foolish?’

‘He was.’

Euphorion was surprised, but then he threw his head back and laughed out loud. ‘Oh, he is in deep trouble. I would love to see Lucifer struggle.’ He said.

Euphorion and Lucifer were enemies. Not the type to go to war with each other, just disliking each other from afar. A fight between ancients only ended badly for everyone else involved.

‘What caused him to possess your mate?’

Zamiel told him the story in hopes to find out more information. ‘Your mate is his granddaughter, and he possessed her?’ He asked with a frown.

Zamiel nodded.

Euphorion was thoughtful for a while. ‘Could it be that he wants her qualities?’

Zamiel frowned. He never thought of that, but then he shook his head. ‘Are you saying he wants to be like a young, innocent, and kind woman?’

Euphorion laughed again. ‘That would suit him. Can you imagine?’

No! He couldn’t.

‘Maybe he feels old and is bored. He wants to see the world from a young woman’s eyes.’ Euphorion continued. He was enjoying it.

Zamiel remained serious.

‘Alright.’ Euphorion stopped laughing when Zamiel didn’t join him. He stood up from his seat and clapped his hands together. ‘I would advise you not to do anything. I know it is difficult when your mate is away, but when your enemy is destroying themselves, you don’t interrupt.

Especially if your enemy is the devil.’

‘How long will it take before the consequences make an impact?’ Zamiel asked.

‘If your mate has a strong spirit than I am sure he is already dealing with the consequences.’

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‘She has not only a strong spirit but a good one as well.’

Euphorion smirked. ‘That makes it more entertaining.’

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

Chapter 251: 128

Lothaire rushed back to his room. Why was he so angry? He never showed his emotions, especially not to those who hated him. He knew they would rejoice in his misery.

Heaven. The annoying little girl. She thought she knew everything, but she knew nothing about him. She thought she was better than him. All these humans thought they were better than him, but they weren't, and he was here to prove that.

The paintings on the wall were a reminder for him to never forget why he was here. It has been an eternity since he was thrown out of heaven. He shouldn't be angry now. He had already turned his anger into motivation, so he didn't understand why he suddenly became so upset.

Lothaire tried to calm down and focus. Was he doing all of this because of Irene? She was one of them. She was originally a human that practiced magic, making her a witch. He fell for the enemy. It was a joke

on him, maybe even a punishment. The enemy turned out to be his true mate.

Well, it didn't matter. They would all burn in hell together.

Irene hated him now. She didn't hate him like this, even when he left her for his mission. Back then they had decided to go separate ways, and he went back to focus on his mission. Until he realized that he still wanted her and began with his plan to get her back.

Since none of them wanted to come with him, he planted seeds of fear along the way. Fear of losing the most precious one in the family. Heaven became his target.

He didn't have to do it that way. He could have gone to his mission as if it was his job and then come back home and be a good mate, father, and grandfather. But his mission wasn't just a job. It was the sole purpose of his existence. It was a priority, and if he couldn't even mislead his family, then he wasn't the devil. By getting them to join him, he would do what he was meant to do and get his mate at the same time.

Lothaire teleported back to the paintings. Heaven was gone, and he watched the images alone in the dark. He stared at the painting where he was eating the apple. The tempter ended up eating the forbidden fruit. How Ironic. He was indeed tempted. He even wanted to have a bite right now. His gums itched badly.

Clenching his jaw hard, he decided to go back to his room, but ended up going to Irene instead. She was sleeping alone in the large bed, which meant that Heaven was still wandering around the castle. What was she up to?

Forgetting about her, he watched Irene sleeping peacefully. What was he doing? Before he could convince himself to leave, he took a step forward and suddenly he was looming over her. His fingers reached for her face. Slowly, he removed her soft hair from her face and then caressed the smooth skin on her cheek. She stirred slightly, but continued to sleep.

If he was patient enough, one day she would be sleeping in his bed. But he was suddenly feeling impatient. Strong emotions of longing struck him hard. He wanted her in his arms right now.

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Irene stirred again. She was waking up and instead of leaving quickly; he stayed. She turned with a frown and then opened her eyes. When she first saw him, she just stared, but then her eyes widened and she pushed herself up. She held the sheets tightly against her chest.

Her first instinct was to look beside her to see if Heaven was alright.

‘Where is Heaven?’ She asked accusingly, when she couldn’t find her in bed.

‘She is taking a walk around the castle.’ He replied, but Irene was already getting out of bed. She looked for something to wear while holding the sheets against her body.

‘Why would she in the middle of the night? And what are you doing here?’ She had a hard time finding her clothes in the dark.

Lothaire picked up her robe. ‘Here.’

She turned to him, looking furious, before she snatched the robe out of his hand.

‘You don’t have to go. I’ll ask her to come back.’ He said.

‘I don’t need your help.’ She snapped while sliding into her robe.

‘As long as you are here you will need my help.’ He told, feeling irked again.

She stopped moving and stared at him. ‘You are right. You bring me to a place where I am helpless so you can help me. That is very much like you.’ She said, as if realizing something. ‘You put people in danger so you can save them. Chain them so you can release them. Confuse them so you can guide them down your path.’

Yes, that was him. Those things were so natural to him that he did it without thinking. He was unapologetic about his actions. Who decided what was wrong or right, anyway? God?

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He didn’t care. To him, everything he did was justified. He was going to burn anyway, so why not do as he pleased?

‘Well, now you know for sure.’ He said.

He knew that he gave her the impression that he was better while staying with her. But if she had known the true him, the one who hadn’t changed for eternity, then she would know that he would never change. He would always be the devil.

But humans, they always held onto hope. They believed in a God that they had never seen.

Hope and belief. He hated these two things in humans. Without them, he would easily send them all to hell.

‘Yes, now I know.’ She said. ‘But what are you doing here?’

I missed you; he wanted to say, almost ruining his plan. Why was he being so emotional? He just wanted to cross the distance between them and kiss her. She would slap him, but he would take it.

Her eyes narrowed, and she stared at his mouth. Lothaire felt the tip of his fangs against his lips.

Irene shook her head and took a step back. ‘Don’t.’ She said.

‘I won’t!’ He was offended that she would think he would forcefully mark her.

But what did he expect? After all he did, he made her think the worst of him.

‘Then why?’ She asked.

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‘Can’t I desire a woman?’

She looked at him confused, but then shook her head again. ‘Just leave!’ She told him.

He didn’t. Instead, he stalked toward her slowly, and she stepped away from him.

‘What... are you doing?’ She stuttered.

‘You have been alone for so long. Don’t you miss being desired?’ He asked, stepping closer until he trapped her between him and the wall behind her.

‘No!’

‘You yearn for a man’s touch, don’t you?’ He spoke to her in his hypnotizing voice while he gazed into her eyes.

‘I don’t.’ She said, this time not sounding as certain as the first time.

‘You hate sleeping alone, not feeling the warmth of a man’s body near you.’ He leaned into her, bringing his face close to her hair and smelling her scent. She stiffened and flinched back, but he could hear the fierce pounding of her heart.

‘Don’t you want to feel it again? The warmth, the tingling pleasure?’ He whispered into her ear.

He inhaled her scent again. He was already intoxicated, and he wanted to have her right now. Lust was indeed a strong feeling, and he had wanted to use it against her, but ended up feeling lost in it.

Suddenly, he was pushed out of his haze. ‘I want nothing. Why are you doing this to me?’ Tears filled her eyes.

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Lothaire felt a sting in his heart upon seeing her tears. What was this feeling? Was he feeling bad this easily?

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

Chapter 252: 129

Tears ran down her cheeks, and Lothaire vanished without saying another word. Irene was left angry, confused, and sad. She really wasn't strong enough to stay here, and she felt embarrassed for being this weak.

Why did he have to use her loneliness against her?

When he had first left, she hadn't been feeling as lonely as was now. Back then she had many things to keep her occupied. So many things had been new to her, and she wanted to enjoy them. She was a mother again and even a grandmother. Heaven had still been a child, and Irene got the chance to raise her and feel the joy of raising a child that was her own flesh and blood. Nothing in the world compared to that feeling.

The role of a mother and grandmother was so fulfilling, but children grow and become less dependent with time. Heaven grew so fast and even though Irene was still needed as a parent and grandparent, she wasn't needed as much as before.

While her children were busy with their lives, she tried to find ways to keep herself occupied, but it didn't help. That was when the loneliness started to creep into her heart. Everyone was busy. Lucian was busy ruling and Heaven learning how to rule. And they both had their mates that they spend time with when they weren't busy with their duties.

What was her duty, besides being a mother and grandmother? Maybe that is why she felt easily lonely when her children weren't around.

She had been happy when she heard that Heaven wanted to become a ruler. To see her granddaughter having other dreams than just getting married made her feel relieved. That way her whole life wouldn't evolve around her mate only, and if anything happened between them, she wouldn't end up like her. She would still have something to hold on to.

But Irene had no other purpose and, like Zamiel told her, she was still holding onto her past. How was she supposed to move on and heal if she wanted to get over Lothaire by hating him? That would mean that she still felt something for him, even if that feeling was hate.

Irene knew that she had to let it all go, and in order to do that, she had to get away from this place. But before that she would have to face her feelings and fears because she knew she would be staying here for a while.

Her heart skipped a beat. She was scared and would have to mentally prepare herself.

Irene wiped her tears away and cursed. She was supposed to be the stronger one. She was the grandmother, and she came here to support her grandchild, not be a burden. She had gone through a lot and that shouldn't make her weak. She was stronger than this.

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Tying the robe around her waist, she decided to find her cloak and go look for Heaven, but just then her granddaughter walked through the door.

‘Grandma?’ She looked surprised.

‘Heaven! Where have you been?’ Irene scolded.

‘I am sorry. I didn't mean to worry you but I didn't want to wake you up.’

Irene used her magic to light some candles. She wanted to see Heaven's face clearly. ‘You shouldn't walk around alone this late.’

‘I am sorry.’ She said, taking off her cloak. ‘I am here now. Let’s get some sleep.’

She crawled up in bed and patted next to her. Irene sighed and went to sleep next to her granddaughter. She covered them with the blankets.

‘Have you been crying?’ Heaven asked.

‘No.’ Irene lied and Heaven narrowed her eyes.

‘Was grandpa here?’

She couldn’t lie anymore. ‘Yes.’

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‘What did he do?’ She asked.

‘Nothing. He just wanted to talk.’

Heaven nodded and was silent for a moment. ‘Do you still like him?’ She asked, surprising her.

Like? No. She couldn’t say she liked him. She couldn’t say she loved him, either. Right now her feelings weren’t black and white. It was complicated, and it was probably like that because they were mates. Sometimes she wondered what it would be like if they weren’t mates.

In her case, having a mate felt like a curse rather than a blessing. Why would she be mated to the devil? For her, there had only been one logical explanation. The devil could change and be good. Why would God otherwise pair her with the devil?

She still believed that everyone could change as long as they lived, but Lothaire had already broken her heart into a thousand pieces after what he did to Heaven. Her feelings for him would never be the same, even if he changed.

‘No, I don’t like him.’ She said.

‘Grandma. I won’t judge you. I know what it feels like to be mates. You can’t control those feelings.’

‘I know.’ Was all she could say.

Heaven was quiet for a long moment, but then she smiled.

‘Grandma. You never go out and meet people. You are always calm and you think a lot before you act. I know you behave that way because you don’t want to make the same mistakes again, but mistakes are part of life and sometimes great things come out of making bad choices and acting reckless. I know that.’ She smiled, referring to releasing Zamiel from the coffin. If they hadn’t been mates, then they would all be dead right now. ‘Can you say that your mistakes only led to bad things?’

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Irene became thoughtful. She got blessed with Heaven and Lucian, so she couldn’t say that her mistakes only led to bad things.

‘You should stop being afraid. You should go out, meet new people, make some new friends and maybe even fall in love again. You have the advantage of originally being a witch. Having a mate doesn’t restrict you the way it does with full born demons. Only they are completely bound to their mates.’ Heaven explained.

‘Who told you that?’ Irene asked.

‘Zamiel explained it to me. Mates are made for demons. You are a turned demon. Had you not given birth to father you would still be a witch and I am half demon. This means that we can still find someone we like beside our mate.’ She explained.

‘I have never heard it before.’ Irene said.

‘Ancients know more and grandpa would probably not tell you this.’

Irene nodded thoughtfully. She didn’t know what to do with this new information.

‘You are not bound to grandpa the way he is bound to you. You can still find someone else and fall in love, but you can’t do that if you don’t meet people.’

Irene chuckled. ‘Who would want me? I am a demon and witch. Both demons and witches hate me and a human would grow old before me.’

‘Hate only lasts until love takes its place. Who hated witches more than Zamiel and now he is with me.’

Irene smiled. Heaven had a reply to everything.

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‘When we go back, go out and meet new people and see what happens. It won’t hurt.’ She said.

‘Alright.’ Irene agreed.

If it was only that easy.

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

Chapter 253: 130

Heaven found herself standing in the heavenly garden in her grandfather's kingdom. It was late at night, the stars and the moon were shining brightly against the dark sky. She could only hear the soft breeze and the water rushing down the fountains. The aroma of flowers, grass, earth, and rain filled her senses.

This scent was very familiar. The set of wet earth and rain. Heaven's eyes searched the garden until they met a pair of silver eyes. They were gleaming in the dark, just like the moon against the sky. His dark hair cast shadows on his sculpted face, giving him a menacing look.

Zamiel.

He stepped out from the shadows, and Heaven's eyes widened when she saw him clearly. He was dressed like the people of this kingdom. The only thing he wore was a black fabric around his waist and silver bracelets around his arms and wrists. He looked breathtaking, and she found herself staring at his body.

Zamiel stalked toward her slowly until he was standing close enough to touch her.

'Zamiel, how did you get here?' She asked.

'This is how we first met.' He said.

How... was this a dream?

‘This is a dream.’ She whispered for some unknown reason.

He nodded.

It felt so real, but it always felt real when he came to her in her dreams.

‘Why are you dressed like this?’ She said.

He looked down at his bare chest before looking at her again. His lips curved into a smile. ‘I think you wanted to see me this way.’ He said. ‘I appear in your dreams the way you like to see me.’

Heaven opened her mouth to say something, but she was speechless. How could that be possible? She had wondered what he would look like dressed like this when she had seen the demon who looked like him, but how could he know?

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Her gaze went to his bare chest, and her cheeks burned.

‘You can touch.’ He said in a low tone.

Heaven gently placed her hand on his chest. She could feel his heartbeat under her palm and as she ran her fingers down, she felt the scar from the wound she inflicted.

It wasn’t completely healed yet. What kind of poison had her grandfather used?

‘How is your stay here?’ Zamiel asked.

She looked up at him. ‘It is alright.’

He seemed to know something that he wasn't telling her. 'Did you find a solution?' She asked.

'Yes.' Was all he said, and she understood that he couldn't tell her the whole plan. Her thoughts were not safe from the devil, but she was so glad to hear that he found a way. 'It will take some time.'

'I'll be alright.' She assured him.

He cupped her cheek and leaned down, bringing his lips close to hers. Heaven closed her eyes as she felt his hot breath against her lips. She waited, but nothing happened. When she opened her eyes again, she found herself in bed.

'No!' She sat up, frustrated.

This was unfair!

'What is wrong?' Her grandmother spoke, sitting up on the bed as well.

Oh, she woke her up.

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'Nothing.' She blurted.

Her grandmother shook her head and climbed out of bed.

After getting dressed for the day, they were served a royal breakfast, as usual. Heaven ate in silence while thinking of Zamiel. Did he do that on purpose, or did her dream just end? He wouldn't be so cruel to tease her like that, would he?

Oh no! She should have asked him about the paintings. The images kept coming back to her, and she knew she had to find out more. She had to find someone who would tell her more. Maybe she could lure Lilian to tell her. It wasn't a secret after all if it was painted on a wall.

'Do you want to visit Zarin with me?' Her grandmother asked.

Heaven didn't feel emotionally stable to talk to him yet. She was afraid of lashing out. Until she had something good to say, she decided to keep a distance.

'I need more time.' She admitted.

Irene nodded.

Once her grandmother left to find Zarin, Heaven got a visit from Tezznin.

'Father told me you are starting your training today.' She smiled.

'Yes.' Heaven replied. She had almost forgotten.

'I will be teaching you today.' She said, reaching her hand out. Heaven looked at her questioningly. 'We are going a bit far away so walking would take too long.' She explained.

Heaven took her hand and Tezznin teleported them to what looked like a throne hall. The hall was dark like the rest of the castle, with the same shades of red, black and grey. The walls were covered with strange symbols and frightening illustrations. There were painting of hell, people getting punished in gruesome ways, blood, naked bodies and monsters.

‘I know. I still can’t get used to these paintings, but that is what makes them special.’ Tezznin spoke.

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Special? Yes, she could agree that there was something special about the way they were painted. It was almost as if the people in the painting could come alive any time.

‘Come.’ She said, leading her to the throne. ‘This is yours.’ She said, motioning for her to sit down.

Heaven sat down hesitantly. ‘I thought I would get some training first?’

Tezznin smiled. ‘You will get it now. We will start with the easy step. Today, you will reward demons who have done a good job.’

Reward?

Tezznin opened the large doors to the hall with a wave of her hand. ‘Come in.’ She then called.

A male demon appeared in sight. He didn’t bother to walk over. He teleported, so he stood beneath the throne where she was sitting.

‘Tell me, demon. What did you accomplish today?’ Tezznin asked.

Heaven guessed that he was young, since she couldn’t feel any power emanating from him.

‘I sang a beautiful song.’ He replied.

Heaven was surprised when she heard his voice. There was no doubt he sang beautifully.

‘Did it work?’ She asked.

‘Yes. She liked it very much.’ He replied.

Heaven couldn’t understand what they were talking about.

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Tezznin chuckled. ‘Of course she did. I love it when we help women.’ She said turning to Heaven. ‘This young demon helped a woman achieve her dreams.’

‘What dreams?’ Heaven asked.

‘Tell us the details, young demon.’ Tezznin smirked.

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

Chapter 254: 131

Heaven was left shocked after she listened to the young demon’s story. She wasn’t surprised only because of the story but the way he told it. He seemed very proud of what he had done.

The woman he claimed to help seemed to be greedy. She found a wealthy man to marry and then using his wealth; she went to find pleasure somewhere else.

‘That is not helping, and it is wrong.’ Heaven said.

Tezznin chuckled. 'Why is it wrong? Men can go find pleasure somewhere else when they are married and they face no consequences. So what stops women from doing the same? As for the wealth, men marry women for beauty, so why can't women marry for wealth?'

'Men who marry women only for their beauty end up going to other women and women who marry men only for their wealth seem to end up doing the same. No one is happy in the relationship, that is not helping someone. As for women facing consequences and not men, you are right. That is why you shouldn't have helped her. If she gets caught, which she will eventually, then she will be in deep trouble. Her life will be at risk.' Heaven said.

'It will be worth it. Would you rather live a long life with no pleasure or a short one filled with adventure?' Tezznin asked.

Heaven looked at her for a long moment. She remembered once saying that she would rather live a short life where she was happy than a long one that felt empty.

Tezznin tilted her head to one side and smiled. 'Many women don't get to choose their husbands and they get neglected after marriage. Don't they deserve pleasure? We are only helping them.'

Even though Heaven felt bad for the women, she knew that these demons weren't helping them out of goodness.

'And why are you helping them?' Heaven asked.

'That is what we do.' She said.

'You don't help humans.' She emphasised the word humans because she knew her grandfather hated them.

Tezznin's smile faded, and she gazed at her with a serious expression. 'Your definition of help might mean letting humans live a miserable life so they can go to heaven, but we help humans live their lives to the fullest. We don't judge. We free them so they don't have to fight what's in their nature.'

Heaven had to admit that the way Tezznin explained it sounded good. She had an answer to every question and justified everything they did. According to them, they did all of this for good reasons, but why? Why would they care?

Taking a deep breath, Heaven turned to the young demon. 'Can I choose not to reward him?' She said, changing the subject. There was no reason to argue with Tezznin.

'Of course. You decide. But they all want to be rewarded so he will come back next time with a better story.' She smirked.

Oh, she was good. What a gentle way to threaten someone.

'Don't you have anything else to do?' Heaven asked the young demon.

'Like what, My Lady?'

'Like a proper job and then go home to your family.'

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'I don't have a family and this is my job. I get everything I need and more doing this.'

Tezznin gave him a smile.

So this was how they made a living. Her grandfather offered them to stay in his kingdom for free exchange for their services.

‘Do you have another talent besides helping people find a short-lived happiness that could lead to death?’ She asked.

He smiled. ‘I can sing.’

‘You have a beautiful voice.’ Tezznin said, eyeing him before she turned to Heaven. ‘Doesn’t he?’

Heaven kept a straight face. ‘Yes, he does. Your voice is soothing.’ She told him. ‘Do you know anything about human war strategies?’

The demon blinked a few times, confused. His gaze turned to Tezznin and then back to her.

‘No, My Lady.’

‘Do you know anything about trading and the market economy?’

He shook his head. ‘No, My Lady.’

Heaven sighed and leaned back. ‘Do you have a good memory?’ She asked.

‘I do, My Lady.’

‘Good.’ She smiled. ‘I will be impressed if you come back next time with some knowledge about these subjects. With your voice I would listen to your lectures.’ She told.

His eyes darted in confusion. Again he looked at Tezznin for some sign, but she just smiled.

‘Will I be rewarded for that?’ He asked, turning to Heaven.

‘Of course.’ She smiled.

The young demon bowed, then left.

‘It seems like you are preparing to rule somewhere else?’ Tezznin pointed.

‘I am sure that is no surprise to you.’ Heaven said.

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Tezznin smiled, amused. ‘You are fun to watch.’

Heaven knew she wouldn’t annoy Tezznin so easily.

The next demon that came in was also a male. Again half dressed like everyone else. Heaven was starting to get used to it.

‘Oh...’ Tezznin’s eyes widened. ‘Another young one.’ She said.

She seemed to like the younger ones, which was unusual for female demons. They liked older demons because of the power, but Tezznin liked to be the powerful one.

She gave Heaven a nod to start her interrogation, but Heaven asked something else instead. ‘Do you have a talent?’ She asked.

‘Yes, tell us. I would love to know that.’ Tezznin purred walking down the stairs to take a closer look at him.

He had short brown hair that was a bit messy, beautiful green eyes, and a youthful face. He looked innocent. What horrible thing did he do?

The demon stared, surprised by the question. ‘I... I can do anything you like me too.’ He said.

‘Then would you undress for us?’ Tezznin asked.

Heaven’s jaw dropped, but the demon smirked. ‘It will be my pleasure.’ He said, grabbing the fabric around his waist.

‘Don’t!’ Heaven called.

Tezznin groaned. ‘He wants to.’

‘But I don’t want to.’ Heaven said.

Tezznin put one hand on the male’s bare shoulder and gave him a sad expression. ‘Don’t worry. You look fine. She is just not over her mate yet.’

Yet? Heaven wanted to slap her, but she told herself to calm down.

The young demon nodded.

‘Yes, your talent. Tell us.’ Tezznin cheered as she went back and sat down on one of the stairs that led up to the throne.

‘I can paint.’ He said.

‘I would love to have a painting of myself. Naked.’ She smiled.

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‘It would be my pleasure to make a painting of you.’ He said.

Tezznin looked back at Heaven. ‘Would you like to have a painting of yourself?’

‘No, thank you.’

Heaven understood what was going on. Tezznin was playing her game, but she was better at it.

‘Can you do anything else?’ Heaven asked him.

‘I can do anything you ask me to do.’ He said proudly.

‘Good. Then I want you to do nothing until next time. You will be rewarded then.’

A frown settled between his brows, and Heaven motioned for him to leave.

The next demon was a male again. ‘Are all of them males?’ Heaven asked.

‘No. I just asked for the males. I like to reward them. My sister is taking care of the females.’ She explained.

This one was tall and well built. He had two braids on each side of his head and the rest of his hair fell down his back in golden waves.

And he had no talent.

‘Everyone has a talent. You just haven’t discovered yours yet. Try to discover your talent until our next meeting.’ And just like that, she sent him away, confused, like every other demon.

When she had met a dozen of them and sent them back with a new mission, she was done with her first lesson.

‘It wasn’t bad. It was fun.’ Tezznin smiled.

It wasn’t at all. Heaven had tried to come up with excuses to not reward them and not make them do anything worse until next time. But they would probably still do something bad, whether she gave them a mission, rewarded them or not. Even though they addressed her respectfully, she knew that they would listen to Tezznin at the end.

Every time she said something, they turned to Tezznin for confirmation. Heaven knew Tezznin was only letting her do things her way, because it wouldn’t matter. It was a waste of time, but at least some of them would come back with information that would be helpful to her. While she was here, she would keep educating herself.

When she went back to her room, her grandmother was still missing. Heaven wondered where she was because it couldn’t be taking so long to talk to Zarin. She went to the window and looked outside. Her grandfather was clever to give them a room with a great view. He knew how much they loved their gardens.

Heaven stared outside, her eyes searching the garden, when she caught sight of her grandmother. She was sitting on a bench laughing at something a male demon seated close her said. While laughing, she put one hand on his shoulder.

Who was he? And what was happening?

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

Chapter 255: 132

Heaven made her way to the garden to see what her grandmother was up to and who she was talking to. She seemed to be having a good time but Heaven wanted to make sure that everything was alright and nothing strange was going on.

When she came to the garden, her grandmother was sitting very close to a half-dressed male demon, so close that their thighs and shoulders were touching. And he was telling her something in a low tone that made her chuckle. Clearly her grandmother wasn't as uncomfortable near those half-naked men as she was.

When Heaven neared where they sat, she became hesitant. She didn't know whether or not to interrupt them, but then she decided to do it, anyway.

'Grandma?'

Irene stopped chuckling and turned her head. 'Heaven.'

She stood up, and the male demon followed her with his gaze. 'Were you looking for me?' She asked.

'Yes.' Heaven replied.

'I am sorry. I met Nyle here...' She motioned toward the male demon and he smiled at her. 'And he was kind enough to show me around and

keep me company. Nyle, this is my granddaughter Heaven.' She introduced her.

Nyle stood up from his seat and walked up to her. Taking her hand, he kissed her knuckles. 'It is nice meeting you, Heaven.' He said charmingly.

Heaven gave him a meek smile, not knowing how to react. Nyle was good looking. He was tall, strong and had a sunkissed skin. His dark brown hair was lighter on the tips that reached his shoulders, and his amber eyes were framed by long lashes. His face was angular with masculine features and a light stubble.

'Will you be back soon?' Heaven asked, since she couldn't ask what she truly wanted to ask in front of Nyle.

'I would like if you stayed for a while.' Nyle told her grandmother.

Irene smiled at him and then turned to Heaven. 'If there is nothing urgent, I would like to stay with Nyle for a while.' She said.

'I will escort her back personally.' Nyle added.

As if that would reassure her. 'Alright.' Heaven said. 'Don't be out for too long.'

When did they change roles? Now it felt like she was the grandmother.

As she turned and left them behind, Heaven wondered what had gotten into her grandmother. She was the one who said they would never belong here, so why was she spending time with that demon?

Did she get her message the wrong way? Heaven had encouraged her to meet people, but she hadn't meant the ones in this kingdom. They were supposed to go back home one day. She would just talk to her grandmother later and make sure there was no misunderstanding.

As she went back to her room, she walked passed the paintings of the devil's story. She came to a halt and looked at the one where he ate the apple. From the stories she had heard, it was Eve who ate the apple. Why was the devil eating it?

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Who could she ask about these paintings? Would her grandfather tell her why he ate the apple? Was the story different from what she had heard?

'Aren't these paintings fascinating?'

Oh no. She knew this voice and as she turned to look at the man who looked so much like her mate; she grimaced in distaste.

He stood next to her, facing the paintings.

'What is fascinating?' She asked.

'The story itself and that everyone can watch it.' He replied.

'And what about this?' She said, pointing at the part where her grandfather was leading everyone to hell.

The stranger nodded. 'We are going to hell.' He said simply.

'You can't know for sure.' She told him.

‘I know.’ He said, looking serious.

Heaven looked into his golden eyes. He did believe that he was going to hell.

‘Do you want to go there?’ She asked.

He chuckled. ‘Who wants to burn?’

‘Then it is not too late to turn around.’ She told him.

He looked at her, amused. ‘Are you trying to convince me to be good?’

‘Why not? You are trying to lead me away from my mate.’

He shook his head. ‘Wrong. You are already away from your mate.’ He said, walking closer to her. ‘So you can either be alone or be with me.’

‘I choose to be alone.’ She said.

Again, his lips curved into a mischievous smile.

The source of this chapter;

‘Look.’ He said, walking toward the painting and pointing at the image where Eve was eating the apple. ‘Do you know what the apple represents in the painting?’

Heaven shook her head.

‘Temptation.’ He said. ‘The first to fall for temptation and sin was a woman.’

Heaven crossed her arms over her chest. ‘What are you implying?’

He chuckled. 'I am saying, women are not good at resisting.'

Now it was her turn to laugh. This man must have had no woman to tell him no. She would happily disappoint him.

'You don't tempt me so I have nothing to resist.' She said.

He ignored her and followed the painting back to when Eve was created.

'Eve was created for Adam. Women were created for men. Women belong to men.' He turned to her. 'Does that not upset you? That you were only created for a man?'

'If you put it that way it sounds upsetting, but I see it differently in my head..' She said, studying the painting.

The stranger became curious. 'How do you see it?' He asked her.

Heaven went back to before Eve was created.

'This is what I see.' She began pointing at Adam spending his days alone in heaven.

'God created man, and the man was in heaven. He had everything, but he was alone. Incomplete. So God created a woman to be his companion. To complete him.' She turned to the stranger to see if he understood, but he waited for her to continue.

'A man is alone without a woman. Men need women. You are incomplete without us. Now does that upset you?' She asked mockingly.

A frown settles between his eyebrows, and she laughed. 'Don't worry. It is the other way round too. Eve was Adam's mate, and he was hers. They completed each other. Some men might see it as a woman created for a

man and therefore feel superior, but the order of creation doesn't matter. I have noticed that many demons feel superior to humans because they were created before them. It is a strange way of thinking. God's way of creating doesn't get worse with every creation.'

She turned back to the painting. 'Look. God didn't create Eve the way he created Adam. God didn't create her separately. Then we could say that they were different. Maybe one superior to the other. But God created Eve from Adam. She was a part of him. We all have the same origin.'

He nodded. 'You seem educated.' He said, impressed.

Heaven was surprised. She hadn't even realized how deeply she had analyzed the painting. Now she found it fascinating.

'It is only how I see it.' She said.

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The stranger smiled. 'The way you see it is accurate.' He said. Then he went and pointed at something on the painting. It looked like symbols. 'Do you know what is written here?' He asked.

She shook her head.

'God created everything in pairs.' He said, reading the symbols.

Heaven's brain slowly started to work.

Everything was created in pairs.

Adam and Eve completed each other.

The devil ate the apple.

The apple symbolized temptation.

Devil was created from fire.

Adam was created from earth.

Fire. Earth. Apple. All of those were symbols.

Possession.

It could also mean something else.

‘I need to go.’ Heaven said.

Lifting her dress up, she turned and hurried away. She didn’t know where she was running, but with this information, she wasn’t safe.

She knew exactly what her grandfather’s interpretation was. Irene wasn’t only his mate. She was his other half. They were a pair created for each other. Or even worse, she was created for him. He wanted to possess her.

He was fire; she was earth.

Heaven kept running, but she knew she couldn’t run from the devil. He appeared right in front of her. Heaven halted, and her heart jumped to her throat.

‘Oh Heaven. Why do you have to make things so difficult?’ He smirked.

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Married To The Devil's Son (WN)

Chapter 256: 133

Heaven's heart was racing wildly as she took a step back from the devil. He stalked toward her slowly, with an evil smirk on his face. 'What should I do with you now?' He said thoughtfully.

'How about nothing?' She said, stepping further away from him, when her surroundings suddenly changed.

Heaven found herself in an endless darkness. She couldn't tell whether it was a room or somewhere outside. Everywhere she turned was dark. She couldn't even see the ground beneath her feet.

He was trying to scare her, and she became a little afraid. She didn't know what he planned to do with her.

'I would have done nothing if you had done nothing. But you had to be noisy.' He shook his head, as if disappointed.

'You wanted grandma all along.' Heaven began. 'Why did you have to do all of this to get her? You are hurting her with your actions.' She couldn't understand.

'She hurt me too.' He snapped, still stalking toward her. 'She is my mate. The devil's mate. I thought that I had finally found a companion like everyone else. Someone I could be myself with and share everything with. But she had a problem with me being the devil. All those years she stayed with me only because I pretended to be something else. Why? She of all people should accept me for who I am.'

Heaven saw the anger, the hurt, and hatred in his eyes.

‘No, she shouldn’t. She might not have been able to control that you happened to be her mate, but she can choose not to be with you. She can choose not to accept the kind of person that you are. Everyone can choose who they want to be with or not. Did you ever think of why you got a mate?’ She asked him.

Updated _at

His blazing eyes looked at her questioningly. ‘I was given a mate as a punishment. God gave me something just to take it away in front of my eyes but I won’t accept it.’ He said.

Heaven shook her head at him with a smile. ‘Why do you always look at things so negatively? When we find a mate, we often change for the better. Did you ever think that maybe God gave you a mate to find happiness and peace and let go of the hatred that darkens your heart?’

‘That is why I say it is a punishment. He gave me a mate who has morals and doesn’t share my values because I have no plan to change mine.’

‘Yet you want grandma to accept you for who you are. You want her to leave her morals and change her values, for you.’ Heaven said.

He clenched his jaw. ‘Yes. That is what I want her to do.’ He admitted. ‘She might have been sent to show me the right way, but I will lead her the wrong way. And then she will lead others that way. She will then truly become the devil’s mate.’

The way the look in his eyes changed made Heaven shiver.

‘I will make her the mate she was supposed to be.’ His voice was cold and firm and his eyes fiery.

Grandmother could have been a second chance for him to change for the better. To choose to be better and live happily. But he chose to hold on to hate. This was like a contest for him. He had to win. Turning good meant losing. It meant admitting that he was wrong.

He stalked toward her again with the anger blazing in his eyes. 'It is not too late.' Heaven hurried to say to make him stop from whatever he was going to do. 'Grandma still likes you, but you will never win her like this. She will never accept you as long as you behave this way.'

Updated _at

'She will.' He said with certainty. 'You don't know what time can do. After spending a few years here, she will adapt.'

Heaven found it strange that he was sharing all this information with her, but then she realized he was going to wipe her memory. Demons could erase recent memories, but the longer the memory stayed, the harder it would be to erase them. She had to do something to keep her memory for a while but she knew she had no chance. Even now, he knew what she was thinking.

Heaven stepped away from him, but he was suddenly close to her face and he grabbed her by the hair.

'Is there anything else you want to know before I clear your head?' He asked.

'Have you ever loved grandma?' She asked.

He frowned. 'I love her, still.' He said.

'Strange. Nothing you say or do shows that you love her.'

‘You don’t know how I feel.’

‘I don’t, but I am not judging your feelings. You might feel love for grandma but do you love her? Because love is not just a feeling. It is an action, an expression, a choice. Love is many things combined.’ She explained.

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She was talking fast, hoping anything she was saying would have an affect. ‘Have you ever wondered what it would be like to be with grandma and all of us in the real world? Leave all this behind. No more having to chase humans and mislead them and just live your life the way you want to.’

He looked at her for a long moment. ‘Don’t make the same mistake as your grandmother. I find happiness in this.’ He said and then she couldn’t explain what happened.

Suddenly she was standing in the hall all alone. She was confused for a moment, and then she tried to recall where she was going. Yes, she was going to her room.

On her way back, she felt strange. She couldn’t tell what it was exactly, but it was almost as if something was missing. Did she forget to do something?

Heaven remembered her grandma. She was probably still with Nyle, so Heaven thought of what to do with her time. It felt like she had planned something but somehow forgot about it.

Going back to the garden, she sat on a bench. Even though she had done nothing, she felt tired. Her eyelids felt heavy, making it hard to think.

Maybe the exhaustion of everything she went through was catching up to her.

‘Heaven.’

A familiar voice called her name, and Heaven looked up. Her eyes met a pair of crystal blue eyes that looked back at her with concern. Heaven had grown up seeing those eyes, but this time they looked a little different. In the blue of his eyes there were freckles of gold.

How strange.

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And his hair was longer than usual, his skin fairer, and there was something different about his aura. Was this really him?

‘Zarin?’