

Wife of The Demon Prince

Chapter 1 - Back in time

Arabella opened her eyes.

Something felt so strange.

The soft sheets that surrounded her body and the warm sunshine coming in through the Window. A sharp contrast to what she just experienced.

'Where am I?.'

She closed her eyes tightly. The regret of not being able to kill the man who took her family away from her, burned deep inside of her, but when she came to her senses she was lying in a completely different place.

At least it was more comfortable than the hell She just went through. She had never gotten to lay down in a soft bed like this ever since her whole family was annihilated, after that not once had she slept peacefully for the fear of being reminded of the haunting memories of her past.

It was as if she had returned to an earlier time in her life, the time when everything was still going well. The time she still had her family with her.

'It's like I've gone back in time...wait...what?!'

Arabella scrambled out of bed, as she got up the large queen size bed. She looked around the familiar environment.

' How could this be possible? I'm supposed to be dead...'

She looked around again, on one side of the wall were the little paintings she had made with her little sister when she was eight, then the red strips of fabric they had tied for wishes on her sister's sixteenth birthday. She walked to the strips, she plucked one of the red strips. The words she had written still vivid and clear, there was no mistaking of her own handwriting.

It was her room, everything was too perfect that it was impossible for it to be a recreation. She couldn't think of how all this was happening. A moment ago she was on a battlefield and now she was back in time.

'How?'

After standing dumbstruck for a moment. The wind slowly blew open her curtains, drawing her attention to the view outside. She walked to the window in a daze, running her hands through its familiar wooden surface before fully opening it. The unmistakably familiar blossom trees met her eyes, her heart jolted, an empty feelings arose in her heart.

She could never forget her home. Not once in her life did she forget this place and all the memories she had made with her siblings.

'How am i here? This...'

She missed this part of her life so much, the time she lived with her family, the time she was still called Arabella Boxtton. She had always used her family name with pride.

The Boxtton family had only been around for a few generations. However they had produced up to five lines of the kingdom's generals.

As the eldest daughter, she took care of her family ever since they lost their mother. She took the responsibility of a mother in the mansion. Sometimes it became difficult to take care of her sister by herself while managing the household, but then it was a peaceful life and there was nothing to complain about.

It wasn't until she lost everything later that she realized how happy their lives were. She remembered the day their peaceful lives was destroyed in a blink of an eye. She remembered the last time she had looked upon this colourful garden, there were no beautiful flowers but dozens of torches coming into the mansion in perfect order. It was like they were coming closer to her, even though there was nothing there now, she couldn't shake off her anxious mind. She couldn't forget that terrible day, the memories slowly returned and Arabella shook her head and turned away from the window.

As she looked back into the room her eyes caught a mirror hanging on the wall.

"Is this really me?." She murmured to herself in wonderment.

Reflected in the mirror was a noble lady in a skill nightdress with beautiful classic red hair, with a milky white skin, her eyes were green like the finest grass, with a straight pointed nose. That was her.

The last image of herself she remembered was very different from the one reflected in the mirror. As she stared quietly at herself her green eyes trembled in surprise. It seemed far too real to be considered a dream. Though her natural beauty had not completely faded, she had never had a fine figure during her career as a soldier.

Since she decided to avenge her family and began to carry sword, she had cut off her long hair and had blisters on her hands from daily hard training. As time passed, her naturally gentle eyes became venomous, and her milky white skin had turned bronze. Only a cold hardened woman was left. However, even she could not perfectly recreate the distant images on her memory, even if it were a fantasy.

"What the hell is going on?"

She touched her face with a perplexed expression. Suddenly the door opened.

Arabella turned her head with a frown on her face. As soon as she saw the person who came in, she completely froze. Her green eyes widened, showing her surprise before her trembling lips could even speak.

" Sister Ara!"

Anne walked into the room, smiling more warmly like the morning sun. It all feels like a dream. Arabella forced herself to watch with breathless attention. Anne's Brown hair and dark blue eyes remind her of their mother.

Anne tilted her head briefly at Arabella's strange facial expression, but Anne soon smiled and happily looked up at her.

"What's that look on your face? You're not planning to scold me for barging in, are you? If you're going to scold me and talk about manners, do it later, I have something to tell you. You might be surprise to know this."

Arabella's eyes moistened as she watched Anne talking happily before her eyes. Is this a dream? It had to be. Otherwise Anne would not have appeared in front of her like this again. If it's a dream...She hoped she would never wake

up from it. Tears began to slip down her cheeks. Anne was surprised to suddenly see her crying.

" Sister Ara? Is something wrong?."

Watching Anne anxiously, Arabella couldn't answer. She bit her lips to stop the sobs rising up her throat and she wordlessly took Anne's body into her arms. She was afraid this moment would end forever if she made a sound.

Arabella clearly remembered the last time she had seen her sister. It was a moonless night, however it had been illuminated by flames burning down the dignified general's mansion. Her sister had been surrounded by evil men and screaming in a much different voice than she was now.

" Sister Ara! Help, sister Ara!"

There was a sound of Anne's night dress tearing. Arabella never once forgot those blood curdling screams. It was a tragedy that happened overnight in the Boxton mansion. It was her brother Henry who caught her running towards Anne. He whispered sadly but firmly in her ear. ' it's too late Ara.' If Henry had not shut Arabella's mouth and dragged her away from the place, she could have died there with her sister. How good would that have been, and for a long time she felt sorry for herself. Her lovely sister, she regretted that she couldn't save her.

She hugged Anne tightly shedding her silent tears. She would never miss her second chance. Nothing mattered now, whether it's a dream or reality, just seeing Anne again was enough.

Anne looked at Arabella's face with a troubled expression, and she immediately raised her hand and patted her older sister's back.

"Don't Cry, sister Ara."

Arabella could no longer hold in her sob and it burst out of her lips. Anne waited silently as she patted her back while Arabella let out all the grief she had endured in her life as a cold hearted soldier. The comfort from Anne's hand was so warm that Arabella could not stop crying.

As time passed, Arabella composed herself. She was still hugging Anne, and the temperature coming from her body was real. Arabella murmured to herself with an incredulous look. "This isn't a dream, right?."

Seeking to dispel the shade of doubt in her mind, she hurriedly released her arms that had been hugging Anne and grabbed her sister's shoulder and examined her properly.

Anne gave Arabella a worried frown and asked. " You're having a hard time managing the household alone, aren't you?"

"Huh?."

Arabella couldn't help but let her eyes widened again after watching Anne speaking as if she was really there in front of her.

This wasn't a dream or a fantasy. Moreover it felt so real. The Anne in front of her looked too alive for that. Anne continued to speak with a gloomy face, as if she mistook Arabella's dumbstruck look for being scold for her immature behavior.

" it's just that for the first time the crown Prince who had always been away at the battlefield, will show up at this coming grand ball. I really wanted to go there with you-."

"Which crown Prince?"

"What's wrong with you today? You're acting strange...I'm talking about the same crown Prince you know. The crown Prince of our kingdom of course."

Arabella's head began to spin rapidly, but she had know which crown Prince Anne was talking about.

Their kingdom was ruled by king Frederick, and was one of the largest kingdom in all the lands for generations. And rumors had it that king Frederick's first son; the crown Prince was a bloodthirsty demon.

However, king Frederick had a kind nature, and helped developed a land that cared more about developing kingdom affairs rather than war. Under him the kingdom that was once obsessed with bloodshed and war came to prosperity. However, in order to achieve this, It had been said that the previous king intentionally chose the gentle hearted Frederick as his successor over his brutaleldest son, Cornell.

Nevertheless, the problem was with Cornell. The same man who had killed her family. Cornell was at first thought to become the next king, in the end he

was deprived of the throne by his father, and was given to his younger brother, Frederick. Though many people expressed concern because Cornell had been born with the nature of a (evil) king, Cornell had kneeled and submitted to his brother instead.

For more than decades he didn't show his evil side, he waited for his chance, then the traitorous Cornell eventually rebelled and won. The Boxtan family, who supported the royal family in course of the regime's replacement, was also purged by the evil king Cornell.

That was the man Arabella wanted to kill all her life, the man who caused her pain and grief. King Cornell.

Arabella's eyes hardened as she recalled those unpleasant memories. She remembered the sensation of Cornell's blade that went through her flesh.

There had been many incidents before Cornell ultimately succeeded in his rebel, but he could not install a crown Prince because of what he had done, nobody would want to birth a son for a treacherous king. As far as Arabella could remember, there was only one official crown Prince. But he had gone missing ever since he left for the battle of kalresu, and that was years ago, Although he had made many brilliant achievement in the battlefield, he disappeared without a single appearance in any social gatherings. Rumors had it that he was a scary monster, that he was a complete demon, he came back victorious in every battle he went for. They said that he would become the most brutal of all kings, and if he were there, Cornell rebellion would failed.

However he never showed up when the kingdom needed him, because they said he never cared for his people, so he was largely unknown.

So far no one else came to mind.

"A crown Prince...does that mean the treacherous king eventually had a son to put in that position?"

It was bound to happened eventually. their kingdom was extremely powerful, and even with a treacherous ruler he had leverage to get what he wanted.

"What are you talking about, sister? Did you know that's treasonous! If anybody knew that you had such profane words in your mouth, you would be in so much trouble."

Anne looked around to see if anyone had overheard their conversation. Her cautious demeanor filled Arabella's mind with questions, she couldn't figure out what this was all about.

"You're being strange again sister, there's only one crown Prince in this kingdom, Prince Hamon."

Hamon? As soon as she heard the name, recognition flashed into her head.

Chapter 2: Prince Hamon

Hamon De Biville. Who Anne referred to was the crown Prince who turned his back on his kingdom few years ago.

Ara had a sudden realization.

"Anne what year is it?"

"It's year 1676, did you forget that too?"

At that moment Ara was unable to say anything, as if she had been struck by lightning. It was exactly nineteen years in the past around the time the crown Prince left the kingdom after the battle, and never returned. And it was only a year or so before the royal family will be destroyed.

Ara remembered it clearly. In the past, the crown Prince was to show up at the grand ball for the very first time, and Ara was accompanied by Anne at the grand ball. At the end of the day, the crown Prince never showed up, they had gone home without seeing him.

It was only later that they found out about the crown Prince's disappearance, then ten months later the royal family began to decline when it had been revealed that the king had been fighting a long time heart disease.

Yes, she remembered now. Anne had also rushed into her room like this when she heard the crown Prince was going to attend the ball.

Was it really that day? What had happened so far passed through Ara's head in a panorama.

'Am i really back in time?'

It was impossible to believe. How on earth? Why? How? A lot of unsolved questions arose. There was no one to ask, and no one to give answers.

She began to realize that this moment which she thought was a dream, was in fact reality. She turned pale as if she had forgotten how to breathe.

"Are you alright?"

Anne held her sister's hand worryingly carefully looking at her. Despite such small gesture, Ara was close to tears again. It didn't matter how she got back to the past, now there was a real chance in protecting her family from dying. She would never let such a future come again.

Ara gripped Anne's hand and said in a devoted whisper.

"This time, I promise to protect you. No matter what happens."

Anne slowly nodded at her sister's strong words, she was acting strangely today. At first she had thought Ara was under stress for having to manage the household, but Ara had said some strange stuff.

"Are you really okay?"

"Of course, especially when you're in front of me like this. How could I not be okay? This moment is for me...I can not describe how much I appreciate it. Thank you for being alive Anne."

Anne's face flashed with embarrassment, she didn't understand why her sister was acting this way, but she smiled shyly anyway because it meant Ara loved her. The fact that Ara was the best sister in the world never changed.

Ara leaned back, and looked at Anne tenderly. Ara couldn't almost bear to look at her, Her heart ached for the future that Anne didn't know.

A thought suddenly came to Ara's mind.

"Where is father now?"

"You told me yesterday that father went back to Zari, and he'll be back in a few days."

"Oh, really?"

Ara gave her an awkward smile then thought carefully. In order to avoid the same tragedy, she had to do something quickly. There wasn't much time left to change the future.

Should she run to her father and tell him everything she knew about the future that awaits them? Ara thought carefully and immediately shook her head. She wasn't sure if he would even believe her unrealistic story, which she found difficult to believe herself, and even if he believed what she said, the Boxtton family was absolutely loyal to the royal family. Her father was a man who would fight to death rather than run away. Because of this he had been killed in his previous life by king Cornell.

How could she stop Cornell from becoming the king? No one knew it now, but the present king is suffering from a serious heart disease, he will die soon.

'Should I kill Cornell before then?'

Even if she had returned to the past, and she knew her skills with sword did not disappear completely, it would be necessary to train her body again to peak physical condition. She had failed in her original goal, but she was still the one who had almost killed the infamous king Cornell in her previous life.

But even if she succeeded in killing Cornell now. The royal family will hunt down the person who killed Cornell, ignorant of his evil deeds.

The Boxtton family wouldn't be able to avoid responsibility. And if she failed... She closed her eyes tightly, not wanting to even think of the outcome.

Although she didn't want to admit it, she had worked her whole life to kill Cornell.

Ara knew better than anyone how strong he was. She had already lost to him once, was it possible to win with this second chance? There wasn't a guarantee that she would be able to kill Cornell this time, she could not risk the lives of her family against such slim chance.

'I can't afford to fail again this time.'

Even if the worst possible outcome were to happen, she needed to be able to ensure that the Boxtton family survived, but a good plan didn't come to mind.

She was ashamed of not avenging her family's death in her previous life. She had done everything that could be done alone before, but now she needed an assistant to stand by her and give her strength.

'If there was only someone who could help me this time'

There was only one person that came to mind.

'Prince Hamon?'

To her knowledge, he was supposed to leave the kingdom in a few days after the battle, the battle was still taking place now. But....What if she could stop him from leaving? The crown Prince, son of the present king would be the biggest obstacle for Cornell, even if Hamon only accomplished half of his achievements on the battlefield.

No it will be very helpful if the rumors about him were true. She doesn't care what people say he is, furthermore, if she could make him king he could stand in the way of Cornell rise to power.

She had to stop him from leaving somehow, it would be a decision that would further shake the whole continents. The effect of it would be unpredictable.

After a moment of hesitation, Ara laugh at herself coldly.

'I don't care if the whole world drowns or burn. I only want to save my family.'

She would walk with a smile in this bloodstained road, Ara looked down at Anne's bright eyes and made a deep promise again.

'I'll save you this time no matter the cost'

After Ara made up her mind, she began to feel nervous, she had to find a way to stop the Prince from abandoning his kingdom.

The time when Prince Homan would leave already overlapped with the present. Although she doesn't know the exact place the battle is taking place, but she fortunately remembered the location as the battle had been the most talked about event before.

There was no time to waste. It would be a disaster if she missed this opportunity to stop the Prince.

Boxton mansion was located in northern part of the kingdom, and it would take several days to get to the battlefield from here.

She had to make haste as soon as possible.

"Brother Henry is in the training hall now, isn't he?"

"Yes, it's always the same. If he doesn't hold a sword for a day...he'll probably kill himself."

Anne stood there talking lovingly. Ara had missed her sister so much, she was anxious to keep her eyes away from her even more, but now she was in a hurry. She stroked Anne soft cheeks and said to her sadly.

"Anne, I have to go somewhere for awhile."

"Huh? Where are you going to?"

"It's just for a few days."

"That long? I'll come with you then!"

Anne clutched at Ara's nightdress.

Perhaps it was because Anne didn't remember their mother, who had died when giving birth to Anne, but the young girl had always hated being away from her older sister since she was a child. Ara did not hate Anne for treating her like a mother, and they had little memory of being separated until their family had been destroyed in their previous life.

The years of living without Anne had been extremely lonely. Ara wanted to indulge her sister and listen and everything she said, but this isn't the right time for that.

"I have to go alone Anne, you can't come with me."

She quickly turned her head away. She had to be away a least for some few days to find Prince Hamon, but she couldn't disappear for no reason. This isn't a life when no one stopped her from going anywhere she please. She is the daughter of a general who had to tell everyone her every moves.

A memory flashed through Ara's head and gave her an idea.

"I have to go see Danielle, and you can't travel that far with me."

"Danielle?"

"Yes, she invited me to her birthday banquet by letters a few days ago."

Danielle lived in neighboring kingdom and she's a distant relative of the Boxton's. She loved both Ara and Anne, Although she's not a frequent visitor, she made sure to visit the Boxton mansion whenever she visited the kingdom. Ara remembered that Danielle had been very excited preparing for her 19 years birthday banquet. In Ara's previous life she had to leave Boxton mansion under any pretext. Danielle, who had been her good friend since childhood, would make a good excuse.

Ara glanced at Anne's face with apprehension, wondering if her memory might have been wrong. Luckily, Anne spoke with a subdued look as if she knew about Danielle.

"Do you still have to go there by yourself? I mean you can't travel that far alone...This house is nothing without you."

"You know how important it is to Danielle, I need to attend the banquet, besides I'd have love to take you with me, but I know how you always get homesick whenever we're far away from home.....It's not like I'll be gone forever, I'll be back in few days."

"But I wi-"

"Anne, Danielle has a lot of hair and worries about it. If I go there it will help her greatly, don't you think?"

"Tch."

Anne pouted in disapproval, and Ara sighed. If the future didn't depend on her, she would never leave her sister's side for a long time.

"you are too nice for your own good."

Ara smiled faintly at this, she didn't care if the world is dying for the sake of her family, so the word "nice" was far from appropriate.

To find the crown Prince, she needs to go to the battlefield to join him and bring him back to Findara. Ara smiled innocently as she stroked Anne's soft hair and said.

"I'll bring you a present when I get back."

"Really? I'll be looking forward to that."

"Yes, I'll pick something you like, so be patient."

"Yay!"

As if she had completely forgotten her opposition to Ara leaving. Anne smiled as bright as a flower that bloom.

Yes, Ara wouldn't mind marrying a demon of hell to protect this smile on her sister's face.

"Then you should wait at home quietly. When father comes back, tell him I've gone to help Danielle prepare for her birthday banquet, okay?"

"Okay, you have to come back as soon as possible, sister Ara."

"I promise. I just have to say goodbye to Henry and then I'll leave right away."

"This soon?"

"The sooner I leave, the sooner I can come back."

Anne's expression turned sullen, but then her face soon lit up with an idea.

"Then I'll ask the kitchen cook to make lunch so you can eat it on your way."

"You don't have to-"

"In the meantime go talk to brother Henry, see you later!"

Anne left in as much of a hurry as she could, and Ara smiled sadly to see her go. Anne is a lovely girl, who deserved a love of a mother, Although Anne's seventeen years old, Ara was still worried about leaving her at home, but she felt moved at her efforts, when she saw this bit of kindness, she couldn't help but realize that she really was back.

After a moment of being grateful, Ara quickly came to her senses and sat on her bed, she planned to leave the house under the pretext of Danielles birthday banquet, but Ara wasn't sure if she could really attend the birthday banquet. Then she decided to let Danielle know about this in advance so that she could avoid a difficult situation later on. Ara wrote a letter to Danielle about going to visit her after the celebration because something came up which she needs to attend to.

After she was done writing the letter, it was sent straight away bearing the seal of Boxtton family.