

## Wife of The Demon Prince Chapter 11 - Invitation

### Chapter 11: Invitation

After preparing for bed with the help of Emma, Ara stood in front of her room's mirror, with a mug of chocolate in her hand. She stared at herself in the mirror, and was lost in thought, suddenly the room's door opened with a slight noise. Ara could guessed who came in without knocking, She turned her head towards the door, and saw Anne standing there with a blanket and a pillow in hand. Anne stood there innocently.

"What are you doing here? Haven't I told you to always knock before coming in?" She asked with a narrowed brow.

"Oh, come on sis, what's the big deal? It's not like you're naked or something." Anne's voice softened a mumbled, and Ara's mouth couldn't help but twitch. Anne tossed the pillow she was holding at Ara, but she dodged the hit.

"I'm sleeping with you tonight, whether you want me or not, I'm still going to sleep here." She stated while walking to Ara's bed, she made herself comfortable on the bed as if it was hers.

"Why do you want to sleep here all of a sudden? You're no longer a baby." She remarked while she placed the mug on her desk, and picked up the pillow Anne tossed at her on the floor.

"I'm here because...I felt bad for how father talked to you earlier...aren't You hurt by father's words?" Anne said with concern in her voice, but Ara shook her head and walked close to her sister on the bed. She stroked Anne's hair. "Not at all, I'm used to father's ways of speaking."

Anne looked up at her and said. "I think father is hard on you sometimes...He never scolded brother or me like that, even when I disobey him...I don't like the way he spoke to you earlier."

"Anne, don't over think what father said, there was nothing wrong with what he said...he's Just looking out for me."

"It was wrong! I hate it when he talks like that. His being unreasonable, he thinks women aren't good for anything but to stick to the household!" Anne's anger made Ara's disappointment melt away like ice. She had no idea if Anne knew that she had no hatred toward their father, who always supported her.

Even in her past life, when she wished for her father to treat her more kindly, she wished her father shared the same warmth he had for her sister, and had the same expectations he had for her brother.

Despite the fact that the time had turned backwards, the feelings remained unchanged. Ara could feel it again, she really had returned to the past. In the past, she had forgotten what it feels like to be a daughter, it was said location changed people, and while she had lived another life for nineteen years, as days went by she was slowly assimilating to the feeling of her current present. She never thought she would feel disappointment seeing her father alive and healthy. But at this moment all her remorse had melted away. The chocolate she received and Anne's warm words made everything all right. Once again she thanked the heavens for having her family back with her.

Ara climbed into bed, and lay beside her sister. Anne's face lit up, she grabbed her pillow and made herself comfortable. It was just as sweet suggestion to Ara as it was to Anne, who hadn't shared a bed with her sister for a long time. Ara hadn't been able to sleep properly ever since she returned to the past, for the fear of all this being just a dream. She whispered to her sister softly, feeling the weight and warmth of Anne filling the space next to her.

"Anne?"

"Hmmm." Anne's voice was already thick with drowsiness, Ara wrapped her arms around her and slowly closed her eyes. "Thank you for being my sister."

"What are you saying?"

"Nothing, go to sleep."

"Hmmm."

As she listened to Anne's calm breathing, Ara was able to indulge in a sense of comfort she had not felt for years. In the past she had raised her sword in pursuit of revenge, and even when she had returned, she couldn't fully leave the instinct behind. She soon fell into dream land, as far as she could remember, it was the most peaceful night without nightmares she ever had.

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IT was a beautiful morning, Ara woke up early, and did her morning pushups, and immediately went outside. Luckily the Boxtton's mansion had a lot of space for physical training. Ara had chosen running as the most effective training method that no one would feel suspicious about.

A few soldiers having their morning trainings spotted her running and opened their mouths agape.

"Is that the young lady?" One of the soldiers poked another soldier beside him.

Squinting at the running figure he confirmed. "It is the young lady, heh, what is she doing running around in the training field?"

"Don't know, never seen her run before, couldn't be she's training right?"

"Haha what would she be training for, she's a woman, and women only ever end up in their husbands homes, maybe she just felt like running."

"Who knows?"

They both decided to mind their business and continued their own training.

Ara heard some soldiers talking but decided to ignore them, and continued running. She was running and breathing steadily when she felt a tall shadow came up to her. Ara glanced sideways at the person approaching, it was a handsome man with black shoulder length hair packed in a ponytail with a tall, healthy body and a stoic expression, running like a perfect specimen soldier, it was her brother Henry.

Henry had heard from his men that his sister was spotted running on the training field, but he thought they were just seeing things, and came out to see it for himself. He couldn't believe his eyes when he saw her running like every other soldier on the field.

"What made you suddenly start running today?"

Ara greeted him with a fugitive nod, but didn't answer him until she reached the end of her lap.

Henry, who had been running beside her, stopped and looked at her with curiosity in his eyes. Now that he ran with her, he couldn't help but see her in a different light, she wasn't one to quit overnight, she must have some sort of strong will driving her.

"Don't you know fitness is important no matter what? I won't be able to handle the household if my body is weak." She responded to his question.

"Is that it?"

"Yes. I want to run for some more rounds, Are you coming?" She asked.

"Yes, but don't overdo it, if you push yourself too hard at first, you will hurt your body...I think that should be enough for you for today. You should go back inside." He said firmly.

"Oh...I'll keep that in mind then." Ara bowed lightly to Henry and went back inside the mansion, while he looked proudly at her retreating figure.

As soon as Ara arrived to her room, she sighed. Contrary to Henry's advice she was doing all she could to become as fit as possible in a short amount of time. She would suffer from muscle pain for several days, but she knew from experience that this would eventually disappear. There was so much she had to prepare in order to bring down Cornell. She had to work on her sword fighting skills before then, and to prepare to meet the crown Prince again.

## KNOCK KNOCK

There was a soft knock on the door. Ara turned towards the door and said. "Come in." She saw Emma walked in with a bucket of hot water in hand.

"Milady, am here to prepare your bath." Emma said with a small bow.

Ara nodded and let the girl do her work, "Okay, go ahead." Before she turned back to what she was doing, her eyes caught something In Emma's hand.

"What's that you're holding?"

"Oh...this Just came in awhile ago, it's an invitation from the Morrison family." She stated while handing the invitation to Ara.

Ara took the invitation card from her. She was familiar with the stamp in the side of the envelope, it was the Morrison household stamp. The Morrison's and the Boxtton family are long time acquaintances. She opened the card and saw, it was a wedding anniversary celebration invitation card.

John Morrison was a well known man in the north part, as a famous trader, his goods were usually bought in from far away kingdoms. She could remembered the lady of the household, Luanda Morrison. The wife of John Morrison, who enjoyed wasting her husband's wealth on useless women gatherings, she likes to brag about how famous and wealthy they are.

"Are you going to attend it Milady?" Emma asked.

It had already been ten days since Hamon promised to visit her, that would be five days from now, and the wedding anniversary was the day before. She wanted to train as much as possible before meeting Hamon again, and it was frustrating to think that she would have to spend her time in an unexpected celebration.

' did I attend it in my previous life? I can not refuse to attend a personal invitation.' She thought internally.

"I'll think about it."