

## Wife of The Demon Prince Chapter 12 - A grudge

### Chapter 12: A grudge

After taking a bath, Ara sat in front of a dressing mirror, while Emma fixed her hair, she was lost in deep thoughts. She couldn't remember anything about the wedding anniversary in her previous life, and now that it was a personal invitation, she could not refused to attend it. She wondered if she had any suitable dress to wear to the anniversary banquet. She isn't one to spend money on luxury items such as dresses and jewelry. Ara liked to live as simply as possible, but she was still aware of being part of the aristocracy. She doesn't want to look like a pushover at the banquet, even though she dislike lady Luanda, she still had to go in place of the Boxtton family.

"Emma, is there anything suitable I could wear to the anniversary?"

"Well...Milady, you haven't brought any new dresses ever since last trend." Emma responded.

"Oh, is that so? Let's take a look at the dressing room, I might find something suitable for the event." Ara said while she pushed her chair aside and walked towards her dressing room. It had been awhile since she made an appearance in high society, but she hadn't forgotten that it was full of gossip and criticism. If she wore a dress that was behind In fashion trends, she could only imagine what other ladies would say.

"O-okay Milady." Emma followed behind, to the dressing room.

Ara opened the door and stepped into the dressing room. "There's no need for the dress to be too flashy, I just need enough to attend."

"Yes, Milady." Emma nodded and started looking through the wardrobe for a suitable dress. Ara joined her in searching. Just as Ara expected, all of her clothes in her wardrobe were too old fashioned.

After some minutes of searching for a dress, and couldn't find anything. She couldn't stop a sigh from escaping her lips. How is it that she doesn't even have any fashionable dress as lady? What is she even looking for?

There was a squeak as the door to the dressing room opened and Anne poked her head in. "What are you guys up to? OH MY GOODNESS! This place is a mess!" Anne exclaimed in surprise to see the place in a mess, all

the clothes in the wardrobe were scattered around the floor. Anne walked in, she was usually careful not to disturb her sister, but she became curious when she chanced upon her sister and her maid going to the dressing room.

When Ara saw the look in Anne's face, she answered her with a small worry. "I received an invitation from the Morrison household, to attend their wedding anniversary banquet, so I asked Emma to help me look for a suitable dress to wear."

"Wedding anniversary?"

"Yes, the invitation must have come in a while ago and I found out too late."

"Well...if it's that important, then I don't think you have any suitable dress to wear to something like that...Now you see, if you had listened to me when I used to tell you to always be on trend, you wouldn't have this dress problem now, would you?" She said with her hands on her waist. Anne knew Ara's simple life better than anyone, so she didn't have to check the clothes to know that there's nothing to wear to an event. Anne wanted to nag her sister further but she kept her mouth shut at Ara's furrowed expression.

Ara looked at her clothes on the floor and mumbled to herself. "How Long will it take to have one altered?" Her dresses were out of style, but a couple of them seemed to be worth wearing if a seamstress could add some extra lace in the sleeve or waistline.

Emma shook her head. "Milady, you won't find a seamstress, because there are so many orders for the grand ball coming soon."

"Really?"

It was Anne who replied to her and said. "Yes sister she's right, remember the last time we ordered gowns to attend a ball? Remember how we kept hearing that excuse why it wasn't finished?"

Anne's words brought back some old memories in her past life, when Anne was eagerly looking forward to Prince Hamon's appearance, and they felt like they had won a prize when their gowns were finally completed. Ara stood there motionless without saying anything. Anne looked at her strangely. Ara smiled awkwardly and quickly responded.

"Oh yeah, you're right."

Anne stared at Ara for a moment, then looked around the dressing room that was too messy.

"Anyway, there's nothing we can do now." Ara murmured. Although Ara wasn't bitter, she couldn't create from something they didn't have. Even though the Boxton were not extravagantly wealthy, she had never been short of money. However, she could still be caught up in bad gossip if she dressed wrong. Ara took out the neatest looking dress.

"Well, I have no choice but to wear this dress, it's what I get for not being prepared."

"Can i see the dress Milady?" Emma asked. Ara handed the dress to her, She took the dress and looked at it with full concentration, she turned to Anne and asked. "Miss Anne, do you perhaps have any dress with a lace?"

Both the sisters were confused at what the girl was up to, but Anne still nodded. "Yes, I have a dress that was recently tailored."

"Oh, that's great then, I can take the lace off the dress and attach it to this one to make it fashionable." Emma said excitedly. Ara shook her head. "No, that will ruin Anne's new dress."

"Relax sister, I have a lot of new dresses, don't worry about one being ruined."

"But-"

"That's enough sister, I want you to look your best at the event. But in return for my dress, I also want something."

"What's that?"

Anne may look young on the outside, but she was a smart girl for her age. She hardly asked for anything which made Ara wondered what she wanted.

"I'll come with you to this anniversary banquet!" She said with an excited smile.

"Really?" Ara was surprised by Anne's unexpected declaration. Anne was too timid to go out, it wasn't that she didn't want to make an appearance in society, but she rarely did so, somehow it seemed a little odd that Anne, who dislike social gatherings suddenly want to go to an event like this.

"Are you sure you want to come with me?" Ara asked doubtfully. Anne turned to Emma and said. "Emma, you can go get the dress from my dressing room, it's a purple colored dress, and start with the designing."

Emma nodded. "Okay, my lady." She bowed and left the sisters alone.

After Emma left them alone, Anne asked. "Is Claire Tudor going to be there?"

"The party is hosted by Luanda Morrison, so of course she'll be there." Ara responded with confusion on her face.

"Oh great! That's enough for me then." Anne said resolutely, further sparking Ara's curiosity. Did Anne not get along with lady Claire? How could she have a grudge against someone, when she had been absent at social gatherings? Anne had received no attention in society at present. It wasn't just her, Ara and the Boxton's were never in the center of attention. She wondered what memory she had forgotten.

"What's it with you and lady Claire?"

"Did you forget it already?"

Anne didn't elaborate any further. Ara tried to remember casting her eyes upwards for a moment. When she couldn't recall anything, she responded softly again. "I don't remember."

"Aya...it's Okay if you don't remember, Anne never forgets a grudge." Anne said proudly.

"A grudge?" This time Ara really looked curious, listening to her sister's words that were inappropriate to her. Anne didn't respond to the question and just said. "Anyway, let me go check up on Emma to see what she's up to, while you get permission from father so I can go with you." With that, Anne left the room.

Ara had some dim memories of Claire, but she couldn't think of anything else.

Claire Tudor.

She was the only daughter of Tudor household and the niece of Luanda Morrison, she lacked nothing in life, and was admired for her beauty, slim figure and a pedigree, many of the noblemen had proposed to Claire.

' what happened between us?' Her memories were dim on lady Claire, as Ara had immediately fled to another kingdom after her family's death. Lady Claire might have married a man worthy of her.

There was no way for her to know now. However, when she pondered on the name Claire Tudor, she remembered a strange scene, when she went to a large banquet with many people, there was someone giving her a particular look, she couldn't figure out why, but the feeling was ominous. She thought it was the beautiful Claire staring at her with cold eyes. " Claire Tudor." She mumbled.