

Wife of The Demon Prince Chapter 15 - Banquet part 1

Chapter 15: Banquet part 1

All the guest walked to the banquet hall, where the celebration would be taking place.

The hall was decorated with expensive materials, that showed off the Morrison family's wealth, there were some flowery designs on the walls with red and white theme, at one side of the hall were tables and chairs, they were arranged neatly. The whole hall was illuminated by golden chandeliers. The guests started to walk in one by one under the guidance of the attendants,

The Morrison couples welcomed their guests at the entrance.

Luanda saw some of her friends and went to greet them." Welcome...I thought you wouldn't attend, because I heard you were sick, but am glad to see you could make it, Elizabeth." She said to one of the women.

The woman named Elizabeth quickly put on a smile and said. "Oh it was nothing serious, you know I can't miss this day, because its an important day to you Luanda."

"Thank you for coming Elizabeth...Where is your husband?" Luanda asked as she looked around the hall.

"Oh, he had some important things to attend to, so he couldn't make it...by the way, I heard your husband got a higher position in the neighbouring kingdom, is it true?" Elizabeth asked with full interest, with a stiff smile on her face.

"Oh, words really do go fast in our kingdom. Yes it is true, I plan to throw a tea party a day after this banquet." Luanda informed with her chin up in the air, as if she was the one to make the achievement, not her husband.

"Congratulation, Am so happy for you Luanda." Elizabeth congratulated happily. However the smile on her face faltered as Luanda turned nodding to someone who waved at her, she quickly resumed her smile as if she was really happy for her friend.

Luanda was over forty, even for her age, she looked younger, she was a lady with pride, and liked to show off her husband's achievement. Most ladies had

began to follow her ever since her husband became the famous merchant in all the lands. The praise around the northern social elite flowed around her smoothly as she walked with her head held high like a queen.

As the time drew near for the celebration, most of the guest who had arrived early were chatting away in the banquet hall, while outside the mansion a magnificent carriage was parked in a corner.

A young lady in the carriage was peeking through the window to make sure everybody were already inside the hall, she sat elegantly in her carriage with her black ebony hair poured down her shoulders, her skin was unblemished, and she had a heart shaped face, with full pouty lips, her dress was exquisitely well made, it was a deep red dress that matched the color of her lipstick, the design and the color was so ingenious, it would capture the eyes of anybody.

"It's time to make an entrance Claire." She mumbled to herself, with a smirk on her face.

Claire finally got off her carriage, she looked around to make sure nobody was standing outside the hall, then she started to make her way proudly towards the entrance with an elegant posture, she had made sure to arrived late then the others so that she could be the center of attention. Claire had planned this so well, she was sure that all the eyes would be on her tonight, the spotlight will be hers and nobody else.

As expected, when she walked in, all the eyes turned her way, some men gathered in a corner, began to whisper, she couldn't hear what they were saying, but she could see their expressions of awe and clear admiration.

Some women started to point at her, "Oh my god! Look at that dress!" Exclaimed one of the women.

"Where did she get it from." Asked another.

"I've never seen a dress as beautiful as that, and it suits Claire so well, with her beauty."

All words of praises went around the hall, people whispering. Claire could easily read the familiar expressions on their faces, she walked with her head held high, she didn't spare anyone a glance and pretended as if she was

unaware that they were talking about her beauty, she made her way to the Morrison couple to congratulate them.

"Happy wedding anniversary, aunt Luanda." She said while she hugged Luanda, then she moved from the hug and bowed to John, "Happy wedding anniversary uncle John."

"Thank you, Claire." Said John with a small smile, then he whispered something to his Luanda and walked away.

"You look beautiful as ever, aunt Luanda." Said Claire with a wide smile on her face.

"Thank you for your kind words dear, and you also look beautiful... But today you're glowing in this red dress, it made me a little jealous." Luanda teased her niece with a soft smile, while Claire blushed shyly, "Oh, aunty you spoil me too much with your kind words."

Claire looked so humble on the surface, in the eyes of other maidens, she had a good family background, she was the only daughter of the respectable Tudor household, with her beautiful appearance along with her polite personality, she was the ideal aristocrat, she deserved a rich respectable man.

Claire's smile widened as she received the praises thrown at her in the banquet hall. She felt like she had accomplished her mission of having the spotlight on herself, because now nobody could match to her beauty in the hall, she hadn't seen any maiden who caught the attention of the guest like she did. Claire smirked at her own thoughts.

Suddenly she realized something when she looked around the hall again, Claire noticed all the guest that were looking at her awhile ago, were now staring towards the entrance behind her, she frowned a little and turned to see what the people were staring at.

Claire's smile was quick to fall at what she saw. There at the entrance came two beautiful young ladies walking towards them in the hall.

The girl's classic red hair was flowing with the gentle breeze, she was dressed in a light purple and white dress, a warm and beautiful smile graced her face as she smiled at someone at the entrance, her skin looked flawless, though she wasn't trying hard enough to carry herself with grace like most noble

ladies, one could still sense a refined aura from her, one that wasn't too loud but was enough to grab anyone's attention.

While the other girl was wearing a black mermaid gown, that held her figure but wasn't too revealing, she stood confidently with her back straight.

Both the ladies attracted the attention of the guests with their beauty, but most of the attention was on the red-haired lady, who walked elegantly with her glowing emerald eyes looking ahead.

The dress the red-haired lady was wearing looked out of style to Claire, but the most annoying thing was, everyone was stunned at her beauty.

Claire clenched her fist. How could everyone look at that eyesore of a dress in awe, when she was right here in front of them? It wasn't fair, the dress wasn't even beautiful, but she got all the attention?

Ara glowed under the golden lights of the hall. Why is it that the Boxtton sisters always seemed to catch the attention of the crowd in every banquet? This bitch always seemed to steal her spotlight.

Arabella Boxtton, the eldest daughter of the Boxtton household! Claire's gaze shifted to Anne, who was walking beside her sister with a satisfied smile on her face, as if she had won a prize. Claire glared daggers at Anne, she could never forget the Boxtton younger daughter, she looked at Anne's dress, it was an expensive black mermaid gown, it hugged her tiny waist tightly, the dress had a lace around its chest, with a long sleeve, her brown hair was made in a loose bun. She hated the smile on Anne's face, Claire's frown deepened when she saw Anne smirk and sent a light wink at her.

Claire quickly came to her senses when she heard Luanda say something, she looked around the hall and saw everyone glancing at the sisters with an awestruck expression. She clenched her fist tightly, her nails piercing deep into her palm, but she couldn't feel the pain, her eyes blazed with rage as she glared at the sisters.

'I will make sure you regret stealing my spotlight again, Arabella Boxtton!'

It had always been this way, whenever Ara showed up in public, she always outshined her, she always stole the spotlight, Claire wasn't expecting Ara to attend the banquet, as she had always missed a lot of social events like

these, had she known that the bitch would show up at the banquet, she would have waited a little longer in her carriage.

Claire felt the urge to ruin the dress Ara was wearing, the stupid old fashioned dress stung her eyes the more she looked at it, she would make her pay for this, she would make sure Ara won't be able to show her face in public again, and that stupid sister of hers, she would make the both of the sisters regret showing up today. Claire smirked at her own thoughts.

'Let's see how you can still show your faces after am done with you!' Claire quickly put on a fake smile as she saw them approaching.