

## **Wife of The Demon Prince Chapter 20 - You look beautiful in a dress**

### **Chapter 20: You look beautiful in a dress**

Ara felt the person drag her to a corner, she tried to struggle out of the person's hold, but he was too strong for her, No matter how much she kicked and pushed, he didn't budge, Ara stopped struggling when she heard a familiar voice that said,

"Relax...It's me." He said softly.

What was he doing here? Why was he here? Ara relaxed in his hold and was wondering on how he got here, and didn't realize Hamon had squatted down, her back was against his chest while one of his hand was around her waist and the other hand was covering her mouth, it wasn't until his lips was near her ear did she tense up, in a low and throaty voice, he whispered, "I didn't know my future wife was a trouble maker."

Ara blinked as she felt his warm breath on her ear, her face flushed when she felt his hand tightened around her waist, she quickly came back to her senses and used all her strength to remove his hand from her waist and pushed him away from her while she turned around to face him, but shocked to see him in a night robe, with his silver long hair slightly wet as if he just got out of shower. What was he wearing? Ara's mouth slightly agape as she quickly looked away from him, why was he dressed like that?

"What are you doing here, Your Highness?" She asked without looking at him. And then she heard him say,

"You brought me here somehow." His voice was as deep and smooth as she had remembered it.

"What do you mean?" Ara frowned, completely confused by his short reply.

"One minute I was in my chamber and the next minute I saw myself in a hall full of people, and only to find you there." Hamon's lips pulled into a thin line as he remembered how he suddenly teleported to the banquet hall, and saw a lady adding something into a drink, he tried to teleport back to the castle, because only half of himself was at the banquet, not everybody could see him, but failed to do so, he was frustrated as he couldn't go back to the castle, then

he decided to walk around the hall, to maybe annoy a person since they wouldn't be able to see him unless he wanted them to, but he suddenly saw a familiar red hair from the corner of his eyes, and turned to the direction to see his future wife taking a glass to her mouth, the same glass he had caught a lady adding something to, he didn't have time to think as he quickly pushed the hand holding the glass forward.

Hamon had stood at Ara's side in the hall all the while the drama was going on, he had wanted to come visible when he heard the crowd go against his future wife, he wanted to punish them all for some reasons he also wasn't aware of, his blood was boiling, he wanted to teach all of them a lesson, but then a lady had come to his future wife's rescue, but that didn't mean it was over because the lady called Claire had irked him with her fake act as she continuously pointed an accusing finger at the woman he considered his future wife and he would surely teach her a lesson.

But one thing that Hamon was confused about was how was he able to teleport when he could only do that once a full moon, and to top it off, it wasn't normally easy for him to use his power of teleportation, but this time he had teleported to the banquet without using his energy to do so, why? It had never happened to him before, so why now? He also didn't have the answer to her question on what he was doing here.

Ara tilted her head when she heard his confusing words. What did he meant by he was in his chamber? How did he travel all the way from the south to the north part? And why does he sound angry? She wasn't the one to invite him here in a night robe.

Ara glanced up at him to give back her reply, but immediately regretted doing so. He looked so breathtakingly handsome, her words were suddenly stuck in her throat, slowly but surely she found herself lost within his eyes, it's dark red hue seemed to pull one in entirely, she couldn't help but find beauty within it.

Completely captivated by him, she didn't realize when he lifted his hand to caress her cheeks, with a crooked smile on his face, Ara quickly came back to her senses when she felt his soft touch on her cheek, she slapped away his hand from her face, "Don't touch me like that again." She mumbled turning her gaze away from him.

Hamon stared at her, the first time they had met she was wearing a suit armor, which she still looked beautiful in, but she looked more like an angel in a dress, her red hair made her stood out in the hall, she looked different from

the woman he had met on the battlefield, but he quite liked this shy side of her, she looked vulnerable.

"What is it?" Ara asked noticing his pressing stares.

He chuckled, "You look more beautiful in a dress." He said with a soft smile.

Ara who had never received a compliment from a man before, blushed at his words, but pretended as if she hadn't heard him compliment her just now, and asked, "Why are you here? I thought you said you would visit me in fifteen days?" She made sure not to look at his face this time while she talked, but the Prince wasn't ready to answer her questions, as he smirked and leaned closer to her,

"You should learn to look me in the eyes while you talk...you'll soon be my wife." He whispered with a playful tone.

Ara stepped back from his closeness, she didn't like how he made her feel, "And you don't have to move close to my breathing space while you talk, Your Highness." Remarked Ara with a small frown.

"You should get used to it then..." He said then paused to listen to something before he moved closer to her ears and whispered again, "Someone is coming...see you in two days, my future wife."

Before Ara could even react, he was gone in a blink of an eye, as if he was never there, her eyes widened in surprise, how did he do that? Or was she imagining things? She looked around the place, but no signs of him, she then heard Anne's voice from behind, "What are you doing there, sister?"

"Nothing." Remarked Ara as she suddenly jolted, she slowly walked back to the carriage, and stepped in, she needed to go back home and rest her mind, Morrison mansion was driving her crazy somehow. And the Prince? He was nothing but mysterious, did she make a mistake by choosing him as her husband? She knew nothing about him...there was nothing to worry about, because she wasn't expecting it to be a happy marriage, but a contract one, whatever he was, was none of her business as long as he would save her family from dying in the future, that was all she wanted.