

Wife of The Demon Prince Chapter 26 - Find out about Claire Tudor

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"Who is it?" She asked.

"I'll assign one of my most trusted men to you... So if next time someone follows you, You won't have to fight them, just like you planned to do earlier in the alley, You would have to let him deal with them." Hamon said then chuckled when he recalled how Ara was folding her sleeves to beat up those men following her.

"What's funny? I don't need anybody to protect me, I can deal with them myself." She refused firmly.

Hamon narrowed his eyes at her, then moved closer to whisper, "I am not doing this because of you, Am doing it for my own sake, so I don't have to worry about someone attacking my future wife, understand?"

Ara stepped back from him, Why does he always have to whisper? And what does he mean by that? And who told him she couldn't deal with the people following her? This Prince was sure losing it! Ara tried to open her mouth to refuse, but Hamon blocked her with a single motion, by placing his finger on her lips,

"Shh...you can't refuse, because am not giving you my precious soldier for free, I'll ask for something in return in the future. You should think about it, you won't have to show anyone you know how to fight if he's watching after you, your little secret would be kept safe, What do you think about that?"

Ara had no choice but to accept his thoughtful offer, because he was right, she nodded then he removed his index finger from her lips, she then said, "Okay...Thank you, I'll make sure to pay you back in the future."

An amused smile spread on Hamon's face. Then he whistled, before she knew it, a man suddenly appeared from the shadows, she jolted a little, because Ara wasn't expecting to see someone appear.

She looked at the man who just appeared, he was tall, almost as tall as Hamon maybe just few inches different, he had a neck length black hair, His

side bangs covered one side of his face, with a pale skin, his black eyes looked dead, his face was grateful yet ordinary. Ara's instincts told her this man was as dangerous as a sharpened blade, he addressed her with a stony expression,

"Good evening, miss." There was something very unique about his flat tone, he looked like an assassin lurking in the dark. Ara then heard Hamon say to the man, "Merek, here's my future wife I told you about earlier." He then turned to Ara with smirk and introduced, "Future wife, here's your new guard Merek."

Ara glared at the mischievous Prince then turned to Merek, "Good evening, Merek how do you do?" She asked with a soft smile.

"..."

Merek just stared at her wordlessly with an expressionless face, as far as first impression went, he seemed arrogant to her, Ara awkwardly cleared her throat.

Hamon narrowed his eyes at Merek, then he raised his hand and smacked the back of Merek's head, "Didn't she just ask you a question? If you dare disobey her or refuse to do as she says... You die. Do you understand?"

"Very well, miss." Merek replied to Ara with a stony expression, then looked away from her while Hamon smiled awkwardly and said, "There are some of my men who don't understand by words until you smack them, just like Merek."

"Oh." Ara just gave him a simple reply, she looked at Merek, he really looked mysterious with his side bang covering half of his face, he was wearing a black faded robe, he just stood there like statue with his hand crossed behind his back, then she heard Hamon say again, "You have to get used to his silence, he's not one to talk much... Mererk will be around you all the time from now on."

Ara frowned and turned to Hamon, "Around me? I can't take him to the mansion." She complained.

"And who said you'd take him to your mansion? He will be watching you from the shadows, you don't have to worry about him, because Merek will only show up when you need him."

"Oh, I understand."

Maybe it was because Hamon smacked Merek, because this time he quickly said, "I'll go lead your coachman here." Ara nodded slightly, then he left.

Few minutes later her carriage arrived, as soon as the carriage stopped in front of them, Ara gave a brief farewell to Hamon, "I'll be leaving now." Before she turned, she was just about to step inside when Hamon held his hand forward to help her, she glanced at his extended hand, Ara hesitated for awhile before she placed her small hand in his large ones, after stepping in with the help of Hamon, she saw him still holding her hand, he didn't seem to want to let her hand go,

'What's wrong with this Prince?'

Ara tried to pull her hand out of his hold, but he wasn't letting go, she looked at him with a confused expression, then she saw him bring her hand to his lips, and kissed the back of her hand, his lips lingered there for awhile before he stood straight still holding her hand. It was a a common greeting among the nobles, but his felt different, the area where his lips touched, seemed to burn for some reasons, a blush crept up her cheeks as she met his burning red eyes.

Then she heard his husky deep voice, "See you at the ball... Be safe." He finally let her hand go as the carriage was about to start moving, he waved at her. Ara was flushed as she sat in the carriage, it wasn't a big deal for a man to kiss a lady's hand, but she felt something she couldn't understand.

Back at the alley Hamon stood still watching the carriage disappear out of view, while Merek stood at a side with his blank face, he had watched the exchange between the two, but he hadn't spoken a word. Hamon was right about his reticence.

Merek had been wondering why his highness was acting different with the young lady, he looked at his master who was still smiling like a love struck fool, he seemed to have enjoyed teasing the lady, Merek who had stood quiet, finally spoke in a low voice, "For all the years I have known you, your highness... I have never seen you smile or tease a woman like you did with the young lady." His tone holding slight curiosity.

"Learn to mind your business, Merek... she's My wife to be, if I don't tease her should I tease you then?" He said in a nonchalant tone, as if he was showing

off to Merek, then he said again, "Make sure to always stick to her...did you capture the men following her earlier?" Hamon asked as he turned to face Merek, "No, Your Highness... They somehow got away, because of the crowd in middle town."

Hamon nodded with a thoughtful expression, "Claire Tudor... Find out about her." He ordered then walked away. He would make sure to deal with whoever tries to harm his wife to be, Nobody has the right to touch what belongs to him.