

Wife of The Demon Prince Chapter 7 - Once you become my wife...there is no turning back

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Ara did not want to take back the offer, this wasn't a marriage of love, but politics. The only thing she needed to do was to calculate the benefit he will bring to her. Prince Hamon would be her ace to change the bitter future of the Boxtan family. There was no other reason to hesitate now.

Ara opened her mouth to speak again, staring straight at his red eyes with calmness.

"Let me introduce myself first. I a-"

"Enough-" Hamon tried to interrupt her again, but Ara was quicker. She lifted her hand without hesitation and placed it on his mouth to stop him from interrupting.

"Just hear me out, okay?"

Hamon stared at her with an expression that says 'How dare you.' But the look didn't faze her, she used her other hand and pulled off the helmet from her face. As the helmet was lifted, the cold red eyes of the Prince grew larger.

Long ginger hair poured out like liquid, that danced in the moonlight, beneath the helmet a pale lean neck came into view, followed by petal like lips and a straight nose, finally came her beautiful green eyes, which looked darker under the moonlight, with her long eyelashes. Hamon froze.

"Mmm." He tried to speak but Ara's hand was still covering his mouth, she quickly put her hand down. "Sorry."

"You're a female!"

There was a strong contrast between the rough scarlet armor worn by men, and the pretty lady underneath. The effect was breathtaking.

"I am the eldest daughter of the second major general of Findara." She introduced.

"The Boxtton?" He asked

Ara was stunned to hear him say her family's name, but of course he'll know them, since her father was a general. She nodded. "Yes, the Boxtton."

Hamon stared at her for a minute and asked again as if he was doubting her.

"General Richard is your father?"

Ara gave Hamon a look of complete disbelief.

"You know my father?" She asked, without answering his question. She looked at him with confused expression. Her father never said anything about knowing the mysterious crown Prince, it was okay if he knew her family's name, but her father? The mysterious crown Prince never showed up in any meetings or gatherings, nobody knew him in the kingdom. moreover, he never stayed in the kingdom for long.

Hamon surprised expression cleared and was replaced by his usual mysterious, stoic face. He looked at the sword sitting beside her and asked.

"How did you know where to find me? And since when do women start carrying swords?"

At Hamon's sudden question, Ara calmed her confused head and began organizing the response she had prepared. She couldn't give him the truth, but she still had to give him a plausible answer. If she told him she knew he was going to be here because she was from the future, he would think of her as a crazy woman. She cleared her throat and said in a clam voice.

"I'm not supposed to learn about sword fighting, so I sneaked out to practice and happened to find you in danger."

"So you're saying all this is just a coincidence?" He asked with an amused smile on his lips.

She could tell by looking at Hamon's amused expression that he didn't believe her.

Of course he wouldn't. There were many holes in her words, everything was a lie. she carefully planned her excuse, and on top of that she was the one who had saved him from the bad guys, he could not be suspicious of her even if

there was a doubt. If she had bad intentions, she never would have risked her life to help him, Ara's actions spoke more than any believable explanation. But still....

Hamon nodded first before she could bring out her excuse words.

"Alright...If that's what you say."

"What?"

He wasn't even willing to listen to her a moment ago, and his sudden understanding caught her off guard. Hamon continued speaking in a soft voice, while Ara looked on with a confused expression.

"I believe you, there's no need to Explain."

What? Why would he believe her? Ara was barely able to hold back the questions that begged to come out of her mouth. This was a good result, no matter what, and she wouldn't spoil the atmosphere with unnecessary questions. Ara quietly observed the man before her, while Hamon seemed to be in a more inquisitive mood.

"Why did you suddenly asked me to marry you?"

'He said he wouldn't get married, but now he's acting like it didn't happened? What an annoying two face jerk!' She thought internally.

"You were being arrogant awhile ago."

"It's different now." He said with a soft smile.

"How is it different?" She asked with a confused voice.

"Because you're Arabella Boxton." He responded with a soft voice.

"What?" Ara asked surprised.

It was a completely unexpected answer, she wasn't expecting him to give her that answer. moreover, how on earth did he know her name, she didn't remember ever telling him her name. So how?

"How did you know my name , Your Highness?"

"Don't you know me?" He also asked surprised.

His eyes simmered strangely. She had never seen the crown Prince in her previous life. If she had seen him before, she could never have forgotten his handsome face, so maybe that's not what he meant? Or maybe he was talking about back there in the battlefield?

"As soon as I saw you fighting in the battlefield, I knew you were the crown Prince." She said.

"That's not what I was asking." He said with narrowed eyes.

"Then what are you asking? Do you know me before now, Your Highness?"

'How could this be? I couldn't forget those green eyes of hers, am I maybe mistaken?' He said internally, while he sat there staring at her face as if he was looking for something, but when he didn't see whatever it was he was looking for, he said to her.

"If you don't remember...Then forget it. Our meeting in the past never exist."

Ara heard him reply vaguely, which only furthered her confusion, she paused to think for a moment when she heard Hamon spoke again.

"Now answer my question."

"What question?"

Hamon repeated his question to her again.

"Why do you want me to marry me?"

"Oh, that's because...."

Whatever the circumstances, the fact that Ara wants to marry Hamon had not changed. Ara continued in a calm voice. "As the daughter of the general, I am eager for you to become king, I would be honoured to help you get there by marrying you."

She sounded like a noble woman with ambitious to marry upward, it seemed like she wanted to make her husband the king and become the highest woman in the kingdom.

"You wish for me to become king?"

"Yes, Your Highness."

There was a change in Hamon's expression, but Ara could feel that he was unsure of something. She swallowed dryly, she wanted to go down on her knees and hold on to his pant leg and beg him to marry her. She was so desperate. With Hamon by her side, she would be able to deal with Cornell, she needed to make sure Hamon take the throne, and make him powerful.

What if he refused? She planned countless responses in her head depending on his answer. Her head felt like it could explode. Hamon's lips which had been tightly sealed, finally opened and said.

"Aren't you afraid of the curse?"

"I am sincere when I say I want to be your wife. Even if you don't want to get married, I w-"

"Who said I don't want to marry you?" He asked.

"What?"

"I like the idea."

"Wh-what? Does that mean it's a yes?" She stared at him doubtfully as he parted his lips again. He was a red eyed demon with piercing expression.

"Okay."

"Okay, What?"

He moved closer to her. Ara could feel his breath on her face, she froze for a second, without blinking or breathing, he was invading her personal space. She wanted to move back, but he held her with his mesmerizing red eyes.

Hamon looked closely at the brave woman who proposed to him. He watched her every single movement, he looked at her green eyes then her little pointed nose, then finally her beautiful inviting lips.

'What a brave woman.' He said internally.

With an evil like smirk on his face, he answered her undying question.

"Yes, I will marry you, Arabella Boxtton."

Ara's little heart skipped a beat when she heard his response. She still sat frozen on the ground, she couldn't just believe that the crown Prince agreed to marry her, no words came out of her lips. Her heart thumped when she saw him looking at her lips. She cleared her throat and moved back a little.

"Let me ask you this...you know I could be a monster, right?" Hamon's gaze headed towards his hand, which started to grow long sharp claws, and purple like veins. Ara's brows furrowed with worry, but she hesitated to ask about what he really was. When she did not respond, Hamom spoke to her again in a solemn voice.

"I'll gave you time to think carefully about this. Because once you become my wife... there is no turning back."