

Wife of The Demon Prince Chapter 13 - Permission

Chapter 13: Permission

That evening, Ara walked to her father's room, at Anne's request. Her father would only be at home for a week before going back to zari. This time would likely be the same, her heart was filled with longings for her father who she didn't see often, but this was the first time she privately visited him since coming back in time, because she found it difficult to talk to him. Even now, she felt like she couldn't express her feelings honestly. If only she could be a little charming like her sister, or if she could live up to her father's expectations like her brother.

She clenched and unclenched her hands nervously before raising her hand to knock softly.

Richard gruff voice came from the inside. "Come in." At his permission, Ara carefully opened the door and stepped inside. Richard was sitting at a large desk, with a tall stack of papers to one side. She could see how busy he was. He probably had more works to check up on, for being away for long.

He glanced up at Ara, who was standing there silently, he then opened his mouth to speak first. "Why are you here?"

She tried to think of how to start with her words, but couldn't even find a greeting for her father. She had taken care of her family since she was little and grew up clever and quick witted, but Richard acted rather bluntly towards her, she often felt mistreated with her father's behaviours towards her, but somehow she ended up as the image of him.

She slowly opened her mouth and said with a soft voice. "I'm sorry if I disturbed your work time, but I came here to take your permission...I just received an invitation this morning, from the Morrison household to attend their wedding anniversary banquet...I want to take Anne with me."

"Take Anne with you? You know your sister dislike places like that, why not go by yourself?"

As a prestigious family, the Boxtton valued power most, they tended to think little of society gossips, and to him Ara's life was merely a child's play. Of course, Ara understood that way of thinking having grown up in the Boxtton's

family, but she did not approve of neglecting this aspect of society. They should never take gossips lightly. The value of it was better understood by Ara, who had already lived through a lifetime once.

"Anne requested to go with me...you know you can't stop her from going out forever like this...I won't let anything happen to her, you can leave her in my care, if that's what you're worried about."

"Have you forgotten what happened the last time you took her to that masquerade ball?"

She couldn't fully remember what happened at that ball, but she needs to convince her father to let her sister come with her. "No father, but this one is different. She wants to attend it...you can't raise her like a bird in a cage, because of some silly misfortune that happened years ago, nothing will happen, we'll be very careful this time."

Ara knew so much what her sister wanted, she wasn't doing this as a favor to Anne because she gave her a dress, but because it was what her sister really wanted. Even though she couldn't remember what happened at that masquerade ball her father was talking about, she still want Anne to come with her.

Richard stared silently at Ara as he ruminated over her words, then spoke to her with an inscrutable expression on his face. "Ara, since when have you started talking back at me, are you trying to challenge me?"

Ara felt shamed by her father's scolding. She couldn't remember what she was like to her father in the past. Did she talk like this to him back then?

"I-" Ara tried to explain with trembling eyes, but Richard snapped at her.

"Enough! If you want to go so badly...then you can go with her...but if anything happens, you'll be held responsible for it, understood?"

"Yes father."

"And this will be the last time you'll be going to any such events. As a woman, you should learn to be at home as much as possible, and keep an eye on the house until you get married."

"Yes father."

Richard didn't stop there and continued to speak. " I wasn't going to tell you this now, but you have a marriage proposal from House Crawford."

The words flashed like lightning in her head. Since she was born into nobility, it was expected of her to marry someone chosen by her parents, but she hadn't heard of this in her previous life. Ara questioned him in a shaky voice.

"Marriage proposal for me?"

"Yes, you are old enough to get married. I'm going to decide your marriage before it's too late, you're getting older not younger, and besides you've passed the normal age for marriage, so you should be lucky enough to get a proposal from House Crawford."

She didn't know how other noblemen's daughters reacted after being told that their parents had decided who they would marry. But weren't there two reactions? You wonder who your match is, or you cry and scream that you do not want to get married?

Ara also wondered about the family name Crawford. However, she did not feel excitement, anxiety and grief like other ordinary noble daughters. She had already decided to marry the crown Prince for her family sake anyway. She just wished her father would talk to her warmly.

"I don't have any objections to this proposal, but I still want to marry someone more powerful, with a position that would be beneficial to our family." She stated firmly.

"Really?" Richard normally stern face flitted with surprise. He had thought she would be in tears at the thought of leaving the house. He didn't expect her to give such rational answer, but the surprise did not end there.

"And if possible, I want him to come from a family from higher status than ours, and if he's a merchant I want him to be one of the richest men in the kingdom, if not then I want him high enough that he can have private conversation with the king."

"Is that the type of man you wish to marry?"

She wished her future husband would be handsome, caring and gentle.

"Yes, I don't care about appearance, age or personality, I don't care if his old or fat, as long as he has power in the land of Findara. I am willing to marry him."

"I see."

Ara breathed a small sigh of relief at her father's reply. Her ideal man was someone who was handsome, and had a good personality. But she knew that it was an impossible wish, love is not in her goals list in this life time. It would be difficult if her father chose just any man for her. At least she firmly gave her opinion, and it was better than revealing her whole story. She would meet with the crown Prince in a few days, but if that marriage failed with Hamon, then she would have to meet another man her father choose for her.

She slowly turned to leave the room, when she heard her father spoke again. "No matter what happened, bring your sister home safely, and don't stay long."

She paused, but then she stepped forward as if she didn't hear his words, and said softly while closing the door without looking back at him. "Have a good night sleep father."

Richard stared at the closed door with a blank expression on his face. "Am only doing this for your sake my child." He mumbled softly with a sad like voice.