

## Wife of The Demon Prince Chapter 14 - Emma's design

### Chapter 14: Emma's design

The next morning Anne and Emma, guided Ara into a room, with Anne's hand covering her eyes, Ara's eyes were closed as she blindly groped her way to the room, until they finally stopped.

"Surprise!"

At their words, Ara slowly opened her eyes and looked at the scene in front of her, before her was the dress Emma had took with her yesterday. For the most part it looked like her white and purple dress. The problem before was that the dress was too plain, but now the dress she saw looked completely different from that of yesterday, lace was added to the sleeve and shoulders, and some beads was added to the skirt to make it more elegant. The lower neckline showed her bust, and the dress had been modified to emphasize her narrowed waist line.

Despite the short notice, the change on the dress were almost indistinguishable from that of a professional seamstress. She felt her mouth drop opened in surprise.

"How did you do this in such short notice?"

"Oh...Milady, I did not do it alone, I did it with the help of miss Anne." Emma stated shyly.

"Sister Ara, Emma did the most designs, I just helped her a little, she's a genius really." Anne praised the maid.

"How incredibly, I didn't know you had such talent Emma." Ara spoke from the bottom of her heart. Since she was a little girl, she had been completely illiterate when it came to fashion, she always like the transitional and simple rather than dazzling and glamorous, she likes being on her own rather than bringing attention to herself. Even her ways of dressing was simple, Ara didn't consider herself to be very feminine.

"Do you think I would look good in this kind of dress?" She asked with doubt in her voice.

"Of course my lady, it will suit you so well."

"Yes sister, you can even tell just by looking at it, you're going to look like a princess in it." Anne remarked while touching the dress.

Ara turned to Emma and asked. "Emma where did you learn this from?"

"I learned this from my mother. My mother was a professional seamstress in our town, when I was a little girl I used to sit with her while she designed the clothes, and I've always wanted to be like her." She responded with a happy voice.

"What stopped you from being like her?" She asked. Ara could see the change of expression in Emma's face before she opened her mouth and spoke softly in a sad like voice. "My mother passed away...And after her death, my sister and I couldn't afford anything...so we sold all her sewing equipment."

"Oh...am sorry about your mother. Do you have any plans to be a seamstress in the future?" Ara asked.

"I haven't thought about it Milady." She replied.

"Oh come on Emma, you have such beautiful talent, you shouldn't let it go to waste, you better think about it." Anne said with a wink.

"T-thank you miss Anne, I'll think about it." She replied.

"Emma, if you ever want to go for it in the future, I'll help you if you want, just tell me if you feel that way, okay?" At Ara's warm words, Emma nodded and a grateful smile spread on her face. "Okay, I'll let you know. Thank you my lady."

"You're welcome. I'm very grateful to you Emma...and Thank you to you too Anne." Ara's dress was very satisfactory. Although Anne's dress had been ruined, to make hers beautiful. Ara felt a little guilty for having ruined Anne's dress to fix hers, but Anne thought only of her. A warm happiness filled her body.

Anne scratched her neck, then pointed to the altered dress and spoke. "Enough of the thanking sister, I think you should try it on."

"Yes my lady, miss Anne is right." Emma said softly.

"Of course I'll try it on." Ara hurried to put on the dress with the help of Emma. She thought it would be wonderful to wear a dress that Emma create herself from start to finish one day.

After changing into the new dress and making the necessary adjustment, Emma drew open the curtains of the dressing room with a wide smile on her face, she was too happy to see her mistress in a dress she made herself.

Anne's mouth opened in surprise. In actuality Ara had gone a little overboard with her praise, and while the dress was well mended, the fact that the original dress was still out of style had not changed, but as soon as Ara wore it, it was transformed into something else. Her classic red hair and clear pale skin made the dress multiplied more breathtaking. The pale flesh of her cleavage enchanted the viewer and the curves of her body clinched into a small waistline. Emma had only added a mesh with lace and beads to her dress, but it made the dress feel more elegant than any other dress she ever owned.

The dress was not important, the wearer of the dress however, was magnificent. As Anne stared with fascination. Ara asked softly. "Is it bad?"

"Oh come on, you look tempting. I feel like taking a bite, you're going to be the most bewitching at the banquet, even I can't take my eyes off you." Anne teased with a cheesy face, and it made Ara blushed a little.

"Stop exaggerating." Ara murmured.

"Milady, miss Anne is right. You look dazzling, you make the dress prettier." She said with a proud smile.

Anne stretched out her arms and gave Emma a thumbs up. "That's my girl."

It occurred to Ara that if Emma hadn't mended the dress, Ara might've thought the original dress was perfectly acceptable, she gave a twirl in front of the mirror and admired her dress. "It's all thanks to you two, that am wearing such amazing dress."

"It's nothing Milady." Emma said.

"Sister someone might misunderstand if they hear you. Can you stop thanking us already?" Anne mumbled.

"No, I really love it, and am keeping it in the future." Ara said with a small laugh.

Emma blushed on hearing Ara's words, actually to her, the dress was nothing to what she could really design, she just only fixed it a little bit. Seeing her mistress in the dress, made her feel so proud like a mother watching her child, and seeing how the lady liked it, it so much made her want to make more. She smiled happily.

Anne's gaze suddenly fell on Ara's naked neck. "Sister, you aren't planning to go with a naked neck, Are you?" Anne asked with her hands on her waist.

Ara touched her neck and asked. "What's wrong with my neck being bare?"

Anne walked closer to Ara and stood beside her, she looked at her sister in the mirror and said with a mischievous smile. "Don't you know that, it would be nice to have something to draw the eyes to the collarbone? Especially your killer collarbone."

"I don't think I have anything to go with this dress, but I have a few." Ara said with an awkward smile. Anne properly knew what was in Ara's jewellery box better than Ara did. She still only had few jewellery she brought some years ago. Anne felt bad for her sister, who always liked saving money even when they were not lacking. 'How I wish you could spend more on yourself sister.' She said internally.

Ara was such a lovely lady who could do with a few more adornment, but she would still be more beautiful than all the ladies at the banquet. Anne smiled secretly to herself as she remembered the witch Claire whom she had only met once in a masquerade ball. She couldn't wait to see her reactions after seeing her sister in such fine dress this time. 'I'll make sure you regret ever messing with me Claire.' She smirked at the thought of seeing Claire again.

"What's wrong Anne?" Ara asked when she noticed how her sister was quite.

"Nothing, I just can't wait to go to the banquet...don't worry I'll give you some of my jewelry to wear."

"Wh-"

"And you won't refused to accept it." Anne said firmly giving no room for her to refuse.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

At last the day Anne had been waiting for finally arrived. As it was the wedding anniversary of the famous merchant, it was extravagant. The people who attended the banquet, were no means common guest. As it should be, the Morrison's were very famous in the northern part of the kingdom. No one invited could miss the chance to attend the infamous Morrison wedding anniversary.

As the time of celebration approached. Magnificent carriages began to flow into the Morrison mansion, none of the invited guest treated the event lightly. Everyone was elegantly dressed. High society was like a battlefield, were they all showed off their powers.