

Wife of The Demon Prince Chapter 22 - Contract condition part 1

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As they stepped inside the house, Hamon led her to a table and pulled out a chair so she could sit down, he then pulled out the other chair opposite her and sat down.

Ara couldn't believe the mischievous Prince had a gentleman side to him, she watched him as he sat down and rest his elbows on the table and then placed his chin on his palms, he stared at her keenly, Ara felt uncomfortable with his intense stares, to break the silence she asked,

"You haven't answered my question...do you know the men following me earlier?"

Hamon clicked his tongue, then made an expression as if he was in deep thought before he remarked,

"Well...Yes, but don't ask me how." He leaned back on his chair.

Ara's eyes landed on his open chest, she frowned. How was it possible? She pushed herself up from her chair and walked to the Prince who sat comfortably on the chair like it was his house, Ara pulled his shirt to have a proper look. How? Where was it? If she could remember clearly, he had been hit by an arrow at the battlefield, and he was badly injured, but all the wounds were gone now, it was impossible for his injuries to have healed in just fifteen days, she hadn't taken notice of it that night at the banquet.

Hamon stared at Ara as she searched his body, he knew what she was looking for, but he wasn't ready to explain that to her now,

"I didn't know you liked my body this much, future wife...You should have told me you wanted to see my bare body, I'd have gladly removed my clothes for you to admire." He remarked with a straight face as if what he said was a normal thing.

Ara's cheeks flushed red with embarrassment, as she quickly dropped his shirt, and returned back to her seat, with a little confused expression, but the confusion was soon to wipe off her face as she remembered the Prince wasn't

a complete human, he was too mysterious for her to find out what he really was.

"Why did you send men to follow me?" She asked softly.

Hamon was putting back his shirt when he heard her question, he stopped and glanced at her, "To know your every move...Don't worry they have been watching you ever since we met at the battlefield, think of it as, protection." He remarked with a serious expression as he buttoned up his shirt to cover his opened chest, then sat properly on his chair, as he stared at her green eyes.

Ara hadn't expected the Prince to send his men to watch over her, now that he told her that they had been watching over her ever since she left the battlefield, it made her feel uncomfortable to know that men had been quietly shadowing her.

Ara gave him a bow, "Thank you, Your Highness for your consideration."

Hamon frowned at her behavior before he said, "You don't have to bow to me ever again."

Ara was taken aback by his words, "But I wa__"

"Shhh, you will soon be my woman, and I don't want you bowing to me." He said with a calm voice.

Ara stared at his burning red eyes, What does he mean by she shouldn't bow? Even the queen has to bow to the king, even though they were to get married, she had to show respect by bowing to him, Ara heard him say again,

"As from now on...You won't have to bow to anyone, including me, understand?" He asked with a raised brow.

Ara remembered that the Prince came from one of the most noble lineages in the entire kingdom of Findara. He was next in line to the throne, he wore his pride as easily as he wore his finery.

"Yes, Your Highness."

"By the way, the men following you earlier weren't entirely my men... Some of them are from the house of Tudor, which was why I brought you here."

Ara knew Claire had something to do with those men. Although she wasn't sure if Claire had sent them to watch her moves or kill her, but wasn't she the one who did wrong? She had tried to feed her spite wine, and yet she dared to get revenge? It was ridiculous to become vindictive just because things didn't go the way one wanted.

Ara got lost in her thoughts for awhile, Hamon just stared at her lost expression, before he spoke,

"Don't you have any questions to ask your future husband?"

"Huh?" Ara jolted when he spoke, but wasn't sure what he just asked, and only saw the Prince staring at her.

Hamon repeated his question, "Don't you have any questions to ask me?"

"Yes, I have a question which has been bothering me."

"Then ask."

"How are we going to tell our families about our... Marriage? I mean we have never met publicly before... Wouldn't it be strange to suddenly want to get married? And beside it's just a contract marriage, how should we go about the fake story we would tell them?"

Ara was relieved that the Prince had brought up this topic, now they should make haste with the wedding, she couldn't wait to start with her plans after marrying him, she couldn't wait to meet that monster again, and the only way would be to quickly get married to the Prince and stepped inside the castle as his wife.

"Was that all you wanted to ask?"

"That's all for now."

Hamon frowned at her words, she wasn't asking about him? Or any personal questions? She hadn't even bothered to ask him how he was doing, was she only worried about the marriage and not him? He hadn't been able to have peace ever since he met her, all he could worry about was her, he had even asked his men to watch over her all the while so he could be in peace.

Ara noticed the change in his mood, but wasn't sure what was wrong with him, he wasn't wearing his crooked smile, he just stared at her with an expressionless face, she felt the temperature dropped at his intense stare. Did she say something wrong? Why was he looking at her like that?

Ara felt uncomfortable with his intense stare and continued to say, "I want to make something clear to you first...I'd Like to arrange the contract for our marriage, I have some conditions to make... Do you have any terms you'd want me to agree on?"

"I don't think I want anything more than to have you in my life, Arabella... I feel an unbearable greed." He remarked softly, without changing his expression.

"..."

Ara didn't know how to respond to his words, the way he said it, felt like she had heard those words before, but couldn't remember who said it to her in the past, once again she wanted to ask him if they had met in the past, but then she knew he would deny or refuse to tell her, just like he did in the battlefield.

What if they had never met before, would that make any difference? The Prince couldn't have fallen in love enough to agree to marry someone he just met, there could only be one explanation to her confusion,

'Is the crown Prince a Casanova.'

The crown Prince was known for how he spent most of his life on the battlefield, but no one knew anything more than that, maybe in reality he might be the kind of man who flirts around with many women, and besides he looked exactly the type, with the way he dressed and talked. His face alone could make any woman fall head over heels for him.

Even Ara who never paid attention to the opposite gender, was sometimes taken aback whenever she saw his handsome face.

If he was really a Casanova, does that mean he had a lot of mistresses? Does that mean she wasn't his first woman? But why was she worrying about such things? It shouldn't be her business if he had mistresses, anyways, he was royalty he could have as many women as he wanted. But still she wouldn't let him meet any other women, because he might get distracted by them, and ignore her, he wouldn't have time to protect her family. And Ara wouldn't let some stupid mistresses ruin her plans, the Prince could meet another woman

or even get married again after she had saved her family from that evil man, and by then his curse would be lifted.

After thinking about it briefly, she looked directly at the Prince and spoke, "if you haven't thought of a condition yet, I'll tell you my condition."

Hamon's lips pulled in a smirk as he looked at her with interest in his eyes, "What's your condition?"

Facing his deadly red eyes she spoke calmly, "I want to be your only woman at the beginning of our marriage...You can get any other woman after a year."