

Book 2 Dragon King's Forbidden Love Chapter 108 - Tips

GIDEON ARTES

I still couldn't believe she did it to me. My Lara, my innocent and sweet girl, who had trouble even when she had to lie about a stolen sweet, deceived me in the most unspeakable way.

I knew that those gerdians would be a bad influence on her. The dark magic in them tainted her soul and now she was capable of something like this! I protected her my whole life so that she knew nothing of the sort! So that she could always stay my perfect Angel... No one was supposed to influence her other than me. I made sure of that.

It pained me to make her believe that nobody wanted to be friends with her. But the morality of the people of the White Archipelago was growing weaker and I didn't want them to put any ideas in her head. That was why I used Bria to make sure that Lara would stay safe and not mix with anyone else. I did not want to risk it. She was too perfect to be ruined.

Today Bria was the one who found me and informed me that her brother Fabian and my little Angel escaped together with that dark gerdian emperor. But what I couldn't figure out at first was how she actually did it. That's where Xander cleared things up for me, telling me about an ancient herb that she apparently used to drug me to make me do whatever the hell she wanted. According to the red dragon emperor, she poisoned the tea and made me take off her magic-blocking bracelets. And then she did the same with his aide, Sean Sarn. Lara used him to get inside the dungeons and free that gerdian. Sean also didn't know what happened until he remembered her offering him tea. Apparently, he thought that it was slightly odd, but decided not to offend the esteemed guest of his emperor. And that was how my Lara got away with everything.

Xander laughed at both of us falling for the same trick, which was apparently known in the Gerdian Empire from some old legend. But it didn't make it any easier for me to accept the fact that Lara wanted to leave me so badly that she sought to such ways.

At least Xander had his Princess where he wanted her. My beloved was goddess knew where in the company of no other than Fabian-the-manwh0re! I

knew I should have killed him and not buy this magical oath that he gave me! His words were worth nothing in the end as he found a way around it, a way to screw me properly. And he took a whole squadron with him. Those were some of the best warriors that we had and now they had Lara to give them unlimited power. This was bad. Really bad! I could see so many ways of it ending horribly wrong!

I told Xander that I would be leaving his empire since now I urgently needed to visit the White Archipelago. He only laughed at that saying that my best bet was now to stay by his side here and wait for them to come to us. We knew one thing for sure – they would try to stop the wedding between him and the Princess from the Darmerion dragon bloodline. Her siblings were scattered around the world and were definitely now on their way to help and get her back. And Demir would definitely be with them. If I was lucky, Lara would be here too. After all, she cared for the princess. Someone like her would definitely want to rescue her friend, especially now that she had the power to do it too.

I hoped that Xander was right about this and we would be able to end this soon. I just needed all this to be over! Too many mistakes, too many deviations from the original plan. I should have just taken her back home to our house at the White Archipelago the first time I had a chance and not cared for Xander commanded me to do. It wasn't like we were friends or that I was his subordinate. We were two allies. Nothing more and nothing less. And none of us would want a potential new war, considering our interests were elsewhere. He didn't care about the power of Light and I didn't care about his stupid dark empire.

Bria was working efficiently on her knees between my legs, her head bobbing at high speed while my hand were resting on it. I leaned down on the back of my chair, closing my eyes and trying to relax. Everything was wrong... She wasn't the one I wanted to be with and this was not any kind of substitution for what I was seeking. Just once I was so close to Lara, I still remembered how soft her skin was and how sweet she tasted. I craved for more of her, I needed her badly. And my mind was wandering to the dark places where I finally did to her everything I wanted to do for so long... I could imagine how she would be panting while I pounded into her, how she would be moaning while I caressed every part of her body the way I always wanted to, how she would scream my name when I bury my seed deep inside...

Thoughts of Lara helped me find my release faster and Bria finished her job off. She pulled towards me to give me a kiss but I shrugged her off.

"I am tired tonight," I said though it wasn't even remotely true, "Leave."

"But Deon," she tried to insist, and I grabbed her hand, squeezing it almost to the point of breaking and making her squirm.

"How many times do I have to tell you not to call me that?!" I groaned and pushed her to the floor where she belonged. She pulled the straps of her dress on and I noticed how much uglier her face was getting when she was angry.

"You don't mind when she called you that!" the girl hissed at me, only making me more annoyed with her. It was funny how she didn't get it at all.

"She is going to be my wife!" I snapped and her lips started twitching. For years she was begging me to marry her and each time I explained to her that it was absolutely out of the question. When she became a warrior of light officially and was introduced to our darkest secrets, she found out who Lara was from her father. That was when I noticed the biggest shift in her behaviour. She was already envious of my angel as it was for some reason, probably sensing it on some inner level how superior to her Lara was. But after I had to announce before everyone that we were engaged, she became completely blinded by hatred. Bria became fixed on the idea of marrying me instead of her, not even realizing at first that my desire to marry Lara was not political at all. And only recently she had understood that everything was in vain. On the White Archipelago she was considered a princess of sorts and I knew that she was not used to losing anything. It was a new experience and she was not coping well. Recently Fabian tried to marry her off to his second in command but she made an ugly scene in front of everyone. That was when I knew that she would be a bigger problem than I initially thought and that she would have to die soon. I did not know yet how it was going to happen. But I was sure that I wouldn't wait long to get rid of that annoying woman.

Even now one of my men told me that she tried to kill Lara really hard despite knowing that we all need the power of the seraphim. She was even ordering my people around and for some strange reason, they obeyed her. Yes, she signed her own execution papers with those actions. Because whatever happened, I would never be risking losing Lara. Not for someone like Bria. Not ever.

In all honesty, I would have done it now. It wasn't like there weren't any other w****s here at the Gerdian Empire. She wasn't that unique in her skills. But the timing was off. A huge battle was ahead of us and I knew that I was not

going to risk it. I needed as many people as I could get. And Bria was a warrior before anything. I just had to keep an eye on her...

"I still can't believe you are going to marry Lara of all the people," she kept on nagging me, while looking for her shoes, "I understand that she is not your blood sister. But she..."

"Shut up!" I slapped her so hard that she fell to the ground again and stood above her, buttoning my pants up. "Know your place, Bria! Lara is a seraph! She's the only one who is able to save our precious land and people. You will not speak badly of her with your dirty mouth..."

"Dirty mouth?!" She gasped, "Your precious Lara was sleeping with gerdians while she was here! And you dare to call me dirty?!"

Another slap and this time so hard that her nose started to bleed. She covered her face with her hands and I noticed a few angry tears rolling down her cheeks. I overdid it and had to fix it quickly.

Luckily, I knew how to do it since it wasn't the first time I disciplined her. Somehow I was losing my patience a lot lately.

I came up to the crying girl and stroke her head a few times gently. Just the way she liked it.

"You don't need to concern yourself with things like this. Even when I get married, it doesn't mean that it has to be the end of you and me. We will find a way to be together. Especially since I'm the new leader. And who knows, maybe we should look back at this old law that allowed men to take more than one wife. It may be beneficial for us."

She smiled at me again and I knew exactly what she was thinking – marry me now and kill Lara later. Only that I was not going to allow this to happen and Bria's days were numbered. But it wasn't time to do it now. Not yet, not until everything was over and Lara was safely in my arms.

"Go now," I told her softly and she beamed at me happily, "I need to think of a plan for the coronation. And for that, I need to be alone. I'm sure you can understand how important that is."

"Of course," she tucked her silver hair behind her ears and nodded, "I always understand you, Gideon."

She left and the room still smelled like her perfume. Something obnoxiously sweet. And so strong that I had to go to the balcony to think straight.

However, even in the fresh air, it was hard to concentrate. My thoughts kept returning to the fact of how wrong everything was. And to her...

The Goddess of Light was teaching us virtues and one of those mentioned a lot in the scriptures was patience. Now I was thinking of how stupid that was... In the end, I got nothing for all my patience. She started to resent me when I disclosed my intentions as it was the first time she heard of them. All because I wanted to be patient and didn't want to push her into adult life too early. She seemed too innocent and fragile back then...

All those years of restraint and self-control, of not touching her even when we shared a bed... I regretted it now. I should have made her mine a while ago. We could already be having kids by now... She would have never met the dragon and I would have everything I ever wanted.

In the end, all I wanted was to give her a good life, to love and to cherish her with everything I had.

But she still didn't see it! I needed her to see it. I needed to make her see it...whether she wanted it or not.

If she did we could go back to our life in our house in the capital, where she would always be protected from everything and everyone. Just like before.

I knew that Xander had killed the Princess's soulmate. She was upset of course but she was alive. She was going to survive just fine without him and my Lara seemed just as strong. I was sure if I found a way to kill that gerdian once and for all, she would cry a few weeks about him of course but in the end, she would accept the new reality. I knew her better than any one else and while I was sure that she was angry with me now and would be angry after I killed the previous gerdian emperor, she would find it in herself to forgive me sooner or later. Because deep inside she loved me just as much as I loved her. She may be confused and lost about her feelings now, but one day she would realize who her one and only man should be. And I would wait until that day.

A knock on the door destroyed my train of thought and I went myself to open it, seeing a grinning red dragon on my doorstep.

“I have some good news for you, my feathery friend,” Xander smirked and handed me a piece of paper. I wanted to roll my eyes and send him back, but I knew that it wasn’t an option until I was on his territory.

So, not wasting any time, I opened the letter and started to read:

The King of Adrion, Darius Darmerion Derwood, demands you to surrender Princess Primrose Darmerion Derwood within three days from the date of this letter to the convoy that was sent to the border of The Gerdian Empire. If you satisfy our demands, Adrion will not start a new war with the Empire following the brutal murder of emperor Demir Darmerion Derwood. Think wise while you have a chance and release the princess to her family. His Highness, King Darius Darmerion Derwood.

I put the letter down and looked at Xander questioningly, “Do you think it’s the truth? Is he dead?”

“If he wasn’t, they would demand to surrender the whole empire,” The red dragon sneered, “Demir would never let me have it as long as he lives. But, apparently, he did not survive after all. Such a shame, really. Your sister worked so hard to save him!”

I held back a growl. I hated the guy. He implied that Lara was my sister all the time while he himself was a grandfather material for his dearest Primrose, considering how much older than her he was.

“And what are you going to do about this?” I asked him bluntly, handing back the paper.

“I’m going to send warriors to kill the convoy as an answer to the message of the stupid king of Adrion. I will destroy all of them, one by one. And keep both, the Princess and the empire.”

“Well,” I chuckled and tapped his shoulder, “Best of luck with that. If that is all, I will be returning to the White Archipelago since it looks like we’re done here.”

“Don’t be in such a hurry, my friend,” Xander did not look very happy but he still managed to force a smile onto his face, “Stay for the coronation, be my guest of honour and make you warriors of light to add an extra layer of protection during the event for me. And I will never forget that. After all, they call us both usurpers and the best thing that we could do in these circumstances is stick together and have each other’s backs. Who knows,

one day we might strengthen our alliance with the marriage of our children. Our future wives are friends, after all, I'm sure it would make them happy."

"You sure look far into the future," I praised him, sighing heavily. It was just a few days and if Demir was truly dead, then Lara was probably grieving. It was for the best to give her some time before I came back. I would have to become stricter to her, harsher. Until she gave in and accepted me... Hopefully, it would happen rather sooner than later.

"Fine," I agreed and offered him my hand, which he shook with his larger palm, "I will support you as much as you need. Friend."

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PRIMROSE

The maids kept braiding my hair and talking about silly nonsense, while I sat in the same place I spent the last few days in just like a doll they all wanted me to be. In the early morning, my coronation dress, which was also my wedding dress, was delivered by Lady Solveig. She couldn't even look me in the eye this time. We knew each other for many years and she was aware of how much I loathed Xander Rust. From the day he started pestering me first, I found everything about him repulsing. For a while, he was important for the empire and I had to hide it from my parents how much he was following me everywhere and how he tried to k!ss me forcefully. Now I wish I didn't. Now I think that I was not helping anyone, not my parents, not the empire, not even myself... if I told them back then, they would have probably k!lled him. But that was exactly what men like him deserved. Men, who thought that they could take whatever it was that they liked. Men, who thought that when a woman said no she was playing some kind of game.

I had made many mistakes in my life, but keeping this to myself was probably the biggest one by far. Now Ryker had to pay the price... it still hurt me to even think about him. For the first day, everything was hurting me so much that at some point I just stopped feeling anything. My body, my heart, my soul... everything was numb. But I welcomed that numbness. I needed it. Because there were some things I still had to do.

I knew it for a while but now he left me absolutely no choice. I had to k!ll Xander Rust. Whatever it cost me, I just had to do it.

And for that, I needed to think. Feeling nothing was amazing. Because it was the best way to reflect on everything that happened and to come up with a perfect assassination plan. I knew I needed more than one to succeed.

Luckily, I already had three.

“Everything is going to be over in no time!” one of the maids chanted to me in a whisper, “I’m sure the rest of your family will never leave you to that monster.”

I didn’t respond to her but I knew that it was true. My parents, my brothers, my sisters, their husbands, wives and even children would come for me. We were a family that stuck together.

But I had no idea how soon they would gather their forces and unfortunately I had no desire to wait. My plan was simple – I was going to kill Xander in any way possible whatever it cost me with my own hands. For the empire. And for Ryker... I didn’t do anything for him and gave my soulmate absolutely nothing. Now this was the last thing that I could do. This would be my one and only gift...

I stood up and went to the mannequin with my dress on that Lady Solveig carefully crafted especially for this event. It was Xander’s personal order and she apologized to me many times before leaving in tears. I had never seen the elegant Solveig like this. Ever... But now when I took a closer look at what she brought, I knew why she felt this way. It wasn’t just about me marrying the man I hated the most and becoming his Empress. The dress was a challenge of its own! My breathing got faster and I started to suffocate, wishing nothing more but to tear that gown to pieces. It was golden, of course, my signature colour. But along it in different directions, there were rows and rows of golden chains. Somewhere smaller and somewhere bigger, they actually formed a beautiful pattern and the whole dress looked magnificent. But I knew that it was a symbol of my future life with that monster. He was showing me my place! Again! Inspecting the garment further, I noticed that there were several strands of bigger and smaller chains, encrusted with precious stones coming from one wrist to another. It was a restraint! Even on the coronation day, he was sending me a signal. Those long strands we’re supposed to go behind the dress as some kind of useless veil or ornament... But in reality, it was something to restrict me.

My fury had no limits. I hated that man more than anything... my gaze fell upon the maids and they all shuddered in fear. Which was funny because I

still was wearing magic-blocking bracelets. Did they expect me to strangle them with my bare hands or something?

I froze at that thought... but someone knocked at my door and distracted me.

All the servants curtsied as low as I could when Xander walked in. Sean was following him and his facial expression was unreadable. At the same time, the usurper looked happy and it bothered me. He should be stressed now, why the chaos was he happy?

“What do you want now?” I ask him coldly, crossing my hands on my chest as his hungry gaze was traveling up and down my body. I just wanted to cover myself in his presence to avoid his lustful eyes.

“Can’t I visit my beautiful bride right before our special event?” An ugly smirk spread over his face that could probably be considered handsome by someone who didn’t know him at all. But then he suddenly got serious and ran his hand through his hair, “Primrose, this is probably not the best time, but I have some bad news for you. I wouldn’t do that now but I’m afraid that someone will tell you anyway at the celebrations and it would only be worse.”

“What is it?” I raised my eyebrow at him questioningly.

He opened and closed his mouth a few times and then groaned, getting some crumpled piece of paper from the inner pocket of his jacket and handing it to me. I looked at it hesitantly but accepted it and started reading.

It was a message from my brother Darius for Xander, asking him to release me on the border and informing him that Demir was dead. Tears started rolling down my cheeks and I threw the piece of paper into the red dragon’s face.

“Get out!” I shouted.

“Primrose, my love,” he stretches hands towards me but I knocked them off.

“I said get out!” I screamed at the highest pitch of my voice, “if you want your stupid coronation today, leave me alone now! The less I see of you – the better! Unless you want to release me as my brother asks? Then. be my guest!”

I glared at him with a challenge in my eyes and he avoided my gaze, “You know it will never happen. I’m sorry but you will need to bear with it, Prim. Just... deal with it.”

“I am and I will,” I promised him, “but right now I need peace and quiet from you. So, do at least something nice in your pathetic life and let me be for the next few hours! Surely you can manage!”

His facial muscles twitched a few times but in the end, he nodded quietly and turned around on his heels, “Just be ready on time. After everything is done, I will give you some more time. I promise you, Prim.”

He walked out and Sean started following him, but before closing the door, he turned and placed his index finger to his lips.

I ignored that and went to the window so that none of my maids could see my face. Because a cruel smirk formed on my lips that I couldn’t hold back.

Darius of all the people would never leave the empire to Xander or anyone other than our family members. Back when Demir was just an heir to the throne, Darius was his biggest rival. He really wanted to become the emperor instead of our oldest brother. They fought a lot about it all but time was flowing fast, and they were getting more mature. Darius realised that being an emperor was more of a burden and was happy to pass it to Demir. The irony was that he became a king himself just a few years later.

And there was one more thing – he sure as hell would never ask the red dragons to deliver me anywhere, he would come for me himself. Any of my siblings would. So the letter was probably a fake, a message to let me know that they would come for me soon. And together we would get rid of Xander Rust and anyone who would want to protect him. Once and for all.

No one dared to mess with our family and stay alive to tell their grandchildren about it. It just did not work that way.

“My lady,” one of the maids asked in a shaken voice, “What should we do now? The emperor ordered for us to...”

“Help me to put on the dress,” I turned to her with an expressionless face, hiding all my emotions. Luckily, years at court taught me and I mastered the skill to perfection. “I need to look beautiful tonight. Don’t I?”

