

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

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DEMIR

She starts screaming again and the light disappears. But the risk of rocks falling on us increases again. What a piercing voice for such a tiny body! I spread out my healthy wing, ready to sweep her off her feet again but she jumps away and stretches her hands.

“No, no, no!” she begs, “Please!”

I notice that her gloves are torn and bloody. And so is her strange white attire. I didn't protect her as well as I thought...

“Nice dragon,” she says as if she is talking to a dog, “Good dragon! Not hungry dragon! Right?”

Does she think that I am going to eat her? The thought alone makes me chuckle! I snort and she starts trembling more.

I roll my eyes, and this seems to calm her down.

Really? What a strange creature!

Although, if she is from the White Archipelago then that explains a lot. As far as I remember they are prudish fanatics of light who do not travel much. Neither do they let strangers to their islands. It's a very close community. Which makes me think, what is a White Archipelago girl doing here in the dark lands? She crossed the border with those little wings of hers. And her islands are far away from here. Did she escape? Or did she deliberately tried to infiltrate the Gerdian Empire?!

Meanwhile, the girl takes a step in my direction.

“Good dragon is not going to eat the small not tasty me, right?” she continues and puts her hands on the helmet, “I am just going to take my helmet off, all right?”

She spells every word for me and it starts to get annoying. The helmet is off and hair of searing fiery colour cascade down her shoulders to the very waist. Curly and red as rubies... I love rubies!

I usually don't like redheads too much. Half of my own family are redheads... But this shade is different. Almost unnatural.

"See," the girl smiles carefully placing the helmet at her feet, "I am not going to hurt you!"

A snort comes out of me again and with that smoke comes out of my nostrils. A sign that I am healing rapidly.

But the poor creature in front of me is back at the wall. I roll my eyes again.

"Oh," she suddenly catches on my mood, "You are not going to hurt me, right?"

I move my eyes up and down. I don't want her to have a heart attack.

"Good dragon!" she smiles and comes closer. Even through the mud on her face, I can see that her eyes are as blue as the rare diamonds from my collection. And her lips are juicy and pink. This makes me wonder if this shade of pink is present in other parts of her.... Damn it! What am I even thinking now? This is so not the place and not the time for any of it! A foreign girl who gods know how appeared in the skies in the middle of a fight with Red Rogues right after I was betrayed by one of my warriors! Definitely not someone to screw...

"Clever dragon!" she put her hand on my nose and a wave of tingles erupts. What the chaos?!

"You know I am a friend, right?" she keeps talking to me as if I am a baby, "My name is Larissa. Well, Lara. La-Ra."

Hmm... Lara... I like the sound of that! And also she smells nice. I noticed it the moment she fell into my clasp. Literally. Sea breeze and jasmine... At least, I think it's jasmine. The flower my mum tried to grow in her gardens that usually didn't survive in the Gerdian climate. But the few plants that did, she treasured and used to bring me to them when I was a child... She loved that scent. And so did I... Good old times...

“Oh, Brighta, the Goddess of Light!” Lara almost screams, “You are badly hurt!”

She runs to my side, where that traitor pierced me with his claws, and I hear her heartbeat fasten. She is really worried. How strange!

The wound should have already healed by the way. But I still feel that it’s pretty bad. Also strange. And not good. Those bastards really thought everything through.

“You poor thing,” Lara says with sympathy in her voice, “You have something here!”

What? What the chaos do I have in there?

“It’s... It looks like it’s a talon,” as if she reads my mind, Lara informs me, “It’s big! Huge!”

Yeah, all girls say that to me...But this is the first time it doesn’t make me happy.

“Look!” Lara is suddenly back at my face, “I am going to try and take it out! Please, do not kill me in the process! I am trying to help. All right?”

I sigh. Not like I have a choice now, shifting back to human form will kill me in such a state, especially if there is something in my flesh now.

I look one last time at Lara, taking in that the girl is immensely pretty. But then it hits me... Blood! She is bleeding in a few places and especially, her hands. If our blood mixes now...

Oh, no! No, no, no!

“It’s going to be fine,” she smiles gently and walks firmly back to the side of me. Damn it!

On the other hand, if the traitor’s talon is stuck in me, I’d better get it out. And if our blood mixes... it may actually be not so bad. I’ll get access to her mind and maybe even be able to get some information out of her in a more... pleasant way. That may be not such a terrible idea after all.

I feel her fussing somewhere at my side and then piercing pain goes through my body...

LARA

I get the damn thing out of the dragon, using magic and all the muscle that I've got. The blood is gushing out of his wound, splashing all over me. But by now I don't even have the strength to swear anymore. I'll have to deal with that later.

However, something tells me that if I don't stop the bleeding, the beast will die... And I don't know what's worse – to be here with an alive dragon or to be here with a dead one...

There is not enough power in me to heal him. And also I am not the best healer in the world. Not to mention, that this is a bigger than average patient. But I need to at least close his wound.

Not thinking twice, I summon light and create a thread. Luckily, weaving light spells is the one thing I am best at. I pierce his skin with light and the dragon roars in pain.

“Easy!” I shout, “I am trying to help! You'll just have to trust me!”

Surprisingly, the beast calms down. I had no idea that dragons were so intelligent! Back at the White Archipelago, they say that they are brainless monsters ruled over by the dark lords of the Gerdian Empire. I guess that is not entirely true. The pattern is finished quickly and I pull it tight so that the wound is sealed by my light.

I notice that it sparks a bit. Probably my light magic contradiction with the dragon's dark one. He is a dark dragon, there is no denial in that.

When this is done, I make a circle around him, checking him for other wounds. But the rest are just scratches. Except for the wing that is broken.

Sighing, I create a new light thread. This time, the dragon watches me curiously and when I pierce his hard skin again, he doesn't even whimpers.

“You are one tough boy!” I praise him in a cheerful tone and then add, “Or a girl!”

A cloud of smoke emerges from his nostrils and I start coughing.

“All right, all right! I get it! A boy!” I roll my eyes and finish sewing back his wing together. As soon as it heals, my light will disappear. I wonder how long that would take.

On wobbly legs I slide down and lean over the dragon, closing my eyes... Just for a second. One tiny second and... The darkness consumes me...

Walking down the long tunnel of the cave, I make sure not to step onto my dress. It's one of my favorites, with Florian lace. Gideon gave it to me for my last birthday and it would be a shame to ruin it in such a dirty cave.

Finally, I see light at the end of the tunnel. However cliché that sounds. Not wasting my time, I run in the direction of the light. But when I am close to it, I stop as I see a dark figure stepping out of the light. Tall and masculine, it's definitely a male. He walks towards me and it gets darker and darker until I can't see a thing. But at that moment a fireball appears on the man's hand. And it's not the regular fire that many mages have... The flame is cold blue and purple shade... The dark fire!

“Wh-who are you?” I ask, taking a step back.

“Nice dress!” he chuckles but touches my hair instead. Red locks go through his fingers with ease and he repeats the motion as if he is fascinated.

“Beautiful colour,” he says probably referring to the hair. As usual, I decided to wear the illusion today. It's accepted better on the White Archipelago than my natural shade...

“Thanks,” I mumble and when he attempts to touch my hair again I slap his hand.

“Oh, little angel likes it rough?” the man smirks and for the first time, I look into his face. Oh, Brighta, the Goddess of Light! I've never seen a male this handsome. No, handsome is an understatement in his case. This man is like the sculpture of a god that came back to life! Sharp cheekbones, straight nose, full lips... Not every girl has lips like that. Longer strands of black hair fall in perfect waves onto his face... But the most striking thing about this stranger is his eyes! They are deep blue with a purple ring around the irises! I've never seen anything like this before!

“Liking what you see?” he gives out a snort, bringing me back to my senses. Did I just stare at a complete stranger while alone with him in a dark cave?! My mentors would be ashamed of me!

“Not at all!” I lie and he smirks as if he knows that I did.

“Maybe you would be so kind, lady Lara,” the man says and I shudder when I hear my name, “As to tell me what you are doing in here?”

“In this cave?” I take another step back and feel the cold and bumpy wall behind me.

“In this Empire,” the man chuckles, placing one hand at the side of me and bending so that I can feel his breath on my lips, “Have you got lost?”

He is way too close!

I wake up with a loud gasp. And the dragon next to me wakes up as well, growling disapprovingly.

“Sorry,” I stand up and smile at him. It really looks like this beast is understanding me. And moreover – he is not trying to eat me! Although, he might just be savouring me for later...

I don't know how much time has passed but I feel like I've gained some of my strength back. I lift myself up, holding the dragon's scales for support and noting that he doesn't seem to mind. I've seen a few holes in the walls of the cave that are worth checking. What if there is a way out from him. Like the tunnel in my strange dream. Remembering the man, I blush slightly.

Never mind. I have things to do.

Not thinking twice, I walk into the biggest opening in the cave wall and hear a growl.

“Don't worry!” I shout to my forced companion, “I am just going to check what's there!”

I don't walk far when I hear sounds of dripping water. Taking another few steps, I see another cave entrance and get into an open space which makes me open my mouth in shock. It's a real subterranean river!

“Oh, this is perfect!” I say to myself, clapping my palms at my luck. It is possible that I can get out of here through that river! I am an excellent swimmer. I just need to get a bit more strength, hopefully, heal my injured leg,

and check where it leads. And also I now have water to drink! Not to mention that I can try and wash the blood of myself.

I get my tiny flask from the belt of my uniform and take a few quick gulps, emptying it. Then I fill it with water for later.

The current is not strong, but I can feel it when I put my hand into the river. Peeling off the dirty clothes, I give them a wash. The best that I can in this situation. Of course, nothing is going to clean the dragon's blood of the white fabric. But it will at least make it a bit cleaner and less smelly. I strip until I am fully naked. One thing for sure – I don't have to be worried that anyone will see me in an underground cave!

Stepping into the water, I feel how my every muscle relaxes. The relief that I so desperately need now. I dive and when I stand up again, I rub my skin slightly to make sure that all the blood comes off me. I pick my hair and place it to one side of me to be able to clean it as well when I hear someone sigh heavily behind me...