

## Book 2 Dragon King's Forbidden Love Chapter 3 - Tips

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LARA

The sound makes me turn around immediately, forgetting that all that covers the upper part of me is my hair. And to my horror, I see a figure standing by the entrance to the cave I came from. Male. Tall. For a second I freeze there, as I notice how the eyes of the man start shining with the cold purple light of dark magic. A gerdian!

He steps forward into the light and my heart sinks because I recognize that perfect face at once! This is the same man I saw in my dream just now!

Quickly coming to my senses, I go under water and swim under it as quick as I can to change my position and attack the enemy! But when I get out of the river with a lightball in my hand, the man is nowhere to be seen! What the actual chaos!

I look around, ready to be attacked at any moment. Who is he? Why did he attack? So many questions in my head at once! Too many!

I summon air to dry my clothes even before I walk out of the water. Then dry myself as quickly as I can, still on guard at all times. I am not alone here, am I? But where did he come from? From one of the passages of the cave? Or was he here all the time with me and the dragon?

The dragon!

I run as fast as I can to check my suspicion. But when I come back to where I left the beast, he is sleeping peacefully. I walk around him, trying to see anything suspicious. But nothing. He is even snoring slightly!

Suddenly one huge eye opens and looks at me. His eyes are also full of dark magic. We believe that this is how gerdians connect to those beasts and control them. But the details are still unknown to us.

"Do you have a master?" I ask the dragon plainly, not even knowing what I am counting here on.

However, in the next moment, he snorts a cloud of dark smoke and I start coughing again.

“You know what?” I say through tears, bringing in more air so that I can breathe again in this cave, “I’ll call you Smoke! Do you like it?”

He blows more smoke on me but this time I use my air element to get rid of it quickly.

“I guess you don’t like it,” I give out a laugh, “Well, too bad! That’s the most appropriate name for you in this situation.”

I come closer and put my hand carefully on his nose, noting that he starts to even breathe quieter, letting me touch him. As if he wants my closeness.

“How are you feeling, Smoke?” I throw a quick gaze at his wing and side, “Your wounds are getting better, my friend.”

The dragon gives out a half whimper, half growl, suddenly looking sad.

“Oh, you poor thing,” I lean on him and rub his scales more. He probably doesn’t even feel it but stills, letting me this little moment of feeling sorry for him. It seems to me that he enjoys it. But it’s probably in my head.

“I am getting crazy!” I sigh stepping away from him, “Seeing strange men, hugging dragons... I probably hit my head when I was falling down.”

The dragon looks at me with interest and I roll my eyes.

“I know what will help you to get better,” I smile, “I’ll bring you some water!”

DEMIR

And why did I just do that exactly? It was one thing to try and talk to her in the dream. But it’s completely another to simply show myself to her in human form now! What the chaos is wrong with me?

I’ve seen so many n.aked women in my life that there is nothing new that I can find there. And if there would be something new on a woman’s body – that would be creepy! So, why then I followed her the moment I heard her und.ress with my dragon hearing and step into this water?!

Yet the vision of her in water with her silky skin and those red locks doesn't leave my mind. The way she rubbed herself, trying to get clean in that river! And when she turned and caught me! I could have transported myself out of there even before she could see me. But I didn't. I stood there and watched her... Only red locks covering her front. Oh, chaos!

She comes back with water held by her air element. A lot of it. I am not thirsty at all, as I have discovered the river while she was still asleep. But one can't refuse a gift given by a beautiful maiden. I have to admit, she seems to really care if I live or die. A rare creature, kind and naïve.

I drink weakly and it makes her really happy. In all honesty, I can already get us out from here. Yet, I am curious to see what she is going to do next. Is that selfish?

"My Emperor!" Ryker's voice sounds in my mind, "I can sense you inside those rocks. Should I...?"

"No," I cut him off, "Stay close, but do nothing."

"May I ask, what are you doing there?" my right-hand man insists. He is nosy like that.

"Having fun," I sigh.

"Inside of the mountain?" he sounds strange, "Demir, are you sure you are all right there?"

"I am great. Shoo!" I say just when Lara leans closer to me again. She seems tired. Her wounds definitely do not heal as fast as mine.

The girl falls asleep in no time and I shift, catching her in my arms and adding some of my dark magic to make sure that she doesn't wake up. Lara's leg is swollen, the bruises are forming all over her. Only the cuts look better today as all the bleedings stopped.

I should take her back to the castle and question her. And then I should put her in prison for trespassing. But... I look at the traitor's poisoned talon. If that stayed inside of me, I would be dead by now. She saved my life. And I owe her one.

"Ryker," I call my friend, "Get me some healing ointment here. The best one."

“Demir, are you seriously wounded?” the guy sounds shocked.

“It’s not for me,” I explain, “Get it fast. And then send people to get the bodies of all the dead dragons around. Especially the two dark dragons.”

“Of course,” Ryker agrees, “We’ll give them a proper burial.”

“Not to all of them,” I smirk, “Make sure the body of the dragon who misses a talon is intact. He was a traitor.”

“A traitor?! My Emperor! I insist you come back to the palace this very moment!”

“No,” I chuckle, looking at the angel in my hands.

“Get me the damn medicine first. I have an unfinished business here.”

The bottle lands in my hands in no time, arriving in the dark flames. I open it and get the cream onto my fingers. Unfastening Lara’s clothes, I start rubbing it into her skin, her wounds, and bruises. But this is so not what I am thinking about!

“How the chaos do healers do that?!” I groan. Her skin is as soft as I imagined when I saw her in water. The images of her surface in my head and touching her really don’t help me now.

Oh, Gods! Is this some kind of new torture you send to me?!

I gently massage the ointment into a little scratch above her red eyebrow when she opens her eyes. Chaos! What a beautiful shade of blue! And also some silver in it, shining like the moon in the sky. She flutters her long lashes and I come to my senses, sending more dark magic to make her fall asleep again.

This time, I finish my work fast and bring her back to place.

I walk next to her broken wings and stop to check them. Interesting construction. Never thought that something like that could work. But apparently, it does!

Heating up my fingers, I fix the broken parts, going through every metal feather and putting back the ones that fall off. She is going to need them to

get back home. Because I sure as the chaos am not taking her to the White Archipelago!

When I am done, I put everything back in place.

Shifting back to the dragon form, I lie down next to her. And wait.

It's very strange, but I feel like I healed faster than I should have. The wing is definitely functioning properly again and the light thread that she created is gone. Is it because she has some special kind of magic?

A few hours, and she starts wriggling under my wing. Surprisingly, her every move finds a response in my own body. And at the moment I am a dragon. Just what the chaos is going on here?!

"Hi, Smoke!" she wipes her eyes, "I had another strange dream. You know, I probably did hurt my head while we were falling here."

I look at her, wanting to shift back into my human form. I want her to see me. I want her to...

No! That's absolutely impossible! I need to get rid of her as soon as possible. This girl has a strange influence on me. And this is the last thing that I need!

I push her in the direction of the wings with my head lightly and she doesn't get at first what I want. But then she notices her shiny equipment and gasps.

"Oh, Brighta, the Goddess of Light! How...", she turns to look at me strangely and at that moment I spread my wings and rise in all my might. I will not leave her time to think about it!

The strong wind created by me makes her fall onto her bottom. His pink lips part in shock and her fingers clench around the wings.

Good. I did everything I could for you...

Giving out one final roar, I charge for the roof and break the rock, so that there is a much bigger passage for us. Taking a circle around and checking the nearby cliffs, I return to her.

Lara looks surprised. And, luckily, the clever girl is already wearing her wings and helmet. I've been flying my whole life and I know that she can use those

only when she starts up high. Even with the air element, it's hard to fly from the ground with something like this.

So, I am going to give her a lift.

"Smoke," she smiles, "Why are you back? What..."

I spread my wings again and grab her by my claws.

"Smoke!" she screams, "Put me down!"

The screaming continues and I chuckle to myself that she sounds like a wounded bird again. Ignoring her, I leave our little cave and fly to the border of the Empire. As close to the White Archipelago as I can get her.

Finally, I land on the top of one of the cliffs and carefully place her on the ground.

She jumps to her feet in no time and I land close. Her wings look fine. Good.

For a few moments, we just look at each other. And then she gets it and smiles.

"Thank you, Smoke!" she says and the painful desire to turn right in front of her this very moment cuts my heart.

No! Away! As far from her as I can get!

I flap my wings and take up height. The distance between us gets bigger and bigger but I still look at this frail little figure.

She, however, doesn't waste any time and jumps off the cliff. Crazy girl!

A moment – and I see her higher and higher. She is flying in the direction of the White Archipelago, her home...

I give out a loud roar.

Goodbye, Angel.