

Book 2 Dragon King's Forbidden Love Chapter 5 - Tips

The familiar blue eyes with a purple ring around irises look at me defiantly. And a smirk on his lips makes my insides clench. The man from my dream in the cave is glaring at me as if he has just won the Goddess' of Light spring tournament.

He stretches his hand to touch me again and I flinch, realizing that he is here! At the White Archipelago and in my bedroom!

His expression changes as well. He looks as if he is surprised by what is happening. And I don't waste my time, crawling to the very back of my bed. As far from him as possible.

"Interesting!" he snorts, not taking his eyes off me. "And how did you do that exactly?"

"Do what?" I stare at him, furrowing my brows. A smirk stretches on his lips further and he stands up from the bed.

"Never mind, Lara," he sighs heavily. "Nice room you have here! Is it yours?"

He walks around slowly, feeling himself at home and touching my things from time to time. And just as slowly, my anger builds up inside of me. Who is he exactly? And why the chaos is he allowing himself too much in my house?!

I clench my fists and get off the bed as well, thinking of what light spell to use to kick him out of here! Warriors of Light are not supposed to be easily agitated in front of the enemy, but I am not one of them yet! So I can afford to get properly pissed at the intruder!

The man stops in front of my white marble desk and picks up a glass unicorn figurine that Gideon gave me for my first birthday in the family.

"Put that down!" I let out a growling noise and he looks at me as if he is amused by something. So, I add, "Now!"

"Fine!" he obeys. "I just was a little surprised that you would have something like this. That's all..."

"And why is that exactly?" I roll my eyes and cross my hands on my chest.

He stares at me again and this time his expression is hard to read. But there is something in there and I just know it.

“Doesn’t matter,” he brushes me off again and walks to my spacious balcony.

I have to admit, I am surprised at his boldness! He is wearing everything black, just like all gerdians do. And at the White Archipelago, with our light buildings and people preferring light tones in clothes, he looks like a target. But it seems that it doesn’t bother him!

“Who are you?!” I follow him. I can get some information out of him while we are at it. The power of light is stronger here and Gideon is downstairs. It’s a matter of time for him to sense the stranger.

“Are you interested in me, Lara?” the man smiles with the corners of his lips.

“It’s not every day that the p*****t that watched me bathing gets into my house!” I say, raising my brow. “So, I’d say yes. You caught my attention.”

“What did you just call me?” he bursts out laughing, but I try to show with all my body how little that bothers me.

“You heard me!” I say coldly. “What do you want from me? What are you even doing here?”

“And what were you doing in my land?” he is too close to me suddenly and I gulp in shock, “Were you spying? Were you conspiring with the Red Rogues? Or maybe you tried to escape this sad place?”

“Excuse me?!” I feel appalled now. How dare he call my home a sad place?!

“You heard me,” he mimics my previous words perfectly. “Or are you seriously going to insist that it’s fun to grow up in the world of everything white and... bright?”

“What’s so bad about this?” I feel annoyed with his snarky attitude.

“I don’t know,” he snorts, “Houses are white, everything inside them is white, flowers are white, all your clothes are white, even all birds here are white! What’s not to hate?”

“Oh, I bet it’s so wonderful in the Gerdian Empire where everything is dark and gloomy!” I retort and he starts laughing again.

“You are one funny little angel,” he says finally after he is done, and I wonder how in heavens Gideon is still not here? Not that I need his help. I am sure I can take this one down on my own. I’ve been trained by the best on my island and will be able to take care of myself if the need arises!

“And you are one b.razen h.uge gerdian!” I raise my chin high. But it only makes him smile at me more.

“You know, you really surprise me, Lara,” he admits suddenly, and my lips part in surprise.

“What do you mean?”

“You are so not what I expect when I think about the people of the White Archipelago!” he says, and a chill goes down my spine. This is the worst thing that one could have told me! All my life I taught myself how to be exactly like everyone else here! All I want is to fit in with them, to be one of them! I do everything for that! Every day and every minute of my existence! And yet this gerdian here tells me that I am not what is expected of the inhabitants of the White Archipelago.

I’ve been wary of him before, but now I hate him!

“You are not what I expected of a gerdian either!” I snort spitefully. I want to hurt him as much as he hurt me right now. But nothing really comes to mind because he is exactly how I imagined a gerdian.

He looks at me with interest and comes closer, leaning down and looking into my eyes with a grin, “Liar!”

His lips are so dangerously close to mine that for a moment I think that he is about to kiss me. Blushing at the thought, I am about to turn away from him when he catches me by my wrist.

“What do you think you are doing?” I snarl at him, feeling once again how I give in to the anger instead of staying calm.

“I am not so sure myself, Lara” he mutters, pulling me closer.

“Lara!” Gideon shakes me vigorously and I stare at him in shock. I am on my bed in my room, no gerdians in sight... What the chaos is going on?

“Deon?” I look at my brother who seems scared. “What’s wrong?”

“I couldn’t wake you up!” he says, while I notice crystals of sweat on his perfect forehead. He hardly ever sweats on a battlefield. “You scared me so much!” he pulls me into a hug, which I accept gladly.

It was all a dream. The gerdian was in my dreams! He is not real! Back in the cave... it was probably also an illusion, or I fell asleep just for a moment. Yes... That makes more sense than a man who haunts my dreams.

“I am sorry,” I mumble. “I was so tired and just dozed off accidentally.”

“I understand,” my brother says, tucking a strand of hair behind my ear. “I would have left you to rest but... we have guests.”