

## **The Dragon's Fated Bride Chapter 13 - HELL'S PARADISE - PART 3**

### **Chapter 13: HELL'S PARADISE - PART 3**

Unfortunately, when Faye sprang up from the mattress, the blanket covering her fell to the floor, and Helena gasped in horror at the sight of the young woman's badly beaten body.

Helena glared at Duke Thayer and asked, "Did you do this? Did you beat her?"

3

Sterling took a deep breath and a long exhale fled his lips as he rose from his seat.

"No, this is courtesy of Baron Montgomery and his children."

A sudden expression of deep sorrow and understanding crossed Helena's face.

"I see, you know, last year a young lady in town claimed the Baron had abducted her, beat her and had his way with her body. No one accepted the tale and assumed she had run around and got herself in a bad way. The entire town thought she was lying and shunned her."

4

"The story was buried recently, along with the young woman after she and her infant died in childbirth. I believed the girl and now, looking at your sweet Faye—I know it to be true. The girl that died was my daughter, and she bore the same marks."

10

A heavy silence descended on the room, punctuated only by the sound of the old woman's gentle snuffle. Sterling's eyes darted anxiously. He watched as the woman reached for the end of her apron to wipe away her tears. The soft fabric brushed against her wrinkled cheeks. He wanted to say something to comfort her, but the words stuck in his throat. Instead, he stood there, feeling helpless and lost in the moment's stillness.

After letting the old woman regain her composure, he nervously cleared his throat.

"Ahem... Shall we get this over with?"

Helena acknowledged the Duke with a curt nod.

She instructed, "Remember, keep her still."

Sterling's body towered over Faye, who was still unconscious, as he climbed on top of her, his muscles bulging under his skin. He pinned her arms down with his large, calloused hands and wrapped his thick, powerful legs around her spindly ones. Faye struggled beneath him, her breaths coming in short gasps as she tried to wriggle free.

2

Sterling's body heat radiated off him, enveloping Faye in an aura of warmth. She could feel the tension in his muscles as he held her down, his body a solid weight on top of hers.

Helena was extracting the nettle when Faye began shrieking and writhing in agony. Despite the attempts to kick her leg, Sterling had her firmly trapped.

**"STOP!!!!!!"**

2

Her high-pitched scream vibrated off the walls, causing a cloud of dust to shake loose from the rafters and float down to the floor. The force of her shout was palpable, almost like a physical pressure pushing against Sterling's chest. He was shocked at how resilient this frail girl was.

3

Faye, pinned beneath the Duke's massive frame, with no other alternative, bit into his shoulder. She heard him hiss as her teeth sank deep into his flesh, drawing blood and leaving a tang of salt and iron on her lips.

Sterling whispered gently into her ear.

"It's okay. Do whatever you need to ease the pain. I'll be sure to exact my pound of flesh from you later."

3

At his statement, the force of her bite increased, and he groaned.

It was not until Helena had completely pulled the nettle from her leg and placed an herbal poultice on the site that she let her teeth loose from his arm.

2

Faye's head fell back on the pillow as she gave a sigh of relief. She was now more coherent than earlier due to the adrenalin flowing through her. The tension eventually fled her body as she gazed up at Sterling, leaning over her and staring back at her in bewilderment.

The same man she hated, who was her family's enemy.

However, for one brief moment; she felt something profound pass between them. Faye spotted a familiar emotion sweep over his face that looked like concern, but it was soon replaced with his usually moody expression.

Still trapped beneath Sterling, Faye glared at him fiercely and fought to free herself, pushing at his chest, suddenly disgusted that he was touching her. She had not forgotten what she saw in the thicket and the dragon emblem etched into his breastplate.

Faye saw the Duke's glowing ruby eyes glare at her as he got up from the bed. Releasing her.

"Go back to sleep. You are not well yet and look awful. You should rest so you can get better."

Faye quipped, "Why? So you can bully and torment me some more?"

3

Sterling chuckled at her retort.

"No, it is so we can be on our way home, and when we return to Everton, I can have my way with you. I would like to move forward with my wedding duties in the bedroom and the king's command to produce our first heir."

Faye rolled away from Sterling's gaze. He heard her huff at him in irritation. She sneered at his words and growled her declaration through gritted teeth. Her fists clenched, the blanket surrounding her with fury.

"That day will never happen. I would throw myself from the Everton fortress battlement before I let you lay a finger on me."

4

Sterling replied to her empty threat of self demise.

"Such a fiery proclamation for a dainty butterfly whose wings are broken and can not fly."

She ignored his snide remark and knew better than to argue with this maniac. It was better to remain silent.

Inwardly, Faye couldn't help but think that Sterling may have been a knight in shining armor on the battlefield, but clearly, he had lost his chivalry off it. She was sure Sterling's brain was damaged by too many blows to the helmet with a mace from all his years in combat.

4

Maybe that was the reason he behaved like an ill-mannered idiot.

2

Sterling held a smug expression as he enjoyed the way she gave him the silent treatment.

He tried coaxing Faye to engage with him more. He was enjoying how she could keep up with his taunting. She was not as soft as he first thought. Despite being downtrodden, battered and bruised, this girl refused to give up.

"What, you have nothing more to say? Or are you plotting ways to kill me?"

Helena's eyes grew wide and her mouth fell open as she heard the insensitive way Sterling addressed his sick bride, and Faye's angry banter back at him. She gathered her belongings and quickly scampered from the bedchamber.

The widow wanted nothing to do with the newlyweds' spat.

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A/N: It's official! The novel is now contracted!!! Please vote with power stones, and golden tickets to support this work during the competition this month!!!

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The\_Sweet\_Sparrow