

The Dragon's Fated Bride Chapter 16 - THROUGH HER EYES - PART 2

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Sterling and Merrick stood looking at each other, their expressions unchanged. The Duke's gaze was fixed on Merrick's amused face, waiting for him to reveal what Lena's message to the king of Minbury contained.

"I am not sure you will like what I tell you. She has asked to be betrothed to you or if that is not an option to be a consort concubine. In other words, a second wife."

4

Sterling's features changed from amused to hilarious. He bent over and laughed out loud at the recent development.

"HAHAHAHAHA!!!!!"

"That Lady Lena is certainly a bold one. I can't believe she thought I would agree to such an appalling union. She knows that practice was abolished by the church and the empire long ago. After the competition for heirs to reach the throne became a game of death for the innocent children.

3

In addition, the Holy See would express considerable displeasure in overseeing such a ceremony if it were to be allowed. I am not willing to anger them. I need the church on our side."

Sterling huffed and ran his long fingers through his coal-black hair.

"It's absurd to think of me being wed to two women when I don't even know how to handle the one I am married to now. Thank the creator that the communique was intercepted. With the king recently making all these new decrees, I would not put it past him to approve it and order me to make a child with her, too. I can promise you, that would never happen for many reasons."

1

Merrick's belly quaked as he let out a comical chuckle.

"Is that why you are out here staring at the night sky? I know you too well, commander Thayer. The only time you do this is when something is plaguing your thoughts."

"Yes, it is," Sterling replied. He sighed and looked back up at the sky.
"Merrick, it's times like this that make me wish I could read the stars and get some answers."

Merrick curiously queried, "Is it about your new duchess? I meant to ask, is she doing any better? I'm hoping the widow woman's potion was beneficial."

1

Sterling deadpanned to his subordinates' question,

"Yes, the medicine did her some good. Merrick, did you know butterflies have pointy fangs and sharp claws? When Faye is enraged, the girl is like a tiny wounded fox baring its teeth...and make no mistake, she will bite. She has a surprisingly sharp wit."

5

Merrick observed attentively as Sterling slowly turned his crimson gaze towards the second-floor window of the bedchamber he shared with his wife. The gentle rays of the dawn sun were just peeking over the glade behind them, casting a warm and golden light on everything around the place. The window panes were reflecting a beautiful rainbow of vivid colors, creating a mesmerizing visual display. Sterling's troubled expression was evident on his face as he continued to stare at the window.

"My first impression of Faye was that she was timid and docile," he murmured, his voice barely audible over the soft rustling of leaves in the light morning breeze.

"However, after seeing the strength she exhibited tonight when the old woman removed the dragon's nettle, I realize she is anything other than weak. Any man in this troop would have been on their knees, begging for death and crying if they had a spire imbedded in their leg. You know that as well as I."

"Yet, do you know the only thing she did? It was to scream once and bite me on the shoulder till I bled. Not a single tear left her eye. What makes a frail person like her act that way?"

As Sterling vented his concerns, Merrick continued to listen to him.

"Then there is the other question of the strange power she can emit. I have a feeling she is not even aware of her ability."

Sterling frowned. "I just can't shake the feeling that I'm missing something about this girl." He paused, his eyes still fixated on the window. "I can only describe this sensation like a faint whisper on the edge of your hearing that you cannot quite make out."

Upon hearing about her abilities, Merrick arched his brow. "Was that the reason behind you telling everyone to stay away from her? And knocking my hand back in the carriage?"

As Sterling spoke, his vice commander listened intently. "It is," the Duke began, "I watched her closely while the osvol was attempting to attack her. Suddenly, when one demon tried to touch her, it was as if a powerful energy propelled the beast backward through the air and slammed it into a tree. The force was so great that it knocked the creature out."

Merrick hummed, "Hmm, is that so? What do you intend to do about it?"

"Nothing, I will observe her and see if she says anything or if I can pick up further clues."

Merrick shrugged his shoulders and sighed, then reached out and slapped Sterling on the back.

"Women are an enigma to begin with. Much less adding unusual abilities. I would say don't put too much worry into it. Be glad she is not a soft girl who is always whining and weeping over the smallest of things. If her ability is as great as you say, then her powers may come in handy if we can divine what they are."

"And, if I may speak candidly as your friend. Be kinder to your bride. Give her a chance, Sterling. She might surprise you and make you happier than you have ever been. I firmly believe once you two adjust to each other, she will make you a fine wife."

The Duke whipped his head to the side and gave his comrade an icy glare.
"Merrick."

"Yes, commander?"

"We have no time left for such idle chatter. Rally the men for breakfast and be on your way. You are burning daylight."

The vice commander knew this was Sterling's subtle way of saying he did not want to discuss the subject further.

The_Sweet_Sparrow

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