

The Dragon's Fated Bride Chapter 20 - ON A DREAMS EDGE - PART 1

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A hazy view of her surroundings greeted Faye as she awoke from slumber. The dazzling brightness of the sun was blinding. She rubbed the sleep from her sparkling blue eyes and glanced around, attempting to hone in on her environment.

Faye recognized it in an instant. She was home, and the meadow from her childhood memory was a sight to behold; its warmth and beauty were a welcome oasis.

2

Faye had been dozing underneath a tree, on her mother's favorite quilt. Her surroundings were now dotted with multicolored wildflowers that had recently bloomed.

The scent of the flowers drifted through the warm air, the pollen tickling her nose. Their fragrance attracted dozens of butterflies, bees, and hummingbirds that flitted around each other in a frenzied dance collecting the precious nectar.

After weeks of dreary, cloud-filled days and rainy weather, Vallek (Spring) had finally arrived, and it was a delight to bask in the sun's warm rays.

Faye heard herself let out a high-pitched giggle, and the sound bounced off the trees in the empty meadow. She couldn't believe how childlike, tiny, and cute her voice sounded.

As she gazed down at her hands, she was surprised to see that they were small and delicate, like those of a young girl.

1

She felt a wave of confusion wash over her. Faye did not know if this was a dream or her mind playing tricks. It all felt so real to her.

Sitting beside her on the blanket was her favorite toy bunny, the rag-doll stuffed animal her father had gifted her after returning from the Minbury Palace.

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It was so Faye would not feel lonely when he was away. She loved her father very much and missed him when he was sent off on campaigns.

2

The toy was soft and fluffy, and it emitted a faint scent of washed cotton. Faye closed her eyes and took a deep breath. She felt a sense of comfort settle over her, feeling safe and protected. As Faye ran her hands over the bunny's soft fabric. She had a sudden urge to hold it closer. The toy felt warm and familiar in her arms, and she couldn't help but smile.

"FAYE!!!, WHERE ARE YOU, SWEETHEART!" She heard the familiar voice of her mother calling out her name. "FAYE WINSHIP! ANSWER ME NOW!"

Her tiny voice responded to her mother's cries.

"I'M HERE MOMMY!"

She stood from the blanket and waved her scrawny arms wildly in the air at her mother, who was surveying the field of wildflowers for her daughter's whereabouts.

Grace ran up the hill where Faye was waiting under the cottonwood tree. Her mother's face glowed with a pleasant smile. In the distance, they could hear an axe splitting wood.

Her father had been busy replenishing the supplies that the home would need for next winter. He also attended to any repairs the place would require before he was sent on his next mission.

Faye knew it would not be long before a messenger would come from the royal guard with new orders for him to depart.

She never cried when her father left. He told her it made him sad when he saw her weep, so she always did her best not to let him see her cry. She understood at a young age that it was already difficult enough for him to

separate from her and her mother without using tears to make him feel guilty for leaving them.

4

If he were brave enough to ride off to battle monsters and not cry, then she would be strong enough to wait for his return without shedding tears.

Her mother lightly scolded Faye, drawing her back from her daydream.

"I searched for you everywhere. I thought you were lost. Don't wander too far from the house. Let's prepare dinner now. Your dad will be hungry soon. He worked hard for us today and has a big appetite."

While her mother folded the blanket and handed Faye her bunny, she asked, "Did you get the berries picked for the pie?"

"Yes, mommy," Faye replied meekly, barely above a whisper. She pointed to where she had been seated earlier. "They are in the basket."

Grace looked at the base of the cottonwood tree and saw a small wicker basket brimming with a variety of plump red and blue berries. Her mother grinned happily at the sight. She knew her husband would brag to Faye all night about how good she was at picking the ripest berries for his pie. Making their daughter giggle with joy.

With her hand in her mother's, Faye meandered along the winding path toward their home. The sky above was turning a deep shade of grey, and the air around them was chilly and brisk. As they walked, a gust of wind swept through the trees, causing Faye's long golden hair to whip around her face.

The distant sound of thunder rumbled, making her heart skip a beat. Suddenly, she felt tiny droplets of water lightly kiss her skin, and she knew a storm was approaching. The air was now filled with the smell of petrichor, and the ground was dampening beneath her feet. They needed to hurry back before the rain came pouring down and drenched them.

The sharp sound of her father's axe hacking into the wood suddenly ceased, leaving an eerie silence in its wake. As Faye and her mother approached the house, the weather took a turn for the worse; the winds picked up, and Faye's skin prickled with goosebumps as the cold air cut through the thin fabric of her dress.

She couldn't shake the feeling that something was amiss. As they rounded the corner of the house, the sight that greeted them was ominous.

The front of the house was shrouded in shadows, the only light coming from a flickering lantern hanging on the porch. She and her mother came to a sudden stop, their hearts pounding in their chests as they took in the strange and unsettling scene before them.

Her father stood strong, wielding his sword, its aura glowing bright blue, cutting through the storm's gloom. He was ready to fight the enormous knight riding a solid black destrier stallion. The horse was reared up, towering above him.

4

Faye heard her mother's horrific screams as the mounted knight drew his sword and swung it toward her father.

3

The bedroom was serene until Faye's ear-piercing screams ruptured the stillness.

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A/N: Thank you to all the readers and your Power Stone votes. I appreciate all you are doing to help make this novel successful! If you have the opportunity, please leave a review and let others know how much you are enjoying the book.

The_Sweet_Sparrow

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