

## **The Dragon's Fated Bride Chapter 21 - ON A DREAMS EDGE - PART 2**

### **Chapter 21: ON A DREAMS EDGE - PART 2**

The bedroom was serene until Faye's ear-piercing screams ruptured the stillness. Sterling's eyes were wide in alarm as he was jolted from his peaceful slumber.

He felt her tiny body shake uncontrollably, her eyes dilated and unseeing as she shrieked in fear. Faye's hands were clenched into tight fists, the nails digging so deep into the flesh of her palms that blood dripped from her hands. Her body jerked as if a force had struck her.

4

Sterling could hear Faye's breathing was laboured and coming in short ragged gasps, as if she had been fighting with something in her dreams.

He could feel fear emanating from her body in powerful, crushing waves.

Faye was in the throes of a terrible nightmare. The Duke believed she might be reliving the tortures that she had suffered at Wintershold by the hands of the Montgomerys.

1

He felt his heart clench tightly inside his chest as he gazed at her distressed face. He desperately tried to cradle her flailing body in his powerful arms to give her some measure of comfort. Seeing her this way felt like the air had been knocked from his lungs.

1

Then he observed as Faye's brows knitted together and she moaned like she was in severe discomfort. He had an overwhelming urge to console her. His stomach twisted and his throat tightened at the thought, but he felt powerless, as he did not know how to express such emotions.

This feeling being elicited deep inside him was a foreign and painful sensation he had long forgotten from his past. A feeling he never wanted to experience again.

He sat up in the bed, shaking Faye by the shoulders. There was a sense of desperation in his actions as he tried to wrench her from the night terrors' grip.

He urgently wanted to calm down his bride. Then Sterling remembered watching how town's people would comfort each other after a monster attack, and he emulated what they did and tried it on Faye.

2

He reached out and placed a hand on the back of her head, stroking her soft baby fine hair. Sterling's touch was gentle but firm, trying to calm Faye.

He cooed in her ear in an attempt to reassure her she was not in danger. The Duke's mouth went dry as he spoke, frightened he would say the wrong thing.

"Shhh... It's over. What ever is haunting your dreams is gone now. I have you and nothing will happen while I am around."

5

Faye finally relaxed and stopped fighting. He tilted his head downward and watched as she curled into the warmth of his embrace and nuzzled her soft cheek against the peck of his chest. He breathed a sigh of relief, watching her go limp.

2

The Duke knew he had to figure out how to take care of her. Even if he did not feel love for this woman in his arms, at least he could listen to the advice of the old woman and treat her with some compassion. Especially after observing her suffer through this nightmare. Seeing her this way was a trying experience to watch.

3

His hands trembled slightly, and a swell of warmth rose from deep within him. A tenderness grew in his heart for the woman who was now his wife. Sterling's mind was suddenly heavy with the burden of responsibility to act as a husband and be Faye's shield. He had not expected things to turn out this way.

2

He nestled her still sleeping body against his. Just as he had settled himself and Faye in the bed, a loud knock came from the bedroom door and the voices of his men frantically shouted from the other side.

"COMMANDER! Is everything okay?" He assumed they had heard Faye's shouts.

He replied in a gruff tone.

"It is, now go away! Before you wake my bride."

Then he heard feet swiftly shuffling away from the door. Sterling felt Faye wiggle slightly and heard her groggy mumble.

2

"It is too late for that. I am already awake."

He saw her eyes blink with a look of bewilderment as she scanned her surrounding. Faye kept moving and squirming as she lay over his body. The plump mounds of her breasts gently pressing against his chest.

3

Sterling felt a sudden urge as their naked bodies touched and slid over each other. His manhood stiffened beneath the blankets. He felt a sudden hellfire raging inside him as every inch of his skin tingled with her touch. Sterling let out a sigh and groaned. He muttered to Faye under his breath.

3

"If you don't stop wiggling, I will not be responsible for what comes next."

2

Faye's mind cleared in a flash at his unnerving warning, and she immediately started struggling against Sterling's hold, pushing at his chest with all her might.

Then a sudden realization hit her.

They were in the bed...

together...

naked...

Her face beamed a bright shade of crimson in shame for being in the bed unclothed with a man she did not know.

Her mind was still trying to catch up to everything that was happening. The tonic the old lady gave her still had the effect of making her mind sleepy, added to the nightmare and her current compromising situation. It was making Faye's head swim with confusion.

As she became more cognizant of her circumstances, Faye became furious with Sterling. Her heart raced, and the palms of her hands were sweaty. She could feel her skin flush as heat radiated from her cheeks. She looked away, embarrassed.

She was sure he had taken advantage of her while she slept. Faye jumped out of the bed, taking the blanket with her, leaving Sterling uncovered with all his glory hanging out in the open for her to see.

6

His fiery eyes gleamed and locked on to the sight of her stunned baby blues, taking in the view of his rock hard erect member. He glared at Faye like a wild beast about to pounce on its prey. Then he languidly asked with a sinful tone in his voice.

"Does the view meet your expectations?"

"What do you mean by that?" she said, narrowing her gaze and snapping at his question without hesitation. Then she realized what he was asking. Her face burned even brighter.

"It does not and you should cover yourself."

1

His devilish grin was mesmerizing, and Faye found herself unable to look away.

He drawled and shifted in the bed to face her.

"I can't. You have the blankets, my sweet butterfly."

3

Her dismayed gaze soon turned to a glare of disgust. As he watched, her vibrant red cheeks turned pale.

Faye was utterly devastated as the thought struck her that he might have taken her purity.

Her lips quivered as her saliva dried up in her mouth, and she attempted to find her voice. "D-di-did you...Did w-w-e—I; Ugh! DID YOU TOUCH ME!" Faye's scream echoed through the room as she shrieked at Sterling.

2

He scoffed at her furious outburst. "PFFT! Faye, we are married, and that's what men and women do in the bedroom. And so what if I did? The king has demanded we have a child. Or did you forget?"

She rapidly blinked her eyes in disbelief at his words. Faye could not believe he thought this was acceptable. Anxiety consumed her completely. She slid down the wall behind her, unable to breathe at the thought of what he may have done.

Sterling watched Faye curl her knees to her chest and wrap her arms around them, burying her face in shame.

For some reason, Sterling enjoyed the rise he got out of Faye from teasing her. Although not moments before, he swore he would treat her better. The Duke just could not help himself. He found it amusing to watch her squirm as she quarreled with him. He wanted to see how far he could push this girl before she would snap.

7

The Duke thought it would not take long before Faye reached the end of her rope and would cry cathartically before him. He was determined to see her shed tears, not just for the pleasure of it, but for Faye herself.

She needed to release all the pent-up fury and resentment she had been holding onto all these years. It was time for her to let go of all that anger

before it completely consumed her like an inferno and drove her to self-destruction.

He understood where Faye was coming from. His life had not been that easy, either. That is why Sterling had lived his entire existence on the battlefield. He let out his rage and anguish on the enemies and the monsters. Otherwise, he would have gone insane long ago and burned the world down around him until nothing was left but smoldering ash.

The Duke could see Faye had enough of his taunting. He rose from the mattress and retrieved his trousers and shirt, wearing them. He turned to Faye, and she lifted her Sapphire gaze to meet his.

"I did not tarnish your purity, remember—I have already explained, I am a chivalrous knight. The only thing I am guilty of is holding my wife as she sleeps. Also, I am sorry for making you believe such an awful thing. It was unkind of me. Helena has left you some clothes on the table and there is a fresh basin of water to clean yourself. Get ready and meet me downstairs."

1

She watched as he turned his back on her and retreated for the exit. Faye bit out angrily at Sterling.

"You should have told me the truth!"

He swung around and glared at her. "Why? I was having too much fun watching you assume the worst of me. Maybe you should not be so quick to judge that I am guilty from now on."

3

She watched in stunned silence as he hastily strode away from her. The only sound Faye heard was the soft thud of the bedroom door as he closed it behind him.

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The Duke leaned his back against the wall in the corridor and angrily tapped his head against it. He sighed in disappointment at himself. He had failed miserably at treating Faye with any kind of tenderness.

Instead, he scared her and made her more miserable than she already was, also now building a wall of mistrust. The very thing he had wanted to avoid.

He inwardly questioned himself. "Why am I so incapable of dealing with women?"

3

Sterling wished his friend and comrade Merrick were here. He really could use his sound advice right about now.

The\_Sweet\_Sparrow

Sterling is a very confused soul. Let's hope he takes the advice from everyone round him. Before he does something, he will regret and hurts Faye worse that she already has been.