

The Dragon's Fated Bride Chapter 29 - SOUL TAKER - PART 1

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Faye watched in horror as panic erupted. The clanging of swords and spears being snatched could be heard throughout the forge. Men hastily armed themselves, while others from the town rushed towards the edge of the woods. Five grey-slimy Girox, ominously, emerged from the forest, causing a commotion.

2

The shrill screams of women and children filled the air as they frantically fled toward the businesses for safety. The pungent smell of the monsters mingled with the stench of fear, making Faye's stomach churn. Even the open-air vendors abandoned their makeshift shops, scurrying towards cover in a desperate attempt to escape the impending danger.

Andre pivoted towards Faye, looking at the petite, defenseless girl. Inside he was itching to join in the fray and take on the Girox alongside the other men. Despite his confidence in his fighting skills, he knew he couldn't leave the Duchess's side. His duty was to protect her, and he couldn't risk her safety in pursuit of glory on the battlefield.

As his gaze lifted from Faye's figure, he detected a peculiar movement at the far end of the forge. Intrigued, he narrowed his focus and observed a sixth Girox slinking in the shadows. The sight of the creatures was not uncommon, but that they had congregated in such vast numbers was unsettling. They were normally solitary creatures. Andre sensed an unexplained danger lurking within the shadows of this town.

Faye felt a sense of security as the Paladin placed her at his back, shielding her from danger.

"Stay behind me Milady."

Her answer to the command was a stammered. "Y-y-yes."

As Andre's gaze remained steady, Faye, too, kept her eyes fixed in the same direction. Despite the sensory overload, she couldn't tear her eyes away from

the scene before her. The pounding of her heart grew louder, and she felt her chest tighten with each passing moment.

She shivered as a chilling breeze brushed against her face. This was what had been bothering her earlier. This was the premonition of danger that she had sensed when she watched Sterling ride away this morning.

The sounds of monsters shrieking and men fighting filled Faye's heart with dread. Then suddenly the hair at her nape stood on end. She glanced over her shoulder to find another Girox sneaking up behind her and Andre.

With an intense fury, she yanked at Andre's cape to alert him of the danger. The fabric of his cloak felt rough against her fingertips. As she turned towards her left, a re-pungent odor hit her nostrils, causing her to cover her nose with her hand.

A third demon was closing in on them at a terrifying rate, its sharp claws scraping against the rocky ground. The monsters were quickly converging on them, and she could feel her heart pounding in her chest as she braced herself for the impending attack.

4

"I can see them," Andre remarked sternly. "Follow my lead. Do as I say and stay behind me."

2

Faye could feel the tension in Andre's muscles as he lifted his sword and braced himself for the upcoming battle.

Faye was suddenly alerted by a loud shout that she heard from inside the forge. It was none other than the young boy himself. Who had engraved the endearment she wanted for Sterling's spurs.

"OYE! HERE YOU NASTY FEINDS!! LOOK HERE!"

He held a spear in his spindly hands as his entire body quivered nervously. The boy recklessly waved the weapon around, yelling at the top of his lungs. It was clear he did not know how to use the spear. But he was trying to distract the Girox to give Andre a chance to escape with Faye.

3

All three monsters fixed their attention on the boy, creeping in, surrounding him inside the enclosed workspace of the forge. Faye watched as the boy put on a brave face of determination and braced for the onslaught.

With the demons now disinterested in himself and the Duchess, Andre swiftly turned and lifted her, feeling her weight press against his muscular frame. He could feel the heat of her body as he threw her over his broad shoulder, her hair brushing against his cheek. Andre swiftly ran, his boots beating against the packed dirt roads. Dust rose through the air with every step.

2

The sound of his breathing was the only thing he could hear, as the chaos of the demon invasion drowned everything else out. He knew he had to find his horse and the commander if they had any chance of surviving.

Faye screeched, "NO! GO BACK!! THEY WILL KILL HIM!"

Andre pressed forward, ignoring her pleas. His heartbeat thudded heavily in his chest. His hands and feet tingled with nervousness. Andre was determined to protect Faye, no matter the cost. Nothing was more important than saving her life.

Looking toward the shop, Faye raised her head. She watched as the Girox attacked the boy, tearing at his flesh with their claws. He never screamed. As they turned the corner and the shop vanished from sight, she felt a sense of dismay at the sight of his lifeless body falling to the Girox.

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Faye's hands shook as she clutched to Andre's shoulder. Her heart felt like a sledgehammer had slammed it as she thought of the boy, a complete stranger, who had given his life for hers. She could never erase this memory from her head.

As they stepped into the bustling main square of the town, chaos engulfed them. Men frantically ran and shouted in all directions, their panicked voices echoing off the walls of the surrounding buildings.

The clanging of swords and the sickening sound of metal piercing flesh filled the air, sending shivers down Faye's spine. The stench of blood and sweat lingered heavily, while the screams of the monsters, their hideous roars, reverberated through the space, making her heart race.

A fearsome presence on a massive stallion emerged amidst the melee. The rider was clad in armor, his sword drawn, that glowed with a vibrant crimson aura.

Faye realized the warrior on horseback was Sterling.

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A/N: As we near the end of this WPC contest, I would just like to say a tremendous thank you to all the readers and fans. I appreciate all the power stone votes, golden tickets, comments, and reviews. Without your support, I could not have made it this far.

Thank you,

E.J.

AKA The_Sweet_Sparrow