

The Dragon's Fated Bride Chapter 31 - COME, GENTLE KNIGHT - PART 1

Chapter 31: COME, GENTLE KNIGHT - PART 1

Faye studied Sterling's expression as she gazed at him with doe-eyed curiosity. Her face fell from timid to serious, seeing the way his eyes ravenously consumed her.

He intimately stroked the soft flesh of her cheek with his gloved hand as he continued to take her mouth. Licking and sucking her tongue and lips. Exploring every inch of her soft, luscious mouth and savoring her taste.

He watched as she closed her eyes and surrendered herself to his passionate kiss. Giving and taking the same as he gave and took from her.

They briefly parted.

Panting for breath, Sterling observed a silver string of his saliva drip from her pouting bottom lip and slide down her chin. The sight of it was enticing. He took his velvety tongue and licked the viscous drop from her face. He eagerly took Faye's mouth for himself once more.

He was so out of breath from the second kiss; he leaned his forehead against hers, attempting to catch his wind.

It was unfathomable. No one had ever made him feel so alive, yet drained all at the same time. She had drawn the air from his lungs, only to feed it back to him. Sterling hungered for everything Faye offered.

He stood silently, embracing Faye amongst the tall whispering pines, pressing himself against her body, molding himself to her. The Hertesk winds blowing softly around them. It was icy and frigid, yet he felt as if Faye was scorching him everywhere her body touched his.

The young woman in his arms did not fight him, only obediently followed his lead. She was so pure and vulnerable in his eyes. He feared breaking her. And now felt bad for the way he had treated her upon their first meeting. He was wrong about this girl. She was not who he thought she was.

He delicately kissed the crown of her head.

"Faye Thayer, let's go back to the farmhouse dear, share the night and the bed with me."

6

Faye felt her face burn brightly with his request to share the bed and the night with him. Even though they were married and she already understood her duties. She bashfully bowed her head and turned her face from Sterling so he could not see her shame and embarrassment. She did not want him to think she was a lustful woman.

He took her chin and clasped it between his thumb and fingers, tilting it up to meet his gaze, making her see him. He wanted to see the beauty of her cheeks flushed with a rosy hue that she wore for him.

"It's alright, Faye. I am nervous too."

She suddenly felt at ease when she heard his remark. Sterling had a unique way of speaking when they were intimate. One that made her feel different. Faye could feel her heart racing, and a warmth spread through her chest as his words sunk in. She was awash in a tickling sensation running through her fingertips as she placed her hand on his smoothly-shaven cheek.

Staring back into his eyes, she noted they were no longer red, but black as midnight. They had turned dark and dangerous. He pressed his face into her tiny palm, then placed a kiss in its center.

His lips unexpectedly met with the roughness in her hand.

Faye took a sudden sharp intake of breath when his heated lips caressed her palms. They were scratched from the fall she had taken in the market during the skirmish with the demons. There was a deep crease across his forehead as he frowned at her.

She could feel his mood had shifted.

"Did that hurt?"

Faye pulled her hands from Sterlings and quickly hid them behind her back as if she was too shy to let him see them. She did not answer Sterling's question and remained tight-lipped.

"..."

Sterling held out his hand, palm up, giving her a warning glance, waiting for her to show him her hand. Then he demanded sternly.

"Faye! I want to see your hands. Give them to me this instant!"

She swiftly complied with his request so as not to anger him further, only to see his brows furrow deeper, and then his worried gaze met her eyes.

"What is this? Why are your hands so scared?" His voice became tense, and his eyes smoldered with what looked like hatred.

"Is this Aaron's doing?"

"No, i-it is mine. It happens when I get sick or have a fit because of the fire lung. I clutch my hands too tight and my nails dig into them and break the skin."

Sterling's eyes moved over her palms. He could see she had a very long history of injuring her hands. He felt a pang of agony in his chest at the thought of this happening to her over and over, with no way to prevent it.

5

Then a thought struck him.

"Faye, did anyone ever try to put gloves on you to stop this?"

She shook her head.

Then he questioned, "Where are the gloves I saw you with earlier?"

"I placed them in my purse. I accidentally soiled them in the forge. However, I have more. I bought seven pairs today."

The conversation halted abruptly as the sound of a horse galloping drew closer. Andre appeared over the next horizon. He was covered in dirt and sweat, rapidly advancing up the dirt road toward them. Faye felt relieved that Sterling's focus was no longer on her scared hands. She was also pleased to see that Andre had survived the battle.

1

Andre stopped and lept from his horse. He worriedly rushed over to check on the commander and Faye.

"Is everything ok? I figured you would have been to the farmhouse by now."

Sterling nodded in reassurance

"All is well." Sterling tilted his head towards Helios.

"That flea bag of a stallion was worn out by the time we breached the safety of the woods. He ran like the fires of Cressa were chasing us."

Andre chuckled at the horse as he nicked at Sterling.

"Looks like he is happy to be away from the chaos."

Faye mumbled under her breath, "How is the town? Do you know anything about the boy?"

Andre saw Faye was still upset from what had happened earlier. He found it sad that she had asked about the young man. When he went back to the forge, he found the men covering what was left of the boy's remains. The Girox had attacked him so badly that his body was unidentifiable.

3

Andre somberly shook his head at Faye. "He did not survive, but know his death was quick."

4

He could not bear the thought of Faye thinking the young boy had suffered.

Sterling tugged at Faye's arm, "It's time to leave."

The_Sweet_Sparrow

Sometimes reality is painful. The lose of life is never pleasant, be it a loved one or stranger.

