

## **The Dragon's Fated Bride Chapter 33 - RUSTLING SHEETS - PART 1**

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A/N: R-18 WARNING THIS CHAPTER CONTAINS MATERIAL

WHICH SOME READERS MAY FIND OFFENSIVE,

THE STORY HAS {GRAPHIC SEX SCENES}, NO RAPE

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READER DISCRETION IS HIGHLY ADVISED

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Helena brought the meal. Faye and Sterling ate while she prepared a bath for them in the next room. The tub was a round wood washtub lined with an oiled cloth. Helena heated water for their bath over the fireplace in the room.

Once their plates were empty and hunger-sated, Sterling began to strip off his armor, which he then leaned against the corner of the room. As Faye turned to face him, she couldn't help but notice the clinking of the metal pieces as they were removed.

Faye's face turned red as a beacon when she watched as Sterling peeled off his dirty, sweat-stained undershirt, revealing his chiselled bare chest beneath.

She turned and faced the other direction to give him privacy and listened as the buckle of his leather belt jangled while he shimmied out of his dirty trousers.

The scent of his musky sweat filled the air, and Faye couldn't help but feel a tinge of embarrassment as she peeked over her shoulder and captured the sight of her husband standing before her, clad only in his underwear.

Sterling remarked, "Will you join me for a hot bath? Standing there with your face hidden won't do any good. Once you strip and get in, the warm water will make you feel better and refreshed."

"Ah, Of Course. I-I w-would like that," Faye stuttered in nervousness, still hiding her shamefully reddened face from the Duke.

"Then hurry along and get undressed before the water turns cold. I will wait for you in the tub."

Faye listened to Sterling's footsteps fade and the soft thud of the door as he left to let her undress. Then she heard a faint sloshing sound in the next room as his body entered the tub.

Faye shed her new velvet dress and neatly folded it, laying it on the chair next to the bed.

Sterling's dark voice could be heard from the other room.

"FAYE! What is taking you so long?"

She gulped anxiously, hearing him call for her. Faye knew she should not be so scared and shy. Helena had told her everything she needed to know and reassured her that the act of making love and being naked with her husband was a natural thing to do.

Faye couldn't understand why her conscience bothered her. She felt flustered. After all, they were married, and this is what husbands and wives did.

Too insecure to show her nude body in front of Sterling, she picked up a quilted throw from the back of the chair and covered herself.

Slowly, she ambled to the door. Her hand shook as she reached for the handle and carefully pushed it open. When she entered, Sterling was relaxing with his back to her. The scent of jasmine oil filled the steamy room. She watched as tiny beads of water dripped from the ends of his freshly cut hair and ran down his taut back muscles.

He turned around in the tub, and his fiery blood-red eyes met hers. His lips held a flirtatious grin. Sterling's heated expression was one of eagerness. Faye felt like a rabbit caught in a trap. Nevertheless, she could feel a desire pool in her core as his salacious grin curled his lips upward, showing his pearly white teeth.

He was so gorgeous, with his slicked-back wet hair sitting there waiting for her to enter the tub. She moved closer, dropping the quilt away from her body.

Faye watched as Sterling licked his lips while he surveyed her. Then offered his hand to assist her into the bath.

"Stop frowning. Relax, I will not hurt you," he said in a bitter tone.

She schooled her expression and slowly lowered her sore and tired body into the soothing, heated water. Before she knew it, Sterling had her chin cupped in his hand. Her eyes were wide with surprise, looking startled. Faye watched as the color of his eyes shifted from vibrant red to a deep graphite color, making his serpent-like pupils vanish. She gazed at him in fascination as his intense gaze wandered over every detail of her face.

He let go of her chin, after he was satisfied her face had no injuries. His warm wet hands slid over Faye's shoulders and down her arms, while his eyes, which had turned obsidian, followed, noting nothing was amiss there either. He pulled her closer, the front of their naked bodies touching.

The Duke swept her blonde locks to one side of her nape, and his hands traveled down her bare back. Faye felt the peaks of her breasts tighten, and the dark pink areolas draw taut as Sterling's slick hands roamed over her radiantly flushed skin.

She closed her eyes, and his hands moved farther down her spine. Faye felt his massive hand grasp hold of the round, fleshy globe of her ass cheek and squeeze. She let out a small squeal. Everywhere his fingers skimmed left traces of fire trailing on her flesh.

Sterling growled harshly in her ear, "F\*uck, everything about you feels so good."

She felt his lips glide tenderly over her neck and shoulder, sucking, nipping, and licking as he eagerly worked his way to her breast. He groped her soft mound, rolling the rosy pink nub between his thumb and forefinger, eliciting a gasp from her pretty little mouth. Then he bit into the delicate swell of the flesh, and Faye's face winced as she screamed. Alarmed by the fact he had bitten her boob.

She whimpered in protest to Sterling's marking of her flesh.

"Oww!...St—Stop! It hurts."

Sterling shushed her. "Shhh...", He gently brushed her damp platinum tresses back from her face and stared deep into her baby blue eyes. His face was so close she could feel the heat from his breath. He was panting as he spoke.

"The others will hear. Sorry, butterfly, your skin tastes so salty and sweet."

He flashed her a sinfully dazzling smile as he purred.

"...I could not resist."

The\_Sweet\_Sparrow

Thank you to all my readers for the votes, comments, and reviews. I appreciate all you are doing in helping to make this novel a success.