

The Dragon's Fated Bride Chapter 34 - RUSTLING SHEETS - PART 2

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R-18 WARNING THIS CHAPTER CONTAINS MATERIAL WHICH SOME READERS MAY FIND OFFENSIVE, THE STORY HAS {GRAPHIC SEX SCENES}, NO RAPE READER DISCRETION IS HIGHLY ADVISED

Something coiled tight in the pit of Faye's stomach, seeing the way the Duke offered her his sultry grin. The junction between her thighs tingled, and her body quivered in excitement. Sterling had barely touched her, but every nerve in her body was electrified.

"You are too beautiful, Faye Thayer, and the sight of you this way is driving me mad. Come here—give me your hand."

She hesitantly obeyed his request and timidly gave him her hand. He placed it between his legs on his erect member and watched as her eyes grew wide in disbelief. She tried to pull away from his steadfast grip, only for him to forcefully restrain her wrist, keeping it in place.

He ordered in a raspy voice, "Wrap your hand around it."

He felt his manhood engorge and grow stiff as a steel shaft with the delft touch of her fingertips as they encircled his scorching hot cock.

Sterling hissed through clenched teeth as he threw his head back and groaned. He then brought his head back up and stared straight at Faye.

"Do you feel it? ...That is what you do to me when I look in your crystal blue gaze."

Faye gulped and trembled, feeling his size under her palm as he continued to expand. He was beyond well-endowed, and she was suddenly alarmed at the girth of his immense cock and how it would fit inside her.

He wrapped his arms around her tiny, quivering frame and drew her close to his svelte, lean, muscular body. She could feel the power his presence exuded. It was unmistakable that he was always in command and wielded faultless control.

He uttered in a low tone, "Stroke it gently."

Faye's hand was trapped between their bodies, still circled around his pulsing member. She languidly moved her hand up and down the veiny rigid shaft. Mercilessly taunting him. Sterling was breathtaking with his dark, hooded eyes, angular facial features, and wet, glossy black hair. Every inch of his skin was flawless. Not a single scar in sight. It was difficult to fathom he was such a fearsome knight with no visible injuries.

As Faye's sapphire eyes roamed over his entire body, Sterling watched intently. Her hand held his manhood firmly, its slow and mindless caresses pushing him to the brink. He wasn't sure if he could resist the urge to take her. It was clear that she was distracted and lost in thought. So, he leaned in close to her ear and whispered in a hoarse voice.

"Do your eyes find me pleasing?"

She rapidly blinked at his question, drawing Faye back from her errant thoughts. She hummed in response.

"Hmm... Oh—sorry...I...I was...lost."

He repeated his question. This time, his steely eye gaze bore through her.

"I asked if you find me pleasing?"

"Yes, very much," she replied in a hushed tone.

Sterling suddenly wore a severe expression as he stopped her hand and pulled it away. A frown crept up on her face. Faye suddenly felt self-conscience and off balance by his reaction.

"Did I do something wrong?"

Sterling shook his head as he chuckled at the concern in her voice.

"No, quite the opposite, butterfly. If you don't stop, I am going to finish before we can even start."

Faye's cheeks glowed a beautiful shade of bright pink as she blushed at what he said. She did not know she could make him feel that way.

"OH! I see."

"It's alright," Sterling's fingertips brushed over the creased furrow in her brow.

"I would prefer to take it slow for now. It is your first time and I don't want it to hurt. I wish for this to be a desirable experience for you. Let me wash you."

Faye knelt in the tub between Sterling's legs. With a good lather on the washcloth, he gently began to bathe her. Starting at her nape, he tediously worked his way down her shoulders and then to her arms. He scrubbed her chest at the swells of her breast.

His eye caught the red blotch on her skin, where he marked her with his teeth. Seeing this made him grin internally. Next, the Duke paid special attention to the undersides of her breasts and avoided touching her areolas or nipples entirely.

Faye could feel her entire body humming as he teased her. She could feel the surrounding air charged with an element of excitement.

Sterling dropped the cloth in the tub. He couldn't resist any longer and used his hands to knead and massage Faye's breasts. Sterling rubbed his fingers over Faye's petite pert peaks and watched them harden with his feather touch. He enjoyed how her body reacted to his gentle caressing.

Sterling scooped up the bath water in his enormous hands and poured it over her tiny body, noticing goosebumps rise as the water washed away the suds stuck to her skin.

"Turn around, sweet girl. Let me wash your back."

She hesitated to turn around.

"If you are worried about what I will see. It is too late," He explained. "I already know. When you were sick, I was the one who cared for you. I undressed and washed your body. I witnessed everything."

Faye watched as Sterling's eyes narrowed in on her and went from fiery to arctic. His expression hardened into a beautiful but dangerous mask.

"...Faye, it is nothing less than miraculous you survived what has happened to your body. I am sorry you have experienced such atrocities." His fingertips were infinitely gentle as he traced the lines and marks on her back. "But—I promise I will never touch you that way."

Faye hunched her shoulders and bowed her head. She felt shame knowing Sterling saw her in such a pathetic condition and that he pitied her for it. She wanted to show the world she was tough, just as her father had taught her to be when she was young.

Seeing Faye like this raised the ire in Sterling's gut at what Aaron and the rest of the Montgomery clan had subjected her to. He could not wait for Carter to execute his plan and bring down the Wintershold house.

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The_Sweet_Sparrow

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