

## **The Dragon's Fated Bride Chapter 35 - RUSTLING SHEETS - PART 3**

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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.

Faye tried to push Sterling away. He yanked her tiny body back into his lap, refusing to release her.

She fussed furiously, pushing at his chest. "I—I don't need your pity...Sterling Thayer."

A menacing glare emanated from her as she scowled at him. Using his hand, he covered her furious gaze, gently. Then turned his bride to lean back against his brawny chest.

He breathed in a deep, relaxing inhale, and the heart in his chest steadily drummed. Sterling was attempting to calm Faye's fury. He licked the shell of her ear and whispered in a deep, masculine timbre,

"Sweet butterfly..." He released a heavy sigh. "It is not pity I have for you. Rather, I am awe inspired. You do not cry like a weakling woman or back away from the jaws of the tiger. Instead, you take up the challenge and meet them head on... with your own spear of destiny."

"I would never pity someone for that."

He finally let her go once she relaxed. Faye turned to watch as his icy gaze melted into affection. "You have nothing to be ashamed of, Faye—Do you understand?"

Sterling's trembling hands reached up and cupped her face. His thumbs brushed her sweaty red cheeks.

"I dislike seeing you look this way."

She wiggled again to break free. His words and actions were driving daggers into her already broken soul. She did not want him to know the truths of her past, as they were too horrible for even her to bear. Yet—here he was, whispering sweetly into her ear and praising her for her bravery.

Before she could move away and try to hide, the Duke caught her hips and tugged Faye back against his chest, softly speaking into the crown of her hair. "Let's get lost in each other and forget about all of this."

"I don't know..." Her voice trailed off. Sterling could tell she was twisted up inside about what to do.

The Duke's deep, brooding voice gently called her name. "Faye...We will learn together. I am also new to this and to be honest. I have never been with a woman before."

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As Faye took a deep breath, she allowed what he said to sink in. Like her, he was a virgin.

When she let her inhibitions go, Faye relaxed back into Sterling's sturdy frame. She immediately felt something harden behind her, lined up with the seam of her ass. While Sterling rubbed his throbbing cock against her backside, she heard him emit a low, guttural groan.

"It is your turn to wash me."

The Duke dipped his hand below the water and gave her a washrag. She took it and used a bar of jasmine and lavender-scented soap. The floral smell made her remember the meadow of her old home and relaxed her mind. The aroma was intoxicating.

She gingerly brought the washcloth to Sterling's chest, gliding it delicately over his perfectly bronze skin. The cloth moved down his collarbones to the well-defined pecks of his chest. He moaned when she paid special attention to the flattened discs of his nipples.

Her hand in the cloth traveled down his mid-torso, scrubbing in sweet, teasing circular motions as she straddled his lap. His manhood was erect, trapped

between their bellies. Her deliciously inviting flesh, sent shivers through him as he felt something inside him tense. She was stoking a fire he was soon going to put out with her body.

The bath water had grown cold as Faye finished rinsing the last of the soap from Sterling's inky black locks. He wrapped his arms around her waist and drew the firm peak of her nipple into his mouth, lashing at it with his heated tongue, making Faye squirm and mew at the sensual sensation.

NGH! ...Ah! Haa! Haa!

He stared up, getting lost in the gaze of her azure eyes. He murmured. Seductively.

"Let's go to the bed."

In a swift motion, he was already on his feet with her cradled in his sculpted arms. The Duke grabbed the bath sheet and dried the water from their bodies. Tossing the wet towel into the corner of the bathroom as they exited.

Sterling's mouth curved into a salacious smile as he set his lovely wife in the center of the mattress, his hand brushing away a piece of wet hair that had stuck to her cheek. He had been waiting for this since he had been ordered to take a bride by the King. This was part of the reward for doing his duty.

However, now he understood it meant so much more. This young woman before him stirred things deep inside his soul that he never knew existed. His cock pulsed when she sensuously returned his smile. Sterling reached between his thighs and stroked his manhood, slicking the crown with pre-cum. He ached to be between her legs, but he knew she had to be prepared, or he would hurt her.

He ordered in a deep, ragged voice. "Spread your legs." Faye lay back and obeyed, turning her head and biting her lip as her entire body flushed at his demand. Sterling stroked his tongue over his bottom lip at the sight of her tiny pink slit. He could see she was already wet. Sterling brought his body over the top of hers.

Their skin touching and flesh scorching like fire. He bowed his head and sucked on her breast as he roughly groped the other, pinching and fondling the pert nub. Faye squirmed beneath him and moaned. His hand glided down her torso to her waist and around to her ass as he cupped her cheek and

urged her soaking wet pussy against his veiny rigid dick. The pressure inside him was intense, and he felt as if he might explode at any moment.

He parted her sex with the length of his steely member. Spreading her wide so he could masturbate against the tiny pearl of her clit. He wanted to see the fire ignite in her sparkling blue eyes as he used his cock to push Faye to the edge of her limits and see her fall apart in his arms.

His hands went to her hips, clutching her tight, and he gave the first thrust over Faye's warm wet c\*nt it felt so good as their plush velvety flesh glided over each other. She writhed beneath him as he rolled his hips into her, over and over again.

He stroked the delicate strands of hair away from her face as their gazes met. His expression was strained, and his voice hoarse. "I can't resist the urge to take you," he said, his eyes darkened with desire.

The\_Sweet\_Sparrow

Thank you all for voting and reading.