

The Dragon's Fated Bride Chapter 38 - AN UNTOLD STORY - PART 1

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When Faye awoke the next morning, she looked around the room, taking in the soft morning light that peeked through the sheer curtains. She could hear the melodious sound of songbirds chirping outside the window.

Then she realized she was covered in sweat, but it wasn't hers. She could feel the radiant heat of Sterling's naked body pressing against her own and the steady rhythm of his breathing. Faye moved in his powerful arms to check on her husband. She was anxious he might be sick with a fever.

To her relief, Faye found he was still deep in slumber. His face was serene and placid. The color of his skin was normal. A look of satisfaction seemed to be written on his lips.

As she wiggled to get comfortable, Faye heard him slightly mumble something incoherent and drew her closer into his stifling embrace. She reached up and placed her hand on his cheek.

It was time for them to wake up and get ready for their long journey to Everton. When her hand settled on his skin, she could feel the prickles of his stubble scrape her delicate fingers as he unconsciously nuzzled his face into her palm.

Faye stilled herself and watched, captivated, as Sterling's eyelids flitted and slowly opened. He had a boyish smirk on his face as his fiery crimson-colored eyes gazed into her worried expression. She studied his eyes and thought it odd how his pupils were slits like a serpent and not round like everyone else's.

Although to her, it did not matter what he looked like after last night, any fear or animosity she had for Sterling had disappeared. He had managed to worm his way into her closed stoney heart, and Faye believed she had done the same to him.

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Sterling was the first person she felt she might actually start to trust after all this time.

As they lay there silently watching one another, In an intimate gesture, Sterling's fingers tenderly brushed over the sash of her brows. "How do you feel?" He question seriously, as he smoothed away the crease from her troubled forehead. She felt her skin tingle where the tips of his fingers had traced.

As she gazed into her husband's affectionate eyes, Faye felt her heart flutter. His touch filled her with warmth, sending a buzz through her core. Faye felt her body relax and her worries melt away in his presence. There was a deep sense of comfort and security, knowing that he was there for her. The tenderness he showed for her yesterday and last night made her feel cherished and loved.

"Sore, ...I hurt—down...you know; between my legs."

Sterling chuckled, "Ah! I see. I am sorry, I tried to be gentle." he tilted his head down and placed a kiss on the tip of her nose. "It won't hurt anymore after last night. From now on, it will be enjoyable. I promise."

Faye shook her head, afraid she had offended Sterling, or he thought she was not happy with him last night. "No, no...you have it wrong. I enjoyed it very much. I...I..." her voice trailed off.

The Duke could see she was worried about what to say. He encouraged Faye to speak her mind. "Go on, take your time and finish what you want to tell me. I am listening."

His fingers played with her golden tresses. He coiled the thin strands around his finger, waiting on her answer.

A deep exhale fled her nose. "It was because...of my virginity. That's all. That is the only reason I hurt. Everything else...well, I liked it and it was beautiful."

Sterling smiled, "I see," then lovingly placed another kiss on her forehead.

Their conversation was interrupted by a loud thumping noise that could be heard coming up the stairs. Sterling recognized the sound as Andre, who was coming to inform him they were ready to leave. As if on cue, there was a loud knock on the door of the bedchamber.

Sterling called, "Enter." then swiftly covered himself and Faye, placing her body behind his so no one could see her without her clothing.

The door creaked open, and to his surprise, it was Helena. She was carrying a basin with two cloths draped over the side, and a pitcher of warm water. Sterling could see the steam rising from its center.

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Helena politely greeted the Duke and Faye. "Good morning, breakfast is ready in the kitchen, Milord and Duchess. I have prepared your clothes in the next room."

The old widow woman left the basin and rushed away quickly, allowing them privacy to get ready.

Sterling sat up from the bed, still naked, and poured the warm water into the basin, soaking a cloth and then wringing the water from it. "Come here, Faye. Let me wash you."

Sterling took his time as he sponged Faye's body clean, paying special attention to the delicate place between her thighs. He watched as Faye turned timid and blushed. Once he was done, Faye bashfully washed him, and they helped each other dress.

Sterling examined his armor, impressed, after Faye tightened the last leather strap on his chest plate. "Thank you, Duchess. You have done a fine job." He kissed her cheek, and she watched him disappear from the room.

As Faye took a last glance around the bedroom they had shared, she turned to leave and reached for the door handle. When she looked down to grasp it, she noticed the glint of the bracelet that Sterling had given her.

That's when she remembered her mother's locket, and the dress Alice had given her. She needed to retrieve them before they left. Faye assumed Helena had cleaned it and they were waiting for her downstairs. She would ask for them once they finished breakfast.

The men's boisterous laughter bounced around the kitchen when Faye entered from the hall. When they noticed her enter, they immediately fell silent and stood to face her, including the Duke. All the men bowed and then quietly took their seats, except Sterling, who held out his hand for her to take. He

wanted her to eat beside him. She obliged his wish, took her place next to her husband, and the meal began.

The conversation started again. All except the men spoke in a softer tone, although the discussion was still a jovial one. Faye sat at the breakfast table, now fully engrossed in the chatter between them.

She heard the tales of their conquests on the battlefield and in the forests against the monsters and demons. As she nibbled on her toast with apple jam and sipped her hot tea, she quietly took in the sights and sounds of the room.

The aroma of freshly baked bread filled her nostrils, while the clinking of cups and murmurs filled her ears. Faye felt the warmth of the morning sun on her skin as it streamed through the window that looked out onto the back pasture. She noticed Helios through the dirty panes, eating the grass next to the dilapidated barn.

Out of the corner of her eye, she noticed Andre leaning in towards Sterling, their heads almost touching. Faye also leaned in, focusing intently on their exchange, eager to catch every word.

"The stones have all been collected. What do you want to do with them? They are packaged in the carriage."

Sterling took a bite of the sausage on the end of his fork and washed it down with a big swig of the cider he was drinking. He gave Andre a severe stare as he addressed him.

"We will have the mage tower take possession. I need the money once we harvest the wheat. It will be our earnest payment to the millers guild when I purchase our contracts."

"After we arrive at Everton, I will send a messenger to fetch them. I cannot derail this trip any further. We must catch up to the troop and make sure they are ok. I have concerns, especially after the events of yesterday."

A crease formed on the Duke's forehead as he frowned when he thought back to the demon invasion at Easthaven.

"I have never seen so many Girox communing in place. It is very concerning and I need to consult with the magus once we arrive and see if he has sensed any kind of shift in the arcana. There is something odd with all of this."

Faye could see there was a lot on Sterling's mind, and she knew not to be a bother. She finished her meal, and once Sterling completed his. He gave her a quick peck on her cheek.

"The carriage is almost ready. Make sure you say your goodbyes quickly."

Then she watched as he departed with the other men.

A/N: Thank you to all the readers who have supported me this month. The contest will officially end tomorrow. I can't thank each and every one of you for reading and voting. As a new author, It means a lot.

The_Sweet_Sparrow