

The Dragon's Fated Bride Chapter 6 - FAREWELL TO WINTERSHOLD - PART 2

Chapter 6: FAREWELL TO WINTERSHOLD - PART 2

When Faye settled into the seat across from Sterling, the plush cushions molded to her body, providing her with much-needed comfort. It was a relief to be off the carriage floor.

Now that she sat at eye level with her betrothed, all she could do was stare at the stunning man in front of her.

His aura exuded a powerfully intense masculinity.

Even though she was still infuriated with his brutal and ruthless treatment of her, she had to admit her new husband was strikingly handsome.

9

Except for his savage serpent-like ruby-hued eyes. Everything else about him appealed to her.

His features were strong and powerful, with a flawlessly smooth complexion accentuated by a cascade of thick ebony hair.

Sterling's perfectly sculpted features were enough to bring a painter to tears. He had full, well-defined lips, a firm square jaw, and blade-like aquiline nose. Faye noticed the warm tone of his tanned skin that glowed golden bronze. Her assumption was that it was an inherited trait.

Most people in this part of the world had pale skin because of the lack of sunlight. In Wintershold, it was rare for the sun to shine. Most days were cloud-covered and dreary. Thinking about this, she wondered if the northern territory would be the same. Since her life had been so sheltered, she knew little of the landscape outside the walls of Wintershold.

2

Faye was still curious about Sterling's body. Though she tried to get a better look, the thick, fur-lined cloak Sterling wore blocked her view. Although, Back

at Wintershold when she first laid eyes on him, Faye guessed he had a rugged, strapping build beneath his black oiled mantle.

While her eyes continued to scan the slumbering man across from her, an odd sudden wave of emotion washed over her. It was the feeling of Déjà vu as if Faye had met this man somewhere else. She tried to remember if he had ever visited Wintershold in the past, but nothing came to mind.

There was a mysterious energy she could sense between them. Faye hoped it meant destiny was saying this union would succeed. She understood it would require time to become acquainted with each other. Faye was filled with hope and optimism. If she could just muster up the courage to talk to Sterling and break through his intimidating persona, then maybe they could have an amicable relationship.

3

Faye was so mentally exhausted she could no longer think. She told herself to close her eyes for just a moment to catch a nap. Then maybe, when she woke, she could figure out this feeling of a past connection between herself and Sterling.

Faye drifted off into a deep sleep.

1

...The room was dark. There was an eerie silence. Faye could tell she was back at Wintershold in her mother's room. There was a sense of confusion. Why had she returned to this place? A raspy voice called to her, interrupting her quiet reflection.

"Faye...Faye—where are you? It's hard to see."

It was her mother's voice. The sound of it sent a chill through her body. Faye knew her mother was dead. It was an awful trick her mind was playing on her. She turned to face the direction of where the voice was speaking. Faye recognized it was the same bed and quilt that her mother was on the day she died. She looked closer, and her mother's emaciated, pale body lay before her, struggling with each breath she took.

2

Faye listened to her mother's hoarse voice whisper a repeated mantra, "Beseech the Draco, the one who resides on the grassy plain. He is your destiny. I promised him a life for a life."

Faye knelt beside her frail mother, tears wetting her cheeks as she picked up her dying mother's withered hand, asking for clarity.

"Momma, I don't understand. Why do you keep saying this?"

Her mother repeated the words once more as if she did not hear Faye's question.

"Beseech the Draco, the one who resides on the grassy plain. He is your destiny. I promised him a life for a life."

"..."

A thunderous noise and shaking wrenched Faye from the nightmarish dream.

She felt disoriented, her mind foggy as she distinguished the knights' voices shouting orders and the clatter of men dismounting their stallions. Her sleepy eyes shot open at the horrible ear-splitting screech coming from outside the carriage. She heard the distinct sound of metal striking metal as the carriage swayed dangerously from the force of the battle.

Once again, Faye found herself on the floor of the coach, her pulse racing. As she looked on, Sterling threw open the carriage door and jumped to the ground with ease. His abrupt turn was accompanied by a harsh command that reverberated through her entire body.

"It's not safe! Stay inside this coach!"

2

The sudden noise of the door slamming made her jump as she watched him leave. As he swiftly strode away, his figure gradually faded into the distance. Faye sat alone in the carriage, her heart racing and her palms slick with sweat.

While she waited, Faye noticed a heavy, oppressive quiet that settled over the surrounding area. She leaned forward in her seat, craning her neck to peek outside the tiny carriage portal. There was nothing but forest and thickets as far as her eyes could see.

When she looked away from the window, a blur of red caught her attention and made her turn back. It was a horde of Osvol's demons. From what she could see, there were at least four of them. As Faye quietly slunk back in the seat, she heard the blast of a horn.

1

"BWOOOO!"

The clatter of armor grew louder as the knights approached the carriage, shouting to one another. Faye's apprehension mounted as they drew closer, wondering if the men were walking into an ambush. She frantically pulled open the coach door, ready to leap out and give them a warning.

A/N: Thank you to all the readers and your Power Stone votes. I appreciate all you are doing to help make this novel successful! If you have the opportunity, please leave a review and let others know how much you are enjoying the book.

The_Sweet_Sparrow

Creation is hard, cheer me up! Please leave Power Stone votes. Let's make TDFB the #1 novel in July's WPC contest!!!

Thank you