

Book 2 Dragon King's Forbidden Love Chapter 106 - Tips

LARA

I came out to the people, wearing a simple white dress with a few golden ornaments that Fabian insisted on. I wasn't a big fan of the jewels but he and one of the priestesses insisted that those belong to the previous seraphim. Meaning that I actually had some priceless relics on me. So much for no pressure...

I was standing at the main entrance to the Citadel of Light, on top of the stairs that led to the main hall where the most important ceremonies were held. The white square in front of me was filled with people. If anything, I've never seen so many gathered here before. Not even for the solstice celebrations and these were always the biggest. But the scariest thing was that I knew that they all were here for me. I was their miracle and I was their last hope. Things were wrong at the White Archipelago for a while now and everyone was tired of it. Now they hoped that I would give them answers to all their troubles. And, in return, I really hoped that I had just what they needed.

"People of the White Archipelago! Thank you for coming here today," I greeted them and heard happy cheers in response to my words. I swallowed the lump in my throat and continued, "Like you, all already know, the ones that we trusted the most betrayed this trust and turned out to be not what we thought they were. Our protectors, the guardians we relied on, ruined the fragile balance of the Citadel of Light, and because of their wrongdoings, the citadel was losing the power of light for years. They tainted our goddess's gift and became tainted themselves. Right now, they are conspiring with our enemy and betray everything we believe in. The light inside of them is dying, if not already dead, but they're still planning to come back here and rule, continuing to destroy the Citadel of Light and our true essence! Brighta, the Goddess of Light sent me here for a reason. But even this gift was not appreciated by the former leaders. They schemed and they lied, and they made plans for something that did not belong to them. They kept me away from the citadel, where I was needed the most, and tried to use me to gain more power. But most importantly they were breaking the most sacred and simple rules that the goddess of light bestowed upon us –hurting innocent people, dividing us, and sowing hatred in our hearts! This is not what we should be! And of course, some responsibility for it is on us! Now it is our duty to restore the balance and to bring the White Archipelago to its former glory. We should not sit here and

wait for them to attack us. Instead, we should go where they're hiding now and undo their wrongdoings before it's too late for us all!"

The whole square became quiet. I knew that this would be the hardest part. Of course, it would be hard to find volunteers for a war that technically wasn't even ours. But I needed them to see the bigger picture desperately. And at the moment I was the only one who could do the impossible.

"But Lady of Seraphim," some girl asked me, her voice hesitant but firm, "What can we do against the trained Warriors of Light? In the end of the day, they will always have something that we don't – their wings and the multiplied power that they give. While we have nothing of the sort!"

"They're not the real Warriors of Light," I announced it as loudly as I could and a wave of gasps erupted through the crowds, "After I found out the truth about what was happening here on the islands, I started to investigate further. It turned out that the goddess was not blessing any Warriors of Light at least for the last decade or two. The people who we were considering to be our protectors were simply lying to us using our trust and faith, and exhausting our last resources! Their wings were not given to them by the goddess. They took them from the last artifact she left us by force and against her wishes."

"That's not true!" an old lady shouted, "My son is a Warrior of Light! He went through the trials, he earned his place, and got the blessing of the goddess! Are you even a real seraph?! How can you say things like this?! How can you blame noble men?!"

The crowd started buzzing and I knew that it was my time to prove to them once and for all who I really was. I straighten my back, lifted my head up, and spread all six of my wings wide, illuminating the whole square with the light coming out from them. I knew that they could sense my power now, I was radiating it. It was growing within me, getting bigger and bigger every day.

However, I still saw some puzzled faces. That was when Fabian stepped in front of me, getting out his sword from the hilt, kneeling, and placing it in front of him.

"What the Lady of Seraphim says is the truth," he spoke loudly and calmly, looking at no one in particular, "The Goddess hasn't been blessing us for the past fifty years! The warriors of Light had been chosen by the power families and the wings were created using a different kind of magic. Lord Artes and his son were the ones doing it for the past two decades. Everything was approved

by my father, Keatar Marvis. You sons, brothers, and husbands, if they are among the tainted, have been lying to you for years. Everyone who is a current Warrior of Light had borrowed the essence from the artifact thus making the protection of the Citadel of Light and the whole White Archipelago weaker! I am ashamed to admit, but in most cases, we knew already who will be chosen even before they were starting their first training. Powerful clan members mostly, with a little percentage of commoners who were ready to do anything to get the position. This is how it worked for years. I am sorry to disappoint you. But this is the truth.”

Fabian remained on the ground and no one dared to speak. The silence was heavy as people were trying to comprehend what they just became aware of.

“But why?” Someone asked weakly but we all heard that.

“Because the leaders were not ready to share control. Because the Goddess was not responding to their prayers, and she was not blessing the ones who kept our land in such a state. That’s why when the dragons arrived last time, there was no pillar of light that could protect us from anything. It just doesn’t exist anymore...”

I noticed men clenching their fists and was afraid that they would start a fight. Emotions were high.

“Raise!” I told to Fabian and gave him my hand, hoping that my protection will be enough for people not to seek vengeance, “It is our duty to stop those using the Light for wrong purposes! This ruins the balance and the Citadel, destroying everything we love and believe in. The ones who did this will come here soon and they will bring red dragons with them!”

Silence again. I thought I could hear a needle falling to the ground in that eery quietness. I probably knew how they felt. Scared, frustrated, lost... the world that they knew turned out to be a fake. I was familiar with the feeling.

I also knew what they needed. Something that once upon a time Demir gave me – hope.

I stepped forward and looked at one of the priestesses who were helping me today. They all turned out to be very excited about the changes that I wanted to introduce at the islands. Not to mention that they sensed my power without any explanations and that was simply convenient.

Just when we were about to reveal what we had prepared for them, someone shouted.

“But it doesn’t change anything! They’re still powerful and we’re still not!”

“Yes!” Another voice supported the previous one, “we don’t have anything against them! Fake or not but they have the wings and the strength.”

“They are weaker than you think,” I smiled to that, “and they’re desperate now. The only power that they have got at the moment is the one they received from drinking my blood forcefully.”

The crowd gasped again, and I even saw an older woman fainting. I think she was one of those whose son was among the tainted.

“But since that is the case,” I continued, “I have some good news for you too. The goddess was waiting for a long time to bless us. We just lost our path and that’s why it was not happening. Our people were fighting for the wrong things and the whole nation paid for the sins of the politicians. The time has come to fix that and this is why I was sent here. To help you do it.”

“D-do we have to drink your blood too?” a guy I went to school with asked hesitantly, loads of doubts on his face.

“Of course not,” I let out a little laugh, “Those are the ways of the tainted. There is another way to get the light and to become Brighta’s warriors. And that is if I share it willingly. And if you accept it to your heart and swear to fight for what’s right and not to use the light gifted by the creature of the goddess for wrong purposes. If you are not ready to give this promise to the goddess today, you will not be able to receive her gift at its fullest.”

Gasps erupted again around the square, much louder this time. And I finally turned to the priestess and took the veil off the most important thing of tonight. An opened golden box with a velvet cushion on which lay the last artifact that remained from the Brighta herself. The crystal that was protecting the Citadel of Light and the only thing in the world that could give the people of the angelic bloodline their wings.

I took the crystal into my hands and some of the people even screamed, they probably already recognized our most precious relic that even priests couldn’t take out of the sacred hall inside of the Citadel. But that was required for my plan, which I really hoped would work.

While Demir was unconscious, I asked Fabian and the princesses that were helping us to bring me every book possible on seraphim and the history of the White Archipelago. As it turned out a lot of them were destroyed by Keatar Marvis and my father, probably in an attempt to keep my secret. But what remained gave me a rough idea of how the artifact of the goddess was used in the olden days. And if I was right, it was another type of amplifier. But one needed great power to enter it for it to be shared with others. It probably had the power of the ancient seraphim inside, the ones who were sent here before me. But it had been too long, and it was running out. The goddess used to send her blessing to it each year on the summer solstice, the longest day of the year. But apparently, she stopped doing that when she saw that her people were using her gifts in the most atrocious ways. This was something that all gods hated.

Hopefully, what I was about to do would not turn out into the greatest of mistakes. Another priestess brought me a scepter of the leader of the White Archipelago that Fabian got for me from the Artes house. I took the crystal and placed it at the top of the scepter, feeling how the two wanted to connect into one. And when they did, I lifted the new artifact up and summoned light with it. It accumulated in the crystal first, but then it burst out, blinding the whole square in seconds with its immense power, kissing everyone present with its rays.

That was the purest light that I had ever seen and when it died down, I looked at the people again and hoped that I did not fail, and calculated everything just perfectly.

One by one wings started to appear behind their backs, beautiful and shining. Knew Warriors of Light rose before my eyes.

I knew that it wouldn't work on everyone. Because they needed to believe me and the fact that I only wanted to do the good thing. The wings were always the blessing and if the soul was in doubt, they couldn't get them. I would of course try later again if I survived the war before us. But for now, that was that. I could only hope that they would be enough...

"Fabian and his squadron will tell you what to expect and train you as much as they can in the next couple of days. You need to get ready for what's coming and I will be right there with you!" I announced and prepared to leave, when the guy who spoke before, the one with whom I trained to become a warrior of light, ran up the stairs.

“Is it true? Is it real?” He looked at me with shocked eyes, “We were chosen now?”

“We were always chosen,” I smiled at him, “They just didn’t let us get it. Now – go and do your best. We have a lot of work to do.”

He bowed to me with a happy grin on his face and I waved the rest of the crowd goodbye.

I was already inside the building when I heard people shouting with glee and screaming my name, almost worshipping me. It still felt extremely odd and I shuddered slightly. But I quickly brushed it off because I wanted to go and check on Demir again.

“That was quite a show,” an unfamiliar guy, wearing dark clothes with partial armour and a cape walked out from behind a column. It was definitely the first time I saw him, and I prepared to attack him and defend myself if I had to when he raised his hands in a defense motion. “Easy there,” he chuckled, “Just searching for my brother!”

At first, I wanted to send him somewhere far away to look for his brother there but then the family resemblance struck me. He had pitch-black hair, his eyes were green but the purple rings around the irises were still there. Nevertheless, what reminded me the most of Demir was perfectly straight facial features with a strong jaw and a smirk. That was definitely the Derwood family smirk. That one I would recognize everywhere.

“And you are?” I raised my eyebrow at him and he grinned at me in return.

“Darius, your soulmate’s slightly younger brother and the king of Adrion.”

“Your Majesty,” I chuckled at his arrogance, and didn’t greet him properly on purpose, “Follow me.”

As we walked together during a long passage, I could sense his dark magic and now I was completely sure that he was from the royal gerdian family.

I opened the doors to the bedroom where we were staying and gasped, seeing Demir standing near the window and buttoning his shirt.

“What are you doing?!” I ran up to him, not knowing what I wanted more – to place him back into bed or to kill him myself. That man barely healed, and he was already trying to walk?!

“I’m fine,” he let out a little snort but then noticed our guest and his face changed. I expected them to run into each other’s arms or at least to give each other a warm hug but they both stayed in their respective places.

“Brother,” Darius nodded politely, “Long time no see.”

“What?” Demir arched his brow, “You’re not calling me an emperor anymore? You always preferred formalities to family.”

“Well, you aren’t an emperor anymore, right?” His sibling replied and I was a bit shocked at their cold exchange.

“How observant of you,” my soulmate said calmly and I swallowed a huge lump in my throat. Just what was going on between these two? Somehow since I saw Demir and Prim’s relationship, I was always sure that he had this kind of thing going with all his brothers and sisters. So, all this was very surprising for me.

“You lost our empire and you even lost our Pumpkin,” Darius continued, coming closer and not realizing that I was ready to slap him now.

“None of this was Demir’s fault,” I intervened, “and he was protecting Primrose with his life, if by Pumpkin you mean her. He barely recovered after what they did to him! And if this is all that you have to say then I think you’d better leave!”

They both looked at me with stern faces and after that Darius smirked again and said, “At least you finally found your soul mate. I like her.”

“She’s definitely a keeper,” my dark dragon smiled, and the two brothers shook hands and tapped their shoulders a few times with a much warmer attitude this time.

“Don’t worry,” Darius said, “The Adrion army is at your service. We’ll get everything back and I’m sure Pumpkin is causing as much trouble there as she only can.”

“Not sure about that,” Demir sighed, “Xander killed Ryker... I saw it with my own eyes. And Prim... She was devastated...”

They kept talking and I was still slightly in awe at how strange their relationship was, cold one minute and hot another. But that’s when we heard screams coming from outside and all three of us rushed to the windows.

People were running away and some of them tried flying awkwardly using their new wings because in the middle of the square a huge black dragon was landing with a redhead girl on top of him. For a second there I thought that it was Prim but soon I realized that the woman looked slightly older. The dragon carefully spread his wings and lowered one of them so that she could slide down effortlessly to the ground. She was magnificent and very elegant, yet her eyes looked like she was ready to kill.

“Mother,” both brothers said in unison, and with not much enthusiasm. I, however, gasped at that.

“Is that your mother?!” I felt shocked at the sudden revelation, “I thought it was your sister! Moreover, I thought that your parents were dead!”

They both looked at me with their mouths open.

“Oh, chaos!” Darius burst out laughing, “You are so dead if Mother ever finds out!”

Flames of the dark fire appeared right in front of us and I saw the same warrior woman in the arms of a tall man that resembled Demir even more than his brother.

“If I find out what?” the woman asked, eyeing the three of us curiously.

“Demir told his soulmate that you are both dead!” Darius blurted out and we all froze, watching the former empress’ reaction. Somehow, I was scared now more than when red dragons and the tainted were following us.

“Demir Darmerion Derwood! You told this charming child that your parents were dead?!” she hissed at him, narrowing her eyes and my dark dragon’s face became even paler.

“I didn’t tell her you were dead, guys! I said that you were gone. As in gone to Agnegard!” he chuckled nervously, trying to explain himself.

Quietly, I found his palm and squeezed it in mine, trying to signal to him to follow my lead.

“You know,” I tried to interject politely, “Now that I think about it, I probably just misunderstood him. Of course, he meant gone to Agnegard! Silly me!”

They all were looked me up and down again but then my future mother-in-law rolled her eyes, “And now she has to lie for you!”

Demir wanted to say something, but dark flames started to appear in the room one after another.

The rest of his siblings also arrived...