

The Selection: Bride Of The Dark Dragon Chapter 10 - Tips

MIRA

The dark lord of the Gerdian Empire Derrien Derwood looks like he is about to kill someone. And hopefully, out of us two, he would pick Tristan.

Don't judge me – I want to live and I hate both their guts. Actually, there couldn't be a worse company for me in the whole wide world! Just why am I so unlucky?

Tristan lets go of my hand and I step away.

"I asked you a question!", Derrien growls and it sounds scary. I open my mouth to say something, but he snaps, "Not you, lady Mira! With you, I'll deal personally later. Sir Tristan, please, explain yourself! Is that how the Kingdom imagines supervising the Dark Selection? Grabbing the ladies by their hands and taking them to dark places for private conversations?"

His eyes sparkle with dark magic and I gulp. Good luck, Tristan.

"My apologies, Lord Derwood. Lady Miradora used to be my fiancée. Of course, our engagement was broken the moment she received the Dark mark. But I felt that I owe her an explanation still, considering how hurt she may be with me being here on duty and not to...", his voice breaks and he looks down.

That son of a harpy just made it worse.

"And I told Sir Tristan that he can sleep with a calm heart!", I interject. "Since we weren't really going to get married anyway. I understand his duty and accept our common destiny. We can even pretend that we never knew each other in the first place to make it easier for him to... supervise."

Derrien looks at me with a tense expression on his face. As if he is trying to read my mind and see if I am lying. And then he turns to Tristan, "Leave, Sir Ragnard, and follow the lady's request – forget you ever had anything to do with her. She is out of your league now. Your supervision is not needed here anymore. I'll take lady Mira to her room myself!"

After hesitating for just a second, Tristan bows his head and leaves, leaving the two of us alone.

"Thank you, lord Derwood, I think I remember clearly where my room is", I squeak and try to escape, but instead I am pinned to the wall in the blink of an eye while Derrien is towering over me.

"Little mage, how come I always find you surrounded by other men?", he asks me in his husky voice.

"Because you always arrive at the worst possible time?" I look up at his face and he just doesn't look amused with my response.

"Feisty little mage", he smirks. "Still haven't learned your lesson What do I do with you to make you smarter?"

His fingers brush over my cheek, making it flush immediately. Why is it so hot in this damn castle?

He is dangerously close to me and his presence alone makes it harder to breathe. I know I shouldn't test him. He is a gerdian, a dark lord ... and, with a high position, as far as I can say. A man with too much power and a horribly large... ego.

"I understand what you are saying, my lord", I gulp. "And I will try to correct my behaviour. I don't think Sir Tristan would ever bother me again and I for sure wouldn't bother him. We were strangers to each other even when we were engaged and..."

"Stop talking about him!" the man next to me growls and slams his lips into mine without any kind of warning, his tongue is ravishing my mouth while his hands hold me in place. When he breaks the kiss, I gasp for much-needed air and notice his eyes flashing cold purple magic again. The air between us becomes instantly hot. So that it's painful to breathe.

Just who is he? I haven't seen other lords behaving like him.

His hand is on my throat, although it's not hurting me. His thumb is drawing soothing circles on my chin while he studies my face. I am afraid to say anything or even to move and he chuckles menacingly, "Little mage, I hope you don't make any more mistakes, I'd hate to punish you... harder. Or maybe I would love it..."

He smirks and I look down because this doesn't sound like a threat at all. It sounds like a promise of... I can't even think about it.

"And as for today", he lifts my chin so that I face him, "do not dare to accept any presents from the lords who spoke to you today!"

"Even you?" I arch my brow and bite my lip. Just why would I say it exactly? Am I truly seeking death?

His grip on my throat tightens even though it is still not painful. It's a possessive move. He brings me closer to him and whispers into my ear while grazing his lips over my neck, "You would accept everything I want to give you. Got it?"

Gods, no! There are so many hidden meanings in what he says! But I wouldn't be so stupid to risk even now.

"Got it!", I nod and feel how purple flames of dark fire consume us both. We appear in another dark corridor and I recognize my door when I see it.

Derrien lets go of me and smirks, "Go to your chambers, little mage, and stay there until you have to go to breakfast."

"Yes", I give him a very sloppy curtsy as I am still dizzy, and then hurry to my door. "Good night, Lord Derwood!"

"Good night, lady Freyn. Sweet dreams!"

I quickly open my door and disappear into my dark room. Is Bella asleep already? The light is off... I create a simple fire pulsar to light up the space and find my lamp. I look around and see that Bella's bed is empty. Then I notice my roommate sitting quietly in a chair, facing a window. She doesn't say anything and keeps doing what she is doing. I guess she is still a bit sad after the dinner event.

"Bella, hi! Are you still thinking about what happened earlier?", I say to her while lighting a lamp next to my bed. "It was this Isidore girl who ruined your dress, wasn't it?"

No answer. I sigh and sit on my bed, starting to unlace my boots.

“She is a bit competitive and very mean. I bet you knew that already. Just be careful with her, but I don’t think anything else will happen. So, don’t worry too much about it. And if you are worried about the lords, I think it only played to your advantage. Now they will remember you for sure.”

No answer still. I exhale heavily and take off the rest of my clothes. I am too exhausted to go to the shower, so I just use a simple cleaning spell to freshen up. All I want is to sleep right now! I put on the nightgown Bella gave me earlier today and realise that I just cannot let her be sad all night. She needs a good sleep too. She was nice to me and I owe her.

“Bella,” I walk to her with my bare feet. “Just talk to me. I am here...”

I come to her and touch her shoulder and that’s when I feel how cold she is... I take another step and see that she is sitting in the chair in a very uncomfortable position – her hands are bent in an unusual way, her eyes are glassy, mouth parted...

Oh, gods... Bella is dead!