

The Selection: Bride Of The Dark Dragon Chapter 11 - Tips

MIRA

“Bella!”, I shout, tears streaming through my eyes, “Bellaaaaa!”

My voice breaks as this is an unusually high pitch for me.

“Somebody help!”, I scream and fall on the floor next to my roommate.

Flames of dark magic rise behind me and in just a second strong hands pull me into a hug.

“No!”, I scream and try to push that person away, “Bella! She... she needs help!”

“Shut up, little mage”, Derrien’s voice is cold and dark, “It’s too late for your friend now. Calm down!”

I try to pull away again, but when he doesn’t let me, I hit him. He doesn’t react, so I hit him again and again until there is no strength left in me. I know I shouldn’t, but, in the spur of the moment, I just don’t care anymore!

Bella is dead! How? When? Why? Who would do that to her?

I sob helplessly in the gardian’s arms and in a few seconds flames rise in the room again and another one of the dark lords appears in the room. And then one more.

“My or my!”, I hear a slightly familiar voice, “Derrien, are we interrupting something?”

“Shut up, Ryden!”, lord Derwood snaps at the man and I peel my teary face off his chest to look around. I meet the red eyes of the man, who offered me to help with clothes earlier at the dinner introductions. His lips are twisted in a smirk and eyes travel up and down my body when I realize that I am wearing nothing but a very thin nightshirt. Lord Derrien pulls me closer to him and turns us both in a way that would cover me from the other two men completely.

“Here”, another lord throws something to Derrien and he soon wraps me into a black luxurious cape. I hold on to it tight and only then the lord steps away from me.

“Another one is dead”, Lord Derwood says coldly, “Ryden, inform the emperor. Bran, seal the room with magic, I’ll get lady Mira away and come back.”

“Where are you going to take her considering it’s her room?”, the one whose name is apparently Ryden says, “Although she can stay with me tonight. I really don’t mind and will do my best to console the pretty lady.”

He chuckles and I want to vomit. It’s all funny to him! Just some useless girl dead! Minus a piece of property, nothing else... Just another one to die... Wait a minute, did they say another one? ANOTHER ONE?!

“No need”, Derrien snaps, “I’ll take the lady to a safe place and question her personally. And you do as ordered.”

“Of course, archduke!”, the man bows jokingly and disappears in flames.

I look at another one and notice that he stands next to Bella, touching her hair.

“Such a shame”, he states sadly, “I liked this one today.”

“Bran, why do I have to repeat my orders today? Seal the fvcking*g room! Now!”, Derrien says and flames consume us.

We transport to another chamber. Spacious and luxurious. It looks like a living room decorated with black silk and gold. Load of it everywhere. A strange mixture but somehow it’s fitting for...

“Is that your room?”, I look at the lord who brought me here in horror.

“One of them”, he says calmly and goes to a table by one of the many windows and opens a box on top of it, getting out a small bottle with a transparent liquid. He then walks to me and shoves it into my hands, “Drink it!”

He looks at me expectantly and for a second I just stare at the bottle and then at him. Then at the bottle again. I sniff trying to hold back tears and shake my head.

“No”, I try to give the bottle back to him.

“Mira, just drink it!”, he growls at me.

“No, I don’t even know what it is!”

“It’s a sedative. It will help you to calm down and fall asleep. And then I will be able to go back and check what happened to your friend,” his voice is calm now. But fake calm. It’s as if he is talking to a child... “So, now, just take the medicine and everything is going to be alright.”

“No!”, I throw the bottle away in the attempt to break it against the stone wall but at the last moment, it is stopped with his dark magic and flies back into his hands.

In just seconds, he takes me into a tight grip and after uncorking the bottle he forces it into my mouth. Bittersweet taste pours down my throat and I recognize the potion – it’s the “Somnium Nox” and it can take down a horse...

I feel my legs getting soft and two strong hands catching me before I fall.

“And why exactly did you just do it?”, I ask him, my head dizzy with the sudden intoxication. I try to look into his eyes and say something else, but get distracted by purple sparks of dark magic in his eyes. “So pretty!”, I sigh, trying to touch one... a little growl makes me giggle. Growls are such funny sounds. Eeek!

I roll on my side as the sun rays start playing on my eyelids. What a strange dream I had! I rub my cheek on the soft black silk of my pillow and... jump up from the shock! Black silk?! What the hell? Where am I?

“Morning”, a familiar husky voice breaks into my mind and I turn to see lord Derrien sitting in a chair by the window with a cup in his hands. He is wearing just a black shirt that is unbuttoned to the middle of his chest and trousers. His eyes are on me at all times with his usual indifferent expression and only tiny sparks of magic that appear from time to time let me know that there is some kind of emotion inside that man.

Not that I care.

I suddenly realize that I am still wearing nothing but a thin nightshirt and feverishly look for the cape I was given yesterday. But it’s nowhere around me, so I just grab one of the sheets and try to pull it onto me.

“Don’t bother”, Derwood chuckles, “I’ve seen everything there is to see. And I have also seen better.”

I swallow the insult as this is not the time and neither is that the place.

“I never had any doubts in your life experiences, lord Derwood. I am sure you’ve seen everything there is to see, however that doesn’t mean that I should offer myself on display. Where is the cape that I have been lent yesterday?”

“It’s gone”, he snaps and turns away, “I threw it away”.

“I see”, I try to calm myself down because my only wish right now is to strangle this man, “Is it possible to get my clothes back?”

“Nope”, he really stresses out the word and looks at me, fully amused with the situation.

“Alright”, I speak slowly, as if I am talking to a naughty and mischievous child, just the way he did yesterday with me, “What am I going to be wearing then?”

“How would I know?”, he smirks, “You can just stay in what you are wearing right now.”

Oooh! This means war! And luckily, I just about know what would annoy him.

I stand up from the bed and throw the sheets off me, holding my back straight and lifting my chin up, “Very well, lord Derrien. I hear you. I guess I’d better go and find sir Tristan or that lord Ryder who was so kind as to offer me new clothes yesterday. I am sure at least one of them would help me once they see”, I make a pause and wave at the nightgown that’s on me, “my situation.”

With that, I turn my back to him and start walking in the direction of the exit.

“Stay. Right. There.” His voice is so cold and scary that I freeze on the spot. Seconds – and the gerdian is right next to me. “Little mage, I gave you a very clear order yesterday to keep away from both of them. And you’d better obey me or I will...”

“You what?”, I raise my brow at him and he pulls me into his arm in the most indecent way.

“Or I’ll make sure you stay here and don’t need any clothes anymore”, he says so seriously that my lips part in surprise. And as if to prove a point, he leans in and bites me by my lower lip, tugging it playfully and then biting deeper to draw some blood out. And then he slams his lips into mine the way he always does – greedily and possessively. I struggle for air, not being able to breathe, but it’s as if he’s gone completely mad.

And that’s when I bite his tongue...