

The Selection: Bride Of The Dark Dragon Chapter 121 - Tips

MIRA

A heavy silence fills the hall. Oh, gods! Tell me he hasn't just insulted a room filled with dragons!

I gulp, looking around... But what I see are not the faces of the people who were just offended... Everybody here just looks sad... I think Rien hit the right nerve in each of them... And looking at the king, he doesn't seem angry as well.

However Agnes...

"Forgive my nephew, lords, and ladies," she says spitefully, "He is still too young. He sees the world through the prism of his own experience. And in that sense, he doesn't have much! It's less than a lifetime that he flies the skies. I, of course, hope that he would not be disappointed in whatever he believes. However, if the same destiny strikes him as my father and me, I want Derrien to know that our doors would always be open and we would always welcome him back!"

I didn't think that it was possible, but the silence got heavier. You can cut the tension in the dining hall with a knife!

"Thank you, aunt," Rien smirks, "Mira and I would gladly be visiting you when we have time."

I bite my lip not to say anything to that. Out of all our little team, he is the only one who is allowed to talk like that to the dragon princess.

A nervous laugh escapes her.

"Your fiancé is a bada.ss," Rick whispers to me and I secretly hit him with my elbow.

"Behave!" I mouth to him.

The feast continues and gradually the conversation at the table goes elsewhere. The dragon asks me and my friends more about our Kingdom and the Gerdian Empire. A few girls, however, ask me how it feels to be with my

soulmate and here I don't have to lie. I tell them honestly that it cannot be compared to anything else. From the corner of my eye, I notice how Rien nods approvingly to my every word.

A few male dragons pay special attention to Isidore. And I can't say that Dereck is too happy with that.

However, the hardest part comes when we gather our friends in our new chambers to tell them that dragons refused to help us. Rick swears and Dereck says nothing, lost somewhere in his thoughts.

"So, it was all for nothing?" Isidore sighs, clearly disappointed, "What will happen now?"

"We will find a way," Rien cuts in, "Nothing is over yet."

And we all believe him. Because what else do we have left?

It's been a few days since the feast. Today Rien received a message from Brandon, which informed us that the battle between gerdians and akyrians will take place in less than one full moon. The news made us all worried as now it seems more real than ever. And here we are, in Agnegard and absolutely useless. Soon both our countries will start to tear each other apart. And there is absolutely nothing that we can do about it.

We joke less, eat less, sleep less... everyone is on the edge.

"You need to eat something", Rien moves my plate closer to me. Lately, I cannot even look at food. Nausea gets to me quickly.

"Thank you, my love, but I feel so agitated in the mornings that I can barely consume anything!" I sigh, looking at him with my puppy eyes, "Don't think too much about it!"

"Are you kidding me? You are all I think about!" he snorts.

"Oh, is that so?" I chuckle, "Then I want to show you something! Come!"

I stand and pull him by his hand, leading him to our bedroom. There, I ask the maids to leave and as soon as they are gone I lock the doors.

"Is my beautiful fiancée in a naughty mood today?" Rien's eyes get somehow darker and sparks of dark magic start dancing in them.

"I have a surprise for you!" I smile, "Trust me, you are going to like it!"

"What is it?"

"Look!" I flip my fingers and a dark flame appears at the tips. He looks at it, mesmerized!

"How long did you...", he doesn't even manage to finish a simple sentence.

"Actually before all this... Back at our castle in Gerdian Empire. I tried to summon my fire, but dark magic responded instead. It wasn't strong back then. But I practiced and practices... And in the last few days I am making some good progress! I have dark magic too now, Rien! And it's getting stronger every day!"

He comes to me abruptly and pulls me into his arms, slamming his lips into mine and devouring me.

"Do you know what this really means, little mage?" he asks through our kisses as he pulls my clothes off me, not sparing the fabric of my unfortunate dress, "I need to take you right here and now! If you have dark magic now...it means that we can have children! I can impregnate you right this very moment!"

He lifts me up in his hands and brings me to the bed, placing me on it as if I am made of glass and going to break if he is not cautious...

His own clothes disappear in dark flames as he crawls on top of me, showering my body with kisses.

"Rien!" I try to call him in between the moans that escape my lips, "Rien!"

"I love you so much, Mira!" he mutters, not even listening to me anymore.

"Rien! That wasn't the surprise!" I almost shout in his arms, making him stop immediately.

"What do you mean?" he looks into my eyes, slowly coming to his senses.

"We can't make a baby tonight, Rien," I say to him, trying to catch my breath, "Because we have already made one!"

For a few moments, he just looks at me with his mouth open. He looks so adorable that I want to laugh. But I bite my lip instead, watching how dark magic explodes in his eyes.

“Mira!” he exhales heavily and then covers my lips with his once again, “Mira, are you sure?”

“Pretty sure,” I smile, “I am with your child, Rien...”

A smile spreads over his face and I feel how my heart starts beating faster for him, “You made me the happiest man alive, Miradora Freyn!”

He puts his ear to my stomach and stays like that for a while.

“So, this is how it sounds!” he says and I look at him questioningly.

“What do you mean?” I raise my brow.

“I read that dragons can sense their babies in their soulmates early on. They can hear them as well. I didn’t have any previous experience with this, but now I know how it is. So, when we will have our second child I wouldn’t miss it and...”

“Wait a minute!” I chuckle, “We are still on baby number one, dragon! Hold your horses!”

“With you,” Rien breathes heavily, “I want a big family!”

“And a big family you will get!” I wrap my hands around his neck as he enters me. The passion seizes both our bodies... He is gentle, so gentle with me. Every kiss, every touch wakes up flames from within me. Somehow now everything feels more intense. And I give in to this feeling with my body and soul, letting Rien take me again and again. Climaxing over and over in his hot hands.

After we have fulfilled all our desires, I lay on his chest as he brushes his fingers over my naked shoulder in circular motions.

“What are you thinking about?” I ask him.

“I am thinking, Mira, that nothing is over for us yet!” he chuckles, “I will need to speak to grandfather about our heir...”

“Do you think it’s necessary?” I lift my head up to look at him better, “What if the baby is a dragon as well and they have some silly rule that all babies have to stay at Agnegard!”

“To be honest, Mira, now I think that it might be for the best if you do stay in Agnegard. Think about it, back in the Empire only a terrible war is waiting for us... I want you and the baby to stay safe!”

“You are very naïve, my almost-husband,” I snort, “If you think that you can leave me behind and then go back alone and play war without me!”

“It’s not a game, Mira!” he reproaches me.

“I am aware, thank you!” I roll my eyes, “That’s why I am going with you! End of story!”

“You are impossible!” he sighs.

“That’s why you love me!” I giggle somewhere into his chest.

“True!” he admits eagerly and places a kiss on the tip of my head, “I love you for that and for so much more, Mira! You know that, right?”

“I do, Rien, I do... I love you too! More than anything. Without you, I would cease to exist. So, please, don’t you ever leave me! For war or for some other reason.”

“Silly girl,” he rolls me to my back and brushes his palm over my cheek, then cups my chin and makes me look into his eyes full of dark magic, “You and I are paired for life! And probably even longer...”

DERRIEN

I had to wait for a while for Mira to fall asleep. She needs rest now and I need to talk to my grandfather and Agnes. This changes everything! Mira doesn’t even realize it yet but she has just turned the tables for me. If I had something to fight for before, now I feel like the weight of the whole world is on my shoulders! I cannot fail them – Mira and my child... I’ll make this right and I will win this war. For the two of them!

The heavy doors open and I enter my grandfather's chambers, going straight to the balcony – the place where he always stays. Luckily, Agnes is there already.

“Derrien, my boy!” the old man smiles softly when he sees me, “I am so happy to see you! What brings you here today?”

“Grandfather. Aunt,” I bow politely to both of them, “We need to speak.”

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DERRIEN

“Rien, my boy!” king Orion's face lightens up, “Of course, of course, come in! Agnes and I have just been talking about you!”

“Glad to see you, nephew!” Agnes smiles as well, even though aunt and I have been testing each other's patience for the last few days, “You seem to be in a good mood today!”

“Indeed I am,” I smile, “This is a blessed day for me as I have received the best news from Mira just now.”

“Oh, what is it?” Agnes raises her brow, all her instincts flared up as her eyes shone gold – the colour of her dragon as far as I know.

“My soulmate is carrying our first child!” I say it much quicker than I originally planned. Somehow I want to share this news with the whole world. Now it feels more than ever that she is mine! Now, for the first time since we have met, the dragon seems satisfied to its fullest. Although the desire to hide her, lock her away somewhere in a cave where no one would ever be able to see or touch her except for me, gets stronger. Ancient instincts of the dragons let me know of themselves. Mira is just like a precious jewel, one of kind... And a dragon doesn't share his treasures!

“Are you sure?” Agnes blurts out, falling to the chair next to her.

“Pretty much,” I chuckle, “The dark magic settled in her and now she has the same genetic code as gerdians. Hence we can have children together.”

“Is that how it works for gerdians?” the king says musingly, “Interesting... Very interesting... And congratulations, of course! My boy, you are going to be a brilliant father! Of that I am confident!”

“I sure hope so,” I smile, “I never had one so I don’t even know what a father should do... But with Mira by my side, I am sure that together we can manage with whatever life throws at us.”

“A child,” Agnes says as if to herself, “Agnegard hasn’t seen new children in a while...”

“I wonder why,” I snort, “However, I have to tell you both at once that Mira is not planning to stay here to have the baby. She is planning to go to war with me...”

“And you would let her?” grandfather almost chokes.

“Mira is a power to be reckoned with,” I chuckle, “Even if I told her to stay behind, she wouldn’t listen and find a way to escape and help me. Knowing that I prefer to have her with me at all times. This is how this soulmate thing works for us. She would never let me go back alone. She would never stay behind.”

They both look at me and say nothing.

“That’s how your grandmother used to be,” Grandfather sighs, “Nothing could hold her back when I was in trouble. Such a warrior spirit! I am glad that you have someone like that by your side!”

“Me too,” I nod to him.

“You know, Derrien, there is something I want to ask you to do!” the king says after some thinking.

“What is it, grandfather?” I am not sure why I feel so tense.

“We have a tradition when a dragon is about to be born, we go to our Seer. And she tells the dragon’s destiny,” the king says, looking for my reaction.

“We are not even sure yet if our child will be a dragon,” I reply.

“He or she will be,” Agnes stands up, “If at least one of the parents is a dragon... The child will be a half-breed of course, but looking at you it’s not so bad. I can say for sure that mixing our blood with gerdians paid off just fine.”

“Dear aunt, this is the first time I receive something that can be considered a compliment from you!” I chuckle.

“Oh, Rien, I have a soft spot in my heart for you,” Agnes winks at me, “I just want the best for you! I didn’t think that a human mate is a good idea but since you are having a child together it’s too late now, isn’t it?”

“It has been too late for a while. Mira is mine since the moment I saw her,” I honestly admit, “Nothing and no one could ever change my mind.”

“Go to the Seer,” she says seriously all of a sudden, “She foretold your father’s destiny and mine. We didn’t understand it at first, her messages are often hidden. But it may be useful considering you are going to war...”

“And that we are alone in it,” I smirk, looking away, “I’ll talk to Mira about it. Only if she gives her permission.”

“Fine,” the dragon princess nods, “Ask her, and if she agrees I will take you both there!”

“A Seer?” Mira looks startled, little wrinkles appear just above her cute nose, “I don’t know, Rien. I don’t like fortune-tellers! Even when we had lessons on this at the Academy it all seemed just stupid...”

“I know,” I smile, cupping her chin into my hand, “And no one would make you if you don’t want it. It’s your decision, I will not tell you what to do, considering that the baby is in your womb. Agnes and the King told me that it’s one of their ancient dragon traditions. Every child born in the royal family goes through this.”

“I see,” a little smirk appears in the corner of her lips and I just know that her brain is already making some kind of plan. She is like that, my beautiful bride. Always thinking, always exploring, always challenging everything and everyone around her. One of the very many reasons I am so crazy about her.

“You are thinking about something,” I chuckle, “Tell me!”

“Rien,” she looks into my eyes with her green emerald ones, which are suddenly full of hope, “I think we still have a chance of dragons helping us! They protect their own! You and our baby will also be part of their clan. Let’s go to that Seer and see what she says! It cannot be worse than now, right?”

“Right,” I agree, sighing. King Orion and Agnes are not simple at all. Looking at them I see who my stubbornness really comes from. I am not sure that anything can persuade them to help me. But for Mira and my unborn son... and somehow I feel that it’s a son, I have to try until the very last day we are here!

“So, will you tell them that I agree?” she smiles and I place a soft kiss on her plump lips. I want more, again and again, but this is not the time now.

“I will”, I put my forehead onto hers and stay like this for a while, breathing in her scent and calming myself down. It’s going to be fine... As long as she is with me...

MIRA

“I can’t believe we are going to a Seer!” Isidore snorts, “This is so...barbarian! Dragons seemed like they had a well-developed civilization here! And now this!”

“I know, right!” Dereck chuckles and I bite my lip not to give out a loud laugh! Now those two cracking jokes together! Where has all the hatred gone? “And it’s in the cave of all places!” Isidore continues.

“Maybe it’s dark enough and you would get lost there,” Dereck snorts.

Ah! There it is! For a moment there I thought that they are mature enough to admit that they like each other! But nope. Not yet!

“Or maybe the dragon Seer, the old lady who is very, very, VERY old would recognize you as her soulmate and keeps you in that cave! Forever!” Isidore retorts, “Your sacrifice would be greatly appreciated by all of us!”

“Or maybe you would find your soulmate!” Dereck groans.

“Maybe I already did!” the girl throws at him and I think I am the only one who noticed how my team’s captain flinched at those words.

“Or maybe we would tie the two of you together and accidentally forget you there!” Rick growls at both of them, “You two are getting too annoying! Honestly, sharing a house with you is a nightmare!”

Rien and I chuckle a bit, looking at each other.

“All this reminds me of something,” my gerdian says and I know that he means the two of us at the beginning of our own relationship.

“I know,” I smile.

The Seer’s cave is huge and long. It reminds me of the times we were going through all those dragon tests. Our path is illuminated with magical crystals installed at the ceilings. And the whole atmosphere is threatening. Agnes is leading us, showing us the way.

“Is it long until we arrive?” Derrien asks his aunt.

“No,” she says, “We are almost here!”

But you can’t miss the actual place. Bones, many bones suddenly appear everywhere. Some are lying on the floor, some are mounted into the walls and my heart clenches when I see it all. But these are not human bones. Some of them look like they belong to animals... and some – to dragons. Big and small. Oh, gods! This place is scary as the chaos itself!

We come into a huge opening and walk through literally a sea of bones! And in the very middle of it all is a huge skeleton of a lying dragon. I can see its spine, ribs, skull, wings, tusks... Terrifying!

And in the middle of the skull, I see a table, a bed, and something resembling chairs. Candles are lit, making the whole picture even more sinister. I notice a small figure of a woman in a black cape sitting at the table, playing with some rocks. She looks at me and all I can see from the depth of her hood are her eyes. Yellow and inhuman... with vertical pupils... These are the eyes of a beast!

Instinctively, I press myself closer into Derrien and he hugs me with his huge hand, covering me from all the dangers of the world. With him, even here I feel safe! With him going to a crazy lady who lives in a skull seems not so scary after all.

I feel how my friends tense up, I feel how Derrien is ready to turn and destroy everything here. Within our small group, only Agnes seems to be calm. She turns to look at us and smirks.

“Welcome!” the witch, and I cannot call her a Seer at this point, cackles strangely and I immediately regret agreeing to come here and see her, “I’ve been waiting for you!”

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MIRA

“Greetings to the great Seer!” Agnes bows to the witch and we all follow her example, “It is time to honour the tradition, I have brought to you my nephew and his...”

“I know!” the old lady raises her hand and Agnes quickly shuts up. Huh. She doesn’t even behave like this when she is with the Dragon King! But here she seems obedient, compliant, and absolutely not arrogant. I didn’t even know she could do that. I want to laugh, but luckily remember where I am fast and hold myself back.

“Come here, future queen!” the witch beckoned her finger with a huge black nail. You can poke someone’s eye with it if you want. That’s for sure!

Agnes takes a step forward but the witch starts to laugh, “Not you, Your Dragon Highness! The other one!”

And she points her index finger at me. I gulp at that. Somehow I just don’t want to come to her, but I guess it’s too late to shout that I changed my mind now!

It’s all right, Mira! You can do this!

I start walking to her and realize that Rien follows close behind.

“I usually speak just to the one I summoned,” the Seer sneers, “But I see your soul, it is one with hers, so I would let it just this once! You can come with your future queen, my dragon prince!”

I look at Derrien and he winks at me. Suddenly it doesn't feel so scary anymore. Nothing is scary if we are together and hold hands.

The witch gestures to the seats in front of her and suddenly I realize that those are not just your random chairs... Those have been carved out of dragon bones! Possibly teeth even, considering the shape resembling fangs... Yep, they made chairs out of dragon fangs! Those are much smaller than the teeth of the dragon in whose skull we are hanging out now though. I shrug a bit thinking about all this and look at Derrien. It must be terrible for him. Yet he looks relaxed, taking his seat with confidence. I wish I could be like that! Even if it bothers him – he doesn't show!

“Darmerion,” the witch says and I look at her questioningly. I still can't see her face, just those horrible eyes. “The name of the dragon whose skull this is is Darmerion. He was the first one, the father of all the dragons, born from the Chaos itself! There was no one as big as him anymore! He and his wife came to our world and inhabited it, bringing fire, knowledge, and power! He lived for thousands of years! And when he died, he left a magnificent civilization behind him! He had many children. And your future husband comes from his line and bears his family name even though he never used it in his life!”

She looks at Derrien and my lips part in surprise. Somehow, we still know so little about dragons and their history! I ought to read more of their books while I am still here!

“And now his bones make a lovely house for you,” Rien chuckles, “I am impressed! Is it comfortable at least? I doubt it!”

“His bones... They still have power in them,” the witch replies calmly, “To see things, see the future... I always need his power and his blessing. And he gives me that even after his death. But there is a price.”

She stops talking but now I just can't help myself.

“And what is the price, great Seer?” I ask before I can stop.

“I have to stay here and feed his spirit with my life force!” she says sadly, “Thousands of years I don't leave this cave. And I never will. That's the price.”

Neither Rien nor I say anything... That's a huge price if you ask me...

“Damn!” I hear Rick say loudly and I roll my eyes, looking at him. Honestly! This guy doesn’t know when to shut up! Dereck hits him with his elbow and Isidore shushes our annoying friend.

“That’s why you have to pay the price too,” the witch says and I swallow. Agnes never mentioned that!

“What is it?” Derrien tenses up.

“That’s not much, do not worry, my prince,” she says, “Just a drop of your blood. This will not harm you in any way. But it will let me live longer and serve my kind the same way I serve you right now. Dragons always need a Seer!”

“You can have only my blood then”, Rien says quickly, “Leave Miradora out of it.”

“No, it should be both of you, ” the woman shakes her head, “Otherwise I wouldn’t be able to see your child’s destiny!”

“It’s fine,” I say to my fiancé, squeezing his hand in a gesture of reassurance, “Just a drop of blood. And it seems like everybody does it here. Who are we to argue, my love?”

Rien doesn’t seem to be too happy even after my words but still nods in agreement. He gets out his own knife and makes a small cut on his finger. The Seer doesn’t lose time and stretches a hand with a golden cup in it. My fiancé squeezes a drop of his blood inside and then asks for my hand with a gesture. I give it to him, a bit glad that I don’t have to cut myself. A small prick on my index finger and a drop of my blood goes to the cup as well. I can’t help but notice that something is already there, some kind of elixir. The woman mixes it all up and drinks in one gulp, making me cringe at the sight. I wouldn’t want to be drinking some stranger’s blood... Then again, I wouldn’t want to live in someone’s skeleton. All this... is hard to comprehend for someone like me...

In just a few seconds the witch’s whole body starts to shake and she looks like she is having a seizure. But I guess this is part of the show! However, next she grabs my arm and looks straight into my face, her vertical pupils change shape and enlarge, and gradually her whole eyeballs are filled with darkness. Deep and endless. And I feel like I fall inside of it.

“You carry a child in your womb”, she says the information that is not new, “A boy! The boy, who will be the key to everything you desire. Say his name and you will get everything! He will be the first of many children that you give to your husband! A great hero, protector of the new realm! The Dark Dragon King! A new species, connected to all others. With new powers that haven’t been seen before! He will have everything... But...”

“But what?!” I almost scream, Rien squeezes my hand tighter and I look at him.

“It’s best if she doesn’t say it,” he tells me, “Once the prophecy is announced out loud, nothing can change that!”

My heart beats so fast in my chest that it’s getting hard to breathe! I have just found out that I am with child not so long ago. What the Seer said seemed so great...I don’t want any “buts” in it...

“I am afraid I have to say everything that I see, my prince,” the witch says, her voice said, “Your son will lose everything because of a maiden with golden hair... This is all for today. You may go.”

She stands up and starts walking away slowly into the depth of the skeleton...

“Wait!” I say, “Can it be stopped?”

“Only if he never has anything to do with golden-haired maidens!” she cackles and leaves, leaving us in frustration.

I want to throw something at her, but Rien stands up and pulls me by my hand.

“Mira, calm down,” he says, “All prophecies can be interpreted in different ways. Besides, dragons may live for thousands of years. I am sure our son is going to be fine! Let’s go! We have more pressing matter to deal with today.”

He then turns to Agnes and our friends and before he can say anything, the dragon princess looks at us, “Do not worry! What has been witnessed in this cave cannot be shared by the witnesses. Otherwise, death is waiting for us! Only you two can share the prophecy and if you wish not to disclose a part of it – so be it! You are within your rights here!”

I gulp and look at Rien again, and he pulls me into a tight embrace, "All is good, Mira. Great destiny awaits our son! And also... we will have many children!"

"I guess we have to teach our boy to stay away from blondes!" I chuckle, wiping away tears of momentary weakness from my eyes.

"If he is at least a bit like me, he would be into redheads," Derrien winks at me, making me blush. Even after so much, he can still make my cheeks red within seconds!

"Let's go back," I force a smile on my face.

In the evening, back in our room, Derrien stands on our balcony watching the beautiful Agnegard. Dragons are flying in the sky. Now I know that there is a limit to how high they can go... The city is under a protective barrier which no one can enter. But also, no one can leave without the dragon King's permission.

However beautiful Agnegard is, it is nothing but a golden cage for the young generation who don't have their soulmates, who haven't seen the world, who haven't tasted life outside... And sometimes it makes me sad. The king said at once that we are welcome to stay here. He also agreed that we can leave when we want. The doors will also be opened for us in case we want to return or just visit. But this solves none of our problems. The day that the war between the Empire and the Kingdom will start is approaching soon. But we are no closer to finding a way out that can save both the countries. Neither Dargen, nor Tristan should win. And also, there is the Emperor... And I know for sure that all that Rien thinks of now is the numerous ways to kill his evil uncle. And me... how can I help in all that?

I walk to my fiancé and hug him from the back.

"Rien, my love," I say, burying my face in his back, "I was thinking about baby names for our son..."

"Oh, really?" he chuckles and turns to me, dark magic dances in his eyes and a soft smile spreading across his face, "What did you think of? What names do you like?"

"I like the name of your father, Rien," I smile, "Let's call our son Demir."

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MIRA

The expression on his face was worth it. A mixture of shock, happiness, and something else...

He grabs me into his arms and lifts me up, twirling me in the air. And when he puts me down, he covers my lips with a greedy kiss. We both know what's coming next...

But a sudden knock on our door ruins our great plans.

"If these are your friends, I am going to kill them," Rien grits through his teeth.

"They are your friends too now," I chuckle and then shout, "Come in!"

The door opens and Agnes in a light blue and gold dress comes in.

"I need to speak to you both", she says, going straight to our balcony as well. There, she passes both of us and comes up to the rails, placing her hands onto it. For a minute her grip seems so strong that I am afraid she is going to break it. She looks nervous, agitated... The dragon princess almost shaking.

"Agnes," I say carefully, "Are you all right? You don't look like yourself."

"I was wrong," she says quietly and I gasp, but Rien decides to add oil to the fire.

"I am sorry, I didn't hear you. What was that?"

I hit him with my elbow with all my might. But this man is made of stone!

"I was wrong!" Agnes repeats, louder this time, "I was wrong about soulmates and about you two... I... I took you to the Seer because I was sure that she would help you see how things really are... I mean, how I thought they are... I thought she would say that you have to stay here... Or maybe even that you shouldn't be together at all. I didn't expect to hear that you will have a happy life together...with many children... At least one becoming a great King. It's...It's fascinating!"

We both say nothing. Because there is nothing to say in a situation like this! I can't believe that even finding out that I am with child she thought that we might need to separate still!

"I am so happy for you both!" she says, a single tear rolling down her cheek, "I really didn't think that it was possible... But what's more important, I was sure that dragons can only be safe here. That the life we lead here is good... Now I see that it is not the case. To be free is good, to meet your soulmate is good. Even though it might hurt. But if I am completely honest, I am happy that at least I had Aaron for some short time... It's better than not knowing what real love is... And now I look at the two of you and...And I know that this is how it should be!"

"Happy to hear all that, dear Aunt," Rien smiles at her and so do I.

I can't believe we have melted the iceberg that is called Agnes, The Dragon Princess.

"There is something else," she turns to us, "Thanks to the Seer I now know that dragons will have a place in the world behind the walls of Agnegard... Your son will lead them and protect them. And probably your other children, and I am happy that you are going to have many, too. So...So I want to help you!"

"Help us with what?" I ask carefully, not to raise my hopes up. I need her to clarify that first.

"I want to help you to win that war as fast as possible!" she smirks, "I'll speak to father and I'll do everything I can to help your cause. Believe me."

"Thank you!" I run up to her and give her the biggest and warmest hug. Already in the process of it I realize that the princess is not used to things like that, considering how awkward her body against mine is. But in a couple of more seconds her hands land on my shoulders, patting it. Not very naturally, but I take it still and count that for an embrace.

"Agnes, this means a lot to us," Rien says, "You have no idea! Thank you so much!"

“You’ll thank me later,” she smiles, “And now I have to go. I have a lot of work to do! I just wanted you to know first and to apologize.”

Apologize, huh? There wasn’t a word of apology if I remember her speech correctly. But of course, I stay silent about that!

“By the way,” she pauses at the door and looks at us, “I need your permission to disclose some things that the Seer have said. Not that last part, though. Will you let me?”

“Yes,” I say at once. Anything for her help. Gods know we need it!

“I do not mind as well,” Rien agrees.

“Oh, and about that last part,” the dark-haired princess says, “I wouldn’t be too worried. Those things can be interpreted in different ways. Everything comes true but not always in the way you think it will originally. I am sure he’ll be fine. But pay attention to everything and look for signs.”

Agnes leaves and I throw myself into Rien’s arms, giggling happily.

“There is still a chance, right?” I look at him.

“I think there is,” he agrees with me, kissing my nose, “Also, you and Agnes have just brought me an idea...”

In the morning, we decide to go to our friends’ little house and discuss everything there one more time. We all need hope and now we finally have some.

I dress up nicely into a beautiful light pale dusky pink dress made of sheer fabric. It starts with a necklace-like collar with crystals and goes down to a matching belt, flowing freely from there with a small train behind me. The back is opened but there is a cape going from sewn with the same crystals shoulder pads all the way down to the floor. The look is light and airy. And I can’t help but fall in love with it. I leave my hair down but wear a matching diadem on my forehead that finishes off the whole outfit.

And Rien’s eyes when he sees me are worth all the time spent putting it on and all the effort.

"I have to say that I am the luckiest man alive," he chuckles and kisses my hand.

"Only because you make me the happiest woman," I smile at him.

He opens the door for me and this is the first surprise of the day. Around our entrance, we find a few lit candles and flowers.

"What is this?" I ask my fiancé in surprise, "Did you do it?"

"No," he rubs his chin, "I don't know where that came from..."

"Hm, strange then," I shake my shoulders but decide not to pay too much attention to it, "Let's go. Maybe it's just some kind of dragon tradition we still don't know about. Let's visit the library here later today. I think we really need to learn as much as we can while we are here!"

"Considering that our son will be a dragon," Rien chuckles, "I think that's a good idea."

We walk out of the palace and that's where the second surprise of the day reaches us. A huge staircase in front of us is also filled with lit candles, flowers, and what looks like gifts. I notice baskets with food and small dolls, fabrics, and even jewellery pieces.

"Rien, something is definitely up," I whisper to my gerdian while holding his hand.

"I cannot agree with you more," he replies, looking at all the things as we go down.

"She is here!" someone shouts and I flinch, "Agnelind is here!"

Agnelind? Who the chaos is Agnelind?

I notice how people are standing at the bottom of the stairs looking somewhere in our direction and can't help but look behind us. Maybe this Agnelind person is there?

"Agnelind! Agnelind!" I hear voices coming from different directions. And all those people are definitely looking at me!

We go down the stairs and people from all sides are trying to touch me, my dress, my hair. I am pretty sure now that I am this Agnelind... I wonder what it means... But probably something good as everyone is smiling and if crying – it looks like happy tears...

“Bless us, Agnelind!” a woman next to me begs and I feel awkward.

“Share your fire with us!” another says.

At some moment there are so many of them that Rien pulls me by my hand into his tight embrace and dark flames surround us. When I open my eyes, we are both in the reception room at the little house. But no one is here.

Suddenly a loud moan comes out from the boys’ bedroom and my cheeks flush. What the chaos? Another moan and then one more... And it’s none of the boys... It’s a woman’s voice...

“Yes, Rick, Yes!” the female shouts and I already regret that we came here.

“Rien, we’d better go back!” I turn to my guardian and he smirks, knocking off a vase from a table. It breaks into tiny pieces over the flameglass floor, creating a lot of noise.

“Not yet,” he chuckles and waves his hand for his dark flame to destroy the evidence. The moans disappear and out of the girls’ bedroom run out Dereck and Isidore. The latter fixes her disheveled hair and her lips look swollen. Oh, my... We really shouldn’t have come.

“Hi!” Isidore squeaks, trying to act as if everything is normal, “What are you doing here?”

“Interrupting something obviously!” Rien snorts, “Pardon us!”

“That Rick is such an animal,” Isidore clears her throat, “There is a new dragon girl every day here! Sometimes even more than that!”

“Terrible! Simply terrible!” Derrien chuckles, eyeing them both while I turn completely red.

The door to the boys’ bedroom opens and a dragoness in a pastel green dress walks out, holding her shoes in her hands. And after a while, Rick

follows tucking his shirt into his pants. Typical of him and not the first time I am witnessing a scene like this.

“Hi!” he smiles like a cat who just ate a whole big fish, absolutely not embarrassed.

“Honestly, Rick,” I roll my eyes, “And what if they decide that you are too good to let you go and imprison you’re here?!”

“Then that would be the death of the brave,” he winks at me, “But honestly, it’s your fault!”

“What?” I look at him in shock.

“Yeah,” he snorts, “Have you heard how they call you?”

“You mean this Agnelind stuff?” I raise my brow.

“Yeah, that,” he nods, pouring himself a glass of water, “Agnelind is their Goddess of Fertility.”

Rien and I look at each other with open mouths.

“And why would they think that?” I can’t comprehend what is going on.

“Because you are with child,” Dereck says calmly, “For them... It’s an event of their lives! They haven’t had children in a while. For some reason, dragons who are not soulmates can’t have children together. That’s why you are now a Goddess to them.”

“Yeah,” Isidore chimes, “One of Rick’s girlfriends shared all this with us while she was waiting her turn...”

Rick! You dog...

“They say that even the presence of Agnelind can make miracles,” Rick says, “That’s why I’ve been so busy lately. Serving ladies of Agnegards as their...”

“WE GOT IT!” I stop him before he says more.

Oh, gods! Unbelievable!

A knock on the door disturbs our uncomfortable conversation. But no one hurries to let the unknown guest in and when I look questioningly at my friends, Isidore snorts, "Well, we are not waiting for anyone! It's either your devotees or Ricks!"

"And I am closed for the day," a smile spreads over my friend's face.

Rien sighs heavily and goes to open the door. Surprisingly, it's Agnes. Gods, I hope she is not requiring Rick's services!

"Derrien, grandfather wishes to speak to you," she smiles at my fiancé, "And the sooner the better!"

The Selection: Bride Of The Dark Dragon Chapter 125 - Tips

DERRIEN

Agnes leaves first and I say goodbye to my Mira. Even when we separate just for a few minutes it feels like forever. And I don't lose my chance to pull her into my arms and to feel the warmth of her body in this incredibly light dress. When my hands slide up and down her curves it seems like she is not wearing anything at all. And although I like it in the bedroom, I don't like it out in the open. My dragon growls inside of me in agreement and I take off my cape and wrap it around her.

"What are you doing?" she giggles when I close the clasps so that not an inch of her could be seen to anyone, "Rien, I don't think I would be able to move in it."

"It's getting colder," I say, trying to believe really hard that it's true, otherwise the magic vow I gave her will bite me in the a.ss, "You need to take care of your health. Just sit here until I get back!"

She lifts herself up on her toes and wraps her arms around me, whispering, "Rien, don't forget to tell him the baby name."

"What?" I look at her, surprised.

"Just mark my words and do it," she smiles.

I kiss her nose, wishing for more. But this is not the place and not the time.

Dark flames surround me and I appear in my Grandfather's personal room even before Agnes gets here. Perks of being a gerdian. Before Agnegard, I thought that all dragons can transport just like me because I transport with the help of the fire of my dark magic, not the dark smoke like the other gerdians. But it turns out, that dragons don't have an ability like that at all. What I have is the result of mixing gerdian blood with dragon blood. I am the new species. And, currently, one of a kind.

"Ah, Rien!" king Orion seems pleased and gives me a warm hug,
"Congratulations! I still can't believe that it's all true. Agnes told me the prophecy of your son! It's amazing! A warrior, a king! What a great destiny! I was also fascinated by what kind of dragon he will be and to think that he will be a dark one just like you! That's incredible!"

"Yes, I can't quite believe how lucky I am myself," I smile, "Speaking of which, Grandfather, I've never seen your dragon. How about... how about we fly together at least once? You know that I am going to be leaving soon and who knows if we'll get an opportunity like this again..."

The king looks at me with a bit of sadness in his eyes.

"I would be honoured to fly next to the first Dark Dragon!" he says and runs to the balcony, jumping onto the rail and then just stepping into the air and falling down. But what I see next amazes me as a beautiful golden beast raises right in front of me. He snorts smoke and springs into the sky.

I follow and shift, letting my dragon spread his wings. We fly above Agnegard and it's the first time I see it from the top, admiring its beauty and size... The city of my ancestors is vast and immaculate!

It seems like we spend hours in the clouds, racing, and simply having fun! I've never shared sky with anyone except for Mira. But the way I share it with her is different...

However, it's still nice to have someone of my kind next to me. What could I have been if I was born here? What would my life be?

But then I remember that if I was born here, I would have lived here my whole life! And I would have never met her... No, that wouldn't do! Life without Mira is not life...

Grandfather's beast lowers himself and almost touches the roofs of the houses with his golden belly. A true royalty. He is also a bit bigger than me. But I am definitely faster and move with more ease than him.

I see people of the city and hear their screams, "Agnemir! Agnemir!"

Now what? What is this Agnemir? Grandfather's title? Another nickname for me? Like they call Mira Agnelind? Everything important here starts with Agne as in the language of ancient dragons that means fire.

When we had enough, we shift back to the king's balcony. I am in the best mood, chuckling at how grandfather tried to overcome me in a race just now but failed again. However, when I turn to see his face, I see more sadness.

"What's wrong?" I ask him plainly.

"Derrien," he exhales heavily, "You remind me so much of your father! You have no idea!"

"That's a compliment to me," I smile, "I wish I knew him as well."

"So do I but gods decided differently," he chuckles bitterly, "He...He was the flame of my heart, Rien... I never recovered from his loss..."

"By the way, grandfather," I put my hand on his shoulder, "Mira and I decided to give our firstborn son the name of my father... We are going to call him Demir."

I look into his eyes and can't believe what I see! A single tear is rolling down his cheek... He is crying! The mighty dragon king has tears in his eyes! I haven't even thought that it was possible!

"Come here!" he gives me yet another hug, longer this time and I don't rush the old man. From the corner of my eye, I see Agnes entering the chambers and nodding at me without saying a word...

"Derrien," king Orion wipes his tears discreetly and gets serious again, "Agnes and I have been thinking. About your whole situation and this war. Dragons cannot afford to lose you or Mira, or your unborn son! Before that, our main concern was that if we leave Agnegard, then dragons would cease to exist. But now... Now I know that if we leave, if we mix our blood with others, new

dragons will be born! With new, stronger abilities! You are the future of dragons, Rien! And that's why we decided to help you!"

I don't even hear that last sentence at once. I hoped, I prayed, I calculated but deep inside I knew that everything is useless! And now they are going to help us?

"I was still hesitant about it," grandfather admits, "But hearing your son's name... It brought nostalgia... There must be a dragon king named Demir in the world, Rien! It must happen!"

"Thank you, grandfather!" I exhale heavily, "You have no idea how much it means for me!"

Agnes steps in between us within seconds, elegant as always.

"There is one more pressing matter," she says, grinning.

"What matter would that be?" I raise my brow.

"Silly nephew," she chuckles, "Your wedding, of course! You need to make sure that little...Demir wouldn't be born in sin! I just can't allow this! You need to marry Mira before we all go to war!"

And hearing all this, I don't mind... I wanted to change Mira's bracelet from engagement to the marriage one for a while already...

MIRA

"I have come here first!" the dragoness with red hair cries, stomping her foot.

"And I am here for the first time!" another, with black curls, shouts, "Maidens agreed to share him! It should be done equally! It is my turn now!"

"Ladies, please," Rick tries to calm them down desperately when one of them starts to literally blow smoke out of her nostrils. Huh! I didn't think they could do that! Interesting, can Rien do that too?

"Here!" Isidore sits next to me on the sofa with a huge bowl of berries, "They say they are good for pregnant women!"

She says all that without looking at me, obviously too invested in the little show in front of us. I was about to leave myself when it all started. And, honestly, this is the funniest thing I have seen in days!

“Do they even realize that they are fighting for Rick of all people?” I snort as I take a fistful of berries and push them into my mouth.

“I doubt it!” Isidore also helps herself to the red plump berries, her eyes on the two women in front of us at all times, “For them, he is like a...”

She can’t pick the right word and Dereck, who joins us as well says, “A donor!”

“Would you help me finally?” Rick growls at us and we burst out laughing.

“Why would we?” Isidore wipes her eyes from tears that appeared in her eyes after all this laughing.

“This is the only entertainment we’ve got here!” Dereck chuckles.

“Oh,” Rick smirks looking at our team leader, “Be honest, Der, that’s definitely not the only entertainment you have!”

And he looks significantly at both Isidore and Dereck while I can’t hold back another snort.

All of them want to say something else when dark flames appear in the middle of the room. Rien stands before our eyes, even more, handsome when usual and I gulp at the realization that this wonderful man is mine!

“Leave!” he growls to the she-dragons and they both run away without saying anything extra.

And then he turns back to us, smiling, “I come bearing good news!”