

The Selection: Bride Of The Dark Dragon Chapter 15 - Tips

MIRA

I look at his perfect face that is now twisted with anger, his eyes are flashing with dark magic again and my first reflex is to step back. But every time I take a step, he takes one again. Soon, I am pressed against the cold wall next to my bed and I gulp.

“L-lord Derwood?”, I look at him questioningly, “What...”

“I repeat my question,” he grits through his teeth, “What the chaos are you wearing, Mira?”

“A-a d-dress”, I mumble looking down at myself. I put on the dress that Tristan brought me in the end as this was the most modest one. And also the only one that wouldn’t create any uncomfortable questions for me.

But now I realize that probably I shouldn’t have angered the gerdian who keeps me locked in my room and has full control of me...

“That’s not one of the dresses I sent to you today!”, he states, still throwing daggers at me with his eyes.

“No, it is not”, I admit just hoping that maybe this would be the end of it. But, of course, that would have been too easy.

“Who brought you this? And how?”, he pulls me closer to him by the fabric of the dress, almost tearing it.

“Does it matter?”, I ask, “You just left me here and...”

“Mira!”, he raises at me, “When I ask you a question you should answer clearly. Without changing the subject.”

“Well, I was just starting to explain!”, I yell at him. Honestly, I just can’t take this kind of attitude anymore. I am not the meek type and he knows it.

“Very well!”, he pulls me by my hand to the living room, where all the boxes still are, “Explain! I see here many things that are not from me! WHO. BROUGHT. THEM. HERE?”

His voice is scary and I cringe inside. But as always – I keep my head high and start talking calmly, “Well, after you left me here all alone, people started coming. Luckily, you put the barrier on, so no one could enter. But then they started bringing things... and things could get through the barrier just fine. So, that’s how I ended up with all the boxes.”

“WHO, MIRA?”, his eyes flash so bright that for a second there I am afraid that his magic is going to get out.

“These boxes are from lord Ryden Dargen”, I point to the lot the gerdian brought, “And these – these are from Sir Tristan. But he didn’t mean anything by this...”

“Oh,” Derrien pushes me against another wall and bends to me, sliding his hand across the fabric of the dress, pretending to check it out. And yet we both know that this is not what he is really doing. “Let me guess, your heart jumped when your ex-fiancé brought you a gift and you decided to pick it over mine?”

His fingers are playing with the ties on the front of the dress, right next to my cleavage.

“N-no!”, I squeak, feeling my cheeks flare up at his every touch, “I didn’t want anything from him, but when I saw the dresses from the Gerdian Empire...”

“And what was wrong with the dresses?”, he whispers huskily into my ear, “These are the finest dresses the Empire has to offer...”

“Nothing is wrong with them,” I try to turn away, but instead just give him better access to my neck, where I immediately feel his hot breath. The breath that does things to me that I don’t want to admit, “It’s just I am not used to this kind of fashion... Our dresses are much more.. modest... and...”

“Oh”, he chuckles darkly, “So you think that the Empire’s fashion is not good enough for you now?”

“No!”, I almost scream, making him smirk at me.

“And yet you chose to wear nothing from the Empire”, he fake-sighs, “Such disrespect should be punished, Mira!”

“I do wear something from the Empire!”, I shout out loud and he stops doing everything that he is doing, looking at me, clearly amused with what I just said. Oh, no! What is he thinking about now?!

“Really?”, he starts pulling one of the ties, grinning, “Now I am curious and I will just have to check!”

“I-I-I meant the shoes!” I say in a high-pitched tone, but his eyes are full of magic again, as he sees the lace of what I am wearing under my dress. Stupid me! I wanted to get ready so fast that I took the first piece of underwear I saw! And that was this complicated bodysuit thing with many strings and tiny pieces of lace in burgundy, that only brings everything to a better display.

“Little mage”, a satisfied smile spreads across his face as he exhales. He touches the fabric of my dress and I notice tiny sparks of dark magic on his fingers. One moment – and the dress burns out on me without scorching anything else, leaving my seductive gerdian underwear untouched. Sparks fly from my body when I realize that I appeared before the lord seriously underdressed – in only the bodysuit and high-heeled shoes.

“Oh, gods!”, I try to cover myself with my hands and hair but he only stares at me, “What are you doing?!”

We stay like this for far too long, his eyes on me, but he is not doing anything. Thank gods for that, but I start shaking uncontrollably with anger. Is this it? Is he going to take me now just like that? My eyes become teary and my lips tremble, although I try to hold myself under control. His eyes move from my body to my eyes and his lips part for just a split of a second as if this wasn't the reaction that he expected from me. And then he is back to his indifferent expression.

He lifts up his hand and clicks his fingers – the boxes that Ryden and Tristan brought burn in flames until there is nothing left, leaving ugly stains on the sofa and floor where I put them.

“And now that we are done with that wardrobe problem,” he smirks, “Since you managed to make me a little bit happy, I will leave it be. But, Mira, I do not tolerate disobedience. Everything I say must be done. Got it?”

“Yes”, I decide not to ask him how in the name of Akyria he expects me to disobey other gerdian dark lords, considering they all seem equally crazy. It's

not like he is the only lord here at the Dark Selection. And they are all the same!

“Good little mage”, he chuckles, “Now, pick a dress and I will escort you to dinner.”

I look questioningly at him. How does he expect me to choose a dress when I am in my underwear and he is looking... But the smirk on his face tells me that this is exactly what he wants to see. Me crawling in that thing on the floor right before his shameless eyes.

I clench my lips, “Very well!”

He sits at the edge of the sofa, crossing his hands on his chest and not taking his eyes away from me and expecting to see the show.

I, however, stretch my hand and simply say, “Agirre!” The box with the silver dress and black pearls flies to my hands within less than a second and I hurry to cover myself with it. The lord doesn’t even flinch at that, but the sparks of magic in his eyes give him away. And what did he expect? That I am not capable of the easiest summon spell in the entire world? Even a 6-year-old mage can do that!

I curtsy and run to the bedroom, locking the door behind me.

“Hurry up”, Derrien says through the door, chuckling, as I am trying to catch my breath and cool the cheeks that seem to be on fire, “I don’t like to wait and we have a long night before us...”

Just what does he mean by saying that? And why did he sound amused and not angry?