

The Selection: Bride Of The Dark Dragon Chapter 17 - Tips

MIRA

Ryden looks around with his usual supercilious look, while all the ladies make their deepest curtsies for him. Isidore especially shows off her impressive cleavage and looks at the lord with her most seductive smile. She is clearly offering herself to him and so is everyone else. I am happy that at least Morgan and Xia left before all this has started. I don't want to see them humiliating themselves like that. I just don't...

Turning back to Ryden I meet his expectant gaze and realize that I am the only one who forgot to greet him.

"Lord Dargen", I make a quick and clumsy curtsy and he chuckles at that.

"Oh, gods!", I hear a wave of whispers, "He is the lord Dargen! The nephew of the Emperor! It's true, he is here!"

Oh, shoot! No! Not him! Please, gods, let them be mistaken.

"Your highness", lady Cecilia raises, "Of course you are right. If you wish lady Mira to not attend the lessons, then..."

"Yeah, yeah", he waves at her, clearly annoyed, "You are all dismissed. I want to talk to lady Mira alone!"

"Off you go, ladies", Cecilia hurries everyone back up and almost shows them to the hall that leads to the ladies' dorms. They all constantly turn to look at us and I feel myself at display once again.

When they are finally gone, lord Dargen steps closer to me, cupping my face in one of his hands. He is not as big as lord Derrien, but still at least twice my size. He lifts my chin up, making me look at him, and smirks.

"Alone at last!", he chuckles, "And no barriers or corpses between us."

At the mention of Bella, I tear my head off his grip and he looks amused at my reaction. Seriously, what is wrong with them? The more I defy them, the more they insist!

“Bella was an alive person. Beautiful and brilliant”, I say dryly, “Don’t speak of her as if she was just a corpse and nothing more.”

“My apologies, lady Mira”, he grabs my hand roughly and pulls me closer to him, kissing my wrist from the inner side – a very intimate gesture. He doesn’t stop there and starts kissing my hand higher and higher. And I want to curse that this stupid gerdian dress has split sleeves, leaving my arms almost fully open.

“Lord Dargen!”, I try to stop him, but he only pushes me against the wall.

“Lady, Mira”, he smirks, leaning closer to me, “You are such a temptress!”

“I assure you I am not!”, I mumble, trying to delicately push him away. Knowing his title makes me cautious, but still doesn’t scare me enough to let him have his way with me.

“I must say”, he eyes me up and down, “I was disappointed to see that you are not wearing the dress that I bought you.”

“Well, there was a little accident and...”, I start explaining.

“Accident?”, he looks suspiciously at me, furrowing his brows.

“Yes”, I try to squeeze out of his grasp, but he only pushes his body harder into mine, “Well, lord Derwood came and I made him angry and he destroyed almost all the boxes except...”

“Except the ones from him?”, he snorts, “Typical of that son of a harpy!”

His eyes go dark and he is clearly furious, but he looks back at me and all the darkness disappears as he leans closer.

“Mira, tonight you are going to my room”, he smiles as if he is giving me the best present in the world and expects me to jump from joy, “No one is going to disturb us and...”

“No!”, I say firmly and he looks at me in surprise, taken aback.

“You don’t understand”, he chuckles and takes a lock of my hair, winding it around one of his fingers, “I am considering you, Mira. Considering you for the role of my wife. And tonight we will get to know each other better while no one interrupts us. It’s going to be great and you have nothing to worry about...”

Oh, gods! He thinks that I am worried that someone would interrupt us. I'd be begging for it if I get into his room!

"I...I am not ready for something like that, lord Dargen", I stutter as the expression on his face changes.

"It's natural for you to be frightened, Mira", he brushes his palm over my cheek gently, "I'll teach you everything you need to know. And you would enjoy it. And afterward, I'll make my decision..."

I am lost for words. If he wasn't a gerdian prince or really close to the title, I'd kick his royal jewels or at least punch him in the face. So, he is seriously thinking that I should just go with him, spread my legs and let him do whatever he wants. I gasp for air and he takes it as a desire to be kissed by him, leaning closer to my mouth.

That's it! I don't care! My magic sparks at the tips of my fingers as I prepare to hit him with it. Maybe I can claim that I am a gerdian-hater and they throw me away from here! Doesn't matter...

"Step away from her!", Derrien's voice cuts the air in the hall and Ryden stops everything and steps in front of me.

"She is mine tonight!", he smirks, "You had your turn and now I will have mine!"

"No, you won't", lord Derwood smirks and walks towards us, "No one will touch her until I am done with her!"

Gods, I hate them both! Equally! Magic almost bursts out of me, when I suddenly feel dark flames hug my body. I land in my new room harshly and almost fall down when strong hands catch me in the air. I turn and see Derrien Derwood and remember his words about me. No one can touch me until he is done with me! What the chaos?! And when he is done anyone can touch me? Why do they treat us like this? Are they looking for wives or just to get laid?

My thoughts must have been very well reflected on my face as Derrien snorts at me, "Don't take it personally little mage. This is how the world works!"

Die, gerdian, die! A huge pulsar bursts out of my fingers and flies at incredible speed straight into the dark lord, throwing him across the room. He is back on his feet in less than a second and in another – he is right next to me. I raise

my hand again, starting another attack, but he catches it and completely blocks my magic. It's a stifling feeling and I immediately feel dizzy.

"Little mage!", he shouts, "I know you feisty and stupid, but even your stupidity has to have some limits! Attacking one of us equals death!"

"Good!", I snap at him, tears forming in my eyes, "I'd better die than let you gerdians degrade me like that! I wasn't raised to be a w***e and have no desire to become one! Even if someone marries me later!" Then I think some more and add, "Especially if I have to marry one of you later! Whoever wants to do it must be crazy!"

He looks at me without saying a word, lips pressed tight.

"Is that how you are thanking me for helping you out?", he raises his brow, lips clenched tight.

"H-helping me?", I flap my lashes in surprise, "What part of that humiliation was help?"

"Humiliation?", he smirks and takes me by my neck, raising my chin so that I wouldn't have a chance to turn away, "Lady Mira, I think you can't even imagine yet what humiliation really is. If Ryden knew what I know, he would take you there and then before I even arrived... not caring if anyone saw you or not."

"What do you mean by that?", I gasp and he smirks, leaning closer to my ear.

"I mean that I know that under that pretty dress you have absolutely nothing", he chuckles, "You had only that tight beautiful bodysuit on you, and this dress's open back wouldn't allow it. That means that you just had to take it off and go to the dinner wearing nothing but the dress I personally selected for you."

"T-that's not true!", I lie helplessly and his free hand brushes over my bare back and down to my bottom, squeezing it with feeling.

"Little mage, are you tempting me to check it?"