

The Selection: Bride Of The Dark Dragon Chapter 3 -

MIRA

“Lady Freyn, wonderful!” the headmaster chirps... The tone is so unusual for this huge gloomy man that it makes me cringe inside, “I’ve just found out that you have some wonderful news for us!”

I clench my lips, “Not sure what you are implying, Headmaster.”

“Y-your Dark Mark, adept”, the old man looks puzzled, “Haven’t you felt it?”

“N-not really”, I lie and that makes the man in the chair turn to face me. And if anything – he looks amused! His piercing brown eyes have a reddish tint to it and the fierce look makes me shrug. He smirks at my words and I suddenly feel my mark getting warmer. It’s him and I just know it! I look him in the eye and... say nothing.

Hot! The mark becomes hot as a stove! But again, I clench my fists and look away. I am not giving in to this. Suddenly, the pain becomes unbearable and I give out a scream, not being able to control myself. My legs are shaky and I almost fall down to the floor, when two strong hands hold me by my waist. I look up at the grinning dark lord. And by now I know that this... this arrogant man is a lord and not some commoner servant from the Gerdian Empire. Only the lords who take part in the Dark Selection can control the marks. Everyone knows that!

“I think we are safe to say now that lady Miradora feels the mark on her just fine”, the man chuckles as if he hasn’t just hurt me badly. Realizing that I am still in his hands, I try to push him away, however, he only pulls me closer.

“There, there”, he speaks to me as if I am a senseless child, “I need to inspect the mark, my lady. I hope you don’t mind...”

“And if I do?”, I raise my brow at him.

“I’d still have to do it”, he smirks.

Feeling the tension and knowing my temper, the headmaster tries to smooth the situation, “Lady Miradora, you have the honour to meet the Dark Lord of the Gerdian Empire – Lord Derrien Derwood. He came to personally escort

you to the Dark Selection, my dear! And this is such an honour! Not every girl is this lucky to... ”

“Isn’t this just amazing!”, I grit through my teeth, wishing to end this farce.

Silence coats the room and it’s getting awkward... Well, not for me.

“Would you like me to leave the two of you so that you could...”, Eaton looks at the lord questioningly.

Seriously? So that he could do what exactly to me?! Chivalry is definitely dead! Or at least dying in long and unfortunate agony!

“No, we wouldn’t want to bother you. Just prepare lady Freyn’s expulsion papers,” Lord Derwood says coldly, “And I would like to see the lady’s personal chambers.”

The look on his face doesn’t promise me anything good! Cold blue fire surrounds us, making me flinch at the sight. I know far too well what this is – this is the way the dark one’s transport to where they need. A unique skill only available to their race. I’ve never even imagined that I’d get to experience it personally. The fire touches my skin, flames tickling it, but they do not leave any burning sensation. I gasp when the fire consumes everything around us and I am only able to see his face. And the next second we are in my room, behind the locked doors.

Darrien let’s go of me and walks around slowly. It is even harder for him than it was for Derek, as he is even taller and bigger. All of them are. Their physique is far more superior to ours. His leg bumps on one of my bags and I swallow at that.

“How nice it is that you have already packed your things, Lady Mira. You don’t mind me calling you that, right?”, he looks at me from his height as if I am a little insignificant ant under his feet.

“And if I do?”, I ask once again and he smirks.

“I’d still call you the way I prefer. But let me at least pretend to be gallant...”

“Lord Derrien,” I smile politely and hold my chin up, “You can pretend all you want.”

Dark purple flickers of magic flashed in his eyes. Someone is angry! And it makes me just a little bit happy. I shouldn't be the only one annoyed at the situation!

A smile treacherously spreads across my face although I really tried to hold it back. The man moves in my direction quickly, making me take step after step back right until my back is pressed against the door. He puts his hands at both sides of me, blocking any opportunity for me to move away from him.

"Feisty little mage!", he takes a lock of my red hair and winds it around his finger, his dark aura presses on me, making it impossible to move, "Is that how you are planning to attract attention at the Selection?"

"Does it look like I am trying?", I look him straight in the eye.

"It looks like it is working", he says coldly and for just a tiny second my heart skips a beat, surprising me, "Someone really wants you at the Selection hence they sent me to make sure you arrive without any troubles. Lucky you."

"Luck is not the word I would use in a situation like this, lord Derwood," his arrogance annoys me and I want him to know it, whatever it costs me, "And what about you?"

"What about me, little mage?", his minty breath is way too close to my face and he obviously wants to intimidate me. If there was any other lady in my place, she would have already fallen into his hands or at least lost consciousness. But I am from the Battle Magic Department, things like this wouldn't scare me.

"What have you done, lord, to be degraded to the task of being an escort for a human girl?"

Magic sparks once again and that's how I know I hit the nerve. However the perfect aristocratic face doesn't even blink, he knows how to compose himself far too well.

"What tells you that it wasn't my own initiative?", he smirks and brushes a thumb over my lips, making them part, "Maybe I just wanted to taste you myself first, before everyone else."

At that, I gasp and he slams his lips into mine and before I even realize it, his tongue is in, devouring me roughly and possessively, and not even giving me

time to breathe. I try to push him, but he pins my hands to the door and when I call my magic, sparks flashing at the tips of my fingers, he blocks it with his darkness... And darkness can suffocate anything.

I panic, as this is the first time ever for me to feel this weak and helpless and not quite realizing it, on a reflex, I do what I always do when a man is too close to me in battle... I kick the dark lord where it hurts the most...