

The Selection: Bride Of The Dark Dragon Chapter 4 - Tips

MIRA

Oh, God, what have I just done!

While the lord is gr0aning from pain and his eyes flash purple- the colour of dark magic! If he applies that to me... well, it's going to be bad. It's not some demon or a lowest dark creature. He is a gerdian and nobility for all its worth! I just put myself in deep...well, let's call it trouble!

I quickly turn and start unlocking the door, swearing at myself for using this many locks on one single door. They all respond to my magic and undo themselves, but too slow! The moment I try to open the door, I feel my whole body being lifted up in the air by the dark magic and then yanked to face my captor.

"Going somewhere?" Derrien Derwood grits through his teeth. If looks could k!!!... I'd be already buried deep and forgotten...

"Lord Derwood", I force a smile, "Don't you think that after everything we are even? After all, you have broken all the possible boundaries first and..."

"Boundaries?", the man smirks, shaking off a lock of hair that has fallen on his immaculate forehead right next to his immaculate straight nose.

That's not what important now, Mira!

"It was inappropriate...", I say meekly.

"My dear lady", he waves his finger and I am thrown by the forces that hold me closer to him. Since I am not standing but flying in the air, I am finally at his height and look straight into his brown eyes with a reddish tint... Mesmerizing really. But also terrifying.

"I believe it's still hard for you to quite grasp the idea, but since the moment you received the dark mark, you do not belong to yourself anymore. You belong to us. And we are completely free to do whatever we want to you. Every man at the Selection can taste you unless you have a patron or a proposal of marriage!"

I clench my lips. The idea repulses me. But I know he is right, the brides are property of the dark ones... Everybody knows that.

“Is that how you like your wives? Tasted by everyone?”, I raise my brow and it only makes him chuckle at my words.

“Not really, that’s why it would be wise to find a patron straightaway and work in the direction of becoming his wife.”

“So, what happens if a girl is... tasted by several lords?”

“She would still get married to someone if that’s what interests you. But it would probably be a lord of the lowest rank who can’t choose really. ”

“What do you mean can’t choose?”

“There are 25 girls each year. And around 50 lords take part. These are higher ranks – men who have a position in the Empire. If they decide to pass and do not take a wife that year and as a result, there is a girl or girls who are not engaged by the end of the Selection then those girls are given to lower-ranked lords – simpler knights, warriors, squires... Sometimes even commoners who are favoured by the emperor or an important lord...”

Great, just great... So, basically, we are things that everyone tries on, but if we don’t fit they toss us to someone else... I’ve never felt that degraded! Simply disgusting!

“And what if several men want the same girl? They share her for the rest of her life?”, I snort. I know I shouldn’t have as I am certainly not in a position to be rude to him now. It’s just that I can’t help it...

He looks... amused, “The lord with higher rank would get her. And if the rank is the same, they can fight it over. But that doesn’t happen too often. We usually don’t fight for...”

“Mere humans?”, I finish his sentence for him, unimpressed, “Why choose us in the first place then?”

“You fit genetically for us. Not all, but few. Still better than nothing.”

“Holy dragons! What a compliment... And what your own women think of it? Or do they have no voice to complain?”

For a second there he just looks at me and then he smirks again, “They are very happy with that. You see, there is so few of them that they get way too much male attention. Our genes work in a way that not many girls are born in the Empire. Our offsprings are mainly male. So, there was a lack of women as you can see. And luckily, human women can feel that void. Not all of them, unfortunately. Just a few. But they are precious to us.”

“And that’s why you treat them like w****s?”, I roll my eyes and his eyes flash purple sparks of magic again.

“Only the ones who deserve to be treated like that”, he raises his brow at me.

Is he implying something here? Anger boils inside of me.

“No one deserves to be treated like that!”, I lift up my chin.

And at that, he is done talking as I am suddenly thrown onto my bed. I try to move, but his magic still holds me the way he desires.

He walks up to me and sits on the edge, eyes traveling over my body when he starts to pull on the ties of my dress.

“What are you doing?!”, I ask in horror.

“What I came here to do in the first place”, he says calmly making the top of my dress lose. He removes the silk tie away and moves the side of my dress on the left to expose the part of my b.reast which is not covered with my b.ra. His fingers brush softly over my bare skin, sending shivers down my spine.

Gods, what the chaos is he doing?

He leans to me, breathing in my scent and when his lips are way too close to my neck and ear he whispers, “Your mark looks fine. I think we are done here.”

“W-what?”, I mumble, my mind still in a blur.

“Your mark is fine, dress up”, he chuckles menacingly, “Tomorrow morning we are leaving. Make sure you gather all the things you need for the Selection and your future life at the Gerdian Empire.”

Cold flames of dark magic rose – and he was gone.

Not quite believing in what has just happened, I sit upon my bed, trying to fit my dress to cover myself. I hate that man! I absolutely hate him!

And knowing what I know now there is only one way out for me – RUN!