

The Selection: Bride Of The Dark Dragon Chapter 6 - Tips

MIRA

No! No way! He couldn't have found us so fast! We haven't even left the Academy's grounds!

I turn and see Derrien Derwood in his perfect black frockcoat with inserts and elements in black gold, trousers, and shiny high boots out of leather of some unknown to me creature. He is looking at me and he is looking furious. Damn it!

"I asked you a question", he says coldly, not breaking the eye contact, "Where do you think you are going?"

"Horseback riding!", Derek responds instead of me quickly and I eagerly nod at that, "This is a common activity here."

"And the two sacks this boy is holding?", Derrien ignores my friend completely and walks straight to me.

"I don't know. That's not mine!", I lie and the lord grabs me by my shoulder with one hand, while taking away the jar with the masking cream with the other. He brings the jar closer to his nose and chuckles.

"You didn't seriously think that this little trick is going to work? Nothing can hide a dark mark! In fact, it only sends a stronger signal when you temper with it and alerts us!"

With another motion of his hands, the bags are torn off Derek's shoulders and they start burning on the ground. My clothes are gone within seconds and only my jewellery and coins remain untouched.

"Your friend has a weird taste", Derrien snorts, "You will be surprised to find out what real men are when you get into Gerdian Empire, lady Miradora. Today."

For Derek that was the last straw. He charges at the gerdian with one of his best attacks. I know it as I've experienced it many times during our matches. Not the full strength, of course. That would kill me. But what I got was enough.

However, the blast is blocked even before it reaches the lord and he is next to my friend in seconds, grabbing him by his throat and lifting him up in the air with just one hand.

I gasp in shock. I always knew that the gerdians are stronger than us. But I couldn't imagine how! The speed, the strength... Derek has no chance. Even if we all attack him... It would be useless.

"Stop!", I shout, but it has no effect. The lord's eyes are sparkling with dark magic and Der is turning dangerously red, "Please, stop!"

"Attempt to steal from gerdian lords equals death!", Derrien grits through his teeth, not paying me any attention. I run to him and grasp his hand while putting another one of mine on his chest.

"Please, I will go with you!", tears fall down my cheeks, "I swear I will go with you!"

"You don't get it, little mage", he smirks, "You are going with me anyway!"

"I'll do anything! Just let him go!", I shout out loud and after a pause, he drops almost breathless Derek to the mud next to us.

"Mira, no!", my friend groans, stretching his hand to me.

"Remember your words," lord Derwood grabs me by my waist and pulls me closer. Cold flames of dark magic cover us when I take a last look at my shocked friends. The desperation in Derek's eyes, fear in Norton's, horror in Rick's...

And just like that, we are gone.

This time the transportation takes longer when I expected and it makes me feel dizzy. Lord Derrien walks out of the fire, still holding me by my waist when I am almost ready to fall. I lift up my head to look at him and meet the coldest gaze I've ever seen. Freezing.

He lets go of me and I fall to the cold stone floor, still trying to come to my senses.

"I hope today's situation will be a good lesson for you, lady Mira", he says with an official tone, "I'll see you soon!"

The cold flames rose and he disappeared, leaving me in the new and unfamiliar place. Where am I?

“Oh, my gods! Was that a real dark lord of the Gerdian Empire right now?”, I hear an excited female’s voice to my right and turn to see a group of girls.

“Unbelievable! I thought none of them is coming before the Introduction ball!”, says a brunet with curly hair.

“But what was he doing here?”, wonders a blonde in a fluffy pink dress. Ugh. I detest those kinds of garments.

“Probably just throwing out some trash!”, smirks another blonde girl, her hair is up in a very complicated hairdo. And she is covered with gold from head to toe.

“Isidore, don’t be mean!”, one of the girls giggles, “You do know that sometimes they bring commoners here as well!”

“Disgusting!”, the blonde retorts, “They are wasting their time with them! Who would want something like that?”

And she points her well-manicured finger at me. The desire to break it raises inside me.

“And yet she got the attention of a noble Gerdian before she even got here!”, I hear a laugh on the right and see another girl. Her dress is modest blue and her brown hair is done in a simple long braid to her side, “Unlike you three.”

“Trying to find at least someone to talk to you, Morgan?”, the girl in the puffy dress giggles. And that giggle is ugly.

“Just looking for someone with brains”, the Morgan retorts and I like her already, “Able to keep up with a meaningful conversation!”

The girl winks at me and I try to hold down a laugh that is trying to escape me.

“Ladies!”, a familiar male voice behind my back makes me flinch. I know that voice! “Please, behave in a dignified manner, and don’t forget that all of you are representing our great Akyrian Kingdom at this Selection.”

No, it can’t be!

I turn around, looking at the last man I expected to see here.

“Lady Miradora, let me help you!”, my now ex-fiancé stretches his hand to me like the knight in shining armour that he actually is.

What the chaos is he even doing here?!