

The Selection: Bride Of The Dark Dragon Chapter 7 - Tips

MIRA

Tristan Ragnard in the flesh. Or – in other words – my ex-fiancé. Or in other words – the man who sucked the fun out of my life for the past 5 years. Being engaged since I was 15 to the famous Sapphire Knight of our kingdom made sure I had no chance to meet anyone else. Men were afraid to even dance with me. Girls and women hated me. I found myself lonely at most events. And Tristan here was just indulgently giving me one or two dances per ball, during which we hardly were saying anything to each other.

And now he should be living happily in his castle while having a perfect excuse to not marry for another few years. And loads and loads of ladies would definitely be willing to help him mend his “broken heart” after his fiancée was taken away. After Derrien Derwood he is the second person I hate the most. Even more than that – I absolutely loathe him!

But none of that explains why he is here. Not to save me. Of that I am sure.

He helps me up and I fix my cloak, taking the hood away and letting my hair fall to my shoulders and below.

“What are you doing here, sir?”, I take my hand away and ask in the most official manner.

“Mira, I...”, he starts talking and then notices that we have many witnesses to our conversation, “Lady Miradora, I was sent here by King Bendor to supervise the Selection as a representative of Akyria. My aim here is to protect you...”

“How unlucky of us!”, I roll my eyes. Honestly, at least I don’t have to pretend anymore. I notice my engagement bracelet on his hand and a nervous laugh escapes me, “You do know that you can take this off now, right?”

“Lady Mira...”

“You are not here to save me or claim your right for your fiancée. So this means that our engagement is over! Take it off. I would return you yours, but I wasn’t wearing it in the first place. And as you can see, I’ve been transported

here without my things. So... if you want it back, it's somewhere in the Royal Academy!"

"We'd better discuss this later", Tristan seems displeased. Gooood! At least something good on this horrible day!

"There's nothing to discuss!"

"Let me take you to your chambers then. You just arrived and don't know the locations..."

"I am sure someone can show me what is where. Someone else that is," I turn away from him, looking around and meeting the gaze of the girl who helped me earlier.

"I can show her!", she smiles and walks up to us, taking me by hand and pulling me away, "And you can supervise someone else, sir Tristan."

Together, we quickly leave the hall and enter one of the corridors in the castle we were brought in.

"Morgan Rattleton", the girl says, fiddling her beautiful brown braid.

"Miradora Freyn", I smile at her, "But you can call me Mira. Thank you for your help over there!"

"Don't mention it", she giggles quietly, "It was quite fun. You made some noise on both occasions!"

"I guess I did", I chuckle.

"Did you love him? I mean sir Tristan...", she looks at me awkwardly.

"Gods no!", I shake my head, "It was an arranged engagement and none of us was going to get through with it!"

"I see", she smiles understandingly, "I was almost engaged like that too. But in the last moment, the mark arrived as my saving rope!"

She looks excited. Too excited.

"Are you happy to be here?", I ask her bluntly and she shrugs.

“Does it matter now? It’s probably better than marrying that old count I was promised to... At least they say that Gerdian men are very handsome. The one who brought you here is!”

“Ugh,” I breathe out, “Only on the outside!”

“Still better than nowhere!”, Morgan giggles and then she stops me at one of the doors, “I believe this is your door!”

She points at golden letters saying Lady Freyn.

“Yes, this should be me. Unless they marked my poor cousin as well”, I snort and open the door.

We walk in and I see spacious chambers with two queen beds at each side, two wardrobes, and a door that probably leads to a bathroom. The beds are covered with wine red silk sheets and a transparent canopy of the same colour. Not to my taste to say the least.

“Does your room look similar?”, I look back at Morgan.

“Well, yours is definitely worse. Mine is in silver tones...”, the brunette walks around, “But it could be worse. I heard some rooms are completely black.”

“No surprises there. These are all signature colours of the Gerdian Empire,” I chuckle and at that, another girl enters the room.

“Miradora Freyn?”, she looks at me hopefully.

“Yes”, I smile at her. She is very pretty with her bright green eyes and curly blonde hair falling all the way down to her waist. She is wearing a green and gold dress with a matching emerald necklace which only emphasizes her beauty and a great sense of taste.

“Wonderful! I am Belladonna Grosvenor, your roommate. You can call me Bella! I am so glad you also came early, we’ll have time to chat and get to know each other better! Where are your things? I’ll help you unpack!”

“That’s right”, Morgan turns to me, “Where are your things? I haven’t noticed anything...”

They both look at me expectantly and I sign.

“I am afraid this is it,” I take my cloak off and throw it on the bed that looks unoccupied, “It’s a long story. I angered one of the dark lords and he just brought me here like this. And I guess my bags are not going to follow...”

Both girls look at me as if I told them that Snow King doesn’t bring children presents on the first day of the New Year. Bella closed her mouth with her hands and Morgan blinks every few seconds.

“Oh, gods!”, my roommate gasps, “This is too cruel.”

Yes, we are being given as prizes to men we don’t know and become their shared property, but the absence of my dresses is what is cruel. Honestly, sometimes I can’t understand other women.

“Look, Mira”, Morgan starts pacing around the room, “I’ll try to get you some necessities, but as for clothes, I don’t have much with me...”

“Neither do I”, Bella signs, “If I knew I’d at least take the old ones with me..”

“It’s alright”, I smile at both of them, “Just the ladies’ necessities would be fine. And thank you both. I didn’t know what to expect when we all arrive here and some of the girls seem horrible. But the two of you make up for everything!”

“Silly, don’t trust people here so easily”, Bells giggles while getting some things for me out of her closet, “Who knows, maybe this toothbrush is poisoned! Or maybe we are just making you trust us so that we could stab you in the back later.”

“I’ll keep that in mind”, I roll my eyes.

“So, Mira, you already told about your ex-fiancé and now tell about the lord who’s brought you here! Was he the one whom you made angry? He was so handsome though! Mmm!”

“What?”, Bella runs up to us and shoves me the things she found for me – a nightgown, some slippers, a toothbrush, a comb, some creams and make-up, and other things that ladies might need. “I don’t know anything about the ex-fiancé! But anyway, I would like to listen more about the handsome lord. Is he one of the dark ones?”

“Yes”, I sigh, “He came to my academy to escort me here. But since I wasn’t thrilled, I tried to escape and he got me. He was so pissed at me that he brought me here earlier than planned and didn’t bring any of my things...”

“Oh my gods, Mira! You are crazy!” Morgans run to an opened window and closes it shut quickly, “Do not tell this to anyone out loud!”

“W-why?”, I don’t get why they both look so pale.

“A punishment for trying to escape is death! He should have killed you for such an insult to their nation...”, Morgan whispers.

“Or at least punish you substantially... And by saying that I mean physically”, Bella says quietly, “Haven’t you read a book of rules?”

“A book of rules?”, I look at them, absolutely astonished by everything I hear, “No, I had no idea there is one!”

“Gods, Mira, you are very unprepared! What have you been doing for the past month?”, Morgan splashes her hands at me.

“Month? What are you talking about? I only got my mark a day ago!”

They both exchange puzzled glances.

“Mira”, Bella says, “Everyone else got their mark one month ago!”