

Read Chosen by the dragon kings novel Chapter 10 online free

I walk closer but don't take his hand. Instead, I follow, crossing my arms over my chest. Matitus sighs before walking off. Together, we walk to a part of the castle I hadn't seen before. A huge wooden table sits in the middle of the room, Matitus sat down while Dragus pulled a chair out telling me to sit. I hesitate before finally walking over and sitting down. Dragus took a seat beside me and turned his chair so he was half facing me.

A few minutes later, Abigail emerges and places three plates in front of us. I stared at the plate wishing I could be anywhere else. I would have preferred to sit in the room alone and eat instead of finding myself stuck between two intimidating men. Dragus touches my knee beneath the table. I just stare at the plate, feeling uncomfortable. Dragus runs his hand up my leg, making me jump before I move his hand off me only for him to place it back on my thigh.

Ignoring his hand, I look over at Matitus. "Eat" he orders, but I suddenly don't feel like eating and certainly don't trust my stomach to keep it down. My hands tremble slightly as I picked up the fork and pushed the food around the plate. Matitus starts eating, Dragus using his hand that wasn't on my leg, picked up a bread roll and bit into it.

"Why am I here?" I ask cautiously.

Dragus squeezed my thigh making me look at him. "Enough questions eat," he says pointing at my plate.

"I'm not hungry, can I just go back to the room?" I say, defiance in my voice.

"Enough questions eat," he said pointing at my plate.

"I'm not hungry, can I just go back to the room?" I ask again, not liking the way he was watching me. Dragus sighs and Matitus speaks up.

"Eat Elora, I will answer your questions once that plate is empty," he says tapping my plate with his fork. I look at the plate. There was no way I was going to be able to eat all that, there is way too much roasted vegetables and meat. My grandmother and I could have made what's on the plate last three days between us. There was no way I would be able to eat that in one sitting. I pick up the fork and pick up a piece of potato, popping it in my mouth and

chewing slowly. The entire meal continues in such a way. They ate theirs and I picked at mine. When they finish they watch me, making me nervous. I couldn't stomach anymore and knew if I did continue to eat, I was going to make myself sick. Them watching me wasn't helping my sickly feeling.

"You barely touched your food, Elora," says Dragus.

"I can't eat that much. It is too much," I tell him. He growls low, making me shift uncomfortably.

"Leave her be Dragus, she can't eat it. Silas will deal with her when he gets home. Let it go for now."

I look up at the mention of Silas's name. I didn't like how they kept mentioning him and it made me curious as to what he wanted with me. Everyone fears the Dragon Kings for obvious reasons but Silas. No one even liked mentioning his name, I had heard it whispered over the years, the entire city was aware of who he was. He was the worst of the three Dragon Kings, known for being the cruelest. He killed without hesitation just for someone glancing in his direction.

Dragus sighs before squeezing my leg a little too tight. Abigail comes out and looks between the three of us before dropping her head. She clears the plates, not even looking back up until she got to the door. Before she left, she shot me a sad smile, making me worry.

"Do you know about Dragon Mates?" Matitus asks, pulling my attention away from the door Abigail as she walked out. I nod slowly

"Yes, most creatures have mates except Humans and Fae" I answer. He nodded. I thought his question was strange until he spoke again, making my blood run cold.

"We believe you are our mate, and we will know for sure once Silas is back. The mate pull will be stronger when he arrives, and we will know for sure."

I look between them; knowing my shock must be on display because I see Matitus smirk cruelly. I shake my head. This can't be happening. I feel nothing but fear for them.

"When Silas gets back, we will mark you and start the mating process. Once you're marked, you will feel the mate bond," Dragus says beside me, making

me jump to my feet. Dragus growled before reaching over and grabbing my hand and ripping me back down into my seat.

"You wanted to know why you're here and we answered. Now stay in your seat, you haven't been dismissed yet," he growls, making goosebumps rise on my skin.

"I will never mate with any of you" I say, my voice shaking with fear at the thought.

"Who said you had choice?" Matitus says raising an eyebrow.

"You will willingly or not but you are ours now," Matitus says.

Dragus grip on my wrist tightened, and I hissed slightly at the pain shooting through my wrist and arm.

"Silas will be back in the morning. It would be in your best interest not to provoke him," Dragus mutters menacingly. I shake my head, words failing me for a few moments. I can't believe the shit show my life has become, surely no one was this cruel to make me a Dragon's mate let alone three. Now come to think of it, Dragus is a Werewolf, isn't he?

"How can I be all three of your mates? You aren't even a Dragon, are you?" I ask, looking at Dragus.

"I am a Dragon hybrid. My mother was a wolf, my father a Dragon" he answers, letting go slightly, making my wrist stop throbbing from his intense grip.

"So, you are both?"

"Yes, I can't shift into either, but I get some of both their traits" he answers. I tried to pull my wrist back, but he pulled my hand onto his lap. Not wanting to anger him, I let my hand rest there and he let me go, nodding approvingly.

"So, all three of you are mates?"

"Yes," Matitus says watching me carefully.

"Silas will want to mark you as soon as he gets here, we just wanted to warn you first. I know you are frightened but don't resist him. I would hate to see you get hurt" he says warningly.

“Can I go now please?” I want nothing more than to get away from them.

“Dragus will escort you back,” Matitus says, standing up and leaving the room. Dragus grabs my elbow and pulls me to my feet before walking me back to my prison. Climbing in bed, I toss and turn, not be able to get rest with my mind racing the way it was. Eventually succumbing to sleep, I dreamt of the horrors of the night I found myself brought into the castle.

I wake up to the feeling of somebody touching me.

My eyes snap open and I see Dragus sitting next to me. I freeze, looking at him before he leans down, a seductive smile playing on his lips. His obsidian eyes boring into mine. I thought it strange that I didn't fear him at this moment. He leans closer, kissing my lips softly at first before his kiss turns more urgent. Suddenly, he plunges his tongue into my mouth. I pull back slightly, needing air as his lips move to my neck. His warm hands tug my shirt off and over my head before his lips latched onto my nipple.

My body reacts to the feel of him touching me, shocking me further as a moan escapes my lips. His hot tongue moves south, devouring flesh, my legs becoming wet with moisture, as I feel my stomach tighten and my walls clench. Dragus moves lower before I feel him slide my jeans down my legs. I try to ask what he is doing but the words escape me as I feel his hot breath on my lips before feeling his tongue flick across my clit.

His hands pull my thighs apart as I tried to close them on his head. My back arches off the bed, my hands running through his hair as I try to tug his head away from my sensitive areas. His torture is unrelenting as his tongue flicks across my clit, making me moan as I feel my orgasm reach its peak, like I was suddenly about to be thrown over the edge.

A knock sound pulls my attention away, and suddenly, he is gone. The knocking gets louder, and I look around, but no one is there. When I feel someone touch me, I jolt upright in my bed. Looking around frantically, drenched in sweat, my hair sticking to my face. And I relax, it was just a dream. Sitting upright I look toward the door and Dragus is leaning against it, watching me, a smile playing on his lips. Seeing him standing there, I nearly jump out of my skin. Suddenly, I feel a blush spread across my face, remembering the dream I just had. Yet it felt so real.

“You okay, Elora?” he asks, his smile widening and I feel my face heat up with embarrassment. I know he can smell my arousal but no way was I telling him I dreamt about him.

“Yeah, fine, just a nightmare,” I tell him.

“Really?” he says, sniffing the air slightly.

“Must have been a nice nightmare then,” he says, making me look away from him.

“Silas will be here in an hour. Abigail has some chores for you until he arrives. So, shower and get dressed. Abigail will bring you some clothes” he says, turning around and walking out. I hear him chuckle as he walks away. My heart starts racing at the thought of Silas arriving back at the castle. I needed to get out of here.