

## **Read Chosen by the dragon kings novel Chapter 15 online free**

Dragus grabs my elbow and pulls me down the stairs and all the way to my room. He says nothing the entire time, but I can tell he is angry. Not like Silas angry, but still his anger was enough that I can sense it. When we get to the room, he pushes the door open and shoves me in.

“We told you not to provoke him, we didn’t say it for our benefit but yours. You will learn Elora he isn’t as forgiving as Matitus and I,” he says, before turning on his heel and walking out. Sitting on the bed, I look out the small arched window, the open fireplace cast shadows on the stone walls making this depressive cold room feel claustrophobic, as if the shadows would come off the walls and transform into more monsters to haunt me. I had never been scared of the dark but being here I knew I should fear it more than I had. Only now recognizing the true extent of what lurked in the shadows, that knowledge made the walls feel like they were closing in on this already small room. It is dark outside, and it makes me wonder how long I had been unconscious for before I woke. A few minutes later, Matitus comes in and places a tray of food on the desk. He says nothing, doesn’t even acknowledge I was there, just places the tray and walks out, locking the door behind him.

Walking over to the tray, I look down at the food. It was soup, making me think of Lilith. I smile at the thought of her, wondering if she is okay. My appetite is completely gone, so I lay on the rug in front of the fireplace. My thoughts are churning in my head loudly. How my life had changed drastically in a few short days and not for the better. I miss my old life, I may have been in hiding and constantly on the run but at least my grandmother was still here, at least I wasn’t alone in this world, alone with these monsters.

My birthday is in a few days, and I pray I don’t have magic. They might realize I am not the chosen one and finally decide to kill me. Death is better than being forced to live with these monsters, to be tied to them in the worst possible ways.

I don’t know how long I lay on the floor for, but I eventually drift off to sleep. I vaguely remember dreaming of being in a garden. A garden I had never seen before. It was overgrown with beautiful wildflowers, and lush green lawns a small cottage off in the distance. Birds were chirping loudly, and I could hear a stream in the distance. It was beautiful and serene. The picture started to fade slightly and shudder before I found myself in the bedchambers with Matitus

and Dragus. Sitting upright, I look around confused. I didn't remember coming here. Why? When did they move me from my room?

I have so many questions at the same time, though I felt at peace in their presence, safe. Which I knew deep down was irrational. They were my captors; they were monsters, yet in this moment I can't feel anything, only the feeling of being at ease with them.

"Why am I here?" I ask, looking toward Matitus.

"I don't know, why don't you tell me," he replies.

"Is this a dream?" I ask, remembering when I dreamt of Dragus.

"Do you want it to be?" he asks, stepping closer.

"I don't know," I say, confused. Matitus moves closer to me. His hand sweeps my hair off my shoulder. He cups my chin in his hands, making me look up at him. His snake-like eyes are glowing back at me. His hand slowly trails up my arm, sending goosebump wherever he touched. My skin becomes ignited in sparks from his touch, his hand running over my shoulder. I lean into his hand. It feels warm against my skin, and I can smell his intoxicating scent putting me at ease.

"Does it feel like a dream?" says a voice behind me, making me look over my shoulder. It was Silas. I know he should scare me, but he doesn't. He steps closer until the heat of his chest presses into my back. His warm hand skims over my hips to my abdomen, light as a feather, making me lean against him. I feel him press closer, his nose running along my shoulder to my neck inhaling my skin. I become lost in the feeling of his touch when I see Dragus move from behind Matitus, his hands running over the Dragon's bare chest before I see him kiss Matitus's shoulder.

Silas's Hands caress my stomach, moving lower before I feel him slip his hand inside the waistband on my pants, making me gasp. His warm fingers caressing my pussy lips make me moan as he parts my lips. He groans loudly in my ear, and I see Matitus move his hands over my breast. The pad of his thumb rubs softly over my nipple through my thin fabric. He squeezes it and I hiss at the sudden pain before he soothes it, rubbing it in a circular motion. Silas's finger tease me as he rubs around my opening, and I can't help but move my hips against his hand.

“So wet, so warm,” Silas whispers sucking on the skin of my neck. I hear Matitus groan loudly and I see Dragus has his hand wrapped around Matitus cock through his pants. Arousal floods into me, the feeling is foreign. I never thought I would enjoy watching two men like that.

“Do you enjoy watching Dragus touch Matitus?” Silas’s husky voice next to my ear. I feel his finger slide in me, and my voice comes out as a breathy moan.

“Yes.”

I feel him chuckle against my neck before he moves his finger in and out before adding another. I get lost in the sensation of him touching me. Withdrawing his finger, he circles my clit, and I moan loudly.

“Do you want me to stop?” he asks.

“No,” I murmur as he moves his fingers back inside me, my juices spilling onto my thighs. Some part of me was trying to tell me something. Something important. Matitus steps closer, lifting my shirt and exposing my breasts. He leans down, taking my nipple in his mouth, swirling his tongue around the hardened bud. I moan loudly and feel Silas fingers moving faster. I feel my stomach tighten and my skin heat. The feeling inside me is building up. The voice gets louder, and I try to ignore it.

But something clicks, and I become painfully aware when the voice’s next words ring clearly in my head.

“You don’t want this, this is dream Elora fight it.” I know that voice, it was familiar to me and then I figured out where it came from. It is mine, my subconscious telling me something wasn’t right. This isn’t real. They are monsters. The picture turns grainy, the room shakes violently, and something breaks down the walls of the dream, I am trapped in. I sit bolt upright in bed, panting. My skin is covered in a thin layer of sweat.

It was just a dream, just a dream, I whisper to myself, taking in the familiar surroundings of my room. Only I am not alone. Sitting in the corner on the chair is Silas, his lust-filled eyes trained on me. I swallow, my mouth feeling dry and my heart skips a beat at the sight of him watching me.

Silas stands up, walking toward me, placing his hands on either side of me making me lean away from him. He sits on the bed. His eyes not leaving mine.

“See how pleasant things can be if you stop fighting against us,” he whispers, moving his face closer to mine, his breath fanning my face makes me lean in as I get overwhelmed by his scent. He chuckles softly, making me realize what I just did. I go to move back but he just moves closer. His lips nearly touching mine.

“A few more minutes and I would have made you come,” he whispers, so close I could almost feel his lips touching mine. I furrow my brows, confused. “Really, Elora you couldn’t tell I was in your head?”

My eyes snap to his and then I remember back to the dream of Dragus. I wake up and he too is in the room and everything becomes startling clear.

“That was you and Dragus?”

“Mmm yes, but what I would like to know is how you pushed us out,” he says. His eyes are sparkling with mischief. His lips suddenly crash down on mine. I try to push him off, struggling against him, but he just pushes me back down on the bed. The bed? I think to myself... No wasn’t I on the floor? He must have moved me. I hear him groan, but I go stiff underneath him, my entire body tensing at his closeness. He sighs before sitting up and looking down at me.

“You will give in, Elora. You won’t be able to resist the mate bond for long,” he says before standing up and walking toward the door. He locks it and I jump straight out of bed, my heart pounding in my chest. What just happened? Confusion takes. When he leaves, so does the fog that had a hold of me. Getting up, I walk into the bathroom suddenly feeling dirty and disgusted with myself. I need to wash myself, and remove his scent that lingered on my skin.