

## Read Chosen by the dragon kings novel Chapter 5 online free

Another voice echoes through the night. "Enough," bellows the dragon lord who stood watching over the crowd of women, but he yelled the word too late. I flinch when I hear the swish of the whip before its crack, bracing myself for the impact. Only it doesn't come. I hear the whip cutting through flesh, yet it isn't mine.

I take a chance and look up when I hear a collective gasp from the crowd. Lifting my eyes slightly, I find the dragon lord standing beside me and can see his muscular arm outstretched beside me. The whip is wrapped tightly around his arm. He wraps his hand around the whip, yanking the man holding it towards him. The man stumbles, falling at his feet, his terrified eyes peering up at us.

"I'm sorry, my lord. I didn't hear you," he sputters out.

I hear a predator's growl rumbling deep within the dragon lord's chest before I see his foot come down on the vampire's head. Blood sprays out as his head is crushed into the ground. I fight the urge to throw up, seeing his brains splattered on the ground at my feet. I feel the bile burn the back of my throat as I tear my eyes away from him.

Deafening silence falls over the crowd, and I can feel everyone's eyes on me in shock at what just happened. The Dragon King turns around and I avert my gaze back to the ground, I can feel his eye penetrating into me.

His deep husky voice follows. "Look at me," he demands, and I flinch away from the anger in his words. He grabs my hair, pulling my head back. I close my eyes breathing through the pain searing through my skull as I feel my hair being ripped out.

"I said look at me," he growls again. I feel the little girl shaking, clinging on to my leg. I slowly open my eyes to be met with the same hypnotic gold snake eyes of the man I ran into on the street. He scrutinizes my face before letting my hair go. My eyes instantly snap back to the ground.

"Remove them," he says, his voice daring me to disobey.

"What?" I whisper, confused.

"The contact lenses; remove them now." I shake my head in a pleading sort of way, knowing if I do, I will be killed instantly.

"Remove them or I will," he grumbles, grabbing my arm. I whimper at his rough voice echoing into the darkness, making me shiver. I slowly lift my fingers, and one by one, I took out the contact lenses to reveal my sparkling violet eyes . He grabs my chin, forcing my eyes to meet his.

I hear everyone gasp before I hear the murmur of whispers throughout the crowd. "Fae."

"She is a Fae." Everyone's eyes on mine, which I know are glowing fluorescently into the night. Burning brightly like an amethyst beacon.

"Silence," the man yells out to the crowd. The chatter instantly died down at his words.

"I knew I sensed a Fae when you bumped into me." His lips were next to my ear, his cool breath sending shivers down my spine as he moves closer. He leans in inhaling my scent and I can feel his lips barely touching the skin in the crook of my neck.

"You're coming with me," he whispers, grabbing me and pulling me towards the old sandstone castle. It was huge, and something right out of a fairy tale, only dark and covered in snow, the vines growing along the sides looked like snakes, dying from the cold and the sandstone high walls tarnished from not being maintained properly. I struggle, trying to free myself from his grip. He looks to one of the guards that we pass.

"Kill the rest," he commands, and chaos ensues. All the women's voices start screaming, echoing through the night at his words. Fear so pungent I could smell and taste it, as the guards moved closer, circling around and trapping them, and leaving them nowhere to run.

"No please, they didn't do anything," I begged as I fought against him. He stops and looks down at me and I cower away from his gaze, knowing I shouldn't speak out of turn, especially to a Dragon king.

He grabs my face, making me look at him.

"Please, I will do anything you want, just don't hurt them," I beg. Tears roll down my face as I glance at the women behind me, begging for their lives. All

staring at me, fear in their eyes as all the guards freeze waiting for his answer. His thumb rubs over my bottom lip, and a smirk forms on his lips.

“Anything?” he asks, his thumb pulling on my bottom lip softly. My eyes move back to the crowd behind him, before looking down at the little girl still clinging onto my shirt. The fear in their eyes makes a tear slip from mine, all begging me to agree with whatever it is he wants from me.

“Yes, anything,” I whisper, feeling defeated. He smiles, and I can see all his perfectly straight pearly white teeth gleaming back at me. I study his face. He has an evil glint in his eye, like he is looking at his prey. Nice full lips and high cheekbones with a firm jaw. He looks like the reincarnation of a god, built strong and beautiful, only I know he is the devil in disguise.

“Let them go,” he commands, raising his voice, his eyes not leaving mine. I shudder at the thought of being alone with this big brooding man. I hear the little girl sob beside me, which makes the man focus his gaze on her. Pushing her behind me with my hand, his eyes snap back to mine, a devious smile playing on his lips.

“She is coming too,” he says, not leaving any room for argument, not that I would dare argue back. I hear everyone running out of the castle gates before he changes his mind. Before I hear the metal gates shut loudly, the steel groans as the lock slips into place. He tugs my arm, pulling me toward the castle. Torches are lit along the path as we walk toward it. The only light coming from the lanterns next to the huge heavy double doors leading inside the castle.

Inside differed vastly from the derelict streets outside. The interior is warm and richly decorated with deep red and gold, the stone walls high. Huge chandeliers hang from the ceiling, making the room bright. We walk past an enormous room lined with shelves of books and an enormous fireplace with a desk in the centre. The place smells of candles and incense, making me scrunch my nose up as it is unaccustomed to aromatic smells of lavender.

He walks down a hall before leading us up some stairs. My feet make noises on the stone steps as we climb them. He pulls me to a door and opens it, swinging it open to reveal a room. A huge four-poster bed sits in the middle with black gauze hanging from the top.

The room is decorated like the rest of the castle. There are thick, scarlet blankets on the bed, a black chaise in the corner, and huge black fur rugs

cover the stone floor. He lets me go, leaving me standing in the middle of the room in front of another fireplace that is taller than me. The warmth is a welcome relief after spending hours in the cold. However, I feel more terrified than ever. He folds his arms over his bulging, muscular chest.

Another man enters the room, his skin the color of mocha with dark onyx eyes. His chest is bare, revealing his muscular body and abs that look like they are carved from stone, a deep v-line disappearing into the waistband of his pants. He smiles when he walks in noticing me. I can tell he isn't a Dragon but Lycan, which leaves me confused. Only the Dragon Kings live in the castle with their slaves, so why was this man standing beside a Dragon?

"You found her," says the Lycan, his voice is silky and deep with a slight accent I do not recognize. He smiles, revealing his sharp teeth. As his eyes look me up and down. I take a step back, feeling my heart thumping faster in my chest. He steps forward, crossing his arms across his chest. Both of them are standing over me.

"Strip," says the Dragon King. I shake my head, not wanting to remove my clothes in front of their watchful, lust-filled eyes.