

Read Chosen by the dragon kings novel Chapter 7 online free

Dropping my gaze to the floor. My long black hair falling to my sides creating a veil. I see his boots come into my line of vision. He then kneels in front of me and grips my chin, bringing my gaze to meet his own.

“Why aren’t you sleeping on the bed?” he asks curiously. I look at Lilith, who is still asleep, and I don’t know when we fell asleep, but we were both warm in front of the fire and the rug was comfier than any makeshift bed I had slept on.

“We fell asleep,” I tell him. I watch as he cocked his head to the side examining my face carefully before he lets go of my chin. I see Dragus walk in behind him carrying a tray with what smells like chicken soup. He sets the tray on the desk.

“Get on the bed,” Dragus says, making me glance at him. I feel sick suddenly, my blood running cold at his words. He seems to notice what he said before putting his hands up in mock surrender.

“Not in that way, take the girl with you,” he says, looking down at Lilith laying on the floor. I place my hand on her back, shaking her softly. Her eyes open before she jolts upright leaning against me in fear as she tries to get as far away from them as possible. I stand up to suddenly feel the cut on my back reopen and tear.

I grimace, feeling warm blood running down my spine, but I ignore it. Instead picking up Lilith and placing her so she is sitting on the edge of the bed. I go to sit beside her, when I feel hot fingers move across my shoulder brushing my hair out of the way before lightly tracing the mark running from my left shoulder down to my right hip. I flinch slightly as it stings. I can feel the singlet sticking to the blood as his fingers run over it.

“Silas won’t like that” I hear Dragus mutter as I sit next to Lilith on the bed. Dragus then brings the tray over, sitting it between us both. Lilith looks at me unsure and I nod my head telling her it’s okay. I hand her a piece of bread and watch as she dips it in the bowl. Her hands shake as she brings the food to her mouth, and I can tell she hasn’t eaten for a while. I look at her sadly tugging a piece of hair behind her ear that escaped the braid.

She must be starving, and when she finishes her piece of bread, I give her mine before turning to look at the two men standing in the room. They are both still watching me with indecipherable expressions on their faces.

“What is your name?” Matitus asks. Instead of answering I fight the urge and ask a question of my own, trying to avoid giving them my name. I know if they ask again, I won’t be able to help but answer them.

“What do you want with me?” They seem taken aback by my question and I have a feeling no one who has stepped in this castle has ever spoken out of line, let alone asked them a question as to their intentions.

“Your name?” Matitus asks his tone telling me to answer or else. I shiver as the urge to answer honestly takes over; I try to fight against it, sweat beading on my neck. Trying to ignore a direct question is painful to a Fae, telling a lie is almost impossible. One of the things I hate about being Fae. Matitus steps closer his hand cupping my cheek.

“Fae can’t lie or help but to answer. Why are you fighting against answering me?”

I shake my head and his fingers stroke my cheek softly, I grit my teeth trying to fight the urge to answer. “Elora” I stammer out breathlessly.

“Good girl,” he says, letting go of my face and stepping back.

“Why didn’t you want to answer?” he asks, cocking his head to the side. I see Dragus also watching me intently, his face holding some emotion, I don’t recognize. Was it awe? Wonder? I don’t know but it made me uncomfortable. I grit my teeth at his question not wanting to answer, but I know the words will come out anyway.

“Elora Aziza.” My words spew out of me in a rush.

Matitus steps back, recognition shining in his eyes, and he looks to Dragus.

Aziza was a known name amongst the Fae, they are direct descendants of the Royal Fae. My grandmother told me the chosen one would be born of one of the three royal bloodlines. Aziza, Zana, and Helcate. That was all the Oracle knew, apparently. She didn’t know which generation but that they would be of Royal Fae blood and be the Fae’s redemption.

"You're from a royal bloodline?" I nod my head knowing it is useless trying to fight the urges to answer. Dragus steps forward. "I haven't heard that name in decades," he says, kneeling in front of me.

"Eat little one, I mean neither of you any harm," he says turning to Lilith who had stopped eating and listened intently to their questions. She resumes eating and I rub her cheek assuredly.

"Silas will want to know for sure," Dragus says, looking up at Matitus. Matitus looked a little worried by his words, his lips pursing and his brows furrowed while his eyes flickered dangerously making my heart beat a little faster. He nodded once before glancing at me with what appeared to be worry in his eyes.

"Why am I here?" I repeat daringly. They don't seem bothered by my questions, but I also know that no one would dare question them, they were known for being merciless killers.

"All will be revealed when Silas returns, eat and rest for now. Abigail will be by later in the morning with some chores."

I nod, glad that they were finally leaving. I watch as they both leave and close the door, I hear the lock clicking in place and I finally let out the breath I hadn't realized I was holding before I turned to Lilith. Her bowl was empty, so I pushed mine towards her.

"You have it," I tell her. She was terribly skinny, and she needed it more than I did. Lilith thanked me before quickly gobbling my soup down. When she finished, I place the tray on the desk before pulling the blankets and sheets back on the bed. And climbing in, Lilith curls up beside me and I wrap an arm over her protectively. We both drift off once again.