

Read Chosen by the dragon kings novel Chapter 8 online free

The next morning, I was awakened by someone opening the door. A woman stands in the doorway. She looks to be around my age, but her skin is chafed like she spent a lot of time outdoors in the cold. Her blue eyes look at mine with curiosity before turning away.

"I'm Abigail, follow me please," she says, looking at me before noticing Lilith who is also awake and alert to the newcomer. We quickly sit up and walk to the door. Peering out the door I notice Abigail was waiting at the end of the hall. She waves us to follow, which we do obligingly. She walks us to a large kitchen area where people are busy preparing food and cleaning dishes.

One thing I noticed was all their slaves are human or at least appear to be. The room is huge and modern looking, different from the rest of the castle's traditional look. It has stainless steel appliances and black marble bench tops, a huge island bench sat in the middle with three women standing around it chopping different fruit and vegetables.

They look up when we enter, their eyes darting away before snapping back to mine. I see the woman in the middle nudge her friend and her brown eyes dart to mine widening, a huge grin lighting up her face. She has freckles and red hair that looks wild and untameable. "A Fae," she whispers.

At her words, everyone in the room stops to look at Lilith and I. To which, Abigail clears her throat before speaking, her tone harsh. "Yes, the girl is a Fae, now get back to work and stop gawking," she says, dismissing them as they hurriedly resume their tasks. Abigail hands both of us an apple before telling us to follow. We eat our apples while following behind her as she stops at the front of a huge cupboard in the hall. Opening the doors, I can tell it was a cleaning cupboard, with various chemicals on the shelves and mops and brooms along with a cleaning cart.

"You will both be cleaning the library at the front of the castle, when you're done with that come and see me for more work" she tells me, pushing a cart with cleaning supplies toward me and pointing us in the direction of the library.

I walk down the stone corridors towards the front of the castle, stopping when we finally find the room I noticed yesterday. Pushing the cart to the side, I grab out a cloth and some polish, as I hand a duster to Lilith and tell her to

dust the blinds. I tidy up the desk surface before polishing the wood, which appears to be oak. Then, silently, I move to the mantle where I dust and polish. This continues for what feels like forever, so much wood and so many lamps. Lilith finished doing the blinds and was wiping over the lamps with a cloth while I started the bookshelves. I can't help but notice most of the books were diaries and books on the different sorts of creatures roaming the earth.

I continue dusting the shelves before coming to the last one, where I find the entire bookshelf is full of books on Fae history. Most books on the origins of our people and our magic were destroyed after the war. Yet, there I stood, amazed at how many books they had. My grandmother had one book on our history which we always kept hidden but here, there were hundreds. I let my fingers skim over the leather-bound books that held the stories of my ancestors, when I hear someone clear their throat.

Turning around I see Matitus standing behind me, making me jump, my backside brushing up against the bookshelf. He is staring at the book my fingers were touching. His eyes darken as they move back to mine which makes my heart rate pick up and a chill crawls up my spine making me fight the urge to shiver under his deadly gaze.

"What were you doing?" he asks. I wanted to shrink under his hardened gaze.

"I was just looking, I didn't mean to do anything," I tell him, my heart skipping a beat. He nods before sitting at the desk. For the rest of the time, his eyes remain fixed on me, unmoving. As soon as I am done, Lilith and I rush hurriedly out of the room in search of Abigail.

Abigail escorts me to a bedroom upstairs while Lilith is left in the kitchen to help clean up. Abigail opens the door and reveals the same room I was in yesterday. She hands me a basket with all different cleaning supplies before walking out and retrieving some new linen and placing it on the chaise.

"Once you're finished here, you're done for the day and can go back to your room," she says before turning and walking out, without waiting for so much as a nod in return.

I begin stripping the bed linen off and dumping it next to the basket before remaking the bed with fresh sheets. I then move to the adjoining bathroom. The bathroom is as big as the bedroom with three sink basins along one wall and a huge shower on the other with a toilet. I notice that there are also three shower heads spaced out in the shower.

The bathroom takes the longest as all the fixtures are stainless steel, and the shower screen glass is huge. I am in the middle of wiping down the sink basin and mirror when I see Matitus enter the room and lean against the door frame. I can see his eyes in the mirror watching me, but he doesn't say anything, just watches.

When I am done, he walks out and takes a seat at the chaise when I notice Dragus sitting on the edge of the bed. I gulp realising I was in a room with two predators by myself. I suddenly wish Lilith was with me. Both of them were watching me.

Dragus sniffs the air slightly, a seductive grin forming on his lips.

"She is scared of us," he tells Matitus, making him sniff the air in the room.

Dragus stands up walking over to me and I take a step back only to bump into Matitus who had moved with blinding speed to stop me from running for the door. I feel both their chests press into me, both overly warm. I can smell the masculine scent on their skin, a fire and smokey scent like burnt sandalwood, strong but I also found it rather appealing. They were that close.

They both smelled similar, only slight differences considering they were two different species, before I even realised what I was doing, I breathed in their scent, leaning toward Dragus. My eyes snap open, awakening me from some kind of trance, when I feel his body heat sinking into mine, making my breath lodge in my throat. I jumped, startled at what I did. My heart skips a beat with fear when I realize I just nearly touched him.

"You don't need to fear us little one," Matitus says in my ear, his voice deep and gravelly as I feel his warm breath on my neck making me shiver. He inhales deeply, a groan leaving his lips.

"Doesn't she smell divine Dragus?" he says, lifting his head. I look at Dragus with what I know to be a gaze full of fear.

He leans forward, pressing his lips to my neck before inhaling deeply, I stand frozen on the spot, part of me wanting to scream. I wriggle trying to get rid of the feeling running over my skin heading south. There was no doubt they were both gorgeous, tall, dark, and handsome, with muscular bodies, but that didn't make me feel any better knowing they could rip me to pieces within a blink of an eye and I would be powerless to stop them.

I try and slide out between them, but I feel Matitus hand fall to my hip gripping the fabric of my shirt in a fist. Dragus runs his finger down my neck to the top of my breast, before circling it around my nipple over the fabric. I freeze, panic taking over as he pinches it between his fingers, making me cry out at the sudden pain.

“So responsive and we have barely touched her yet.” His voice was silky smooth, his lips barely an inch off mine, making me gulp loudly. I hear Matitus chuckle slightly before stepping back. The warmth on my back, disappearing. I quickly grab the basket and run from the room, wanting nothing more than to get away from their hungry eyes.