

Read Chosen by the dragon kings novel Chapter 9 online free

I take the basket back to the cleaning closet and walk fast to the kitchen, only to notice Lilith is no longer there. Walking over to the woman with red hair and freckles I ask her.

"The little girl that was with me. Where did she go?"

"The guards came and took her; her mother has been looking for her," she tells me. I nod, feeling a little sad, but relieved knowing she is safer out there than in here with these monsters.

I exit the kitchen and head to the small room where I slept last night. Walking in, I see a small, dark object sitting atop the bed. It is the book I was looking at earlier in the library. Matitus's deep voice behind me makes me jump.

"If you want to read that you should also read this," he says, holding another book out toward me as he steps in the room. I take the book from him and look at it. It's a book on Dragons and mates. I look up at him.

"Read them. I know Fae have their own stories of the past, but what if they aren't correct? What if your ancestors lied?" he says.

"Fae can't lie," I whisper, not understanding what he means.

"They can and did long ago, your kind blames the Dragons for the wars and the blood spilled, yet what they took from us far outweighs anything we could have ever done to any of you," he tells me, and I feel anger build up at his words bursting out of me.

"What have you taken from us? You killed my kind off," I tell him incredulously. The nerve he has saying what we did was worse, when they killed every one of my kind.

"Your kind aren't the only ones forced into extinction, Elora; my kind is nearly extinct as well because of what they did."

"And what is that?" I dare to ask, not liking the way he talks about Fae.

"Read the books and you will find out," he says before walking out and shutting the door behind him.

I stare at the closed door, when I see that he isn't going to return, I relax slightly. Picking up the book on Fae history, I sit back on the bed and start reading. I can't remember the last time I actually read a book. Being constantly on the move meant I didn't get much time to read and with moving, books would mean more things to carry.

After a few hours of reading, my back aches from being slumped over. The book was pretty much the same as what my grandmother had already told me. How the war started after a Dragon killed one of the royal Fae and our kind sought out revenge. If only they had known this world we currently live in would result from that war, maybe they wouldn't have sought revenge. I noticed halfway through that there were pages torn from the middle.

Sitting up, I make my way into the bathroom. Getting undressed, I place my clothes on the end of the bed, so they don't get wet and I am able to put them back on after I shower. I grab the towel that was hanging on the back of the chair drying, taking it with me before shutting the bathroom door.

I shower quickly, not wanting the hot water to run out like it did yesterday. The warmth of the water felt so good on my skin after so long trying to stay warm in the frigid air. Halfway through washing my hair, I feel a draft blow into the room. Turning around I look toward the door. Before spinning back around trying to cover myself. Dragus is standing in the doorway, watching me. He was wearing faded denim jeans and a black singlet with a devious smile on his lips and I noticed Matitus sitting expressionless on the end of the bed behind him, also staring at me.

Reaching over to the basin with my back to them, I try to reach for the towel when it is suddenly gone. I feel Dragus move behind me before I see his arm reach past me turning off the water. His hot breath on my neck makes me shiver. I freeze, not wanting to move. Turning would mean they would see a lot more than my behind.

When he doesn't move, I look over my shoulder and see that he has come even closer. I feel his fingertips brush my side and I flinch away from his touch.

"Dragus, give the towel to her. You're scaring her," Matitus growls. Dragus ignores him, moving closer, and I can feel his belt buckle press against my back. My heart hammers in my chest when I feel both his hands on my hips tugging me against him.

"If I wanted to hurt you, I would have by now," he whispers, his hands trailing up and over my stomach to the sides of my breasts. His hands are warm, making me shiver as his body temperature runs a lot hotter than mine. His thumbs brushing the sides of my breasts.

"Dragus," Matitus growls, more loudly this time. I hear him huff, annoyed, but I am grateful when I feel him drape the towel over my shoulders. I grip the towel and wrap it tightly around my body before turning around and glaring at Dragus. He has a seductive smile on his lips as his eyes look down, stopping at my legs. I shift uncomfortably and watch as he licks his bottom lip. I go to step around him, and he sidesteps blocking me.

"Dragus, you had your fun leave her be. Silas will rip your head off if you touch her without him," Matitus warns. My blood runs cold at his words. What did he mean touch me without him? Dragus growls but steps aside, and I quickly dart past him and grab my clothes off the end of the bed. I go to turn back into the bathroom and Dragus huge body is blocking the door.

I wait for him to move but he doesn't.

I look to Matitus to see if he was going to tell him to move, but he doesn't, and I realize they want me to get changed in front of them. I pull my towel tighter, stepping away from them. I move to the other side of the room, and quickly pull my jeans underneath the towel, while glaring at them. They both look quite amused at my discomfort. I feel the denim sticking to me as I pull the pants up from not being able to dry myself. I then grab my shirt before pulling it over my head and removing the towel.

Matitus picks up the book on the nightstand scanning the last page I was reading. He chuckles and I raise an eyebrow.

"Fae are such proud creatures, I swear they believe their own lies," he says when he reads the page. I bite my tongue knowing that if I speak, I will say something I regret or will get me killed.

"Come, dinner is ready!" says Matitus, tossing the book on the bed and standing up. He moves to the door with Dragus and they both step outside waiting for me.

"I don't like repeating myself, Elora. I suggest you move," he says, holding his hand out.

