

Read Chosen by the dragon kings novel Chapter 13 online free

Silas

I was off searching other territories and no-man's-land when my mates contacted me, telling me they thought they found her. Matitus ran into her on the streets. I had my doubts, of course. We have searched for her for decades trying to find this Chosen one the Oracle promised would come. Surely, we weren't that blind, and she was under our nose this entire time, living in our city. Yet they were both insistent that she was the one. They called for all women to be brought to the castle, and that's where they captured her. Dragus too confirmed saying he felt a strange pull to her.

I headed home straight away. Flying back was easy for me, yet my mind kept going back to the great war and the destruction caused ever since. What I wasn't expecting when I got home was everyone frantically looking for her. I landed in the back gardens. Matitus and Dragus ran out to greet me.

"What happened?" I ask as I see convoys loading up and heading out the gates. It was already dark, and the night was becoming cold.

"We lost her. I think she has run," Dragus says, pinching the bridge of his nose. Matitus growls low, making me look at him.

"Are you fucking serious, how did she escape the fucking castle with you two here" I ask.

"We don't know, but we have found where she was living along with another dead Fae at the house. The elderly woman appears to have slit her own throat. She was there her scent was faint, but we have sent trackers after her," Matitus explains.

"Then why are we standing here for, fucking find her?!" I scream before taking off. There is only one choice for her, she would have to leave the city. So, I head for the northern border. Guards are everywhere on high alert. When I fly over a small clearing, though, I get this strange pull to land. Something is tugging at me, telling me she is somewhere hiding. Landing near the border fence, I make my way into the trees, Dragus and Matitus not far from me.

I can't smell anything, but that doesn't mean she isn't hiding here. Something is telling me I am in the right spot. I just need to wait. After a few minutes, I see a figure amongst the trees. Running straight to the border.

"Dragus, she is heading straight toward you," I mindlink to Dragus. I catch a glimpse of her running and my heart nearly stops. Her purple eyes glowing brightly.

"Aziza?" I whisper, shocked. I didn't think anyone survived from that bloodline. I feel anger boil inside of me. Of course, what a fucking coincidence that the very bloodline that started the war was the one meant to end it. I watch her from the trees when she suddenly slows down, looking around her surroundings.

I look at her angelic face and feel rage burn within. It can't be, that's not possible. I killed her myself, watched that bitch die in my arms. The fates are fucking cruel. I chuckle to myself. She looks exactly like her, a perfect reincarnation. Her black hair long like a veil hanging to her waist and then amethyst eyes blazing brightly. Her plump pouty lips quivering from the cold and the fact she is wet explains why I couldn't pick up her scent.

She keeps running until she suddenly runs straight into Dragus. She bounces off his chest and hits the ground. She scrambles backwards, trying to get away from him. Her fear radiates out of her pores before she stands, running into me before taking a step back. The closer she is, the more I see the similarities. If I didn't kill her myself, I would have thought they were the same person. How it angered me that the fates would mate us to someone who is identical to the one I despise most.

My beast raging within me wanting nothing but to rip her to pieces. She is definitely the one we have been looking for. I could sense it with every fibre in my body, but that didn't stop my burning hatred for her. History seems to be repeating itself, and no way was I letting her get away this time.

Grabbing her, I throw her, and she hits a tree. My anger fuels my instincts making me act impulsive. I want blood, and I don't care that she is our mate, I want revenge. For what she did to us, what she did to the Dragon kingdom.

She screams loudly as a stick goes through her hand. The noise leaving her lips is melodious and sweet to my ears. I lose control as I advance on her again, grabbing her.

"You think you can run, think you can fucking leave me," I scream in her face, and she cowers away from me. That just angers me more as I wrap my hands around her throat before slamming her on the ground. She is weak, not at all like her ancestors, she doesn't have the same sense of entitlement, the same fighting spirit.

Matitus tackles me to the ground, and I jump to my feet before punching him.

"Silas, stop, you will kill her."

"That's the fucking point, Matitus. That bitch destroyed us."

"It's not her, they aren't the same," he says, kicking me in the stomach. I growl loudly before kicking him into a tree, the trunk splitting as I throw him against it. I walk back towards her, only this time she is weakly clutching hold of Dragus.

I grab her, wanting nothing more than to break her like a twig.

"Let her go, Dragus," I scream as he holds her tighter. I grip her hair, ripping her head back, making her scream.

"Leave her Silas, she is barely conscious."

"She sounds conscious enough, hand her over," I tell him, but he doesn't let go.

"Silas, she can't take anymore, let her go now," he demands.

"She should have thought about that before she ran from us. I will make sure she doesn't fucking run again." I punch him when he doesn't let go, making him stumble backwards. She will be lucky if I let her walk again. How dare she think she can run from me?

I pull her to my chest before wrapping my arm around her neck. Her body is small against mine, yet so warm as I feel my skin burn from her touch.

"Fucking Aziza's thinking they can always get away with everything," I growl to her as she struggles against my firm grip.

I let her go, and she fell to the ground.

"Please, just kill me" she breathes out. Death would not come easily to her. If I kill her, it will be slow and painful.

"Silas please no more," I hear Matitus say, stalking towards me. I can feel their worry through the bond, they have already grown attached to her. I let their feelings flood me. Willing myself not to complete the task.

Kneeling beside her, I grip her face, forcing her to meet my eyes. My breath catches in my throat as I stare at her hypnotic purple eyes. She was just as beautiful as her too; I loved that woman and she destroyed me, and now the fates were cruel enough to bring her back. Yet I could sense they weren't the same. This girl was weaker, more fragile. There was a sense of purity about her.

"Run again and I will fucking kill you understood?"

"I won't run," she whispers, frightened, and I almost feel bad for hurting her. Picking her up, she goes stiff like a board in my arms, her entire body tense. I pull her closer and after a few minutes she relaxes, her head falling on my shoulder heavily as she goes limp in my arms.

"She needs blood Silas, I don't even know how she is still alive," Matitus says brushing her hair from her face. A lump forms in my throat, making it hard to answer, so I nod. A sudden sense of guilt weighs heavily on me. I had no intentions of hurting her. I was excited to finally have found her. But I wasn't prepared for her, wasn't prepared for her to have the same face as the woman I despise so much. My hatred for that wretched woman overpowered my rational thinking. Looking down at her bruised and battered body in my arms, I know I fucked up.