

Read Chosen by the dragon kings novel Chapter 14 online free

Elora

My eyes fluttered open to see the ceiling, my entire body was aching, and I knew the fates didn't grant my wish of death. No, they once again failed me, painfully proving to me that they didn't care for us anymore. My eyes scan the room and I see Dragus to my side, casually flicking through the page of my grandmother's book.

Sitting up, I look down to realize I am just in my underwear. I quickly cover myself with the sheet underneath me before sitting up.

"You're awake, how do you feel?" Dragus says, dropping the book in my lap. Freeing my hand, I snatch it away from his sight.

"Like I have been hit by a truck," I tell him. Every part of my body ached. Especially my back. Moving even slightly made my breathing wheeze loudly.

"Can honestly say no one has ever referred to me as a truck," comes a voice I was sure would haunt me for the rest of my life. Silas walks into the room, his height alone was intimidating, he was taller than both Dragus and Matitus. His reptilian amber eyes glared at me, his arms thick and muscular, his veins pushing out of his skin revealed by his tank top. He had a five o'clock shadow, a strong jaw sharp jawline and high cheek bones, his hair was jet black, shaved on the sides and thick and longer on top. He walks in and comes over to stop at the end of the bed. I shuffle back, wanting to get away from this monster. Only Dragus grips my shoulder, making sure I don't run. As I stare down the man that caused all this pain. He leans over trying to grab the book from my hand, but I pull it back to my chest away from him. He growls menacingly in warning before reaching over, snatching it from me.

He flicks through it before raising his eyebrow. "What's so important about an empty book?" he questions, looking at me.

"It was my grandmother's," I answers, staring at the book clutched in his hand.

"So, nothing important then?" he questions again, and I fight the urge to answer.

I am not even sure what's in it, my grandmother only knows. Only a Fae with magic can read the words inside. He moves to the fireplace and goes to chuck it in the flames before I scream.

"No, don't!" I scream to him as I see him about to toss it in the flames. He hesitates, leaving his hand just above the flames. Dragus grip on me tightens as I was about to throw myself after it.

"Tell me, now," Silas demands. I shake my head because I can't tell him what I don't know, but it only angers him. He storms over to the bed and grabs my throat, pulling me towards him. He is so close we were nose to nose and I find myself staring into the green and golden eyes of this predator. I feel tears well in my eyes as his grip tightens restricting my airways.

"Silas, let her go." Matitus murmurs.

"Not until she tells me what's so important about an empty book," he growls, his eyes not leaving mine.

"Elora, tell him please," Dragus pleads. I try to speak but cannot with his grip cutting off my air.

Silas lets go, and I suck in a breath, my hands clutching the top of the mattress to remain upright.

"I don't know," I tell him, and he rips my head back by my hair. I hiss at the pain radiating from my scalp.

"You're lying," he growls, raising his hand and I know he is going to slap me. I flinch and brace myself for the impact of his hand on my face. Only after a few seconds and it doesn't come. I open my eyes and I can see he is struggling for control. I watch the muscle in jaws tense as he clenches his teeth. His grip tightening on my hair slightly.

"Please, I don't know. Only a Fae with magic can read it," I beg.

"Come on, Silas, you know she can't lie, without Magic," Dragus pleads.

Silas lets go after examining my face for a few seconds. "Why do you have it then?"

“It was my grandmother’s; she could read it. She wouldn’t tell me what it said though said it was too dangerous.”

“Why would she say that?” he asks, stepping closer making me lean back. I try to fight the urge to tell him. But he leans down, placing his hands on either side of my waist on the bed. Leaning in closer and looking me in the eye.

His breath fans my face, and I involuntarily lean in without realizing, inhaling his intoxicating scent. He smells manly, a cross between sandalwood and with a hint of spice.

His voice snaps me out of my trance.

“Why would she not tell you?” he asks even slower, like I was mentally challenged. I fight against the urge to tell him. Sweat beads on my neck and my skin becomes flushed. My muscles tense as I fight with everything in me not to utter the words. I clench my eyes tight.

“The pain will stop if you just answer Elora.” His husky voice is now next to my ear.

He runs his nose down the side of my neck, making me shiver and arousal flood me. How could he possibly have this effect on me after what he did to me? My hands begin to tremble, and my skin breaks out in goosebump while nausea runs through me.

“Because it’s about the chosen one,” my words spill out of my life like word vomit, so fast I wasn’t sure I said it right.

He chuckles softly and I feel his lips move on my neck. “That wasn’t so hard now was it?”

I shake my head.

“So, the fact you can’t read it either means you’re not twenty-one yet or you have no magic, so which is it?”

Why did I have to be cursed with having to answer honestly?

“Don’t try to lie to me now, Elora.”

“I’m not twenty-one,” I answer, knowing he would find out sooner or later.

“When?”

“I don’t even know what the date is,” I tell him. He crouches in front of me, putting his hands on my knees. His hand rubs up my legs sending tingles everywhere he touches, he smirks before his hands slide up my sides before tugging the sheet away and exposing my breast to him. He runs the pad of his thumb over my nipple. It hardens, and my breath hitches. I close my legs as arousal floods through me. What the fuck is wrong with me, this man is a monster, yet here my body was betraying me in the worst possible way.

“It’s March 10th,” he says before pulling my legs apart, one of his hands skimming up the inside of my thigh towards my panties. Not wanting him to go higher, I quickly answer and attempt to close my legs.

“March 14th,” I all but yell, pushing his hand away from my leg. He growls softly.

“You may think you can escape the mate bond Elora, but you will give in.”

“Fae don’t have mates, and I would never be with a monster like you,” I spit back.

Silas tightens his fists. With a growl, he stands up. “Take her back to her room, leave her there for a few days till she changes her attitude,” he commands before storming out.

“Silas, what about her injuries? These will take days to heal weeks even,” Dragus says, making him stop. I look down at my nearly naked body and am horrified with what I find. My skin is no longer the beige color, but a mix of blue and purple. Massive bruises cover my legs and arms, even my ribs. I touch my throat and flinch, which explains why it hurts so much to speak. And if what I can see is anything to go by, I know my back is just as bad. My back where I hit the tree is throbbing painfully to its own beat.

Silas stops at the door. I watch as his back tenses before he suddenly turns around, heading straight toward me. I scramble backwards on the bed, and he reaches over, grabbing my wrist and pulling me from the bed. He wraps his arm around my chest, holding me in place before I watch him bite into his wrist before pressing it against my lips. I squirm trying to get away from him, but he just pushes harder forcing my lips to part as his blood runs down my throat.

He lets go and I fall to the floor. I watch as every mark on my body heals miraculously like they never existed and were a figment of my imagination. He then walks out, turning his back on us and leaving me with Dragus.