

Read Chosen by the dragon kings novel Chapter 16 online free

Two days, it has been two days since I have seen anyone other than the old woman who drops off my meals. I am becoming claustrophobic, the walls seem to press closer and closer the longer they hold me here. I learned the old woman's name today. Her name is Marian. So that is something, I guess. She was always on edge and never looked me in the eye. I can tell she was too scared to, and it made me wonder what they had done to her in the past that she would only ever have her eyes glued to the floor. It is nearly dinner time. I can just see out the small window enough to see that the sun had gone down.

Only when the door opened, it wasn't Marian. Matitus walks in with my dinner before placing it on the table. He growls angrily when he sees I haven't touched my food once again. I ignore his presence.

"Why aren't you eating?" he bellows. His anger didn't bother me, I had become quite content with the idea of death. At least I would be out of this world, maybe wake up to a different life other than this hellhole I was currently residing in.

"Answer me," he says before stomping over and ripping me off the bed by my elbow and dragging me toward the table in the room's corner. He drops me in the seat, and I push the plate away. I am starving, but I knew the pain would go away, knew that after a few more days I would be too weak to even feel hunger. I have gone longer without eating before. Nine days, to be exact. Hunger wasn't something I was unfamiliar with.

Matitus slid the plate back in front of me. "Please Elora eat, don't make me have to bring Silas in here," he says, picking up the fork with a piece of potato on it and pressing it against my lips. Pressing my lips together, I turn my face away and he growls.

"You leave me no choice, why do you have to be so difficult?"

"Wrong question, why do you think you get to decide my life. I hate you. Just let me leave or fucking kill me," I spit at him.

"Is that your plan? To starve to death, Silas won't allow that. Either eat or I will bring him in here and you don't want that," he says kneeling beside me and dragging the plate back in front of me. "Eat."

"No," I tell him firmly. He pinches the bridge of his nose and his brows furrow before he stands back up and walks out. Grabbing the plate, I toss it in the fireplace before laying back on the bed. A few minutes later the door is thrown open with so much force the wood splinters off as it hits the stone wall. Silas in all his raging glory walks in. Matitus by his side. He looks toward the table and growls before reaching me and ripping me off the bed again, but this time with so much force, I fly into the table and I bite my lip hard enough that I feel blood dribbling down my chin. Matitus's eyes widen as I see fear cross his features and it made me wonder what else he expected from his monster of a mate.

Matitus grabs his arm and I watch Silas's breathing slow slightly yet his eyes blazing as he glares at me.

"You grab her, I might just fucking kill her, and I don't want to give her what she wants," he growls to Matitus. I crawl onto my hands and knees before wiping the back of my hand across my mouth. Matitus grabs me and tosses me over his shoulder caveman style and follows Silas.

"Put me down!" I screech but he ignores me, I smack into his back and Matitus growls before slapping my ass so hard I am quite sure his handprint is now going to be permanently etched into my skin. I hiss at the pain shooting through my rear before I am dumped into a chair. My head spinning from being upside down before it settles, and I find myself in the dining room. Dragus is sitting at the table like this scenario is normal and nothing is out of place. Abigail walks out and places a plate in front of me. I push it away and Silas hits the table with his fist.

"Eat Elora," he warns, and I shake my head. Abigail nudges me with her elbow trying to warn me to do as they say but I avert my eyes from hers. Silas walks over and places a knife in my hand and the fork in the other before sliding the plate back in front of me.

"Eat for god's sake."

"No!" I scream, imagining I could stab him. My thoughts turn dark before stabbing the knife into his hand. I am even shocked I actually did it, I imagined it, didn't think I would actually do it. I hear Dragus choke on his drink,

coughing and spluttering, and I instantly let the knife go, my hands trembling at what I just did. Silas goes silent and I fear his silence more than his anger. The room is so quiet, you could hear a pin drop. He pulls the knife out of his hand without even flinching, the wound closing up in front of my eyes.

I expect him to kill me after that, only he doesn't. Instead, he reaches over and grabs Abigail and slams her onto the table beside me. He presses the knife to her neck.

"You do as you're told, or her death will be on your hands," he says, pressing the knife blade into her skin.

"No, please!" I scream, trying to pull his hand away from her throat. Tears spring in Abigail's eyes and I am flooded with guilt at seeing her like this. My actions caused this. I wanted him to kill me, but I didn't think about the repercussions it would have on others when he didn't get his way.

"Please Elora," she begs.

"Will you behave, or do I have to kill her?" Silas asks, his eyes scrutinizing the panic on my face at seeing her so defenceless and at his mercy.

"You are a monster," I whisper.

"That's not an answer," he replies through gritted teeth, pressing the blade against her throat harder.

"Yes, I will do what you want," I tell him. He removes the knife and I let out a breath. Abigail gets up, tears rolling down her cheeks as she runs from the room. Silas then pulls me up before sitting in my seat and pulling me on his lap. I try to get up, but he just wraps his arm around my waist, holding me in place. He slides the plate back in front of me.

"Eat," he says before passing me the fork. I look to Matitus and Dragus, they are just watching me expressionless. I spear a piece of broccoli before popping it into my mouth and chewing slowly. Silas's grip loosens and Dragus hands him his plate, and Silas eats while watching me. He taps my plate now and then, telling me to eat faster. We all eat in silence. When we finish, Marian walks in and removes the plates and cleans the table. I try to remove myself from Silas's lap, but he growls, making me freeze.

"Your birthday is tomorrow, is it not?" Silas asks. I nod my head.

"You will stay with us tonight, don't even argue it wasn't a choice."

"And if I don't manifest?" I ask.

"Then we keep looking," he answers.

"What will happen with me then?" I ask hopeful, wanting to be free of them.

"You will remain here with us, where you belong."

"I don't belong with anyone."

"Wrong. Dragons can only procreate with their mates. Even if your magic doesn't manifest, you will remain here till we break the curse. So get used to the idea, Elora. You won't be leaving us," Silas says.

I feel tears brim and threaten to spill over.

"Save your tears, they won't help you here," Silas says.

Looking toward Dragus, he averts his gaze before swallowing and Matitus's gaze softens. I swallow the lump forming in my throat and close my eyes, willing myself to not break before opening them and speaking.

"Can I go now?" I ask. Silas removes his hand from my waist.

"You can go. Leave the castle and I will kill Abigail, but not before I make her watch me kill her daughter," he says. I nod before running from the room to go in search of Abigail.

Running to the kitchen, I find only the cooks and Marian.

"Where is Abigail?" I ask.

One cook looks up. "Follow the hall third door on the left," a man says before going back to cutting up meat.

I follow his directions and stop out the front of a heavy door, I hear whispers behind the door, and it sounds like she is talking to a boy, pushing it open. I gasp at what I find. Abigail standing holding the boy's hand. He is clearly in pain. That's not what shocked me though it was that her hands were glowing green. She spins around, her hand instantly stops glowing. The boy pulls his hand from her grasp and I recognize him. It's Peter and I can tell he has burns

on his flesh. I step forward and Abigail quickly grabs his hand again when she sees it is just me and I watch his burns heal until they are just a faint red mark.

Peter doesn't remove his eyes from me, and I can tell he is scared of me telling on Abigail.

"Now go," she whispers to Peter, and he takes off out the door. I stare gobsmacked at what I just witnessed; the only person I had ever seen do magic was my grandmother.

"You can't tell them," she says with a worried look on her face.

"You're a Fae?" I question, shocked. Abigail shakes her head.

"Please, if they find out they will kill me and probably Peter too," she begs.

"You have magic," I state, excited to have found another Fae.

"I'm not a Fae" she whispers, confusing me.

Abigail walks toward the door, closing it tightly and making sure it is locked. "I am a Witch" she breathes.

My heart skips a beat at her words, a Witch. I didn't think it was possible to find a witch. The Dragon Kings wiped them all out, blaming them along with the Fae for the war. They literally dragged them from their homes. Women, children, some weren't even Witches. They didn't even care, in their eyes anyone that caused doubt was killed, murdered just for being near them or speaking to them. The lot of them were turned to ash by the Dragon lords.

"Please Elora, if they find out they will kill my daughter."

"I won't tell them Abigail, your secret is safe with me," I tell her, although if they asked it was going to be painful to refuse. I doubt they would though, as long as they notice nothing off about her.

I didn't, I thought she was human and never once crossed my mind she was anything else.v