

## **Read Chosen by the dragon kings novel Chapter 18 online free**

Elora POV

“Are you the only Witch?” I ask her, stunned.

“No, my daughter is already showing signs and my mother is a Witch too, we have remained hidden just like you.”

I nod my head in understanding.

“So how old are you, anyway?” she asks curiously.

“I turn twenty-one tomorrow,” I tell her.

She gasps. “So you might be the one they are looking for then, you could save us all,” she says excitedly. I don’t know how she still has hope for the Chosen One. I tossed hope out the window years ago.

“Do you know of the book? The one with the prophecy?” she asks.

I shake my head, not knowing what she is talking about. “What book?” I ask.

“The one that only the Fae with magic can read. The one that says how to break the curse. How have you not heard of it?” she asks incredulously. Her words make me think of my grandmother’s book, the one Silas took and hasn’t returned.

“We had one book; I don’t know if it is it. But Silas took it. When he opened it, the pages were blank. I couldn’t read it either, but my grandmother said it was about the chosen one, she read it,” I tell her.

“Where is your grandmother?” she asks.

“Dead, she killed herself the night they brought me here, said she would slow me down and she couldn’t risk them finding out,” I tell her.

Abigail seems to think for a second. “Maybe ask him for it?” she suggests.

I raise an eyebrow at her words.

"No, think about it, they would want to know what is in it, they are your mates and if you reject them, they won't be able to procreate when the curse is broken. I am sure if you asked, he would give it back or let you read their history books they have here. Then if you are the chosen one, just tell them you can't read it, but at least you will know what it says," she tells me.

I nod thinking over what she said, it might work if only I could lie when they asked but I know I wouldn't get away with it, they would know if I tried.

We had been just sitting in her room, talking. Talking about her life, her daughter and how she came to work for the Dragon Kings. They found her when she was pregnant. Her husband had angered them, and they killed him, all for mentioning some Fae's name. Abigail wouldn't even repeat the name of which he spoke. She feared we would be overheard, and they would grant her the same fate her husband was subjected to, leaving her daughter behind. Abigail told me her daughter is three now and lives with her mother and she gets to see her when Silas leaves.

She says Matitus and Dragus grant her permission to leave the castle as she pleases, when he is gone, allowing her to visit her daughter.

Pulling out a photo she had stuffed inside her pillowcase, I look at the angelic face of her daughter. This was from the last time I visited. "My mother found an old Polaroid camera in the trash and had one film left in it."

Her daughter, Claire, was adorable. She had rosy cheeks and pale skin and dazzling green eyes and black ringlets. Abigail looks down at her daughter, her fingers tracing over her daughter's face gently.

The door opening makes us both jump. Abigail shoves the photo under her pillow, but it is too late. I know Silas had seen it. My heart thumped in my chest against my ribs, palpitating frantically as he moved closer before holding out his hand wanting to know what she was hiding from him. Abigail looks at me in panic, and I knew it worried her that he would destroy the only thing she has of her daughter.

"Hand it over," he says, and I see tears brim in her eyes and I feel bad for asking what her daughter looked like. She reaches under the pillow.

"It's just a photo, it is all she has please," I plead.

“Show me?” he says, snapping his fingers, his cruel gaze watching and waiting for her to hand it over. She pulls the photo out, handing it to him.

He plucks it from her fingers and examines the photo, his eyes softening slightly, and I think I imagined it as he looked down at the little girl in the photo.

“It’s time to go,” he says looking at me.

I stand up, my eyes not leaving Abigail’s who had her eyes trained on the photo in his hand. He passes it back, and she lets out a breath, taking it and holding it close to her chest, and I can tell it is her most prized possession. Silas grips my elbow, pulling me toward the door.

“Where are you taking me?” I ask as he pulls me down the corridor.

“It’s late,” is all he states before pulling me up the stairs and I realize he is taking me to their bedchambers. When I see the door come in sight, I freeze. My feet stop as I look at the door in horror. He is really going to make me sleep in there with them. Turning, I try to find some way to escape.

But I only see Dragus walking up the stairs toward us. Silas tugs my elbow again and I shake my head, refusing to go in that room with them. Silas growls low and goosebumps rise on my skin, and I step back slightly as I watch his eyes change before he closes his eyes and pinches the bridge of his nose, frustrated.

“Elora, get in the room.”

“No, I am not sleeping in there. Just let me go back to my room.”

Silas takes a step forward to grab me and I step back out of his reach and his eyes flicker dangerously. Dragus comes up behind me, placing his hands on my hips, making me jump at his touch.

“This is your idea; you can deal with her. I may just fucking kill her,” he says glaring at me, and I shrink back from gaze. Bipolar much. He was fine until I refused to go in the room.

Dragus pulls me toward the stairs, and I let out the breath I was holding. He steers me toward my room, and I quickly sit on the bed and pick up the book I was reading.

“Did you read the one about Dragon Mates?” Dragus asks. I shake my head.

“I will let you stay for a bit, but Silas wants you upstairs with us. And before you refuse it wasn’t a choice.”

“Why?” I ask.

“Because the more you are around us, the more pull the mate bond will have on you.”

“Fae don’t have mates,” I tell him. He shakes his head before moving and sitting on the end of the bed.

“They don’t have mates?” he asks before reaching his hand closer to my face. Gripping my chin, forcing me to meet his gaze. His thumb brushes over my bottom lip and makes my skin heat up at his touch.