

## Read Chosen by the dragon kings novel Chapter 19 online free

Elora POV

My heart rate increases as he moves closer, so his lips are barely touching mine, his breath fanning my face. His scent is strong, and I inhale, deeply loving the smell of him this close. It is intoxicating and addictive. No one should smell as appealing as he does at this moment.

Dragus closes the distance before sucking my bottom lip into his mouth and biting down softly. I shiver and the foreign feelings of arousal hit me, and I moan against his lips. He chuckles before pulling back and it is like a fog has been lifted.

“Fae still feel the pull, or did that feel like nothing to you?” he asks, and I swallow. Dragus gets up before walking back to the door and stopping.

“An hour and I will be back to get you.”

I nod because what else could I say, it isn't like I had a choice in this.

I sit there reading for about forty minutes, finally finishing the book. I pick up both books and look at the cover of the Dragon book. It looks old, but its size is daunting as I flick through the pages and the whole idea of being their mate was hard enough without having to read about it. Picking both books up, I head to the library to see if I can find another Fae book but on Magic. I place the books back on their shelves. I scan the other books when something catches my eye. An entire shelf of what looked like journals. I ran my fingers over the leather spines. Each book had Silas and the year engraved into it.

Pulling one off the shelves, I read the spine. Silas 1801. I shake my head. “Surely he isn't that old,” I whisper to myself.

“He's older,” comes a voice behind me making me jump and I drop the journal I was holding. Dragus bends down picking it up. Before placing it on the shelf behind me, I move out from under his arm. Dragus runs his fingers over the spines of the journals before pulling one from the shelf. He hands it to me. It is again one of Silas's journals, but the year was 1916 instead. Dragus moves closer and I step back, coming in contact with the desk in the centre of the

room. He chuckles before placing his hands on either side of the desk beside me.

“Always so jumpy, yet your heart doesn’t race like it does around Silas,” he says.

“Maybe because you’re not as homicidal,” I tell him. He hands me the book.

“Won’t Silas be mad you gave me this?” I ask. He shakes his head.

“No, we all want the same thing,” he answers.

“And what is that?” I dare to ask.

“You,” he says before kissing me. His lips are soft yet demanding and I feel his tongue brush my bottom lip wanting access and I grant it. He presses himself between my legs before gripping my hips and placing me on the desk. His kiss deepens as I feel his tongue tasting every inch of my mouth. His hand escape inside my top and I shiver at his warm hands caressing my skin moving to my breasts.

Arousal floods me and my core aches with anticipation. I kiss him back, my tongue playing with his and I hear him groan before feeling the bulge in his pants pressing between my legs. His other hand snakes underneath my thigh as he brings my leg up against his hip pushing me back onto the table. Dragus lips move to my neck, and I open my eyes only to see Silas standing behind his desk.

I squeal and jump up. I didn’t even see him come in let alone move behind his desk. Dragus stops before standing up, a smirk on his face as he looks at Silas.

“You just had to come in and ruin it,” he says.

Embarrassment floods me as I realize, I probably would have let Dragus continue if I hadn’t realized Silas was there. Hopping off the desk, I turn, and Silas is holding his journal in his hand. His eyes are watching my blushing face and I can see the hint of a smile at the corner of his lips like he was enjoying watching, which only made me blush even more at being caught by him.

"I was wondering what was taking so long, now I know," he says, and I can tell it amused him, as he looked at Dragus who had a sheepish grin on his face. Silas looks down at his journal, opening the cover.

"I didn't read it," I blurt out, anything to get the attention away from what we were just doing. Silas hands me the book and I hesitate before taking it from him.

"Interesting year you gave her Dragus," he says, raising an eyebrow at his mate.

"Well, if she is going to read it, she might as well read about how it all started," Dragus replies.

"Come, I want to go to bed," Silas says before looking at me. I shake my head and his eyes blaze angrily at my refusal.

"It wasn't a choice, Elora."

"We won't force you to do anything Elora calm down, I can hear your heart pounding," Dragus whispers, stepping behind me, before running his nose from below my ear to the crook of my neck. His warm hands make me shiver and I feel warmth spread throughout my body.

Silas walks over and tugs my arm and I move my feet, following him up the stairs and into their room. Matitus isn't in the room, but I can hear the shower running in the adjacent bathroom. Steam wafts out and into the room. I stand in the doorway looking around the room. Silas walks in the bathroom, and I sit on the armchair in the corner of the room. Dragus rummages around in the walk-in before coming out in a pair of boxer shorts, his masculine chest bare and I swallow nervously as he walks toward me before stopping in front of me. My eyes on the waistband of his pants where his V-line disappears into. He passes me a shirt.

"Put this on you will be more comfortable, better than sleeping in jeans," he says before climbing in the bed. He waits, but I don't move, frozen under his intense gaze.

"Fine, I will turn around," he says, turning his back on me. I quickly pull my shirt and bra off, my eyes on the bathroom door. Pulling the shirt over my head, I then pull my jeans off underneath the shirt which sits mid-thigh. It is

that big. Just as I pull the pants completely off, Matitus and Silas walk out with towels wrapped around their waists.

My eyes dart to them as I take them in, Silas skin was darker than Matitus's, water running down the muscles of his stomach as he moved toward the walk in. Silas is the biggest of the three of them. Packed with more muscle than both of them, too much muscle for abs like Matitus who was leaner. His eight-pack rippled with each movement. Matitus moves to the walk-in and grabs some shorts and pulls them on before coming out. Silas however just drops his towel; I blush at the sight of him. I had never seen a man naked in the flesh before. I feel my cheeks heat as I avert my eyes. I hear Dragus chuckle softly at my embarrassment.

Silas walks over, not even bothering to cover himself and stands in front of me, my eyes glued to the walk-in door, and I feel my face getting redder with him being so close.

"Does my nudity bother you, Elora?" he asks, and I press my lips tighter together, refusing to look at him and knowing if I turn his cock was going to right in my face.

Silas chuckles softly and I feel all their eyes on me.

Matitus stands next to the door watching and I find my eyes trailing over his body. I feel my stomach tighten at the sight of him as arousal floods into me. My body once again betrays me, and I see him smile.

Silas bends down, his lips next to my ear. "Do you like what you see?" he asks, making me look away from ogling Matitus. I press my lips together, refusing to answer and embarrassing myself further.

"Well, do you?" he asks again, and I feel sweat bead on my neck.

"Please stop," I grit out, not wanting to answer his humiliating questions. Of course, I find them attractive. Who wouldn't with their godlike bodies and sex appeal, a blind man could tell how gorgeous they were, why humiliate me, when they know the answer.

"Leave her be Silas," Dragus says.

"You don't need to answer Elora, your silence is an answer in itself," Silas chuckles before turning around and climbing in bed with Dragus. Matitus

moves off from the door and nods toward the bed. I shake my head. No way I was getting in bed with them. I didn't trust them, and I didn't trust myself not to react to them.

"Can I go back to my room?" I ask.

"No, you stay with us from now on, besides if your powers do manifest overnight. I want to make sure you don't try to escape again, now come to bed," Silas says.

"No, I am fine here," I tell them.

"Suit yourself, but don't whine when you get a sore back."

They were right, this armchair is terribly hard. Getting up, I move toward the fireplace before dropping myself on the rug. I hear the bed squeak before Matitus comes over to me.

"You can sleep in the bed, none of us will touch you without you saying so Elora."

I didn't believe him, not after witnessing how cruel Silas could be. When I don't move, he sighs loudly before walking to the bed and grabbing a pillow off it and handing it to me. He then drops a duvet on top of me and I feel heat rush above me before seeing heat waves, the fireplace suddenly catching alight from his breath.

Matitus then turns and walks away, climbing in the bed. I yawn suddenly tired, and I hear someone flick the lamp off beside the bed, plunging the room into darkness.

Halfway through the night, I am awoken.