

Read Chosen by the dragon kings novel Chapter 21 online free

Silas pulled some books off one of the shelves, revealing a safe. He pulled a key from his pocket and placed the key in the lock before opening it. I watched as he pulled out my grandmother's book wrapped in a clean silk cloth.

"You knew what it was didn't you?" I ask and he turns to look at me.

"I knew the moment I saw the emblem on the front. I have seen this before. Before the war began, we have been looking for it" he said, opening it.

"Why?"

"Because it is supposed to say how to break the curse," he says before pulling the cloth off and revealing my grandmother's book.

"And If I can't read it?" I ask.

"We keep looking, we have found you so the chosen one can't be far," Dragus says, coming up behind me and sitting on the edge of the desk.

"How do you know?"

"For someone not wanting to break the curse, you seem to ask a lot of questions," Dragus tells me. I was asking questions, but not for the sake of breaking the curse placed on them. I wanted to know how to restore the fae back to their magic if any remain, restore the balance.

Silas placed the book in my hand, and I brushed my fingers over the emblem. I recognised the emblem carved into its leather. My grandmother always hid the book, so I never got a good look at it. I brushed my fingers over it, and I realised where I had seen it. My mother's necklace had the same emblem etched into the stone it held.

"You recognise that?" Silas asked, stepping closer. I nod my head.

"So, have you seen it before?"

"Yes, on my mother's necklace," I tell him.

"Do you have it?" I shake my head. I knew where it was, I wasn't telling them that and as long as they didn't ask, I would keep it that way, because something told me her necklace was linked to the curse on them. I wasn't sure how I knew, but I had this strange feeling that both the book and her necklace were connected somehow.

Opening the cover, I turn a few pages before handing it back. "It's still blank," I tell him. He takes it from me and flicks the pages like the words were going to appear. Silas grips my shoulders, looking me dead in the eye.

"Are you lying to me? Can you read it?" he says emphasising every word.

"No, you know I can't lie. So why ask?," I tell him. And it was the truth. I couldn't read it. But I knew one thing they obviously didn't know. It may be my twenty-First birthday, but fae magic is extremely specific. Magic doesn't manifest until the exact time you were born, and I still had until 10. 03pm tonight.

"Because fae with magic can lie" Dragus says. I shake my head, disagreeing with him.

"No, they can't, my grandmother would have told me that."

"Not if she was lying to you, didn't you say she still had her magic?" I say nothing because he was right she did still have magic.

"Fae struggle to lie with magic, but it can still be done" Silas growls annoyed.

Silas swears before smashing everything off his desk in a rage. I move away from him and Matitus comes over and grabs his shoulders, pulling him against him. I watch, curious about how easily Matitus can calm him. Matitus runs his hands up his arms and over his broad chest. With each touch, Silas's breathing slows and his anger slowly dissipates.

"We will find them; we have our mate. It won't be long till we find the person the Oracle spoke of" Silas sighs before leaning into Matitus. I move my gaze away and I find Dragus with his head cocked to the side, watching me. His eyes sparkling at me as I observe Matitus and Silas.

Abigail walks in, her head down making everyone look at her. "Breakfast has been served, my lords," she says before scurrying out. "Wait," I tell her, but she takes off. Turning around, all eyes are on me.

"If you want to go, go. Just make sure you eat, please. We will meet you in the dining room at lunch. I have things to organise" Silas says. I run from the room before he changes his mind. Chasing after Abigail, who I find in the kitchen.

"Hey" I say when I catch up to her. "So, what's the verdict, have you got magic or not?" she asks curiously.

"No magic" I look around wondering If I could tell her about the fae, but as someone walks in I decide against it. The woman was Marian. She looks at us both suspiciously and Abigail mouths to me, to come find her later. I nod my head before deciding to go upstairs to their room. Eager to read that journal. I didn't care much for the whole mates business. I was curious to find out what caused his hatred for my kind.

Walking upstairs, I open the door slowly, popping my head in to see if any of them were in there. When I see they aren't I quickly go to the armchair retrieving the journal before running back out and down to my room. Sitting on my bed, I open the leather-bound book.

The first thing I notice is that he has beautiful handwriting, making me jealous. My handwriting was like a child's. But Silas handwriting looked more like artwork with his skilled calligraphy. Putting my head down, I read the first page. I felt like I was snooping; I know he said I could read it, but it also felt very private reading his thoughts on paper, in a way it almost made him appear normal instead of the monster I know he is.

Silas Journal

I found her today, I knew instantly from the moment I laid my eyes on her. She felt the pull too, looking up the moment I stepped into the room. What were the chances of finding her, I wasn't even meant to be attending the meeting? Sent in as my father's replacement, I was furious. I wanted to spend the day with my mates; he doesn't approve of Matitus and I know that's why he sent me, trying to keep us apart but I won't have it, he is mine just like I am his.

Seeing her though, I knew we would be complete. Her shock upon feeling the bond I wasn't expecting, she looked up at me with those big doe eyes; her features turning to shock before she looked away. I didn't understand at first, thought maybe she was worried because of what I am. Who I am. I learnt that wasn't the reason when her father walked in with another man. His eyes

lighting up like mine did when he lays eyes on her. I watched as he made his way to her and she looked nervously at me, worried. I didn't understand her worry. I was no threat to her, no I loved her already, and I just met her, hadn't even spoken a word to her beside stare into those beautiful Amethyst eyes.

She made my heart beat faster, every cell in my body calling out for her. Then I registered why she was afraid. I watched and clenched my fists tightly as I watched the man lean down and kiss her lips so softly. Jealousy consumed me instantly. I wanted to rip the fae bastard to pieces, laying his filthy lips on my mate. The man sat next to her and she glanced at me nervously again before looking away. My eyes travelled down her bare neck and down her arm to her left hand. My heart felt like they crushed it in a vice the moment I saw the wedding band on her finger.

My mate was married, why would the fates mate me with someone who was married? I thought there must have been a mistake. I couldn't even pay attention to the meeting, I don't recall a single thing that was said. When the meeting finished, I followed her around; she knew I was watching her as she casually strolled to the back of the fae kingdom, her kingdom. Stopping by the forest edge, she stood with her back to me.

"I know you're there, so let's get this over with" she told me, and I didn't understand what she meant at first until I walked over to her. Then I saw it, pure determination in her eyes, and I knew what she wanted to do. I begged and pleaded with her and she told me she was happily married, but just to keep her I will share, we could share her. I just didn't want to lose her.

Our meeting was cut short though when a little girl came running from the castle, calling for her mummy. I watched as my mate embraced her, picking her up. She didn't want a mate, she had a family already. I couldn't bear to watch and left. I heard her call out to me, but I shifted and didn't look back. My soul felt like it shattered to a million pieces.

Father was furious when I returned home with no information. Matitus knew the moment I walked in the door, he felt my pain, shared it, and so did Dragus. Dragus thinks we can convince her, that the mate bond will sort itself out. He is right, she won't be able to resist the mate pull, won't be able to stop the dragon heat. The more time I spend with her, the stronger the pull. Once the dragon heat starts, she will beg us to mark her, she would be ours. She just doesn't know it yet.

Everyone knows once the dragon heat starts there is no stopping the bond from forming, and even if she could resist, she would soon be forced to choose us. No one has survived the past the third dragon heat and she would know this, and I know that is why she tried to reject me. Little does she know to reject one, she will have to reject all three.
