

Read Chosen by the dragon kings novel Chapter 26 online free

Elora's POV

Showering quickly, I get out and quickly chuck on a shirt and some knickers, waiting patiently for Abigail to come so I can warn her about the seer stones. So I can tell her to make sure she remains hidden on the day and to tell her family to go into hiding. I also didn't want to stay in their room on the off chance my magic manifests tonight. I knew the chances were slim, but if they did, I was unaware of what to expect and if the change would be noticeable.

Around 7PM the door finally opened and in stepped Abigail with a tray of food. She smiled nervously at me and I jumped up, moving toward the door. I could tell she was trying to warn me as her eyes darted to mine full of alarm. After a second or two, I understood why she was so nervous when Silas walked in behind her. I mentally cursed and hoped he wouldn't stay long. But when he went and sat at the table, I realised she had actually brought in two plates and knew he was planning on staying. Abigail didn't speak a word, just left the plates and walked out, closing the door behind her.

Silas sat expectantly at the table, waiting for me to join him. Taking my seat at the small table, he leans back, watching me. I suddenly felt nervous under his watchful eyes and I knew he could hear my heart racing, pounding in my chest.

"You're staying?" I ask, hoping he wouldn't confirm my fears. He crossed his arms over his chest.

"That depends,"

"On?" I ask, fidgeting with my fingers under the table.

"How truthful you are being" My eyes dart to his and my heart rate skips a beat, and his eyes darken and I could tell he heard the change in my heart rate.

"Why are you nervous?" he asks, and I instantly stop fidgeting and go to pick up my fork, only then realising how bad my hands are trembling.

"Are you going to answer?" he says, raising an eyebrow.

“You may not like my answer”

“Doesn’t matter, I want to hear it,” he says, reaching for his fork and twirling pasta around it.

“You make me nervous,” I tell him truthfully. He nods in understanding before bringing his fork to his lips, chewing before speaking.

“Eat,” he says pointing to my plate and I quickly scoop some up, chewing slowly. We eat in silence and when he is done, he sits back watching me. I go to put my fork down when I see him shake his head.

“Eat all of it” he says, and I sigh before forcing in another mouthful.

“I have been thinking?” I fight the urge to spit out something sarcastic.

“About?”

“Why you suddenly changed this afternoon and figured, you had a reason” I shake my head even though I was actually trying to please them so I could have the freedom to sleep in my room and be away from them.

“Don’t deny it, this morning you were pissed then you seemed fine. Then When I walked in with Abigail, I could see you got nervous, your heart rate beating erratically,”

I try to come up with an excuse that he won’t question.

“I want to know what you are hiding,”

“I’m not hiding anything” I answer quickly.

“So, you won’t mind sleeping in our room then” As soon as the words left his lips, my heart rate spiked. I wouldn’t be able to slip away, they would wake to the slightest of noises.

“So, I will ask you again, what are you hiding, Elora?”

“I’m not hiding anything, I just want to sleep in my room” I bite down on my tongue, fighting the answer on the tip of my tongue. My mouth filled with the coppery taste of my blood. I watch his eyes darken and he moves, standing up before placing his hand on the table beside me, towering over me and bringing his face closer to mine.

"I find out there is an ulterior motive to your actions, you will be punished, Elora. You won't like my punishments understood?"

I nod my head looking away but Silas grips my chin forcing me to meet his intense gaze. His eyes searching my face for any deception. He then takes a deep breath, moving closer, his lips almost touching mine. His intoxicating scent sweeps over me and I lean in instinctually when I feel his lips brush mine. My eyes snap open, and I can feel him smiling against my lips. He kisses me, and I don't pull back instead, allowing him to kiss me. Part of me hates him, yet another part of me craves for his touch. A never-ending war in my head between what I know is rational and what is the Mate bond. Both blurring to one and creating a war within me.

I kiss him back and he groans before slipping his tongue into my mouth, his tongue brushing mine softly before he bites my bottom lip making me moan against his lips. He chuckles at my reaction before pulling me to him and all rational thoughts go out the window, as I kiss him back harder. His hands go to my arse before he lifts me. My body doesn't even feel like my own as I wrap my arms around his neck to stop from falling before I feel the brick walls against my back. His lips hungrily devouring mine before moving to my chin and down my neck and I exhaled a breathy moan at the feel of his hot mouth nipping and tasting my skin.

My fingers tangle in his hair as I pull him closer, lovely the feel of his lips on my skin. The door suddenly opens, making my eyes dart to it. Abigail walks in before going to run back out at what she just walked in on and I am grateful that it made him stop. My body is not willing to listen to the rational part of me. Silas groans against my neck before releasing me and placing my feet on the floor.

"Remember what I said, Elora. I don't want to punish you, so if there is anything you want to confess, you know where our room is," he says before walking out the door.

A second or so later Abigail walks in and we say nothing for a few seconds, wanting to make sure he is gone. Abigail walks to the door with the tray in her hand on the off chance he is waiting and listening outside. She turns to look at me, giving me the nod to say he has gone.

"So, what happened?" she whispered. Her eyes on the door. I pull her over to me before going in and turning the shower on just in case they are listening.

"You need to get out of here, you need to tell your mother to take your daughter and run," I tell her. She looks at me confused, the tray shaking in her hands from her worry.

"Why? Do they know?"

I shake my head and explain about the seer stones and what they do. Her face turning from confused to horrified.

"I can't leave, I am not permitted past the gates while Silas is here."

"Have you got a phone?" I ask and she shakes her head.

"I might be able to borrow one, but what am I going to do? If they find me, they will hunt them down anyway," she says hyperventilating. I rub her back, trying to calm her as her breathing becomes heavy.

"Did they say what time?" I shake my head. I told her everything I knew, I wished I had more information to give her but that was everything.

"I need to go, I need to figure something out. Come find me if you hear anything else," she says running from the room. I turn the shower off before walking out to my bedroom, only to find Dragus leaning on the doorframe making me jump in fright.

"Geez, you scared me," I told him.

"What happened to Abigail, she looked upset?" he says.

"Nothing, she just wants to speak to her family, she misses them and was a little upset," I tell him, and I am shocked that I didn't feel the urge to tell him more, shocked that I lied and it didn't cause pain, but more shocked I actually could lie. Dragus nods before stepping in the room.

"I am just here to see if you will change your mind about staying with us" I shake my head, and he sighs.

"Tomorrow?" I look away, and he moves forward gripping my arms before gently rubbing his hands up and down them. "You will stay tomorrow; the dragon heat could start at any time Lora; you need to think this through. You should be with us," he tells me.

"I do not agree to being marked Dragus," I tell him, moving away from him.

“You don’t have a choice. When will you see that we won’t lose you” I could feel myself getting angry, they keep trying to force my hand but I don’t want this and why couldn’t they understand that?

Dragus growls when I don’t answer, storming out of the room and slamming the door behind him. Ignoring his tantrum I hopped in bed, I climbed under the covers mentally and physically drained. Sleep comes easy to me but staying asleep not so much when I am awoken. At first, I thought it was the dragon heat as I felt myself burning up, yet it wasn’t uncomfortable. More like a light buzz spreading over me. Reaching for the small clock beside the bed, I look at the time: 10:03 PM and I gasp at the realisation. I feel a wave of something delightful rush over me, when the room fills with purple light, blinking like a beacon in the dark. Casting shadows throughout the room.

Sitting up, I stagger to the bathroom, my entire body has pins and needles. An unnerving feeling takes over me as I move before I am forced to my knees. My legs go limp under me, my entire body feeling like it is becoming engulfed in the purple lights, feeling it rushing over my skin making my skin glow subtly. That’s when I realise the blinking light isn’t a light at all, but my eyes burning brightly.

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My eyes throbbing in my head, making me scratch at the light as it becomes blinding and all I can focus on. The pulsing moves over my entire body, literally feeling every cell in my body pulsating to its own beat. The beating gets stronger and stronger and all-consuming before I feel a shudder that pains me. I bite into my arm to stop from screaming when suddenly I feel the beating getting stronger and stronger until it bursts out of me. The entire room blasted with light and I felt it vibrate throughout my body. I scream before suddenly it is muffled by a hand and I feel cool hands go over my mouth. Muffling my agonised scream until I feel it burn out and I collapse on the floor.

Waking up, I see Marian kneeling beside me. She brushes my hair from my face, smiling down at me softly.

“Marian?” I ask, confused. She nods smiling down at me sadly,

“Hello Elora”

“Did they hear?” I ask, panicked but she shakes her head.

“No, I got here in time thank the heavens” Sitting up, my head is pounding.
“What happened?”

“Take a look for yourself,” she says, and I stand up and look into the mirror, I gasp when I see my reflexion in the mirror, my eyes glowing brightly look like amethyst crystals but that isn’t all I notice, it is the purple vines going from my temple to my cheek, it looks like a tattoo with little purple blossoms.

“Shit, I manifested. I thought it would fizzle out.”

“No, dear. You are the chosen one.” She says softly, gazing at my reflection in the mirror.

“How am I going to hide this?,” I tell her, and she shrugs.

“Wait, how did you know?” I ask, confused.

“I knew your grandmother, recognised those eyes the moment you stepped into the castle. I am also the midwife that helped deliver you, so I knew what time you would be born,” she says.

“You know about fae magic?”

“Yes, your grandmother was my best friend,” she says, rubbing my cheek with her calloused hand.

“Now, we haven’t got time. Silas has ordered everyone to be in the front courtyard by dawn. We need to get Abigail out of here.”

“You know about her too?”

“Not much gets past these eyes, dear,” she says, getting to her feet.

Getting up off the tile floor, Marian sticks her head out the door looking in the bedroom. I follow her out as she makes her way to the door. Only when she leaves the room, I find the door quickly slammed in my face. Hearing Marian talking outside the door. I quickly rush to my bed, chucking myself in and pulling the blanket over myself and pretending to be asleep. I can hear Matitus outside my door in the corridor, I intently listen trying to catch their conversation.

"I asked you a question, why are you in this part of the castle and what are you doing near her door?" he bellows.

"I was just making sure she didn't need anything" she stutters, and I can smell her fear seeping under the gap below the door.

"Well, did she?" he asks, and I can almost feel the way he is glaring down at her, imagine the anger on his face.

"She was asleep," she murmurs, the sound only just audible to my ears. I hear silence for a few seconds before I hear him speak.

"Leave, If I catch you near this door again without permission I will have your head" He tells her and I hear her quickly rush away before I hear the door handle rattle. I close my eyes, pretending to be asleep. I smell his scent fill the room and I know he is standing behind me. I breathe deeply through my nose, calming myself so he doesn't notice my heart rate. It must have worked because I heard the door shut before I heard it lock.

Waiting a few minutes, I get up and twist the handle but it doesn't open. "Shit" I cursed to myself, how was I supposed to get out and help Abigail. I just have to hope Marian can get to her. Climbing back in bed, I give into exhaustion.

Around 430 am I am awoken by noise out front of the door. The door unlocks and opens, and I roll making sure to keep the blanket and my hair over my face. Dragus walks in and places a plate on the bench, and I can smell steaming hot coffee.

"I brought you your breakfast, meet us in the courtyard when you can" he says, and I can tell he is in a hurry as he doesn't even glance in my direction when I hear Silas yell from the corridor.

"Hurry up, Dragus" Silas calls and I Dragus shut the door behind him as he left. I sleepily get up rubbing my eyes. Grabbing my coffee, I drink while getting dressed, when I suddenly hear the horrific sounds of women screaming, completely forgetting all about the Seer stones. My blood runs cold. Did Marian warn Abigail in time? Chucking on my flats, I rush to the door before running down the corridors. Just as I am about to run through the entrance doors, I am ripped to the side.

"You can't go out there" Marian says, pulling me to the window in the study. I find heaps of women and children lined up out the front, reminding me of the night I came here.

"How many so far?" I ask her.

"This is the last of them,"

"And Abigail?"

"I think she got out" and I let out a sigh of relief praying she is right.

"Well, how do I hide this?" I ask, pointing to my face.

"Only fae can see it unless you let them see it by dropping your guard," she says, making my eyes snap to hers.

"You're a fae" she nods her head with a sad smile on her face, yeah it definitely wasn't a blessing to be fae around here. It was more like a curse or punishment that the fates bestowed upon us.

"Yes, but I don't have magic and I am not of noble blood so I look human, that's why they keep me here and it's also why I may not talk to you" she tells me. We watch as Silas walks along the line. When he finishes and the stones do nothing but pick up his magic, he dismisses the line going to the next. I watch as those cleared run for the gates fearing for their lives.

He goes through the next line and I watch as they leave only when I look at the new crowd, he is about to examine, I freeze. Abigail is on the end of the line and I can see the fear in her eyes, she never got out in time.

"I thought you said she got out?" I tell Marian panicked. Marian looks at me and follows me to where I point. Silas is halfway down the line already and I turn to run to the door, unsure of what I can do, but I can't sit still and do nothing.

"You can't go out there, they will know you have your magic" Marian says gripping my arm as I was about to throw the front door open. I shake her off.

"I can't let them kill her" I say running outside. The cold air whipped my skin harshly. Silas was nearly all the way to her position. I see Dragus eyes dart to

mine, but I don't stop as he pulls up in front of Abigail, I throw myself in front of her using myself as a shield.

"Elora, what are you doing?" he says when I shove past him and I feel Abigail grab the back of my shirt and duck her head behind me. Silas eyes dart to the stones as they spin at rapid speed. I hold my breath and I know what is about to happen, I know my secret is out, not that I had to keep it long.

Silas eyes snap to mine and I see the anger burning brightly in them making me step back and bump into Abigail. Silas grips my arm and yanks me away from Abigail before yanking my hands forward and dropping the stones in my hands.

Everyone watches as they spin rapidly, glowing the same amethyst colour of my eyes. I feel my shoulders slump and I give in before I hear everyone gasp and the stones freeze and start pulsating before they burst in a dust of purple and white. Silas grips my chin forcing my eyes to meet his and I flinch when I see the furious look on his face. I feel his fingers brush over the vines on my face and I know he can see them, no my guards are down.

"I offered you a chance last night to tell me. I told you there would be consequences for lying to me."

"I didn't lie," I blurted out, but that was a mistake when I felt his palm hit the side of my face. My head whipping to the side and the noise of his slap makes everyone gasp collectively. I feel his handprint burning into my face, feel the welts of his fingers rising on my skin as tears burn my eyes.

"I gave you a fucking out," he screamed in my face, and I feel hot tears running down my face as he grips my hair and yanks my head back.

"I didn't lie, please," I beg and he rips me against him, making me face the small crowd that was left.

"My workers inside now," he bellows, and I watch Abigail and two of the cooks run into the castle.

All that is left is around twelve teenage girls no older than seventeen. I expected him to dismiss them as they all stood freezing and shivering in the cold, waiting for orders. I feel his breath on the side of my neck, making me shiver.

“Now you will see what happens when you disobey me,” he says, his voice cold and void of all emotion.

“Kill them,” he says with no emotion in his voice at all like he was ordering someone to do some mundane task, not slaughter a group of people. Silas grips my head and I realise he wants me to watch.

“No, no, I didn’t lie. Please they didn’t do anything,” I scream and thrash. I feel his hand wrap around my throat as he pulls me flush against his chest. I look at the girls’ faces and they scream when they see the vampires that guard the perimeter jump from the ledges they were watching from.

“No, no, no. Please,” I beg him and I try to fight against him yet his grip never waivers.

“Silas, please,” Dragus says, and all the vampires stop at Dragus’ words waiting to see what he says. Silas growls and goosebumps run over my skin. Dragus tries to reach for me when Silas hand backhands him and he hits into the brick wall behind us. I see out of the corner of my eye that Dragus gets up to come at him when Matitus stops him.

“Kill them” he says, and the chaos and screams start again. I close my eyes and scream as I see the first one get slaughtered. Placing my hands over my ears and the only thing holding me upright is Silas arm around my waist as my legs give out under me. I hear people on the other side of the gates screaming for their loved one’s trying to get past the gates. One growl from Silas and the entire place goes silent except for the sobs of the people on the other side of the gate and my own hysterical screaming.

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I collapse when I see the aftermath of what was left of them, my legs going out from under me, and I realise that by saving one, I just signed their death warrants. If only I told him earlier or when Matitus checked on me last night, they may still be alive. Silas grips my arm forcing me to my feet and I avert my eyes. I couldn’t see those innocent girls like that, see the dead look on their faces with their throats ripped out. Silas drags me toward the castle, my feet barely able to keep moving as the doors open and I see Abigail standing in the corridor, tears running down her face at what happened outside. She knew they died because I saved her.

“Get to work” he snaps at her and Abigail and the cooks run off down the corridor. Silas drags me into the library. Matitus and Dragus follow us in before he lets me go and I crumble on the ground. Dragus comes over and kneels down beside me. “Leave her be” Silas growls at him, making him back up.

“That was unnecessary, Silas,” Matitus says angrily at his mate.

“She needs to learn” is all he says as he retrieves my grandmother’s book. “Come here” Silas says, making my eyes snap to him.

“Don’t make me say it again” he growls and Dragus moves closer before reaching down and picking me up off the ground and placing me on my feet. I stagger toward him, gripping the desk for support. My entire body is shaking and numb. Silas unwraps the cloth around the book and I watch the fire crackle in the fireplace off to the side of me. Stepping in front of me, Silas hands the book to me.

“Read it, now,” he says, thrusting it in my hands. I grip the book in shaking hands, letting my thumb run over the leather. Silas watches me expectantly as I open it and drop my head to examine the first page. The fireplace crackling loudly beside me, and I feel my eyes dart to it again. Not even hesitating, I toss it in the fireplace. Watch as the fire licks at the leather binding it. Silas walks over, not even afraid of the flames as he reaches in picking it up. The cuff of his shirt caught alight and I held my breath, praying that it was long enough to burn the book. Silas blows off the flame burning the book and pats his shirt. I am shocked to see it isn’t even marred and still perfectly intact.

“Nice try, but I don’t recommend you do that again,” he says, placing it back in my hands.

“Now read it.” He says his voice held a warning that wouldn’t like what he would do if I didn’t do what he asked of me.

“No, fuck you, Silas read it yourself” I spit at him. Silas growls low, and it makes my hair stand on end as he steps closer pressing his chest against mine and forcing me to lean back. Silas grips my chin, forcing me to look up at him.

“I will burn this entire city and everyone in it to the ground if you don’t tell me what it says” His voice deadly calm and emotionless making a cold shiver run

up my spine. He lets go of my chin and I open the first page. I see the emblem that's bound into the leather, I run my fingers over it.

"What is it?" he asks.

"The emblem on front" I answered before flicking the page over and I almost burst out laughing when I read it. Of course, why didn't I realise that.

'To unlocketh the secrets and breaketh the beshrew. One will first breaketh the bindings with the key. Only then shall the words appear.'

"What's so funny?" Silas asks, and I can't hold in my laughter. I handed him back the book.

"You need the key to break the binding and read the words," I tell him tapping the front cover making him look at it. He growls, yet the smile on my face never waivers. I see Dragus look at me nervously.

"Do you know where it is?" he asks. I knew exactly where it was, sitting beneath the floorboards of my bedroom in the house I lived in with my grandmother. That would explain why she refused to let me sell it for medicine.

"You do know where it is, don't you?"

"Yes, and burn the city to the ground and I will never break that curse," I tell him, challenging him. Silas growls, stepping closer, impossibly close, and I can feel his anger washing over me in waves.

"You didn't really expect me to help you after what you just did? I never lied yesterday. A fae's magic manifests the exact time they were born. I didn't lie, I didn't have my magic yesterday. But you knew that didn't you because you showed me the seer stones. You really are a monster," I tell him, and he grabs my arm tightly, so tightly I can feel my arms bruising under his tight grip.

Silas drags me from the room and I let him, not even caring where he was taking me. When he marches us past my bedroom though, Dragus grabs my other arm.

"Where are you taking her?" he demands.

"The dungeons," he says, ripping me away from Dragus.

"The dungeons? Silas she will freeze to death down there" he growls at him reaching for me, but Silas just glares at him pulling me back before he starts walking again. He opens a door and I see stairs leading underground. I shiver instantly as the freezing cold draft hits me. I almost stumble down the steps, but Silas's hand on my arm keeps me upright. Once downstairs I see cells and snow-covered parts of the ground from the barred windows that look outside, they weren't very big and I could only see the wheels of the cars that were above ground level. The snow coming through the bars and making a pile under each little window. Silas opens up one of the steel cell doors and tosses me in before closing it.

"Silas, she will fucking die" Dragus says, ripping the cell door open. Silas grabs him, pinning him against the bars, and Matitus tries stopping him. Silas then opens the cell next to mine before chucking Dragus in it. "Stay down here with her then," he says before locking his cell too.

"Silas, they are our mates, this is wrong. You are risking her life," Matitus says as Silas pockets the key. Silas then walks up the stone steps and Matitus steps closer to the bars before taking his cloak off. He passes it through the bars to me and I quickly put it on. It has his scent all over it and my body instantly relaxing as it fills my nose.

"I will get you out of here," he says before walking off in search of Silas.

Sitting down, I lean against the brick wall facing Dragus who does the same from his cell.

"Can't you break the bars, aren't dragons all strong and mighty?" Dragus chuckles and shakes his head.

"No, these bars are blessed and only the key Silas has will open them," he says resting his head against the brickwork. I sigh and try to get comfortable. The concrete flooring was incredibly uncomfortable, and my ass was starting to ache. The day seemed to drag out. Dragus fell asleep for a few hours while I tried to do the same. Except it was much too cold. Snow under the barred windows was nearly 3 foot tall, and I felt like I had been put inside a freezer. My teeth were chattering and my fingers had gone numb. I breathe on my fingers trying to warm them, my fingertips turning blue, but even my breath felt cold as I tried to warm them. Tugging the cloak tighter around me, Dragus opened an eye looking at me. The cold did not even bother him at all as he sat in just a shirt and jeans.

Dragus seeing me shivering called me over. "Come to the bars" But I was too cold to even move, and it seemed like too much effort just getting up. Dragus walks over to the bars before sitting down and placing his denim-clad legs through the bars on my side.

"Lora, come I can help warm you," he says again and I force myself off the ground before walking over to him. He tells me to sit between his legs and I do. Dragus hisses as he presses his body against the bars and wraps his arms around me. I look at him and he looks pained. "What?" I ask, and he shakes his head.

"God, your skin is like ice," he says. Dragus removes his shirt and I lean against him on the bars. I hear him hiss in pain and flinch behind me.

"Why do you seem like you're in pain?" I ask, leaning forward and looking back at him, and I see the burns running across his chest and arms. "Like I said, the bars are blessed, they burn to touch," he says, tugging me back against him. I shake my head and try to shift away from him, but he just wraps his arms around me tighter, his warmth seeping into me.

"I'm fine. I heal quickly," he says, rubbing his hands up and down my arms. Dragus being part dragon definitely has its perks. His skin is toasty warm and after a while I stop shivering and eventually fall asleep against him.

When I wake though, it's because I am overheating. Sweat running down my neck. Dragus had fallen back asleep against me. His heat was becoming unbearable as I tried to untangle myself from his arms. Dragus stirs when his arms drop to my sides, he goes to put them back around me when I whimper in pain and shove myself away from him. Looking at the barred windows, it is pitch black outside and I can't even see my hands in front me.

I groan as I lay myself on the concrete, its coldness not offering any relief.

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"Shit," I hear Dragus murmur, and I can hear him moving around. "I need to call Silas down here," he says, and I know he was going to do their weird mind talking.

“No, not Silas,” I gasp between trying to breathe through the pain. My entire body spasming as heat rushes through my veins and the familiar burning starts consuming me. It was the sort of pain you could never forget, and I felt like I was boiling, I could almost feel my blood bubbling in my veins, making me scream as wave after wave washed over me.

“I have to, he has the key,” Dragus says, and I can hear the worry in his voice as he watches me writhe in pain on the floor.

“No, no,” I scream breathlessly as I feel it rolling from my toes, wildfire consuming every inch of me. I claw at my skin, trying to stop it.

“Stop Lora, Matitus is on his way. You’re making yourself bleed,” Dragus’s voice sounds strangled but I am in too much pain to care as I crawl toward where I think the pile of snow is, reaching out my fingertips brushing the snow. I force myself to move before slumping on top of the pile like a lizard sunbathing on a rock. The snow melts almost instantly when I scream as searing pain consumes me. I can hear the blood in my body pumping through me, pulsating as I try to find relief. The pain becomes too much and all I can focus on. Bright light suddenly comes on and I squint, trying to adjust to the light’s brightness when I see Matitus run down the stairs, keys clutched in his hand.

Silas walking down the stairs behind him, a worried look on his face. Matitus fiddles with the keys with shaky hands, trying and fumbling to get them in the lock. Silas takes the keys from him opening the door and Matitus rushes in while Silas unlocks Dragus’s cell door. I fight against Matitus when he picks me up. The heat from his body makes it worse, I was thrashing so much he dropped me with a thud.

“Just grab her, Matitus,” Silas growled.

“She won’t stop thrashing; I will hurt her” he spits back at him. But I am too far gone, the pain all consuming, and it would have been nicer to just kill me, at least the pain would be gone. Never in my life have I prayed for death to come as much as I did now.

I hear Silas growl before walking in and grabbing me. I scream as his heat seeps into me, and I am sure I was going to combust. Air rushes around me before a rapid temperature change and I can tell I am outside.

“Break the ice” Silas yells and I hear the sound of ice cracking before I feel icy water around me, easing some pain but not enough for me to stop screaming.

“Let me mark you” I shake my head, words failing me besides the agonised screams escaping my lips. Silas growls.

“Hold your breath then” I don’t even know how to do that, my brain refusing to function even for the most basic survival instincts when I am suddenly under water. My temperature drops and I gasp before choking on water. Silas pulls me back above the water surface and I choke, coughing on the water that rushed into my mouth.

The heat easing before slumping against him, my head on his shoulder and I open my eyes and see we are in the frozen lake that runs behind the castle. I try to catch my breath before I feel the heat start growing hotter and I try to slip back under the water.

“Let me mark you, it will stop. Lora”

“No, kill me. Just kill me please” I beg before screaming after another wave washes over me making my entire body tense.

“If one of us marks you, it will ease and the third wave won’t be as bad” he says, but I shake my head. Marking me would mean I am stuck with them forever, and I didn’t want to be stuck with Silas forever.

“Let Matitus then” he says. Matitus walks into the icy water towards me before stopping next to me, a worried look on his face. Shaking my head I try to get away from them, but Silas holds me tighter before he moves my wet hair, revealing my shoulder and neck.

“No” I gasp, thrashing, I would rather die.

“If you won’t let me mark you, one of them has to” he says. I hear Matitus groan as Silas grabs his shirt pulling him over and I find myself trapped between them. Silas hands moving to my ass as he hoists me up higher and I wrap my legs around his waist, not wanting to be pulled even slightly from the icy water and the relief it offers.

“I won’t let you kill her Matitus,” he says, grabbing his face before kissing his lips. The sight of them makes arousal flood me, but not long enough as heat wraps itself around me and I scream in agony again. Matitus kisses my

shoulder before I feel his teeth bite deeply into my shoulder near my neck and I feel his tongue lapping at my blood. The pain leaves as another feeling rushes over me and I can feel foreign emotions rush into me. The heat leaving, being replaced with intense pleasure making me moan loudly. My legs around Silas waist tightening and pleasure makes my core pulsate and my toes curl.

I can't help but rub myself against Silas, making him groan, his hands on my ass tightening.

I feel his teeth get ripped from my neck painfully and I whimper. Before missing the feeling of his bite. Opening my eyes. I see Dragus has Matitus by his shoulders and Silas's hand on his chest. Looking at Matitus, his eyes are pitch black orbs and I can see the hunger in his eyes.

Feel it in my bones and I suddenly realise what the feeling I felt coming from him was hunger and lust. His emotions running through me and igniting my own as arousal coils within my stomach and I feel my walls clench making me moan breathlessly. Matitus moves away from me when I see Dragus tug on his shoulders and I can see that he is fighting with himself, trying not to attack me.

Once out of the water, he takes off with Dragus fast on his heels, leaving me in the water with Silas. I rest against Silas, the heat dissipating and I shiver at the icy water. My temperature plummeted and I suddenly felt cold.

"The heat won't come back now?" I ask, resting my head on his shoulder.

"It will until we all mark you but it won't kill you now," he says, kissing the side of my face. I am too exhausted to care about his closeness.

"You said it would stop?" I murmur into his neck.

"It will once we all mark you, then the second heat starts."

"Second heat?"

"Yeah, the mating heat. It will make you want to mate with us."

"What?" My voice came out in a squeak, horrified by his words. Silas chuckles. "Let's just get through the first heat, then you can worry about the

mating heat. It isn't painful like the dragon heat" he tells me before gripping me tighter and walking out of the water.

I cling to him as he walks inside, my body turning cold as he walks up the stairs towards their bedroom. He places me on the edge of the bath before peeling my wet clothes off that are sticking to me like a second skin.

When I feel him try to unclasp my bra, I smack his hands away. He raises an eyebrow at my actions before unclipping it.

"Don't be shy Lora, I have seen you naked before and you have nothing to be ashamed about," he says, pulling my hands away from my breasts. My nipples rock hard from the cold and I hear Silas's breath hitch before I feel the pad of his thumb rub over it. Pushing his hand away, I try to stand, my muscles all locked and aching from the cold. Silas turns the shower on and helps me stand before placing me under the water. My body slowly relaxes under its warmth as my body thaws out.

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Silas leans against the counter watching me. I keep my back to him, not liking the way his eyes are roaming over my body, I can literally feel the intensity of his gaze boring into my flesh.

"Can you turn around or hop out?" I ask, starting to become creeped out.

"Why? You're mine, I will look if I want to" he says.

"I'm not yours" I mutter so low, not expecting him to hear. Silas growls low. It vibrates off the tiled walls.

"Why do you deny it? You know there is no way out of being our mate. So why not just behave and make things easier for yourself? It doesn't have to always be backwards and forwards with us."

"Probably because I am not a piece of property to be owned, Silas."

I switch the shower off, and Silas passes me a towel. I quickly wrap it around myself before stepping out. Silas moves off the sink basin, standing in front of me. His breathing hard as he stares down at me. He reaches his hand up and I step away from him, his eyes flashing with anger before he drops his hand

and walks out of the bathroom. I follow him out, stopping when I see Matitus and Dragus lying in bed. I walk into the walk-in, ignoring their watchful eyes before grabbing a shirt and underwear and quickly pulling them on before walking out.

I go to walk out and back to my room when Silas's voice makes me freeze. "You're staying with us" he says, stripping off his shirt and pants. Looking to the door, I think of my chances of actually escaping. This time Matitus speaking.

"I wouldn't, he will drag you back," he says, making me look at him. Giving up, I go to hop on the couch when Silas growls. "In the bed Elora " I shake my head, looking over at the bed Matitus moves over patting the bed beside him.

"No, you don't even wear pants," I tell him when I realised Silas would be next to me. Silas walks into the cupboard before coming out with a pair of briefs on. "There better? now what is your next excuse?" I roll my eyes before climbing on the bed. Matitus instantly rips me to his side and wraps an arm over my waist. Silas climbs on the bed, the bed dipping slightly under his weight before he pulls the blanket over us.

I turn away from him, facing Matitus who has a huge grin on his face.

"Can you not smile like that, you look like you're about to take a bite of me," I tell him before bringing my hand up and closing his eyes with my fingers, making him chuckle. Matitus snuggles in closer, pressing his face into my neck and inhaling deeply. His hand snaked underneath my shirt, brushing my skin softly. I shiver when I feel sparks wherever he touches, making me gasp. Silas moving closer to me chuckles before I feel his hand go to my hip.

"Go to sleep, Lora" Silas says, and I feel his nose in my hair.

"I would if you two would stop being so handsy," I tell them hoping they would move but they don't. Eventually succumbing to sleep, I drift off, only to have my dreams invaded.

Silas POV

She is by far the worst person to sleep next to. Constantly wriggling and moving. I didn't know if it was her or the aftereffects of the dragon heat. Rolling over, I just get comfortable when she jams her feet into my back, clearly seeking the warmth of my skin. I grunt before turning on my back. The

movement of the blanket makes me get a waft of her scent and arousal before I hear Dragus chuckle, making me sit up and glare at him.

He puts his hands up in surrender and I can see Matitus passed out dead to the world. Elora moves again this time chucking her leg over Matitus a moan escaping her lips making me raise an eyebrow at Dragus and I know he is meddling in her dreams. Matitus groans before rolling to face her, his eyes snapping open, before looking at me.

“What? turn the lamp off,” he says before groaning when Elora grinds herself against him, making his eyes snap to her angelic sleeping face.

“Dragus stop it, she will be pissed off when she realises” Matitus snaps at Dragus. Deciding to see her reaction, I run my hand up her thigh that’s draped over Matitus’s hip. She shivers before pressing closer to Matitus, and I chuckle at her reaction and his. Matitus freezes, and I move my hand over her hip again to her stomach. My fingers brushing him and I can feel his erection against the back of my hand. “Silas stop, you know I haven’t got as much control as you. Please don’t tempt me” he murmurs as she grinds her hips against him.

“Silas” he warns through gritted teeth, my eyes snapping to Dragus as he sits up and looks over Matitus shoulder, resting his chin on him, a devilish smile on his face making me smirk back at him. Matitus groans as Dragus’s hand runs over his bare chest.

The bond was definitely kicking in, Elora feeling his arousal moans softly, her voice airy and breathless.

“Dragus, stop” Matitus tells him. Dragus puts his hands in the air before I watch his eyes glaze over as he steps out of her dreams. Only she still reacts, and I know it is because she can feel Matitus arousal flooding into her. Matitus growls before pushing her on her back and kissing her. Her eyes flutter open and I watch her reaction, propping my elbow on the bed and resting my head on my hand. He pulls back and she watches him and he smiles before lowering his face to hers, kissing her gently. I feel my cock twitch in my pants at the sight of them. Feel Matitus arousal and hers through him.

Elora wanted him to touch her, but she also didn’t, trying to deny her own urges. Moving my hand, I grab her breast, her eyes snapping to mine and I see the fear in her eyes before it disappears when Matitus kisses his mark on her neck, her eyes fluttering closed as she moans, her lips parting and I find

myself lost in this image of her. Leaning closer, I kiss her, her eyes instantly snapping open. Her eyes wary of me. I slip my tongue between her lips and she lets me; I hide my shock before kissing her deeper and she moans into my mouth, making me groan.

Matitus uses his knee to push her legs apart before moving in between them. I grab her knee, draping her leg over my hip while Matitus settles himself between her legs. Running my hand up the inside of her thigh, she shivers under my touch and I hear Matitus groan as she moves her hips against him. His lips moving down her neck, I watch as he pushes her shirt up revealing her breasts before taking one of them in his mouth. Feeling the bed move, I look toward Dragus who moves closer before gripping her face with his fingers, pulling her lips to his.

Moving my hand higher, my fingers brushing her panties which I find wet with her arousal. I feel Matitus grind his hips into her, feel his hard cock bump my fingers as I brush them over the thin material. She gasps, pulling her lips from Dragus and I brush my fingers over her clit through her panties and she moans. I watch as Matitus bites down on her nipple making her cry out before watching him suck it into his mouth. My pants become extremely tight and uncomfortable as my cock strains against the confines of my pants, watching them.

I tug on the waistband of her panties pulling them down slightly before slipping my hand between their bodies and pressing my fingers to her slit. She grinds herself against my hand as I slide my fingers down her slit.

"She's so wet" I groan before devouring her lips. Her tongue brushes mine before I take control of the kiss, making her move her hips against my fingers. Teasing her, moving them slowly before circling her clit. Matitus groans loudly, his lips moving lower to her ribs as he nips and sucks on her skin. Letting her lips go, Dragus pulls her face to his, kissing her while I keep up my slow torture before sliding my finger into her. She hisses slightly, adjusting to the foreign feeling. I slide my finger out and it is drenched in her juices before sliding in another. She squirms and I can feel her body trying to stretch around them as her walls clamp down on them. Matitus kisses her hip before I feel him tug on her panties. Moving my hand, I let him peel them off her.

Elora's heart rate increases and I watch her cheeks flush red. Dragus moves closer to her, pulling her other leg over his hip while I do the same. Her heart rate skips a beat and I see fear run through her as she pulls away from Dragus, eyeing Matitus warily.

"We won't do anything you don't want us to," I tell her, gripping her chin and making her look at me. She watches me for a few seconds but doesn't pull away when I grip her leg, draping it over my hip again. Matitus leans down, kissing her stomach and her eyes dart down to him as she squirms under his touch. I run my fingers over her thigh before slipping them back in her, she moves adjusting herself as I slide them in and out not taking my eyes off her. I didn't want to hurt her, but I knew we definitely wouldn't be able to fuck her, not now at least she was too tight for us to just ram in her even though, I wanted nothing more than to sink my cock deep within her heat.

"Matitus just wants to taste you" Dragus tells her, making her face turn to his. She doesn't have time to answer when Dragus tongue slips into her mouth. I feel Matitus breath on my hand, making me slip my fingers from her. She jumps when he runs his tongue up her slit.