

Read Chosen by the dragon kings novel Chapter 31 online free

Elora POV

Waking, I rolled over; I had the strangest dream. I know it had to be a dream because no way in hell would I let them touch me like that. Dragus once again plays with my emotions and senses. You know those dreams where they feel so real when you wake you still feel like you are trapped in the dream still. Right now, I was getting that weird sense of Deja vu. Stretching, I notice everything feels different to when I went to sleep. Rolling over, I come face to face with Silas. He moves, throwing his arm over me before nestling into my chest. Wait chest, I rhetorically question. Where the fuck is my shirt. I shove him off, yanking the blanket, trying to cover my exposed breasts. The breeze that comes with the blanket moving, my ass catches a draft I know I wouldn't have felt if I had panties on. Looking under the blanket, I see I am completely bare. Making me gasp. It was a dream, a dream. I was so sure it was a dream. Matitus groans before yanking the blanket back. I squeal when he pulls the blanket down slightly. His eyes flutter open, and he smiles up at me.

His eyes duck down to my hands, which are covering my breasts, a smirk creeping onto his face. "Good morning, Elora," he says before tugging me closer, making me squirm under the blanket when I feel his cock brush my leg. I spring up on the bed, ripping the blanket completely off them and wrapping it around myself. Matitus seems alarmed. Silas and Dragus both roll onto their backs before looking up at me groaning from me waking them. Silas tries to tug the blanket back, but I grip it tightly.

"Why am I naked?" I demand. Please still be dreaming, I would rather this be a nightmare than reality.

"You don't remember?" Silas says cocking an eyebrow at me before rolling on his side and trying to tug me back down onto the bed. I pull away from him.

"No, I was asleep and You" I yelled pointing to Dragus "were meddling in my dreams again" Dragus chuckles, a grin on his face. "It wasn't a dream. It may have started out that way, but you weren't dreaming, quite willing in fact" he says. I feel the blood drain from my face before my eyes snap to Matitus, who is also wearing the same triumphant grin.

"You.. you were" I stuttered looking at him horrified at what I apparently allowed him to do.

"I what, Elora?" he asked with an amused tone of voice. My face heated up remembering where he had his face, I felt like I was about to die from embarrassment. I wouldn't have minded if a hole opened up in the ground right now and swallowed me whole. Matitus moved, making me step toward Silas as he playfully tried to tug the blanket off me.

"Want me to remind you, I enjoy hearing you moan out my name" he purred before licking his lips. Silas grabs my ass through the blanket, and I jump falling over the top of him onto the floor with a thump. A squeal leaving my lips at the feeling of falling as I clutch the blanket to me spilling onto the floor in a not so ladylike manner. Silas leans over the bed, looking down at me.

"Have a pleasant trip?" he says before laughing at my blushing face. "Argh you said you wouldn't touch me" I scream in anger.

"Hey, you started it when you were dry humping my leg," Matitus says sitting up and looking over Silas shoulder at me. My face felt like it was on fire and I knew I was red, I could practically feel the colour staining my cheeks.

Standing up, I walk toward the bathroom. "Don't be like that Lora you enjoyed it" Dragus calls, reaching out to me when I walk past his side of the bed. Slamming the door, I dump the blanket on the floor before looking in the mirror, my body covered in hickies and bruises. How did I not realise it wasn't a dream? Turning the shower on, I try to wash off the evidence of what I stupidly allowed them to do. Scrubbing at my skin, hoping to erase the dream from my mind. It didn't work and I could still hear them laughing to themselves before one of them opened the door. I didn't bother locking, seeing as they can just bust it down. Dragus comes in before stripping his pants off, my eyes roaming his body and taking in his muscular form. He steps in and I move to the other side. Dragus follows, trapping me against the shower wall as Silas wanders in naked and hops in behind him and turns the other shower head on.

"Stay on your side, Dragus," I tell him, pushing on his chest. He chuckles before leaning his face closer, a seductive smile on his lips and my breath hitches before he drops his face in my neck inhaling my scent. His hand trailing up the outside of my thigh to my hip. "Dragus stop, you have humiliated me enough" I snap at him, trying to shove him away.

"You have three dragons as your mates Elora, I don't know what you're so upset about. We will have to mate with you eventually and if this is how embarrassed you get over us touching you, I would hate to see how embarrassed you will get when we fuck you," Silas says making my face flush again a lovely shade of crimson.

"I am not mating with you, any of you," I tell him, trying to shove Dragus away.

"Are you sure about that?" Dragus whispers below my ear before sucking on the mark Matitus left on my neck. Tingles spread all over my body, heading south, my eyes closing as pleasure rolled over me, a moan escaping my lips as he sucked on my sensitive skin. The noise leaving my lips startled me, and Dragus pulled his face away, chuckling to himself.

"It's the mark, the stupid bond" I stutter in embarrassment at my body's reaction to him. Silas smirked at my excuse, a knowing look on his face. Maybe I was kidding myself, I thought. But that doesn't change the fact that they are monsters.

"You're monsters," Matitus says walking in. I could have sworn I didn't say that out loud.

"You didn't, I have marked you therefore can now read your thoughts" Matitus answers the question I just asked myself. Matitus steps in before reaching for the soap next to me and sending me a wink. Great, now not only do I have to keep them away, but I also have to keep them away from my own thoughts.

'How the fuck was I going to retrieve the necklace now'

Matitus looks at me and panic runs through me, shit. I think about Alphabet reciting it over and over. Matitus shakes his head and I know he is listening. "The Alphabet, really?" he asks.

"Stay out of my head" I snap, shoving past them and hopping out. Going into the bedroom, I rummage through the walk in before finding a pair of jeans and a sweater. Putting them on, I then look for some socks when I hear Matitus come in behind me, watching me with a towel wrapped around his waist.

"What do you want to do today?" he asks.

"You're actually asking? Like I have a choice," I tell him.

"Well, what did you usually do before all this," I chuckle to myself, shaking my head.

"I don't know, I did what everyone else that is forced to live in this city has to do, barter, find firewood, hide from the Dragon Kings. You know the shit you never have to worry about," I tell him. I hear him growl before reaching for me and tugging me against him.

"I was just asking, no need to be a bitch about it" he says, before letting me go. Matitus opens the draw next to him before passing me some socks. I eye them before taking them from him.

"Sorry, I miss home," I tell him. I do miss being on the run constantly, anything was better than being stuck here, I never thought I would miss living like that. When living it, I wished for better. Wished for boiling water or medicine for my grandmother. We were lucky to have electricity in part of the house; most didn't even have that. But most of all, I missed my grandmother.

Matitus watched me for a few seconds but said nothing until I went to walk out.

"I will speak to Silas; I know Abigail wants to visit her daughter. I will see if he will let you go with her" I nodded eagerly, anything to get out of this castle and the memories of what Silas did the other day to those poor girls.

"Ask me what?" Silas says.

"She wants to leave the castle and go with Abigail for a few hours,"

"No, not happening,"

"We can send a guard with her" Matitus says, looking at Silas. I stare between them for a few seconds as they eye each other. My brows furrow, wondering what they are talking about. "Fine, but you run, and I will tear apart this city looking for you understood, and you stay with the guard," Silas tells me.

I nod my head, excited I was going to get out of here, even if it was only for a few hours.

"Go tell Abigail" Silas says, his eyes going to Matitus. Why do I have a strange feeling it was a little too easy to convince him to let me go? Rushing

downstairs, I find Abigail in the kitchen. She looks up when I come in before dropping her head to go over some list she was reading.

"I have some good news," I tell her.

"What, you found out how to break the curse and free every one of the Dragon Kings?" I shake my head disappointed for a second, if only that were true.

"No, they are letting you visit your daughter, and I am coming with you, I have to take a guard though," I tell her, and her eyes light up.

"I can see my baby?" she asks, tears brimming in her eyes. I nod and she hugs me, shocked I take a few seconds to react before hugging her back.

"Wait, when can we go?"

"I'm not sure, I can ask,"

"You leave in fifteen minutes" Silas says walking into the kitchen. "Eat first though and don't forget a jacket. Meet Taylor at the front door when you're done" I nod. I do not know who this Taylor person is, but I was excited to leave the castle grounds and also meet Abigail's daughter. Silas leaves and Abigail walks over, making sure he is gone before pulling me over to the tap and turning it on full blast.

"You can escape if you give Taylor the slip," she whispers to me and I look at her. "How?" I whisper back.

"Take the tunnels," she says before we hear footsteps, and she straightens up and turns the tap off. It was just one of the cooks. The cook eyes us suspiciously and I grab an apple from the bowl along with Abigail. Walking down the corridor toward the front door, Dragus is waiting with a jacket and cloak. He helps me put them on and I sit down placing a pair of boots on that he brought down. Dragus then goes to a cupboard and grabs another pair when he sees Abigail only has her flats. He hands them to her, and she looks a little shocked before sitting next to me and putting them on.

"Stay with Taylor, please don't wander off. I don't want you getting in trouble off Silas Okay" I nod, and he kisses my head before walking off.

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Abigail and I walk out and are greeted by a woman with shoulder-length blonde hair, her black eyes showing she is a werewolf which I thought was odd. Most of the time werewolves weren't permitted in the city unless looking for their mate's. So, the fact she was here made me think she must be important to the dragon Kings.

"Hi, I am Taylor," she says, holding out her hand to me. I quickly shake it, her eyes not even darting to Abigail, not even acknowledging her existence or the fact she is standing right beside me. She then turns on her heel and starts heading toward the gates at the front of the castle. The vampires standing guard open the gates, allowing us to slip through before closing them behind us. I noticed lots of people staring, some even ran off as we walked down the streets. Some whispered "a fae" It was expected, fae were rare creatures, and those that remained if any more remained hid in the shadows hoping to go unnoticed.

Taylor never stopped or looked back at us. Abigail stayed quiet and I assumed Taylor must know where we were headed because Abigail never once gave her direction. When we had walked around four blocks away, we turned up on a desolate street. Only a few houses were intact, the rest abandoned or destroyed. "That's my mother's place there," Abigail said, pointing to the last house on the street. It was old and weathered. The gardens overgrown with exotic looking plants, which was a little odd because we were in one of the worst snow seasons we had ever suffered through.

Taylor looked back at us but didn't say a word, just kept walking. When we were nearly to the end, Abigail nudged me and my eyes looked at her. She stopped walking and pointed to the gutter. My eyes darted down, she was pointing to a drain. And I knew she was telling me these were the tunnels she was talking about. I was familiar with the tunnels for the underground labs but they were on the other side of town, so I was unfamiliar with this side.

Taylor stopped, obviously not hearing our footfalls on the pavement. We quickly caught up to her. Walking through the little gate, Abigail walked up the porch steps and I followed her. She retrieved a key from her pocket and placed it in the door.

"I will wait out here, Silas has given you an hour, Elora" I nod to her before following Abigail inside. Taylor sits on the porch steps and pulls out her phone. Stepping inside was vastly different compared to the outside. The walls coloured yellow with white trims and I could smell lemon and citrus scented candles burning. The house was warm and had good heating but was

scarcely furnished. A little girl comes running out that I know is her daughter. She runs up, screaming mummy, mummy before jumping into Abigail's arms. "My little Princess, this is Elora, the fae girl I told you about." The little girl looks up at me from Abigail's arms shyly.

"Hello," I whisper to her, giving her a brief wave. She smiles and says Hi before ducking her face into her mother's shoulder.

"Where is grandma?" says Abigail.

"Out the back getting firewood" Abigail nods and I follow her down the hall, passing a lounge room with a fireplace that was crackling and into a yellow kitchen with brown cupboards. There was a door leading outside and Abigail walked out it and I followed.

Stepping out the back, the lawns were waist high, and I could see an old outhouse far in the backyard with a concrete path leading to it. Garden beds took up one entire side of the yard and a shed on the other. I could vaguely hear someone rummaging around in the shed before a woman with grey hair to her hips walked out with an armful of firewood. Looking up, she smiles. Before quickly coming over and wrapping an arm around Abigail.

"You must be Elora?" she asks, looking at me. I nod.

"I am Jackie, it is nice to finally put a face to the name" she chuckles. We follow her back inside and she closes the door. She turns on some music on the old radio. Before turning to face Abigail.

"Why can I sense someone else here?"

"There is a guard outside" Jackie nods before turning the jug on. She looks over at me and smiles softly, her green eyes lighting up.

"I haven't seen a fae in decades," she says, gesturing for me to take a seat. Abigail digs around in her pocket before dumping some cash on the table. "This is all I got on me, I will try to get more when I can" she tells her mother.

Her mother nods before putting the cash in a cookie jar. It wasn't much, but I could tell her mother really appreciated it. She made us both some tea, and we talked for a while. When Taylor walked in, Jackie glared at her for letting herself in. She held no fear of the werewolf, yet I could see the alarm in Abigail's eyes as we looked to the door.

“We leave in twenty minutes,”

“But you said an hour,” I tell her.

“Well, Silas wants you back” she states before turning and walking out. We listen for the door to close. Hearing the latch, Abigail lets out a breath.

“Mum, do you know if the tunnels are still accessible?” Abigail asks, looking at her mother. Jackie nods before putting a finger to her lips. She then stands up and walks to a door that I actually thought was a pantry. Jackie opened it and I realised it was a basement. She flicked on a light and we descended the stairs. The basement is filled with dried herbs hanging from shelves and canned food. Jackie walked to the back and pointed to a cupboard. Abigail walked over and gripped one side and I the other. We lifted the cupboard, careful to not make any noise so Taylor wouldn’t hear we were under the house.

Once moved, I find a metal grate covering a huge square hole in the ground. Jackie helped Abigail lift it off.

“Follow the tunnels, they lead to an old pharmacy on the main drag.” I nod and jump in. The drop wasn’t that far, but the stench of stagnant water was putrid. Abigail drops a torch down to me and I flick it on before looking up at them.

“What about you? They will know you helped me.”

“Don’t worry about us, good luck I hope you make it out.”

“I don’t need to make it out, I just need to head home and retrieve something. I won’t get past the border guards, but I may be able to hide out till I come up with a plan to escape,” Abigail nods at my words.

“It was nice meeting you, Elora” Jackie says before helping Abigail lift the grate back over. Looking down the tunnel with the torch I start walking, I follow the tunnels. I come to a few intersections and takes me a few seconds each time, trying to decide which way to go. I should have asked. After about twenty minutes of wandering, though, I hear lots of voices and noise coming from above. When I see a drain and a little ladder leading up, I climb up. Peering out the gap that looked onto the road. It was the main road, letting out a breath of relief. I continue down the tunnel. I followed it before taking the next left, which I knew was an alleyway. Seeing another ladder, I climb it before pushing on the grate and sliding it to the side. Sticking my head out, I

was correct: I was in the alleyway behind the Victors pharmacist. I wasn't far from home now. Climbing out, I pulled my hood over my head and slipped out of the alleyway.

My mind raced at how easy this all seemed, some voice nagging me. Telling me it was too easy and to stay alert. The sky was getting darker, and I looked up, noticing a snow storm coming in. Picking up my pace, I jog for around ten minutes before I finally find my old street and house. The door was kicked in still, and I had a sense of Deja vu wash over me. Walking in, I hold my breath as I look in what used to be the lounge room. Gasping when I realised my grandmother's body was gone and I didn't know if I felt relieved or worried.

Carefully looking around, I find the place the same. Someone had looted the cupboards and ransacked the place, leaving only the furniture. Going into my room, I look under the bed and see the floorboards still intact showing no one bothered to move the bed or they would have noticed the drag marks of the bed. Pulling the bed from the wall. I drag it to the other side before counting the floorboards, when I hit number nine. I push on it, but it doesn't budge. I use my nails trying to get my fingers under the edge of it so I can pull it out. After about twenty minutes of fiddling with it and trying to get a knife down the side of it and becoming annoyed, I hit the floor with my fist. The entire floor lifted in a wave and the floorboards popped out, making me gasp. I look at my hands, shocked at what I just did. I wasn't even sure how I did it.

But one thing I knew was that I just used magic or an element of some sort. Lifting the board out. I reached in for the box that was hidden underneath, only I felt nothing as I gripped the floorboard next to it. I feel hands go underneath my arms making me jump in fright. Hearing someone chuckle and my heart skips a beat as I am lifted and placed on the bed. An icy shiver running up my spine when I see Silas was the one that picked me up.

My hands tremble and I wait for his wrath, only it doesn't come. Instead, he bends down and rips the floorboard up and reaches in, grabbing the box before sitting next to me.

"You know you could have just told me; I would have brought you here myself instead of you sneaking off. Now I have to punish you" I felt tears brim in my eyes at his words and my mind instantly drifted to Abigail and her family. Would he hurt them? I could handle him hurting me, but them? That would kill me. Silas grips my chin, forcing me to look up at him, my tears falling down my face.

“Why didn’t you just tell me?”

“Because I don’t want to break the curse on you” I see anger flash in his eyes before he masks it.

“But you want to break the curse on the fae?” I nod, not saying anything and Silas chuckles.

“What?” I ask, wondering what he found amusing.

“Nothing, I just think it funny that you want to save the fae but not help your own mates.”

“I never asked for this Silas, I don’t want to be your mate,” I tell him, waiting for his anger knowing it is just below the surface of his calm facade.

“Fates decide that, not you. And you were made for us, maybe when you realise that, you can bind what’s left of the fae back to their magic.”

“What do you mean?”

“To break that curse, you first have to break mine,” he says, letting my face go. Silas stands up, putting the box in his jacket pocket. He stares down at me.

“Are you going to come willingly or am I going to have to use force,” he says, making a shiver run up my spine. He extends his hand to me and I look at it before placing my hand in his. His hand is huge, swallowing mine and warm. I let him pull me to my feet and we walked out of the place and I find Dragus and Matitus standing out the front of the house.

“Are you going to hurt Abigail?” I ask, worried that he would. Silas glanced down at me before pulling me against his side and draping his arm over my shoulder.

He doesn’t answer, instead just pulls me along following Dragus and Matitus.

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When the gates come into view, I stop and so does Silas before looking down at me.

“Keep going Elora, don’t make me hurt you. I don’t want to hurt you” he says, and I could see the calmness leaving him, his normal angry demeanour slipping back into place.

“Not until you promise not to hurt Abigail and her family,” I tell him. He growls and I see Dragus and Matitus stop, looking back at us nervously.

“They knew the consequences of helping you, Elora,” Silas says, letting go of my hand and gripping my arm just above my elbow.

“You heard me this morning, didn’t you?” I asked, looking at Matitus.

“You told him and that’s why you let me out, isn’t it?” Matitus silence confirming my assumption. Looking up, the sky was completely grey with clouds and the snow forming on the ground was becoming thicker. I could see my breath making clouds in the air as the temperature dropped. I felt tears brimming, knowing the sacrifice I was about to make in order to fix my mistake of letting Abigail help me. Silas tugs on my arm harshly, his nails digging into my arm through the layers of clothes. I swallow the lump that formed in my throat, that was restricting my airways before clearing my throat. Looking at Matitus, I glare at him and he actually looks like he regrets his actions.

“Lora... I” Matitus says, making Silas glare at him.

“I know Matitus, they’re your mate’s and I am just a tool to be used for your benefit,” I tell him.

“That’s not it, please just listen” I put my hand up, and he goes quiet before I look at Silas. His eyes scrutinised my face and for a second I actually thought he cared, that he was capable of feeling something for me.

“Leave Abigail and her family alone and I will let you mark me” My voice coming out sounded emotionless and dead. It was inevitable they would do it with or without my permission anyway, I might as well try to help Abigail.

Silas tugs on my arm, making me look at him. “No!”

“No?” I ask confused, this is what he wanted so why would he say no?

“You want Abigail and her family to live, I want something else with marking you” I shook my head. I had nothing else to offer, what else could he possibly want.

"I will let them live, if you let Dragus and I mark you and you stop fighting the mate bond,"

"What?"

"You heard me, Elora. Now choose or I will make you watch as I kill them" I look to Matitus and Dragus, but they look away. They know I don't want any of this, anything to do with them. Who in their right mind would after the horrible things they have all done?

"Fine, but on one condition"

"You don't get to make conditions Elora".

"Then you'll never have me," I tell him, refusing to drop my gaze from his.

"One condition, no make it two or I will reject you. All of you and accept you killing me for it. You have my mother's necklace, you have me. I am allowing you to mark me. So, what's one more thing, Silas."

I hear Matitus chuckle, making my eyes dart to him.

"What do you want?" Silas asks, making me look at him. He crosses his arms across his chest, making him even more intimidating as he glares down at me.

"You can never threaten or use Abigail or her family against me again no matter what, and I want you to restore power back to the city," Silas scoffs.

"You want us to re-power the entire city?"

"Yes, I do. You destroyed it and the entire city is suffering for it, the very people you dragon kings swore to protect, but you are just letting them freeze to death in the winters and die from heat stroke in the summers. Turn the power back on. Not everyone has generators or working heaters. Would it kill you to do your job for once? Those people are forced to live here, forced to die here, and you continue to force them to suffer through it all. I know you have the means to do it, you just refuse to" Silas remains quiet for a second and appears to be thinking.

Silas places his hand on my lower back, pushing me toward the gates. The guards open the gates quickly and we step through. As we were walking up

the stone road, I saw Abigail out the front. A vampire had hold of her arm as she squirmed trying to get out of his grip.

I try to run to her, but Silas's hand on my arm stops me as he tugs me back beside him. When we get to the castle doors. I notice Abigail's mother and daughter just inside the doors, looking petrified. The vampire grips Abigail's hair, and she cries out, clutching at their hands.

"Let them go. Taylor, escort them home and don't lay so much as a finger on them," Silas says, and I know he is agreeing to what I want in exchange for what he wants. Taylor nods and I see Jackie pick up Abbie's daughter, placing her on her hip. She runs past Abigail, looking nervous. The vampire still had hold of Abigail in a tight grip. Shaking Silas hand off, I step forward.

"Let her go now." My voice never wavering as I glare at him. He smirks and steps closer, dragging Abigail with him.

"You heard her " Silas growls behind me and I see the vampire look between us before he lets Abigail go. He then glares at me and takes a step back. Fucking leech, I think to myself. Matitus chuckles and I know he was listening in on my thoughts again.

"You can go home with your family Abigail, come back in a few days" Matitus says, and she nods before rushing over to me and hugging me. I hugged her back before shrugging off my cloak. Her daughter only had pants and a shirt on. Silas watches me but says nothing as I walk over and drape it over Jackie and her granddaughter.

"Elora, inside now" Silas says behind me, making me look at him. Moving past everyone, I step inside before going to sit and remove my boots when Dragus comes over to me before kneeling down and untying the laces. I put my hand on his shoulder as he grabs my foot before removing my shoes, leaving me in my socks. Silas and Matitus walk in watching us while removing their boots. I wait for them when Dragus grabs my hand gently.

"Hungry?"

"A little," I tell him and let him pull me further into the castle. Silas and Matitus following closely behind. Looking back at Silas, he is watching me.

"Thank you," I tell him, and he looks shocked for a second before nodding.

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Walking upstairs, I was hesitant to step in the room. One of the cooks had brought a platter of food, cheeses, crackers and fresh fruits and some weird round pieces of meat and what looked like coloured little onions. Dragus plucked a grape off the tray before popping it in his mouth. I walked into the closet, my clothes were a little damp from walking in the snow. I slipped on some comfy pajamas before walking back out to find all of them only in shorts having removed their shirts. My eyes roaming over each one of them and I felt my stomach tighten at the sight of them before Silas held out his hand to me, wanting me to come to him.

“Don’t go back on your word Elora or I will” he said.

Placing my hand in his, I let him pull me toward the bed before sitting on the edge. Reaching over, I took a cube of cheese and a cracker as they were literally the only thing other than the fruit, I recognised and started eating with them. “Try these,” Matitus said pointing to the round thing that looked like meat and the little onions. I watched as he put them on the cracker with the cheese before popping it in his mouth.

Picking up the little green onion, it felt slimy. Sniffing it, it didn’t smell like an onion. I pop it in my mouth and nearly spit it out from its weird tangy taste, it wasn’t horrid but not what I was expecting. Matitus chuckles before doing the same to another cracker and handing it to me. “You’re supposed to put cheese and cabanossi with it” he says, handing it to me.

“Try it now” he said as I placed the cracker with its strange assortment in my mouth before chewing it slowly and swallowing.

“Taste better?” Silas asks beside me as he lays on his side.

“Yes, better,” I tell him before making another one, copying what Matitus did. When we finish eating, I suddenly get nervous. Would it hurt being marked by them, in the dragon heat nothing hurt worse than the burning, so I didn’t even notice Matitus initial bite.

“It will only hurt for a second, then it will feel good” Matitus answers my racing thoughts.

"Can you not do that; I should be allowed the privacy of my own mind," I tell him looking at him annoyed.

"Fine, I will try not to, okay?" he says, reaching for me as Dragus removes the tray and places it outside the door on the trolley.

"How do I know you will turn the power back on?" I ask, looking at Silas.

"You may not trust me, Elora, but I am not a liar. If you want, though, you can let one of us mark you then the other after the power is back on."

"Will you allow that?" I ask incredulously, that one of them will wait. It actually surprised me he didn't mark me the moment I said it.

"Yes, so who first? You can decide" Silas says. Looking between both Dragus and Silas, how do I choose without angering the other. "They won't be angry," Matitus says next to my ear, making me look at him.

"Stay out of my head, Matitus," I tell him.

"Oh, right forgot." I roll my eyes at him.

"Anyone got a coin, flip for it?" I suggest not wanting to choose between them. Silas stands up before digging through his pocket before pulling out a gold coin. He tosses it to me, and I catch it.

"Fine, heads or tails" I ask looking at them.

"Heads" Silas says. Flipping the coin in the air, I catch it before placing it on my arm and lifting my hand.

"Tails, that means you Dragus," I tell him looking at him. Silas didn't seem fazed as he sat back down on the bed.

"It won't hurt for long" Matitus tells me, invading my thoughts again.

"Oh, my bloody god, are you incapable of listening? Stay out of my fucking head Matitus," I tell him slapping his arm.

"I find your thoughts entertaining little one, especially your thoughts when I catch you, perve" Turning around quickly, I place my hand over his lips so he can't finish what he was about to say. I can feel him still trying to talk as I

press my hand to his mouth, muffling his voice. Matitus chuckles and my face goes bright red with embarrassment.

Matitus grips me before lifting me on his chest as he lays back on the bed, pulling me with him. My hands clamped tightly over his full lips.

“Don’t be embarrassed Elora, I would be more worried if you weren’t attracted to us, because it would mean you don’t feel the bond at all” Silas says.

‘Somehow I don’t think anyone would find them not attractive they basically looked like sex on legs, with their masculine bodies and godlike looks, oh my god he is listening,’ I feel Matitus chuckle before trying to pry my hands from his face as he goes to blab my thoughts to them. “Don’t it’s bad enough you keep invading them” I tell while I glared down at him.

Moving my hand from his lips, Matitus smirks. “Oh, how will you survive the embarrassment when we can all hear you” he whispers before gripping my hips as I go to get off him.

Sitting up, my legs straddle his waist as he holds me in place. I can feel his erection growing underneath me and I raise an eyebrow at him before I feel Dragus sweep my hair to the side, exposing my neck where Matitus marked me. I flinch when his fingers brush the mark and tingles spread down my neck and shoulder, making me shiver.

“Just remember what you also promised Elora, Dragus and Matitus will know if you resist the mate bond” Silas says rubbing his hand up my thigh. My heart starts hammering in my chest at his words and the meaning behind them.

“We won’t force you, Elora, just don’t deny what you feel,” Matitus says softly making me look down at him before looking at Silas and he nods in agreement with Matitus.

“Aren’t they the same thing though the mate bond will make me want to even if logically I don’t want to,” I tell them, and they shrug.

“Like I said, we won’t force you, but” There is always a but, I think sarcastically.

“We will know if you don’t want to, we just don’t want you to deliberately shove what you feel aside because you don’t want to be with us. Make sense?”

“Not really,” I tell him, and he chuckles. I feel Dragus move behind me pressing into my back as he kneels behind me, his knees on either side of mine straddling Matitus. Fear consumes me when I feel his breath on the back of my neck. I feel his arm snake around my waist pulling me against him and I suddenly forget how to breathe as my heart beats erratically in my chest so hard that I can hear it.

Dragus move his hand it goes under my shirt, before I feel Matitus hands run up my thighs and under the pajama shorts I have on, his hands stopping at the apex of my legs as he brushes his thumbs against my hips.

“Breathe Elora, it will only hurt for a second. I promise,” Matitus says making my eyes snap to his and I take a deep breath as I feel the points of his fangs press against my skin. I notice Silas sits up and places a hand on Dragus shoulder, gripping it tightly.

“Just a precaution” he whispers. Silas has said before that Matitus and Dragus can sometimes struggle with control, and I know that is why he grabbed him. In case Dragus loses that control, the thought scared me. But I didn’t have enough time for that fear to completely register as I felt his teeth break through my skin over Matitus mark. I scream and squirm for a second and Matitus grip and Dragus holds me in place as I feel his teeth slice through my skin. It hurt but didn’t last long when I could feel a sudden pull like an elastic band snapping into place, linking us together before I felt his tongue roll over my skin and pleasure explodes throughout me as I leaned into him. A moan escaping my lips and my body relaxes against him as my head rolls back onto his shoulder.

I feel a little high from his bite when he suddenly pulls back, and I can feel through the bond the struggle he actually has but forces himself because he doesn’t want to hurt me. I feel his teeth leave my skin before he runs his tongue over it, making me shiver as he seals the mark before kissing the side of my face.

Dizziness rushes over me and my head spins as I feel him move away and I slump against Matitus feeling sleepy and can feel his venom spreading throughout my body. I don’t remember feeling this when Matitus bit me.

“It’s because Dragus isn’t a pure dragon, one mark has little effect on your body, Elora. Two will make you feel tired, and Silas may just knock you out for a few days,” Matitus answers my thoughts as my eyelids flutter closed and I try to nod my head when sleep consumes me.

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Waking up the next morning I stretched, feeling hands grabbing at me. Opening my eyes, I was between Dragus and Matitus. Their arousal through the bond flooding into me. Looking at them, they were both asleep. Making me wonder what they were dreaming about or whether it was just my movement that aroused them. Trying to sit up, Matitus chucks his arm over me knocking me back down and Dragus chucks his leg over my abdomen, squishing my bladder even more.

Seriously, they expect me to sleep in their bed, yet I end up squashed and smothered. Elbowing Matitus he groans, and I think he may wake when he suddenly pulls me against him. His hot skin makes me feel hot and tingly as his bare skin brushes mine. Hearing laughter, I lift my head. Silas is sitting in the armchair at the end of the bed with a newspaper in his hand, looking over the top of it, amused at my struggling.

“A little help?” I ask, trying to wriggle out from between them. Only for them to keep pressing against me. Silas chuckles again before getting up. He lifts Matitus arm off me before rolling Dragus off me, allowing me to wriggle out and stand on the bed. Silas grabs my hips, lifting me over the top of Dragus before placing me on my feet. Looking back at the bed, Matitus pats the bed in his sleep before his hand brushes Dragus and he rips him closer, crushing him against his chest.

I laugh, watching as they keep wriggling and gripping each other. Silas chuckles and I see his eyes light up, watching them before he leans down, his voice next to my ear. “They think each other are you” he chuckles, making me look over my shoulder at him, but his face was still there barely an inch off mine. Silas smiles and my eyes dart to his lips, I don’t know what made me do it, whether it was the bond and feeling Matitus or Dragus arousal or whether I actually wanted to, but I suddenly kissed him, pressing my lips to his. Silas didn’t hide his shock, not expecting me to kiss him. I was usually standoffish with him, his lips were warm and after a second I went to pull away, when his fingers gripped my chin pulling me back.

His tongue brushing my bottom lip wanting access and I grant it; my lips parting and I feel his tongue slip into my mouth playing with mine. Turning to face him his other hand goes to my waist bunching my shorts in a fist tugging me closer. I place my hand on his chest, loving how warm his skin is under my

palm before kissing him harder. He groans into my mouth and I feel my skin heat with arousal as I push myself closer to him. My arms wrap around his neck and I run my fingers through the hair on the back of his neck.

Someone clears their throat and I suddenly snap out of the weird trance I was in. My body felt foreign, and I knew it was the bond. Knew that the arousal wasn't mine, yet I couldn't deny how right it felt. I enjoyed kissing him, liked his hands on my body but that didn't change who he was and what he has done. Looking back, I see Dragus and Matitus sitting up. Dragus yawns, reaching for me but I step back remembering I need to pee.

"What were you two doing?" Matitus asks a knowing grin on his face and I feel a blush creep onto my cheeks making him chuckle. Stepping past Silas, I quickly duck into the bathroom going to the toilet before washing my hands and heading back into the room. All of them in a state of undress as they get ready for the day. Silas comes out of the walk-in handing me some clothes and I quickly slip them on, not even bothering to try to hide from them. Seemed pointless seeing as they have seen me naked loads of times already. Grabbing my socks, I go to sit on the end of the bed when I am tugged onto Dragus lap, lifting my foot I place one sock on before doing the other one.

Every movement made me aware of his erection pressing against my ass. He groans, gripping my hips when I try to get up. My belly rumbling loudly, and Silas looks over at Dragus.

"Let her up, she needs to eat" he tells him gently and Dragus sighs before letting me get up and grabbing my hand. Following Dragus and Matitus into the dining room, I find breakfast ready and I pinch a sausage off one of the plates, biting into. I was starving and I don't remember the last time I was this hungry, my body usually never gets hungry, I never had much of an appetite before I came here. Silas walks in a few seconds later and I realised he went and retrieved my grandmother's book.

Silas then sits down before grabbing the necklace and removing the pendant. I step closer looking over his shoulder when he tugs me closer making me sit on his lap. He drags his plate closer before placing the book on the table. I go to reach for it, eager to see what it says, when Silas arms go around my waist, his hand going inside my shirt. His fingers running across my abdomen, sparks dancing over my skin wherever they brushed. "Eat first the book can wait," he says before stabbing a piece of tomato and bringing the fork to my lips. I let him feed it to me, before biting into the sausage in my fingers still.

“God, I love watching you put things in your mouth” Dragus groans, making me look at him, my face turning red at what he said.

“So innocent,” Silas chuckles, rubbing his thumb over my blushing cheek.

“You two seem cosy” Matitus states.

“Hmm, I feel different besides I am doing what I promised I would” I answer.

“Because Dragus marked you, your body will want you to finish the marking process, I wouldn’t be surprised if you actually went into the Dragon heat again tonight” Silas tells me, making me nearly choke on the sausage I was eating. Silas hands me a glass of water and I drink it down.

“I have something you can choke on” Dragus says, wiggling his eyebrows at me. I roll my eyes before grabbing the fork and devouring everything on my plate, when Silas pushes his towards me. Why am I so hungry? I think to myself.

“Last dragon heat, that’s why. Your body will burn at unimaginable temperatures when it hits again now that you bare two marks” Matitus answers my thoughts. Fear consuming me at what he said. Hotter? I thought it wouldn’t kill me now?

“It won’t but you will probably wish for death,” Dragus answers.

“Stop doing that,” I look at the pair of them, annoyed. My heart is pounding in my chest with fear of what’s coming.

“Both of you stop it, you’re scaring her,” Silas tells them, glaring at them both.

“Since when do you care about scaring her?” Matitus retorts and Silas shrugs.

“If you want, I will make sure the power is restored today even if I have to do it myself, then I can mark you before it gets too bad,” Silas tells me.

“What about the book?”

“It can wait, I have waited hundreds of years to find you, just over one hundred years to find that book another day won’t hurt,” he says, and I nod.

“Wait, but if you mark me, won’t I go into the next stage of the heat?” I ask.

Silas nods. "It probably won't be for a few days after you wake up."

After breakfast Silas, Dragus and Matitus leave the castle grounds and I wander into the library and retrieve the journal of Silas's that I was reading. Skimming through the pages, I stop when I come to a drawing inside of the book. The woman looks so similar to me and I stare down at the woman. The only actual differences between us were, her hair was curly and her face a little fuller but everything else was similar, including the Aziza eye colouring. On the bottom of the page is the name I am assuming of the woman. Blaire.

Sitting down at Silas's desk, I go back a couple of pages before the picture. My mind is reeling. Is it possible Silas was telling the truth that the Aziza's started the war, that my bloodline was the reason for all this destruction, but mostly I wanted to know who the woman was to Silas. I start reading, completely consumed in Silas's thoughts. But the only thing I can figure from his writing is that he loved her, it doesn't say what happened to her or where she went placing the journal on the shelf. I look for the next year hoping to get some answers when Silas walks in.

"There you are? I have been looking for you," he says, moving to sit on the edge of his desk. Looking toward the windows, I see the sun going down and hadn't realised how long I had actually been sitting reading. The entire day seemed to pass by.

"What are you looking for?" Silas asks, standing behind me. "The next year," I tell him, placing the book in its designated spot before going to retrieve the next one when he stops my hand from grabbing it and I see worry in his eyes as he looks at it.

"What?" I ask. Maybe he changed his mind and didn't want me to read them anymore. "Nothing, it didn't bother me before but there are some things I don't want you to know now," he says looking down at me.

"Why?" I ask.

"Because before I didn't care if I upset you, that you knew. But now that you're sort of trying, I don't want you to change your mind. I don't want you to hate me more than you do," he says before grabbing it from the shelf.

"This wasn't a good year," he says, flicking through the pages.

"Why?"

“Because that’s when the war started, when the treaty was broken and when” he didn’t finish. But I know what he didn’t say.

“Blaire?” I ask, looking up at him. He nods before his eyes dart away from mine.

“I won’t read it then,” I tell him when I see how upset he just got over her name. His jaw was tense and his knuckles white, clutching the journal just at the mention of her name which confused me.

“I know you loved her,” I tell him, taking the book from him and placing it on the shelf. Silas doesn’t answer, just stares back at me.

“I also know I look like her, that she was an Aziza,” I tell him, he still says nothing, and I can see behind his snake-like eyes a storm of emotions is brewing before he shoves them away and his eyes soften.

“Come on, I want to take you somewhere.”