

Read Chosen by the dragon kings novel Chapter 36 online free

Silas took me to the front of the castle before stopping near the front doors. "Where are Dragus and Matitus?"

"At the power station" Silas answers before wrapping a cloak around me and handing me some socks. I go to put some shoes on when Silas shakes his head.

"You don't need shoes, you won't be touching the ground," he says, making me look at him in confusion. I stood up, wondering what he meant when he grabbed me. I wrap my legs around his waist, my arms going to his shoulders, which are bare and very warm under palms like a mini heater. The heat from his chest is the hottest part of him and I can feel it warming me through the cloak. Silas hands move to my ass as he walks outside. The freezing icy breeze blowing my hair in my face, and I let go of his shoulder with one hand brushing it from my lips.

Silas walks onto the gravel area near the stairs. He presses his forehead against mine and one hand wraps around my waist, holding me tighter against him. "Hold on, I am about to jump" he whispers before looking up and I grip his shoulders, feeling him move slightly before springing off the ground effortlessly. "You can open your eyes, Lora," he says, brushing his nose across my cheek. I do and see that we are on the roof. Silas walks to the edge before sitting down and turning me around on his lap, so my feet dangle off the edge. I look over the edge and feel his grip around my waist get tighter as I lean forward.

Silas pulls a watch from his pocket checking the time before nestling his face into the crook of my neck, he kisses it making me shiver and he chuckles. "What are we doing up here?" I ask, confused, as to why he was making me freeze out here.

"So impatient, do you have any idea how hard it was turning the power on when half the transformers were blown up?" I shake my head, not even knowing what the hell he is talking about.

"I can't even remember the city ever having power, the only time I ever saw electricity was here and a few places that had solar panels or used generators," I tell him. Grandma and I had power at our last place but that was

because of the generator we found on a rubbish heap and still only the kitchen had power and we used it for a lamp as well sometimes. Fuel was too expensive, so mostly we used the fireplace for light at night and only turned it on during the day for a few hours to get the old fridge cold enough to last night.

Silas says nothing but nods against my shoulder. Silas looks at his watch again and points toward the city. First the streetlights turn on flickering for a few seconds, then suburb by suburb I watch as lights start turning on. Neon signs I had never seen before lighting up in the distance and I hear and can just make out people coming out of the houses and standing in the streets looking at the houses and buildings lit up like Christmas trees. Voices getting louder and echoing into the night with excitement that they have power. I know the feeling and can't help but feel excited for them. I know exactly how hard living by candlelight is, exactly how hard it is to force yourself into the freezing water of a shower in the middle of winter, and most of all I know the feeling of being constantly sick from the cold. Maybe now the winters won't kill so many people.

"Look how happy they are," I whisper, speaking to myself. I can't remember the last time I felt happy, in this city there wasn't much to be happy about but seeing and hearing everyone in the streets excitedly cheering and running around amazed, brought a smile to my lips. If only grandma was here to see it, to see the power back on. I wonder if Lilith and her mother and Abigail and her family would be happy to have the power restored.

"I enjoy seeing you smile," Silas says, kissing my cheek making me look at him.

"Thank you," I whisper, pecking his lips before looking away back toward the cheerful people in the streets. Hearing the crunch of snow, I feel Silas turn looking behind him and I look over his shoulder too. Matitus and Dragus walking over to us. Matitus and Dragus sit next to us, and I notice Matitus is naked.

"Did you fly here?" I ask. He nods before sitting on the roof beside Silas Dragus sitting next to me. Matitus hisses at his naked skin sitting on the snow. "Well, that's one way to get blue balls" I chuckle and so does Dragus beside me.

"hopefully, they don't freeze to the roof we will need to get spatula to scrape them off."

“You think you’re funny?” Matitus asks, raising an eyebrow.

“A little,” I chuckle.

“For your information, my balls are still toasty warm, you can come and feel them if you want” Matitus retorts making me blush at the thought of touching him there. Silas chuckles before shaking his head at us. We stayed outside watching people for a bit until I started shivering and my lips turned blue, Silas told me I had to go back inside. Standing up, I wrap my legs around his waist and watch as he steps off the side, the ground rushing toward us and I squeeze my eyes shut, my fingers gripping his shoulders tightly and my body tenses before impact. I barely feel the impact of him hitting the ground as Dragus opens the castle doors, letting us inside. The temperature changes dramatically from ice cold to warm. I shrug the cloak off, hanging it up.

“What do you want to do now?” Silas asks, making me think. I wanted to have a shower, I was freezing, and all my muscles were locked and aching from the cold. Matitus answers for me.

“She wants to shower, she is cold” he says, wiggling his eyebrows in my direction. “I’m sure she meant alone” Dragus tells him and Matitus glares at him. Walking past them, I wait. Matitus standing there in all his naked glory, and I see one of the maids come out with some shorts for him and she passed them to him. I watch as he bends slightly to put them on. Feeling a little devious, I slap his ass hard, making him jump. I can see my handprint etched into his skin and my hand stung from the impact. Silas nearly choked on his laugh and I can only imagine it was from the look on his face. Before he could turn around, I took off running for the stairs.

“Someone wants to play” Matitus sang out to me and I see them shoving each other over before darting after to me. Running into the room, I try to stifle my laugh snickering to myself as I try to find somewhere to hide from them before quickly slipping under the bed. I watch as they walk into the room and can see their feet. One of them walks out before coming back in and I can hear them sniffing the air looking for me. One of them opens the cupboard while another walks in the bathroom. I laugh and accidentally snort, trying to stop myself from laughing when I suddenly feel someone grip my ankles and rip me out, making me squeal. Matitus lifting me off the ground by my ankles, hanging me upside down. Jiggling me like a tea bag.

“Don’t you drop me” I screech as I keep seeing the ground get closer and closer to my face.

Matitus chucks me in the air before catching me against his body, opening my eyes. I find myself with his crutch next to my face. Using my hands, I push against his thighs trying to get away from his junk that just touched my face. I feel blood rush to face embarrassed at the position I got myself into.

“Now Elora, do they look blue?” Ask Matitus, chuckling to himself.

“Matitus put me down” he lets go, making me squeal, catching me before I face plant the floor. I can hear Dragus and Silas laughing at me.

Matitus manoeuvres me as he sits on the bed with me draped over his knees. I try to get up and he shoves me back down, pressing his hand on the centre of my back. I feel his other hand rubbing my ass that is in the air. Before feeling his hands tug my pants down my legs.

“What are you doing?” I ask, squirming when I realise he is trying to remove them.

“Returning the favour” Matitus chuckles. I try to sit up and I see Dragus and Silas watching with seductive smiles on their lips, when suddenly I feel Matitus hand come down on my ass making me jump, my ass cheek burning and I can feel every finger welting my skin as I hiss at the pain and squirm.

“I’m going to kill you” I screeched at him before feeling his hand biting into the flesh of my ass making me hiss again at the burning pain radiating from where his hand slapped. Matitus rubs it, relieving some pain as sparks move over my ass.

I feel his fingers slip under the waistband of my lace panties before he tugs them down my legs before using his foot to remove them. I squirm and try to get up, but he holds me in place. I hear Silas growl and it almost sounds like a purr, making me turn my head to look at him. His eyes turned dark. Suddenly I feel Matitus rub my ass before his hand comes down on it making me squirm trying to get away from him. His hand then rubbing the spot and I feel his fingers run down my ass crack to my slit, I moan before clamping my hand over my mouth in realisation of what I just did. Matitus runs his fingers through my wet lips, and I realise how wet I actually am.

Matitus hand moves, and I miss the contact of him touching me. When I feel his hand come down again harder, making me moan when he rubs his hand over my ass again. I can feel his erection digging into my stomach when he suddenly slides a finger inside me before slowly removing it.

Matitus groans loudly. "ah she is so wet" he murmurs before sliding his finger out and adding another, twisting them and curling them inside me making me moan and push against them. My walls clamp down on his fingers as I feel my stomach tighten. He pulls them in and out and I become completely lost in the slow torture of fingers moving inside me. I push against them wanting him to move them faster, but he stills them inside me making me frustrated. "Do you want me to stop?" he teases.

"No, don't stop," I tell him, my voice sounding airy. Matitus chuckles before pulling them from me and running them down to my clit and rubbing it in a circular motion, making me exhale.

Just as I am about to come, he stops again before pulling me up, making me sigh loudly in frustration. When suddenly I feel hands on my hips turning me around before the back of my knees hit the bed and I am forced to sit. Silas kneels in front of me before shoving my legs apart, he grips my hips pulling them toward him. My hands go to the bed to stop from falling backwards as he drapes my legs over his shoulders. I feel him suck on the inside of my thigh and I throw my head back at the sensation and I hear him groan before he licks a straight line from my ass to clit making me moan loudly. He grips my thighs, pulling them further apart before plunging his hot tongue between my wet folds, making me gasp as he sucks and licks every piece of me before sucking my clit into his mouth.

I feel the bed dip behind me before feeling lips on my neck as Dragus sits behind me and I relax against him, letting him support my weight and keep me upright. Dragus grips my chin, bringing my lips to his, kissing me. His tongue plunges into my mouth as he tastes every inch, Silas devouring me with his relentless sucking and licking when I feel hands tugging my shirt up before it is ripped off me, the tearing fabric stinging my skin before I feel warm lips and tongue wrap around nipple.

Dragus lips moving to my neck as he sucks on my mark, making me roll my hips against Silas's face and my hand goes into his hair. He growls the vibration making my stomach tighten before I feel him slip his tongue inside me tasting me and fucking me with his tongue.

My grip on his hair tightening and everything feels overstimulated with so many lips devouring my skin. I moan loudly when I feel my orgasm reaching its peak, and Silas sucks my clit into his mouth hard, sending me over the edge and I feel my walls fluttering and pulsating as I come, moaning loudly. Silas licking up all my juices before kissing my thigh, making my legs tremble.

I feel him stand up, my legs sliding off his shoulders and he pushes me onto the bed before kneeling on the bed, his knee between my legs and I can't help grinding against it as it brushes against me. Silas kisses me forcefully and I can taste myself on his tongue making me breathe into his mouth, his lips going to my chin, then my neck when I feel Dragus grip my chin pulling my face to the side kissing me hard and I feel his hand wrap over my chest, he squeezes my breast making me moan. Silas kisses my neck before licking it.

"I'm going to mark you now, Elora" he whispers, and I feel his fangs brush my neck making me shiver. Dragus kiss becomes demanding and dominating as he takes control of the kiss and I feel Silas teeth sink into my neck, feel the pull instantly snapping into place and I scream as his venom moves through my veins. It burns for a second but Dragus distracts me and then I feel warmth spread throughout me. My toes tingling and my entire body buzzing, and I moan loudly as pleasure explodes through my body making my toes curl before a heaviness washes over me and I feel my eyes close as darkness takes over and I feel my limbs go limp.

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Abigail's POV

I returned to find out Silas had marked her; she has been asleep for two days now. The dragon kings have been on edge and everyone has been walking on eggshells. The atmosphere has been thick with their anger and I was becoming anxious. I hoped Elora woke up soon because I had a bad feeling that Silas was about to go on one of his rampages. One of the cooks told me she sacrificed herself so he wouldn't kill me and my family, that she was also the reason the power was back on.

Walking down the corridor to the library, I place the tray of coffee on the end of the desk while preparing their dinner plates. They had been scouring the books in here for days, barely leaving except to check on Elora. I usually ignored them when I had to serve them, but something with the way they were speaking made me tune in.

"She won't allow it, Silas. She will never forgive you," Matitus tells him.

"It's the only way to break the curse unless you have a spare oracle we don't know about."

"There has to be a loophole there always is, you know this. You force her hand she will hate us."

"She will never know; we can tell her it's how we break the curse on the fae. And what does it matter. The only fae other than her is Marian, and she is too old to use magic" Silas argues.

"So, you expect her to give up her magic, become the sacrifice?"

"Yes, she is our mate, her duty is to carry our children. She doesn't even know how to use her magic, she won't miss it."

"The book said we just need to find the oracle and reverse the sins of the past to break the curse, we are already reversing them. We marked her, and she didn't reject us. But doing this will make her," Dragus says siding with Matitus.

"He is right Silas, if they say there is an oracle, we will find them. We found her didn't we?"

"We killed every fucking witch alive, there are none. So, she is the only way. We need a magical sacrifice or spill the blood of the oracle. Elora wouldn't want an innocent dying for us, I know if she had to choose, she would give her magic up."

"No, she won't. You think she will turn her back on the fae. You're asking her to give up who she is" Matitus yells.

"No, we will find the Oracle kill them, the curse breaks and we live happily ever after with our mate" Dragus tells Silas. Silas punches the table and I hear the wood split and I jump, looking up all their eyes are on me. Like they didn't realise I was in the room. Silas eyes flicker like a reptile as he walks around the desk, stopping next to me. My hands tremble and my heart thumping loudly in my chest.

"You speak one word of what you have overheard to anyone. I will make you watch as I skin your daughter alive, understood?" I nod, words failing me, and I become paralysed by fear.

"Get out," he screams, and I bolt from the room.

Running down the corridor, I head for the kitchens. Peter is sitting there waiting for me still and I reach into his pocket, finding the castle phone. I know

he just used to ring his brother before running off to my room. Closing the door, my hands tremble as I punch in the numbers. The phone ringing and I feel my heart thumping against my ribs painfully. The phone rings out and I hit redial.

“Come on, mum pick up” I mutter in panic when I suddenly hear her voice. She sounded like I woke her.

“Hello,” she says, and I can hear her yawning.

“Mum, you need to get her out of here.”

“Abigail, is that you dear.”

“Mum, listen to me, you need to get her out, they are looking for the oracle. You need to get her out now.”

I hear my mother gasp and the phone goes silent.

“How? Do they know it’s her?”

“No, and you need to get her out, promise me you will get her out.”

“I will find a way. I will look after her. I will keep her safe,” she tells me, and I feel tears brim before rolling down my cheeks.

“Tell her mummy said she loves her,” I tell her trying to not break down. The phone goes silent, and I can hear her breathing loudly. “I will and I won’t let them find her. I love you, Abbi.”

“I love you too,” I tell her before clicking the red button on the phone and hanging up. I may never see her again, never see her bubbly little face, hear her angelic little voice. I could feel my heart tearing to pieces, each part that is her breaking off and leaving nothing but a void inside me. I had to do this; I could live with this guilt of leaving her if it means she can live. That will be my burden to carry, and I know my mother would give her last breath for my daughter. Pushing my tears aside I scroll through the phone settings deleting my mother’s mobile number from the call list.

Getting my bearings, I wipe my tears and walk toward the kitchen before handing the phone back to Peter. He places it on the charging dock.

“Everything okay?”

"I'm fine, Peter. You should head to bed," I tell him. I watch as he leaves before collapsing on the stool at the bench. My daughter was who they needed to break the curse, she may be the key, but I wasn't willing to sacrifice her, not even for the good of others. She was my baby. Mine to protect. I will die before I let them touch her. I have always known the risk of being a witch. In my family, Oracles were born every third generation. My daughter was the third, and she already suffers from nightmares that I know are our future, her future. So many times, she has dreamt of my death and now I know that is one that will come true, because I will die just to keep her safe from them.

Lost in my thoughts, I didn't hear her come in, I wasn't expecting her to wake so soon.

"Abigail, are you alright?" she asks, stepping into the room.

"You're awake," I exclaim.

"Yes, I just woke up, is everything alright, you look like you have been crying" she asks concerned. Silas walks in behind her, my eyes darting over her shoulder. He glares at me in warning.

"Yes, everything is fine. Only tired," I tell her. She goes to step closer when Silas grips her arm and she spins around having not noticed him behind her.

"You're awake little one" he says, pulling her against him and crushing her against his chest. His eyes darted to me and I know he is telling me to go. I got up, using the back exit to leave before she could see me and head to my room. I had to warn her somehow, but if I do, they will know it was me and I didn't doubt Silas when he said he would kill her and right now I need to make sure she is out of the city before I warn Elora.

They already took my husband. I won't let them take my daughter from me.

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Elora's POV

Waking up, I feel well rested, like I have been asleep for days. Walking into the bathroom, I quickly pee before washing my hands. Looking in the mirror, my skin was glowing, my eyes vibrant, even my hair looked healthier and had more shine to it, but the most startling thing was the purple tattoos running

down my face. They had spread down my neck, these differed from my normal fae markings from when I manifested, they felt different. Touching them they felt warm. Pulling my shirt off, I look in the mirror. They ran from my temple down the side of my neck to my shoulders and wrapped down my arm; they looked like purple flames. The ones on my face were still the flower blossoms but from where my mark sits on my neck, they change to a swirling pattern of silver, gold and purple then flames bleeding out of my mark running the rest of the way to my elbow.

The pattern swirling and sparkling under the lights. Pulling my shirt back on, I give up trying to figure out what it is before walking in the closet and grabbing some tights. Once I am dressed, I head down the stairs looking for my mates only when I walk past the kitchen, I notice Abigail.

“Abigail, are you alright?” I ask, stepping into the room. She had tears staining her cheeks, and she looked sad.

“You’re awake,” she says, looking at me in shock. I nod before stepping a little closer.

“Yes, I just woke up, is everything alright, you look like you have been crying” I ask, wondering what had her upset.

“Yes, everything is fine. Just tired,” Abigail replies. Just as I am about to go to her, I feel a hand tug me back, sparks running up my arm, and my heart beats erratically in my chest at the sight of him.

“You’re awake, little one,” he says before pulling me to him and wrapping his arms around me. I melt into him, loving the feel of his touch and his warm embrace. Looking up, he looks down at me, before kissing my lips softly, wrapping my arms around his neck, I pull him closer, deepening the kiss. If he was surprised, he doesn’t show it. Silas chuckles against my lips and I pull back, remembering Abigail was in the room with us. Turning around, she is gone. I look for her and go to walk further into the kitchen when Silas’s hand on my arm stops me.

“Where did she go?” I ask aloud.

“She has work to do” Silas says but by the tone of his voice he seemed mad at her which confused me. Silas pulls me against him, wrapping his arm around my shoulders and walking us into the corridor and pulling me towards the library.

When we enter, Matitus and Dragus look up, a smile gracing both their faces, and I can't help but smile back at them. The mate bond was in full force, I could feel it making me want to run to them, pulling me towards them. It felt strange, but I also liked it. Dragus comes to me first, kissing me before picking me up. I wrap my legs around his waist before I feel Matitus behind me; he kisses my shoulder and I shiver. I feel him tug the collar of his shirt that I am wearing away, looking at the mark.

"What?" Silas asks when suddenly I feel my shirt being pulled off. I shiver from the cold draft pressing closer to Dragus and stealing his warmth. I feel fingers tracing my markings. Feel their shock through the bond.

"Is it bad?" I ask, confused.

"I'm not sure, I think it's because we marked you," Silas says.

"I recognise the marking though, they're fae symbols for dragon" Matitus says. Silas pulls my shirt over my head, his fingers brushing over my breast and I moan when he squeezes my harden nipple, making my legs tighten around Dragus waist. Dragus laughs while Silas tugs my shirt down and I instantly miss his touch.

"Obviously, the bond has kicked in," Dragus chuckles before leaning in and inhaling my scent. Dragus turns around, placing me on the edge of the desk. He stands between my legs and I look down at what they were looking at. I see my grandmother's journal open and can see the writing. I go to pick it up when it vanishes from my hand.

"What's wrong?" I ask, holding my hand out expectantly. Silas puts it in the safe and I frown. He was hiding something.

"What did it say? Does it say how to break the curse" Silas is silent for a second before turning to face me and Dragus moves. Silas takes his place between my legs and I can feel that Matitus and Dragus are a little uneasy about something.

"It tells you how to break it, doesn't it?" Silas looks to Matitus over my shoulder and I look too. Matitus is glaring at Silas, making me frown. What has gotten into them two? I wondered.

"It does," Silas says looking down at me and my eyes light up excited to know. If I break the curse on the Dragon kings means I can break the curse on the fae.

"It doesn't matter right now, we can discuss it later" Silas tells me, rubbing my cheek with his thumb before pinching my chin between his fingers and bringing his lips to mine. Arousal flooding me instantly and I pull him closer, and he groans into my mouth. My hand went to his side as I pulled him closer to me, my core pulsating in anticipation and I had never felt this aroused before. The sparks rushed over my skin threatening to set me on fire.

When suddenly I hear their voices, Matitus speaking to both Silas and Dragus, and I pull away, looking up at Silas.

"What?" he asks. Did I just imagine it? Did I hear correctly? Silas kissed me and my eyebrows furrowed in confusion.

"She's going to hate us, she will never agree, Silas," Dragus's voice in my head. Or maybe I was in his?

Silas growl vibrates through my head like a freight train as he kisses me more fiercely.

"She doesn't have a choice" he snaps back at Dragus. I pull back. What the fuck are they talking about? Silas groans, annoyed I stopped kissing him. He reaches for me, pulling me closer to the edge of the desk. But I don't answer when he kisses me and he growls, annoyed.

"What? why are you being like this now?" he whines, making me look at him.

"Why am I going to hate you?" I ask. Silas looks at Dragus and I can feel all their confusion at my words. "What are you talking about?" Silas asks.

"Dragus said I would hate you, that I will never agree, and you said I have no choice. Now what the fuck are you talking about?" I demand, Silas anger coming through the bond and the realisation of what I said coming from Dragus and Matitus.

"You could hear us?" Dragus asks, stepping closer. I nod, confused myself.

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“That’s a dragon trait, not a fae one,” he says looking at Silas.

“Must be her mark” he answers, and it kind of makes sense. Silas pulls on my hand, wanting me to get up when I shake my head.

“Are you going to answer me?” I ask, looking to Dragus, his eyes instantly snapping to Silas for permission. Silas growls and I suddenly feel the bond go quiet and I know they have put their walls up blocking me out. They would not answer.

“It’s nothing you need to worry about right now” Matitus answers, but I knew they were lying. Silas tugs on my hand and I pull it back. “I’m not going anywhere until you tell me what’s going on,” I tell them. Silas breathing becomes heavy, and I can feel his anger radiating out of him, threatening to suffocate us. Standing up, I reach in his pocket and grab the key to the safe. He grips my wrist tightly.

“It’s the book isn’t it” I ask, looking at Matitus and Dragus when they don’t answer.

“Give me the key,” I tell Silas, but his grip only tightens and for a second I thought he was going to break it, when Matitus gives in and I am pretty sure it’s because he was worried Silas was about to hurt me.

“We need a magical sacrifice” My eyes snap to Matitus and Silas growls behind me.

“A magical sacrifice?”

“Yes, only the oracle can break the curse or spirit user” Matitus says. My mind instantly going to Abigail. She was a witch was she a spirit user though and when they say sacrifice do they mean to kill them.

“So, you need a witch or an oracle?”

“No, a witch is bound to their element and there are no witches left anyway so a new oracle can’t exist.”

“So that means?” I ask, confused where he was going with this.

“The book says only the blood sacrifice of the oracle can break the curse or a powerful magical sacrifice.”

"I still don't understand, why would I be mad about that?" I ask.

"Because the Oracle doesn't exist to break the curse, means we would need a fae to give up their magic, because besides, an oracle. fae are the only spirit users. Dragon magic can't be sacrificed because we charge from the fire element, mermaids water, witches earth. The angel was air. Except the oracle, fae are spirit users. The oracle is also a spirit user without an oracle that leaves only a fae to break the curse."

"So, you need my blood? And what else?" I ask, trying to remember how the pentagram balance worked.

"For the oracle to break the curse, we need her blood sacrifice and the blood of the night and light, so vampire or werewolf because they are cursed to the moon in a way and humans are light. It's the same way they created the balance that created the treaty. Blood from each element and blood of the moon and sun binding us all to stick to the treaty."

"Then how did the treaty break?"

"Because a spirit user broke the balance."

"How?" I ask looking at Silas who looked extremely uncomfortable, and his aura was deadly.

"That doesn't matter, they broke the treaty, and the kingdoms fell, that's how the war started. And that's how we were cursed and the Fae."

"I still don't understand what you need me to do?" I ask, trying to put the pieces together.

"We need you to give up your magic, sacrifice it. You will become a fae without magic" Silas growls loudly and Dragus grabs his arm, and I can feel him wanting to hurt Matitus for what he said.

"I'm not lying to her" Matitus yells at him, Silas rage makes the temperature rise and I jump as I feel searing heat wash over me making me scream before he stops when he realises what he did. My skin felt blistered, like a terrible sunburn. Reminding me of the Dragon heat. I panted trying to catch my breath, Matitus didn't look affected at all, Dragus on the other hand was just as affected as me. Probably because he wasn't a full dragon.

“Say it?” I scream through gritted teeth.

“Your sacrifice means you can’t bind the fae back to their magic,” Matitus says just before Silas lunges at him, knocking him into the wall before punching him. Dragus grips Silas shoulders yanking him back, but Silas throws him sending him into the desk and falling at my feet. I help him up when Silas grabs him.

“I won’t do it,” I tell them and Silas freezes.

“What did you say?” Silas asks, letting Matitus go, shoving him backwards. Silas turns on me, stalking towards me like a predator stalking its prey. “I said I won’t do it, I won’t sacrifice the fae, Silas,” I tell him before moving to the other side of the desk. The look on his face was like he wanted to rip me apart. The rage coming through the bond made my blood run cold.

“You don’t have a choice, Elora. You will do it.”

“No, I don’t care what you say, nothing is worth sacrificing an entire species” I yell at him and he grips the desk, flinging it into the wall barely missing me. I flinch at the impact as it crashes into the bookshelves, books flying everywhere.

“This is what you exist for, you are the only one that can break the curse on the Dragon kingdom,” he bellows.

“Not at the sacrifice of my people I won’t.”

“There is no fae left Elora, who are you saving? Marian, she is too old for magic and you don’t even know how to use it. Your sole purpose as our mate is to bear our children and to break the curse. That is your duty to us. The entire reason you are alive” he growls before gripping my arm tightly.

“I will not go against my beliefs just to break a curse on your kind,” I tell him.

“You don’t have a fucking choice. You were made for us, solely to please us and do as you’re told, to break the curse. What purpose do we have for you otherwise?” he growls. It would have hurt less if he punched me, his words cutting deeply. They didn’t want me, they just wanted me to break the curse and bear their children, purely a baby incubator. How could I be so blinded, all because of a bond I never asked for. I felt stupid to think they actually wanted

me. I felt tears brim in my eyes, my heart hurting. If only I remained cold and distant like I planned. If only the dragon heat killed me.

“And If I refuse?” I ask, looking at him.

“Then I will burn this kingdom down with you in it” he says, his voice cold and emotionless. I could feel Dragus and Matitus unease through the bond. They didn’t agree with him, but his word was law, and I knew they wouldn’t go against their mate, not even for me.

“Blaire rejected you, didn’t she?” I ask and he freezes, a growl escaping that felt like it vibrated through the entire room answering my question.

“Now I understand why, you’re a fucking monster. And I will never hand it over. Burn it down, Silas. Then what? You wait another hundred years for a new fae, sorry to tell you, but my bloodline ends with me” His hand connected with my face. My head whips to the side and the sound resonates through the room. My face stinging from his palm as I clutch my cheek.

“You dare speak her name to me, your great grandmother started the war. She broke the treaty. She is the reason I hate fae, hate the Aziza family. The reason I fucking hate you because you look exactly like her and you are exactly like her. You will do it because if you don’t you will meet the same fate she did. I don’t need you to love me to bear our children and you will carry them even if I have to hold you down myself” Silas snaps back at me before turning on his heel and walking out, only stopping when the next words leave my lips. Fighting back tears and hurt within my chest,

“I Elora Velinia Aziza, direct descendant of the Royal Aziza bloodline reject the dragon kings of the Opal fire Kingdom Sil” His hands were on my throat in seconds, not letting me finish. I could feel myself becoming dizzy as I clawed at his hands. Dragus and Matitus trying to rip him off me and his hands burning into the flesh of my throat as I struggle to breathe. His hands restricting my airways cutting off all my oxygen and I see black dots dance before my eyes, growing bigger and bigger until all I see is black.

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Silas POV

She collapsed in a heap on the floor, my anger instantly simmering down and for a second I thought I killed her. The burns etched into the soft skin around her neck made guilt flood me before I forced it down as a fist connected with the side of my face. Matitus raining blow after blow and I didn't even fight back, he knew I could break him like a twig. I was the mighty Dragon King for a reason. But I could feel his pent-up rage needing release and I deserved it.

My anger and hate was destroying everything, destroying her as she lay broken and unconscious on the floor. Matitus weight on my chest made it hard to breathe. I knew I fucked up, his burning rage eating at me before Dragus rips him off me. My blood spilling onto the floor and staining the rug, I barely felt it, I was numb to everything.

I hurt my mate's, the ones I swore I would protect and love above all else. My beast enraged inside me; he would be content even if we never broke the curse as long as they remained by our side. Dragus scooped Elora off the floor, tears rolling down his cheeks as he looked down at her. Their emotions spilled into me. They thought they failed her, failed to protect her. Who would have thought the one person she needed protecting from would be those who loved her most? I never thought I would find a female mate, thought we were doomed to an eternity of misery, until Matitus caught her scent that day.

If only he didn't, she would be safe from me. The raging monster that has held the grudge for so long, I often forgot why I hated the Aziza bloodline. Blaire destroyed us, what we created, yet the longer I held onto the past, the more I realised I was the one damaging everything. I knew deep down I truly didn't hate Blaire, but myself for that moment of weakness for allowing myself to love her. I was the curse that plagued my mates for centuries.

One action destroyed everything. I thought threatening to remove him from the equation would make her see sense, make her accept the bond. If I hadn't threatened him, she may have never done it. When she rejected the bond. Had the bond snuffed out in seconds, it showed she loved him more than us and I wanted her to hurt like I did. So I killed him in front of her. In front of their entire kingdom. I never should have killed her husband, that was cruel and I could no longer blame her. I would kill anyone that dared to hurt my mates.

She would have felt the same, I realise that now. Maybe she wouldn't have rejected us if I hadn't threatened him. Maybe she wouldn't have cursed us to a life of misery and hell if I hadn't killed him. The torture I felt in that moment was like no other. Hearing those words leave her lips as she smiled at me. She knew I was a monster, knew I was going to kill her and she did it anyway.

She welcomed death, stared it straight in the eye and cursed it. Once again giving into my pain and anger before I killed her, she died by these hands and it seemed history was doomed to repeat itself with Elora.

The way she held my gaze as she tried to reject us, I held no doubt at the strength of her words that she would go through with it, say the words that severed the bond just like Blaire did.

Blaire didn't even scream, never took her eyes from me as I let hellfire consume me. A knowing glint in her eyes as the flames ravaged her, melting her skin away as flames consumed her. Not a tear shed, just the sounds of the screams of her daughter as she watched on helplessly as her mother burned alive before all hell broke loose. The treaty was broken and the balance between species destroyed. A balance that was created for us to live harmoniously and fairly. Everyone was equal. By the laws I had the right to kill her, for rejecting the bond. No bond could be rejected, and the fae kingdom was supposed to hand any fae over once discovered as a mate.

Yet Blaire was their next Queen and was married with a daughter. The rule was unfair. Fae didn't feel the bond, they chose their mates, their life partners, so I understood her confusion. She couldn't rule her people from the Dragon kingdom. She couldn't keep her husband even though we would have allowed it just to have her. But she was loyal to her beliefs, to her people, but most of all to the man she married, the man she chose. And I was selfish and entitled, thinking the law would protect me. Instead, it started a feud and broke the treaty when they attacked.

Matitus and Dragus both hated me for decades afterwards for what I did. Even though they hated me at that moment, they still helped me take down the Fae Kingdom, turning it to ruin and leaving them with no royals, or so we thought. When we learned the curse could only be broken by a royal fae or their chosen one, I thought for sure the curse was unbreakable. Thought we killed every Royal Fae. Didn't realise her daughter escaped. Completely forgot to check for sure, thinking it was impossible for the child to survive the carnage. Now though, looking at Elora I truly could see my misdoings.

"You destroy everything, fucking everything with no regard for us" Dragus screamed at me and I swallow the lump down before shoving his feelings away, letting my calm, cold demeanour slip back in place before I rip her from him. Matitus and Dragus jump to their feet at her limp body in my arms. Turning on my heel, I leave. Them chasing after me, ready to attack if I hurt her. I had no intentions of hurting her, but I needed to fix this and the only way

I knew how was by force. She would give in; we would break her as much as it pained me to do so. I won't let history repeat itself. Placing her on the bed, I walk out before heading outside to the garages and retrieving a chain and padlock.

Walking back in the room, Matitus and Dragus were watching her unconscious body. Their eyes snapping to mine when they heard the clink of chains before I secured one to the end of the bed before padlocking it to her ankle. Matitus hand gripping my wrist as I lock it in place.

"You insist on making things worse" he spits at me.

"What would you have me do Matitus, she will try to leave the first chance she gets?" I reply angrily. He knows I am right and her being here trapped with us will make the bond continue to grow, till eventually she will become consumed with only us, nothing else will matter and she will eventually forgive. The bond will see to it.

"She won't care if you kill her as soon as she can talk she will reject us," Dragus says looking down at her. I was nearly tempted to cut out her tongue, but I would never hear her voice again.

"She won't be able to talk for a few days as long as neither of you give her your blood."

"Then what? Huh. What's the brilliant plan you have to make her accept us? What are you going to do when she refuses to hand her magic over? I don't care if we never have kids, Silas, as long as I have her. We don't need heirs, we are immortal. You only want them now because the choice was taken from you, taken by Blaire."

Pinching the bridge of my nose, I sigh in frustration. I don't have the answers they want.

"I don't know, okay. What do you want me to say?" I ask, glaring at them.

"I want you to give her choice back, she won't be forced. Giving up her magic means giving up everything she is. Why can't you see that?"

"Because she needs nothing from the fae, she should only need us. That's how it is supposed to work. She was made for us in every way and she won't submit. So it leaves only one option, I won't lose her"

Matitus chuckles, making me turn my attention to him.

“What?”

“You’re so blinded by your own ego and pride that you can’t even tell you already lost her.” He shakes his head before shoving past me and leaving me with only Dragus.