

Read Chosen by the dragon kings novel Chapter 41 online free

Elora's POV

My throat felt like it was crushed in vice, groaning, my fingers instantly going to my neck and I wince in pain as I try to roll onto my back. The skin felt tender, even trying to breathe hurt as I sucked in air through my lips. Opening my eyes, I find myself on the bed. Something cold touching my neck relieved the pain, but that was short-lived when I realised it was Silas holding a wet cloth to my neck. Instantly I pulled away from him. I tried to tell him not to touch me, but the words wouldn't come out as I choked on them, my throat throbbing and I could feel it blistered the skin.

I watched him warily, as he leant over to me before I smacked his hand away and glared at him.

"I just want to help?" he says, and I can see the guilt behind his eyes as he looks down at what he did.

"You have done enough" I thought, his eyes snapping to mine and I know he heard what I thought. He looked at the tattoo running down my neck before escaping under my shirt.

"You seemed to have picked up a lot of Dragon traits with that mark," he says looking thoughtful. Moving off the bed, I walk toward the bathroom. I stop when I feel weight around my ankle and the clink of the chain. A padlock was holding it in place and I instantly bent down trying to remove it.

"You won't get it off," he says, watching me from his position on the bed.

"Remove it" he shakes his head. And I eye the lock, wishing I could break it. When Abigail walks in with a tray of food. I was hungry, but I knew it was pointless if I couldn't talk. There is no way I could eat. Silas nods, pointing toward the bedside table. She looks down at me sadly on the floor as she places it down. Her eyes going to my neck and she bends down like she is in trance and I know instantly she was going to heal it. I grip her wrist, trying to warn her with my eyes. Silas watched us intently. Trying to figure out what I am trying to tell her, wondering why I grabbed her the way I did. My tight grip seems to pull her back as she glances over her shoulder at Silas, whose eyes are trained on her every movement.

I hear her heart rate pick up and I can sense through the bond that he finds our exchange strange. But I hold my walls tight, not letting him invade my thoughts. Abigail nods and her eyes glow a green which I had never seen before. I watch as her eyes go back to normal before she gets up and hurriedly leaves the room without saying a word.

I let out the breath I was holding, pulling myself back together, only to find Silas observing me carefully like he was trying to figure something out. Getting up off the floor, I quickly duck in the bathroom trying to cool my burning neck under the sink before washing my face. The skin of my neck was red and angry. I could see every finger burnt into my flesh. Walking out and sitting on the bed. Silas was still sitting there watching me when Dragus walked in. I knew instantly it was him because I could feel him getting closer as he walked up the stairs and his scent drifted to my nose. He smiles when he sees I am awake before walking over and climbing on the bed and laying down. I could feel through the bond, he wanted to touch me but was unsure. Laying down, I put my head on his chest and look up at him. He kisses my nose and I completely ignore Silas and the jealousy hitting me through the bond.

I won't forgive so easily. Not after what he did. Silas growls before storming out and slamming the door so hard I was sure the entire castle would have heard it. Dragus places his hand on my cheek, his thumb rubbing my face sending sparks all over me. I lean into his touch finding it soothing. Matitus walks in after about five minutes. His eyes scan the room and I know he is looking for Silas before he smiles and his eyes land on me.

He steps closer before climbing on the bed next to me. His hand pulling on my shoulder, making me roll toward him and away from Dragus. I watch as Matitus teeth extend into sharp points and he bites into his wrist. His blood seeping out and down his arm.

"Silas will be angry," Dragus says with a frown, looking down at me. Matitus pulls me closer so I am sitting between his legs with my back against his chest.

"I don't care, she isn't just his mate," he says before pressing his wrist to my lips. Opening my mouth, I let his blood flood into my mouth and the pain in my neck instantly lessens before leaving completely. My body healed and I let him pull his wrist away.

"Better little one," he says, making me look up at him. "Much better," I tell him, and he grins before kissing me. His hand holding the back of my head as he

brings his lips to mine. His tongue glided along my bottom lip wanting access and I parted my lips for him before kissing him back. Arousal flooding me instantly through the bond and I could also feel Silas anger because he could also feel it through the bond.

Dragus grips my chin, pulling my lips from Matitus, and I moan when his tongue plunges in my mouth before kissing me harder and taking control of the kiss. Matitus groans before pulling me up higher, his lips going to my neck as he sucks on my neck and making me moan into Dragus's mouth. I could feel his erection underneath me. Wriggling my hips on Matitus, his hands grip my hips holding me in place. Before Dragus hand moves between my legs rubbing me through my tights and I could feel myself getting wetter making him chuckle against my lips.

A thunderous growl echoed through the castle, making Dragus pull back and I could feel Silas's anger, jealousy and longing through the bond. "We should stop before he comes up here" I whisper worried.

"Or we could keep going, just to piss him off more" Matitus growls next to my ear before kissing my shoulder, my eyes closing at the sensation of sparks rushing through me, making my skin heat and my heart beat quicken. Dragus moves on the bed dipping between my legs making my eyes snap open as he grips my tights pulling them down.

Watching him as his eyes never leave mine, waiting to see if I would tell him no. He kisses my knee before sucking on my thigh, his lips moving closer and closer to the apex of my legs before I feel him kiss my slit.

Matitus hands move to my hips before he lifts me slightly on his laps pushing his legs are under mine before bending his knees with my legs draped over his pulling mine apart and completely exposing me to Dragus. Dragus growls softly before I feel him lick a straight line up my slit, parting my lips with his tongue and I throw my head back against Matitus shoulder hearing him chuckle before kissing the side of my face as Dragus tongue flicks my clit before he sucks it into his mouth making me moan loudly and move my hips against his face. His hands holding my thighs apart and I feel Matitus legs tense, stopping me from trying to close mine.

Dragus devouring me with his continuous licking and sucking before I feel him slide a finger inside me, my walls instantly clamping down around it before he removes it adding another making pressure inside me build and my stomach tighten, my hand going to his hair as I try to tug his face away, he growls

before sucking harder making my hips buck as I feel my orgasm about to rush over me.

“Come for him Lora, let him taste you” Matitus husky voice sounds below my ear and Dragus speeds up his movements, his fingers slipping in out effortlessly the wetter I get, and I explode into his mouth, making me moan and grind my hips against his face, his tongue not stopping as he licks up my juices.

I am left panting, Matitus drops his knees letting me slump against him, my legs trembling as Dragus moves between them bracing his arms on either side of Matitus and myself. He leans his face closer to mine, kissing my lips before plunging his tongue into my mouth. A soft moan escapes when I taste myself on his tongue before Matitus grips his chin. I watch as Matitus kisses him and Dragus groans as Matitus tongue forcefully moves between his lips. Watching as they kiss, before Dragus grinds his hips against me and I can feel his erection pressing against me through his pants.

Making me wriggle at the friction. When Dragus goes to pull away, Matitus grips the back of his head holding him in place and I feel arousal flood me at the sight of them kissing and the pure hunger within that one kiss. I could feel Matitus erection digging into my ass and Dragus against my wet folds. Reaching between my legs, I grab Dragus through his pants making him groan before pulling back and staring at me. Matitus watching as Dragus sits back and I squeeze his harden length. Dragus looks to Matitus and I can feel their hesitation through the bond.

Dragus hops off the bed, moving away from me. “Silas?” I ask and Dragus nods.

“He wouldn’t forgive us if we took you without him here,” Matitus says behind me. Anger pulsates through me. I was mad that everything has to be run by Silas, needs his approval. They don’t want me unless Silas is with us. Well, that’s going to be a problem when I don’t want Silas. Moving from Matitus lap, I pull my tights on before flopping back on the end of the bed, annoyed.

Dragus runs his hands up my thighs. “He’s our mate, he should be with us.”

“Well, he should have thought about that before he hurt me.”

“Don’t be like that Elora, he loves you just like we do,” Matitus says.

"If that's love I want no part of it."

"He doesn't mean it, you reminded him of."

I cut him off, not wanting to hear their excuses. Pissed that they were even making them for him.

"I can't believe you're defending him after what he did."

"He's our mate, Elora, please understand," Dragus tries to reason.

"Yeah, and I am supposed to be your mate too," I tell him. Dragus goes to say something else but I don't give him a chance much too angry with them.

"Well go on, run along back to your mate," I tell them. Dragus eyes shine with hurt but he reluctantly leaves along with Matitus closing the door behind them. I feel tears brimming but I hold them back before rolling on my side. Why did I have to be the fae blessed with magic? It wasn't a gift but a curse, one I couldn't escape from.

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Silas POV

I knew something was up with Abigail, the way she looked at Elora and the panic I felt coming from my mate confirmed my suspicions. I watched their strange interaction. Trying to filter through Elora's thoughts, I felt her shove her walls in place, blocking me out. It had been playing on my mind all day. What were they hiding? What did Abigail do that caused the panic in Elora? Abigail has avoided us since the day she overheard our conversation in the library. Something was definitely going on. Sitting in the library, I try to figure it out when Dragus and Matitus walk in. I growl at them, pissed off. I knew what they were doing up there with her. Could feel their arousal through the bond. It pissed me off, and I could smell her scent all over them.

"What's wrong?" I ask when Dragus sits in the chair next to the fireplace. He runs his hand through his hair before sitting back, an annoyed expression on his face.

"You! you need to fix this, Silas" he sighs before resting his head back on the headrest. Matitus sits across from him before putting his feet on Dragus's legs.

"We will, don't worry about that now."

"No, you will fix it. She is pissed and we are being punished for it," Matitus retorts.

"Didn't feel like you were being punished" I growled back, not even hiding my anger at what they were doing without me.

"Yeah, until she kicked us out for defending you" Dragus growls at me.

"Well it can wait, I have something I want to check out first," I tell them about Abigail and Elora's weird interaction in the bedroom.

"Maybe, Abigail was just worried about her, Abbi is her only friend" Matitus says.

"True, but I have a way to find out for sure. I want you to go get her mother and daughter bring them to the castle,"

"No, you promised Elora no harm would come to them and I know you Silas. If you want them, go get them yourself" Dragus says. Looking to Matitus, he shrugs before speaking.

"I will send Taylor, to get them"

"You're not seriously entertaining this idea Matitus, what is wrong with you? I won't be a part of this" Dragus says, before getting up and storming out.

"Where are you going?" I demand, but Dragus ignores me and keeps walking.

Turning to Matitus, he nods. "Better to know for sure. Your instincts are usually correct, if something is up we will find out," he says.

"Good, meet me in the dungeons. I will find Abigail." Matitus walks out and I follow him out before turning toward the kitchen while he goes to the front of the castle in search of Taylor. Checking the kitchens, I find she isn't in there. Seeing Peter, I pull him aside. The young boy looks up at me petrified as I drag him into the corridor.

“Where is Abigail, I know you’re close with her,” I ask him. He looks like he is about to run, and I grip the collar of his shirt pulling him closer and I could feel him shaking before I let him go. I didn’t want to scare him; he was only a boy. Stepping away, he relaxes slightly. “Abbi, where is she?” I ask again, trying to not shake the boy.

“She went to check on Elora” he stutters out. I growl. Abigail was warned to keep her distance from her, and she has disobeyed me. “Go,” I tell him and watch him take off back toward the kitchen. Turning on my heel, I walked up the stairs and I could hear them talking in hushed voices. Throwing the door open, they both jump and Abigail’s eyes go wide. Stepping in, I grab her arm. When Elora jumps to her feet.

“Let her go, what are you doing she wasn’t doing anything wrong Silas,” she says glaring at me.

“I just need to ask her some questions Lora, if she answers honestly, she has got nothing to worry about, right Abigail?” I ask, looking down at her. Abigail’s heartbeat picked up, I could hear it thumping loudly. Smell her fear as she looked back at me with frightened eyes. Ripping her from the room, Elora tries stopping me. She almost made it to the door before the chain caught on her leg. It was long enough to reach the bathroom, but not long enough for her to follow us out. Slamming the door on her screaming, I drag Abigail down the stairs. She had to jog to keep up and my hand stopped her from stumbling as we moved down the corridor.

“Where are you taking me to?” she asks.

“The dungeons” she freezes and tries to fight against me.

“Abigail, just because your friends with Elora don’t think I won’t hurt you” I growled at her before opening the basement door. She stops struggling and I shove her in front before letting her go so she can walk down the narrow stairs. Abigail walks down before walking into the cell and sitting on the floor, leaning against the wall. She folds her arms across her chest, trying to warm herself. Hearing footsteps on the stairs, I look over my shoulder and see Matitus walking down.

“No one is there, and it looks like they left in a hurry” Now that piqued my interest. Turning, I walk into the cell before closing the door behind me. Abigail jumps to her feet before moving to the other side, her eyes darting toward the door.

“Where is your family Abbi and why have they left?” Something seems to click in her head at my words and I hear her heart rate pick up telling me something was definitely going on with her.

“I don’t know?” she says, but her heart skips a beat and I know she is lying. I cock my head to the side and can feel my lips tug into a grin. I haven’t tortured someone for some time, and even I must admit it feels great. I was going to enjoy this. Matitus steps forward. But I made sure I locked the door when I pulled it shut.

“Silas, no,” Matitus screams trying to rip the cell door open, but I have the key and I chuckle at his attempt before he jumps back when the bars burn his skin. Abigail’s fear jumps to magnitude levels and I feel my eyes change as heat takes over, the air sizzling around me and I can feel heat pulsating out of me making the temperature rise.

“You have three seconds to answer, Abbi” she steps back at my words before glaring at me.

“1....2....”

“Do your fucking worst, Silas” she spits, and I feel the sadistic grin slip into place. Brave little Abigail wants to play; she must forget she is playing with a beast.

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Elora’s POV

I watched horrified as he ripped her from the room. I tried to stop him but the chain around my ankle wouldn’t allow me past the doorway. Screaming for him to stop as he dragged my friend away. Abigail had come to warn me, but I already knew their plans, but I could sense she was holding back something, something she wasn’t even sure she could trust me with. When Silas pulled her from the room, I knew instantly that he noticed something this morning. Could feel his suspicion rolling off him in waves, feeling his anger toward her. I already knew their secret, knew what they needed so I knew Abigail telling me wasn’t what angered him.

I tried ripping on the chain, so much that my ankles were now bleeding and bruised but nothing I did loosened its grip on me. Dragus comes running into the room and I guess that he must have felt the pain radiating out of me from my shackles. Felt my fear for Abigail as he rushed in alarmed, looking for any danger until his eyes rested on me, my fingers covered in blood as I tried to force the chain down my ankle.

“What are you doing, stop you’re hurting yourself” Dragus yells before gripping my hands.

“He took Abbi, help me get it off” I snapped at him. Dragus stands up, backing away. Guilt flooding into the bond and I knew he was aware of what Silas had done or was planning to do.

“You know, don’t you?” I accused. Dragus looks away confirming my suspicions and goes to leave.

“You walk out that fucking door without removing this chain, I will reject you Dragus” I scream making him freeze on the spot, his body tensing and I watch his fists clench at his side before he turns back to me.

“Silas will kill her, help me out of these chains”

“You don’t know that” he replies looking uncertain.

“I do because I know what she is. Now undo these fucking chains and help me” I demand.

“No, I can’t Elora even if you reject us. Do you really think he will let you go? He will never let you leave; you belong to us. Were made for us. Silas won’t allow you to walk away from us, he would rather have you prisoner then give you up”

“Then help me please” I beg.

“I’m sorry, Lora,” he says before walking out and shutting the door. I drop to the ground. He was going to kill her, I knew it. He truly was a monster, and I was powerless to stop him or so I thought until Marian ran in. Making me look up at the frightened expression on her face.

“He is torturing her in the dungeon” Marian whispers, and I feel tears burn in my eyes before spilling over. Marian looks down at the chain, her frail hands trying desperately to pull it over my foot.

“You can break this Elora, just use your magic,” she says,

“How?” I knew nothing about magic. When Dragus walks back in, a determined look on his face before shock registers when he finds Marian kneeling next to me.

“He finds you here Marian he will kill you, go,” he says looking at her before gripping the chain and snapping it next to my ankle. Marian looks at him, shocked before rushing out. Dragus hauls me to my feet.

“Don’t piss him off, you said you knew what Abigail was hiding?” I nod, and he sighs before pinching the bridge of his nose.

“You better not make me regret doing this, Elora. You’re not the only one that has to put up with his wrath”

I race past him running down the stairs; I see Marian moving quickly up the corridor towards the kitchens. She pauses when she hears me, a look of relief on her face when she realises Dragus actually lets me go to help Abigail. Running as fast as I can towards the dungeon when I hear her screams echoing off the stone walls. Throwing the basement door open, I rush down the stairs. The temperature was extremely hot, and I could hear Matitus yelling at Silas. Reaching the bottom step, I look towards the cells and see Abigail on the floor, her skin blistered and the air so hot it was hard to breathe.

Silas noticing me opens the cell door before ripping me inside. I instantly rush to Abigail.

“Who let you out?” he growls at me and Matitus walks into the cell. Abigail looks up at me, her skin red and raw. But she was alive. Parts of her skin melted off on her hands and I realised she didn’t fight back. She was going to let him kill her.

“Abbi, please it’s not worth your life,” I tell her, her eyes fluttering open as she fights to remain conscious.

“She is my life” Abigail whispers so low I know they couldn’t hear her as her voice barely made it to me.

“One of you will speak, one way or another Elora ” Silas screams, making me flinch. I feel the air start sizzling, my skin burning, and Abigail screams. Her skin blistering as I watch her burn. He was raising her core temperature, boiling her from the inside out as I looked on helplessly. Her agonised scream tearing my soul apart as I turn to look at Silas. He was actually enjoying watching her writhe in pain, enjoying her screams, which angered me. I could feel my anger bubbling, boiling like hot lava in my veins about to erupt. Matitus looks at me and I know he can feel my anger. Silas eyes trained on Abigail and I can see the fire behind his eyes, feel his hunger to inflict pain on her and something breaks in me.

I stand, shoving him. Only when my hands connect with his chest, purple light shoots out of them and he goes flying into the bars. I had no idea what I had done or how I did it, I just felt it building, my anger becoming blinding as my hands hit the centre of his chest and I felt my anger erupt out of them.

Matitus shock registers first, and Abigail’s screams of pain die out. Silas thrown against the metal bars so hard they bend from the impact before he hits the ground. His rage at what I did nearly knocked me over as he got to his feet and I feel my anger die down being replaced with fear. Matitus grips his arm trying to yank him back as he stalks toward us and I step back before tripping over Abigail and landing on my ass. His eyes blazing as he reaches for me and I know whatever he has planned, it isn’t anything good.

“She is a fae,” I lie knowing if I say witch, she is as good as dead.

“Please no more, leave her be,” I scream frantically making him freeze. He looks down at us and Matitus grip on him gets tighter. Silas growls loudly, and sharp pointed teeth elongate before he reaches for her but I move using my body to shield her unconscious one. Silas grips my hair, pulling my head back.

“I will do it, just leave her be,” I tell him, “she has done nothing please. You promised you wouldn’t hurt her”

“That was before I knew what she is Elora,” he growls angrily, making goosebumps rise on my skin. He lets me go and I cover her, trying to stop him from what he is about to do. Matitus yanks him back just as he goes to grab her.

“You promised her,” Matitus tells him, but I can see he doesn’t care. Silas shoves him back before reaching for her again, and I scream before clenching my eyes shut. I couldn’t witness this, couldn’t watch him kill my friend.

“What if she can help,” Dragus asks, making my eyes fly open. Silas stops, his hand outstretched, about to grab her. When something seems to register within him. He stands up, looking toward Dragus.

“What do you mean?”

“Elora doesn’t know how to use her magic, Abigail might be able to help, better having three fae to help break the curse than Elora and Marian trying to figure it out by themselves” Dragus argues. Silas looks down at us and I can tell he wants to kill her. I couldn’t understand what his anger was against the fae, but one thing I knew was he hated witches more than the fae. Literally burned them alive after the great war. I don’t understand why but I knew nothing Dragus would have said would have helped if I blurted out, she was a witch. Knew that’s why Abigail was willing to die, so she could save her daughter.

“I find out you’re lying Elora, that either of you are lying. I will kill her and make you watch, then I will make you kill her daughter and mother, understand?” he says, and I nod my head worried I just dug us a bigger hole.

I could feel their shock at finding another fae. If only they knew the truth, this would have ended differently.

Matitus steps forward, picking up Abigail and I watch as he bites into his wrist. Silas growls but doesn’t stop him when he presses his wrist to Abigail’s lips. Abbi heals in front of my eyes before her flutter open. Racing to her side, I stare at her, her eyes going to mine.

“I had to tell them Abbi, I had to tell them you’re a fae” Her eyes panicked before it registers what I told her and she nods and I sigh, relieved she understood despite nearly dying seconds ago.

“Take her to her room” Silas tells Matitus who nods. I go to follow when Silas grabs my arm, pulling me back.

“Now which one of our mates healed you, and how did you get out of the chains?”

Matitus stops on the stairs. “She isn’t just your mate, Silas, and I won’t watch her suffer at your hands anymore” he growls before continuing up the stairs with Abigail.

“Did you break out of them or did Dragus let you out?” he asks before looking at Dragus. Dragus raises his hand guiltily.

“So, you all think it is okay to go against me?” he questions angrily, his grip tightening.

“No one wants to go against you Silas, we just want her” Dragus answers.

“And you think I don’t?” he asks, glaring at Dragus.

“You have a funny way of showing it” I mutter, making his eyes snap to mine. He pulls me to him, his face going in the crook of my neck as he inhales my scent.

“If I didn’t want you little one you would have been dead the moment you spoke back to me” he growls softly before his tongue licks my mark making me moan. Fucking stupid mate bond, making me all hot and flustered. I don’t know how creatures think mates are a blessing having unnatural reactions to your mates when you’re mad at them. Silas chuckles before removing his face from neck. His hand grabbing mine before he jerks it towards his crutch.

“Does that feel like I don’t want you?” he questions, as I feel his erection under my hand. I jerk my hand back before turning on my heel and stomping up the steps. I could hear Silas laughing. The only thing coming to mind is that he is a psychopath, one minute he is nice and playful, the next angry and homicidal.

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Chasing after Matitus, I watch as he places Abigail on her bed. Walking down the corridor, I go into the kitchen and retrieve some leftover soup from the fridge. Matitus walks in while I place it in a Pot on the stove.

“Hungry Little one?” he asks, but I shake my head.

“No, I am making it for Abigail,” I tell him before grabbing a tray out and a bowl. I sit on the bench waiting for the pot to heat up. Matitus moves between my legs. “Thank you for helping Abigail,” I tell him, and he looks away guiltily.

“What?” I ask, confused by his reaction.

"I went to Abigail's to find her family for Silas" he says, and I shove him away.

"You were going to help him, and what would you have done if they were home?" I ask, disgusted that he would use her family against her after promising he wouldn't.

"I wouldn't have let him hurt them," he says.

"No, just Abbie, right? Get away from me Matitus you're just as bad as him," I tell him before getting up and checking the soup. I hear Matitus growl before walking out.

Pouring the soup in the bowl, I grab a spoon and a bottle of water before walking toward Abigail's room. Using my hips, I nudge the door open and find Marian sitting next to her, her head in hands as she stares down at Abigail worriedly. Placing the tray on her bedside table. I brush Abigail's hair from her face. Her eyes snap open, and Marian looks relieved. "My Claire," she whispers tears in her eyes.

"Claire is fine, I promise I won't let them harm her."

"No, Elora, you don't understand," she gasps before sitting up.

"Understand what?" I ask, looking back at the door.

"I promise Abigail, I won't let them take her from you."

Abigail went to say something else before her eyes darted over my shoulder and I felt his presence before I even turned around.

Silas was leaning against the doorframe, watching us, I turned back to Abigail ignoring him.

"Come Elora, Marian will look after Abigail."

"I am not going anywhere with you," I tell him, not even trying to hold the venom from my voice. Silas growls before stepping into the room. Abigail's eyes go wide and Marian nudges me with her arm, and I know Silas is directly behind me. Feeling him lean down next to me, daring me to go against him.

"Go, I will stay with her" Marian says, looking up at Silas nervously. Leaning over the bed, I kiss Abigail on the cheek. "I will come back in the morning, I promise," I tell her before turning around. Silas steps to the side motioning to

the door with his hand and I walk out. I can feel him following behind me and goosebumps rise on my skin. I go to walk towards the office when I feel Silas grip my arm, making me stop.

“What?” I ask, confused. “Matitus and Dragus are upstairs, dinner is ready. You need to eat.”

“I’m not hungry,” I tell him before shaking his arm off. Silas crosses his arms across his chest, staring at me, making me groan before I walk past him and up the stairs.

“Good” Silas mutters and I fight the urge to smack him. Walking in the bedroom, I see the chain on the floor still attached to the bed. Stopping, Silas walks into me. Turning around, I pull on his pants.

“Little early for that isn’t it” he says, a smile on his face. I roll my eyes, digging through his pocket and finding a little silver key. I then march over to the bed and undo the lock attached to the end of the chain holding it to the bed before picking up the chain. Walking over to the window, I shove it up, opening it. Matitus and Dragus watching me with silly grins on their faces. I then look out the window and see a couple of guards below, annoyed I grab the chain before singing out the window.

“Watch your heads” And I turf it out, watching as they quickly sidestep, and it lands in the snow. I hear them growl, but they say nothing. Shutting the window, I turn around and Silas is shaking his head and Matitus laughs before looking down at the floor.

“What?” I ask, crossing my arms across my chest. Silas steps forward and I watch him.

“You just threw the key out the window with the chain,” he says.

“So?” I ask. Silas looks down at my ankle, making me look down. Argh I groaned, realising Dragus only broke the chain, not the padlock, and it was still attached to my ankle like an anklet. Great, now I am going to have to walk all the way down there. I go to move toward the door before Silas arm wraps around my waist before he places me on the end of the bed. “And where are you going?”

“To get the bloody key,” I tell him. Silas raises an eyebrow at my tone of voice before grabbing my ankle, making me fall backwards at the force. Silas grips

the chain twisting it and I scream out at it pinching my skin. "Stay still," he says before hooking his finger under enough to get his other finger on his other hand under it. He quickly yanks it and the chain snaps but also sends me flying off the bed, making me land on the floor. I glare up at him and he has a smirk on his face.

"Asshole, you didn't need to yank it like that" I snapped at him. Feeling hands under my arms, I look up as Dragus leans over the bed before picking me up and placing me back on it next to him. Silas grabs a cheese cube before sitting on the bed next to me. I shuffle closer to Dragus and lean against him.

"So, you will sit with him, but not me?" Silas asks.

"He didn't help torture my friend," I tell him, Dragus hands me something that resembles snot in a shell. "Try that?" he says.

"What is it?" I ask, looking at it disgusted.

"An Oyster, I promise they taste better than they look" I sniff it before placing it in my mouth. Nearly throwing up at the texture. Not only did it look like snot, but it also felt like snot. I swallow the slimy sucker down and Dragus offers me another.

"No thanks," I tell him, pushing his hand away. He shrugs before eating it. My stomach turned while remembering how slimy it felt going down my throat. I wondered who the hell cracked one of them open and thought it looked good enough to eat. Or were they so hungry that they ate the gross-looking thing out of desperation?

Laying down on the bed, Silas, Dragus and Matitus keep trying to get me to try things, but I refuse not hungry. All I could think about was what Abigail said about me not understanding something.

"What's on your mind?" Silas asks, lying next to me. I ignore him, keeping my walls up so he doesn't get in my head. Dragus hops off the bed, putting the tray outside the door on the trolley before walking in. He climbs back on the bed before pushing my legs apart and resting his head and arms on my lower abdomen, looking up at me. Silas rolls on his side, looking at me, and so does Matitus.

"Can you not stare at me like that? You're creeping me out," I tell them, looking up at the ceiling and ignoring them. Dragus lifts himself before pushing

my shirt up and kissing my stomach. I gasp at the sparks before pushing him away.

“Elora you said you wouldn’t fight against the bond” Silas warns but I move forcing Dragus to hop up before I knee him in the face. I hear Silas sigh before I feel Dragus squeeze in beside me. “How many fae are alive?” I ask. The room goes completely silent as everyone stops moving.

“Why?” Silas asks.

“I want to know,” I tell him, wondering how many they have come across.

“Besides you?” Silas asks.

“Well, obviously” I mutter.

“Four then” Silas answers.

“What do you mean only four?” I ask, sitting up and looking over Dragus’ shoulder at him.

“Well Marian, Abigail and her family” Well technically two because they weren’t really Fae, I thought to myself.

“You said you have come across them before, how can there be only four?”

Silas looks at me and for a second I thought I saw guilt flash across his eyes before he pressed his lips together.

“You killed every single one you found, didn’t you?”

“Does it matter? It is done now; I can’t change what I already did” Silas states.

“Can I ask what you have against witches?” I ask curiously. Silas eyes snap to me and I can feel Matitus eyes boring into my back. Dragus tugs me back down, wrapping his arm across my waist.

“Why do you want to know about witches?” Dragus asks.

“I don’t, I just want to know why you hate them” I lie, one thing I liked about having magic was that I could now keep things from them. It was such a struggle to grow up without the ability to lie or always trying to answer without lying and also without answering if that makes sense.

"Witches were the ones that helped Blaire find the curse, it was one of their spells" Silas tells me.

"You blame them for what a fae did?" I ask.

"Yes, they knew what she wanted it for, and they still gave it to her" Silas says. Yawning, I ask another.

"So, Blaire was my great grandmother, and she cursed you for being her Mates?"

"No, she cursed us because I killed her husband" Silas says with a growl.

"Why?"

"Because she rejected us, Elora. Okay now, drop the subject"

"So, because she didn't want to give up her husband for you, you killed her" I ask shocked. That's horrible. It's one thing to have a mate let alone three and to top it off to already have a family with someone else and be expected to just throw them away because some strangers claim to be your mates.

"So, what happened to Blaire?"

Silas doesn't answer, just rolls over, ignoring my question. Yawning, I close my eyes, giving up on getting answers, and I feel Dragus pull the blanket up. Finally, giving into exhaustion.

Tossing and turning all night until something wakes me, heat pulling me from my slumber as I toss the blanket off.

"Stop moving" Dragus growls half asleep. My entire body feels restless, and I can't stop wriggling. I feel my entire body heating from my toes, creeping up my legs making me kick them, my clothes feeling uncomfortable as I try to remove them. Matitus moves rolling into me and sparks fly over my body in a wave, making me moan loudly and my toes curl. I feel him freeze before hearing Dragus sniff the air and freeze as well.

"Get them off, get them off" I scream, clawing at my shirt that felt like it was suffocating me. Silas groans before flicking the light on and I squint, the light burning my eyes as I rub them trying to stop the blinding light that was

irritating them. Silas dims the light by chucking a shirt over the lamp beside him.

Both Matitus and Dragus frozen still before Silas looks over worried before growling. Just the sound of it washing over me makes arousal flood me, confusing me. "Shit" I hear him snap. Making my eyes dart to him. Everything feels heightened and my skin feels so sensitive to touch.

"Don't move, Elora" Silas says, making me confused. Looking at Dragus his eyes are pitch black and I gasp turning my head I noticed Matitus eyes glowing dangerously, and I feel sick to my stomach with dread. Just as another wave of whatever this weird heat is washes over me. I moan loudly as tingles spread over my body before I am suddenly yanked from the bed. Dragus growls loudly, but all I can think of is Silas skin touching me, relieving the sensation. Wrapping my legs around him, I press closer to him, sighing in relief from the feel of his skin.

Feeling him move, I moan rubbing myself against him making him groan loudly. "Elora stop or they may attack you" Silas growls at me, his grip tightening.

"What?" I murmur, confused but also not caring because all I can think about is touching him.

"You are in heat, so I suggest you stop rubbing against me" Silas says before walking into the bathroom, he locks the door before flicking the shower on when I hear growling in the bedroom before the sounds of moaning which make me moan. Feeling their arousal wash over me, I try to get down from Silas, wanting to go to them. Silas grip tightens on me.

"You are making this harder on me Little one, stop wiggling, my self-control ain't that good"

"Let me go," I tell him when suddenly I feel his lips smash into mine hungrily, I kiss him back forcefully, gripping onto him and devouring his lips. Silas chuckles before suddenly I am under cold water making me gasp. Silas sits on the shower floor with my legs straddled around him. I try to stand when he yanks me back down.

"Stay in here, you're safe in here," he says before kissing me and I clutch his shoulders, my fingernails digging into him, but he doesn't seem to mind. "You're a virgin Elora, in mating heat and they won't be gentle. They will hurt

you by accident” His whispers between kissing me and I move my hips and feel his erection pressing against my tights. Silas groans and I feel my core throb, I feel crazed as I move my hips against him. Silas grips my hips, holding me in place before growling.

“Elora, stop” he shudders but I can’t help it. I need his touch, need something before I erupt...

“God you smell good” he groans before kissing me, his tongue fighting mine for dominance.

“I can make it stop, I can give you what you want,” he says as I try to move my hips against him.

“Elora, do you want me to make it stop for now” he asks. Right now, I would have let him do anything as long as his body was touching mine.

“Yes” I moaned before gripping his shoulder and digging my nails in as another wave washes over me, making my toes curl from the intense pleasure but it wasn’t enough.

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Silas gets up placing me on my feet and I shudder from the loss of contact before he pushes me under the water letting me go. “Stay there, while I make them go somewhere” he goes to walk out when I grab his hand needing contact, any contact my entire body craving their touch to the point everything was irritating my skin except them, like they were antidote to my problem, every part of me calling to them and them me. All rational thought went out the window, and I utterly understood what they meant about mating heat, making you do things you know you normally wouldn’t.

“Elora, I take you in there I can’t promise they won’t hurt you” he says, pushing me under the water again. Silas walks out and I hear banging around and loud growling, their scent wafting into the room making me feel rabid as it hits my nose. My eyes glowing impossibly bright, and the bathroom takes on a purple tinge. The toe-curling tingling heat rushing over my skin so hard my legs go weak and I am forced on my hands and knees waiting for it to leave, only it doesn’t, instead spreading throughout my entire body. The pleasurable tingles building up and then dying done so fast it leaves me panting, the room

becoming hotter and hotter with each wave and the overwhelming feeling becomes almost unbearable.

Never in my life have I been so sexually frustrated, building up to never get relief. Suddenly I feel hands reach under my arms before lifting me to my feet. Silas growls and I can feel through the bond that he is struggling within himself not to hurt me, that his self-control was teetering dangerously on the edge. He turns the water off before pulling my wet clothes off me. Silas lifts me and I wrap my legs around him pulling him closer needing the contact of his skin as I melt against him before attacking his neck, sucking, and licking his skin. Silas's grip on me gets tighter before he walks out of the bathroom, and I feel the bed under my back as he places me down. His arms on either side of my head as he holds his weight off me. Silas hand moving between my legs before he shoves a finger inside me making me roll my hips and moan into the crook of his neck.

"You're so wet Elora" he growls before sliding another inside, my body responding to his touch as I rock my hips against them needing more friction when he slides his fingers out before adding a third making me gasp as my body tried to get used the feeling, trying to stretch around his fingers. Heat washing over me again, making me moan and my body pulsate, Silas making me frustrated as he slides his fingers out slowly.

"I need to stretch you, or I will hurt you" he whispers next to my ear before kissing me, his tongue fighting mine for dominance and for once he actually lets me win, my nails digging into his side tugging him closer and I roll my hips riding his fingers, needing release. I was so close, so close, but it wasn't enough, it was never enough. Silas breaks the kiss, pulling his fingers from me. Making me groan in frustration as he stands up, and I sit up on my elbows watching him while fighting the urge to jump him. Silas pulls his boxers down, letting them drop to the floor and his hard length springs free.

Horrified by it yet also wanting nothing more than for him to sink it into my wet heat. Silas shoves me back down before crawling onto the bed between my legs, I try to grab him when he grips my hands, shoving them above my head before holding them in one of his. His lips go to mine as he sucks my bottom lip into his mouth. I try to get my hands free wanting to touch him, but he only holds them tighter pushing them into the bed with his vice grip. Silas kisses the side of my mouth before nipping at my chin while he positions himself and I feel his cock slide through my wet folds to my clit making me move my hips trying to get more friction. Silas positions himself at my entrance before pushing the tip in.

"This may hurt" he whispers before pushing in and I clench my teeth, not expecting the burning pain before he stills for a second kissing my lips, his tongue running across my bottom lip. Silas pulls my leg placing my knee against his ribs using his arm to hold it in place. "Not much more," he says, putting his face into my neck.

"What?" I squeak, wondering what he means when with one hard thrust, he pushes all the way in, and I suddenly forget how to breathe as I feel my insides tearing. My eyes fill with tears as I choke on a gasp. Silas doesn't move, letting me adjust to his gigantic size, though I can feel through the bond he really wanted too. "Breathe Lora" he whispers before kissing me and I take a breath feeling my body relax before the next wave washes over me and I move my hips against him feeling him move slightly from my motion. Silas groans next to my ear but holds still, letting me move to get used to the feel of him.

Silas kisses me, his tongue moving between my parted lips as I pant through the wave before I feel him move, pulling out before he thrust in hard, making me moan loudly. He lets go of my hands and I grip his shoulder, moving my hips to meet his thrusts. My nails are digging into him and I can smell the coppery scent of his blood.

Feeling my stomach tighten and my orgasm building up as he pounds into me before I push on his shoulder wanting him to lay on his back. Silas, realising this, rolls, pulling me on top of him. My hands on his chest before realising I don't know what I am supposed to do. Silas grips my hips moving them against him and I feel full to the brim from this position, I roll my hips following his rhythm before he lets go, letting me set the pace. His hand moving up my body as he squeezes my breast before rolling my nipple between his fingers, gripping the headboard. Silas moves up the bed slightly so I can reach it better before he grips my hips and slams me down on him, making me cry out in pleasure. My walls clench around his cock and I feel like I am high on drugs as I ride him, feeling my orgasm build until I am on the edge just waiting to be pushed over.

Silas grips my hips tightly and I know he isn't going to last much longer, feel him building up through the bond which only arouses me more and I move my hips faster before getting an overwhelming urge, I was foreign to. Silas tugs me closer, kissing me before thrusting into me hard and fast making me bounce on him from his erratic movements, my walls tighten around him and I drop my face into the crook of his neck. The urge becomes worse and I bite into him, his blood flooding into my mouth and it sends me over the edge, my

pussy clenching around him milking his cock as I feel his seed spill into me. The heat died down and I let his neck go, slumping against him breathless. The coppery taste of his blood is still in my mouth.

“You okay?” Silas asks as I try to sit up, but all I am left with now is complete exhaustion and I cannot move. Silas realises this and moves before placing me on my back, his cock sliding out of me. He kisses my forehead before looking down at me.

“You marked me,” he says, not even hiding his shock. I try to tell him sorry, but it comes out slurred. I feel the bed dip and he hops off and walks away before feeling something cold press between my legs making my eyes flutter open. Silas leaning over me.

“Where are they?” I murmur.

“Your old room, they are fine,” Silas says, laying beside me.

“They will be here when you wake up, I promise,” he says, tugging me onto his chest before pulling the blanket over me. My body relaxes and my eyes feel heavy as I am forced into the darkness of sleep.