

Read Chosen by the dragon kings novel Chapter 46 online free

Waking up to lips pressing against my shoulder. My eyes fluttered open to Matitus laying next to me. "Good morning," I mutter half asleep, rolling away only for his hand to roll me back toward him. I groan, annoyed before I feel him plunge his tongue into my mouth.

"Let me sleep" I mumble around his assault on my mouth. He chuckles before his hand moves between my legs, rubbing the inside of my thigh to the apex of my legs.

"Matitus stop, I am tired," I tell him rolling onto my stomach. He doesn't stop instead pushing his knee between my legs before sliding between them, his lips going to my mark sucking on it making me moan.

"Matitus," I warn but he just chuckles able to smell my arousal as his lips latch onto my nipple as he sucks it onto his mouth. His lips moving lower, and I try to roll over to go back to the sleep I was awoken from. Matitus ignores my attempts instead moving lower and pushing his face between my legs.

His tongue moving between my wet folds makes me moan loudly before I feel lips on my neck again making my eyes flutter back open to see Dragus hovering above me. He kisses me softly and I answer his kiss as he rolls my nipple between his fingers. Matitus tongue flicking over my clit making me moan loudly. Feeling the bed dip on the other side of me I turn and see Silas.

"Morning Lora," he says with a smirk on his face before seizing my lips.

Giving up on sleep I give into them. Matitus devouring me making my hips buck against his face when I feel him grip my thighs holding me in place. His tongue giving me no rest as I feel my stomach tighten. I can think of worse ways to wake up, I think to myself. My skin becoming flushed before I feel Matitus stop, moving up and laying next to me. He did not just wake me to rile me up, did he? I groan annoyed before hearing him chuckle.

I smack his chest with my hand at being awoken only for him to stop. "What?" He laughs.

"You don't just force me awake then stop" I groaned before I felt Silas move, flipping me on my side with one hand to face Matitus. His hand moving

between my legs as he rubs my sensitive bundles of nerves. Matitus moves closer, lifting my leg over his hip. Bringing me closer to him and I can feel his erection against my wet folds making me move my hips against it.

“You seem more eager now” he states before gripping my hips and tugging me on top of him.

“Fine you want it, help yourself,” he says, placing his hands above his head as I sit up with my hands on his chest. I saw Dragus had moved to the armchair and was watching with hungry eyes. A devious smile on my lips as I raise an eyebrow at him before climbing off him.

“Where are you going?” he says, trying to grab me.

“Help yourself,” I tell him as I walk into the bathroom and turn the shower on. I hear Dragus and Silas laughing at Matitus from having his own words thrown back at him. Stepping in the shower I feel warmth seep into me before feeling hands run up my sides before spinning me around. Dragus stepped in behind me as I stepped under the water. Turning around, I wrap my arms around his neck.

Dragus leans down kissing me before gripping my hips and lifting me so I have to wrap my legs around his waist. He pushes me against the cold tiles making me shriek. He chuckles before turning around and I feel a rush of tingles move up my back before a hand moves across my ass as they slide their fingers in me. My walls clench around his fingers as I look up and see Matitus. I lean my head on his shoulder, his other hand going to my neck squeezing but not enough to cut off my air as he slides his fingers inside me. Dragus lips moving to my shoulder and collarbone and I can feel his erection against the inside of my thigh pressing against my clit making me moan.

I wiggle my hips rubbing myself against him and he groans as Matitus removes his fingers before I slammed pushed against Matitus who was against the shower wall. Dragus lips devouring mine before I feel him move slightly adjusting himself. His cock sliding into me making me moan loudly just as Silas steps in before kissing me swallowing my moans as I move my hips wanting Dragus to fuck me. He thrusts into me, his hands grips my ass tightly and I feel Matitus erection against my back.

My moans echoing off the shower walls as Dragus slams into me, his cock stretching me before I feel Matitus hands move to my breasts pinching my nipples between his fingers making me hiss at the sudden pain. His lips

nipping at my mark and I feel my stomach tighten and as arousal floods into me and I move my hips before Dragus grips them tighter slamming me down on his hard length.

Lost in the feel of him inside me until I feel Matitus hand move between my ass cheeks, his fingers pressing against the tight muscles of ass making me tense. His husky voice just below my ear.

“Relax Elora, it’s just my fingers” he says, and my eyes snap to Silas over Dragus’ shoulder with worry. Silas steps closer before kissing me, my body relaxing and I feel Matitus slide a finger in my ass.

“Ah” I groan, pulling away at the sudden burning pain, but Silas hand moves between mine and Dragus’s body as Dragus stills for a second and Silas rolls my clit between fingers making me moan and move my hips against them. Dragus groans loudly and I can feel myself getting wetter as my walls flutter around his cock. Matitus slides his finger out before sliding it back in and move my hips against Silas fingers needing the friction as a distraction.

“That’s it, keep moving, Elora. It won’t hurt for long,” Matitus says before sliding his finger out and adding another just as Silas moves his hand and Dragus thrusts into me. Gripping Dragus shoulders tighter as I move my hips meeting his thrusts while Matitus moves fingers in and out making me moan loudly and I feel my orgasm building as Dragus speeds up his movements thrusting into me harder, his grip on my hips getting tighter as Silas plunges his tongue in my mouth.

My legs trembling as I feel my pussy start pulsating as I reach my climax, my toes curling as it ripples over me in waves. I feel Dragus movements become erratic before he groans ramming his cock into me before stilling, my walls gripping his cock as I milk him feeling his seed spill into me leaving us both breathless. Dragus kisses me and I feel Matitus pulls his fingers from me before Dragus pulls his now flaccid cock from me and lets me stand.

Matitus turns me around to face him and I wonder if he is going to do anything because I was much too sore now. He kisses me softly and I rub my hand over his cock when he pulls back.

“I know you’re sore, Elora, another time” he mumbles against my lips before pulling me closer and grabbing the soap. Matitus helps wash me and I don’t feel any upset from him through the bond. When we are finished, we hop out

and get dressed. I really wanted to go check up on Abigail but when I went to walk out the door Silas grips my arm tugging me against him.

“She is fine, you need to eat first,” he says, grabbing my hand in his vice-like grip.

“I won’t be long; I just want to check on her,” I tell him.

“Later,” he says, brushing his fingers across my cheek.

“We have something to do first.”

“Like what?” I ask pissed off that he wouldn’t let me see her.

“Find out what is needed to hand your magic over,” he says watching me and I rip my hand from his.

“Why, why is this so fucking important to you, Silas?” I snap storming out of the room.

“Elora” he bellows, and I can feel his anger through the bond at me walking away from him. Matitus and Dragus walk out just as Silas wraps his arm around my waist picking me up effortlessly before shoving me against the bannister of the stairs.

“Don’t walk away from me” he growls, and I roll my eyes at his tone. Only making him angrier as he growled menacingly. Matitus and Dragus walk down the stairs and Matitus places his hand on Silas shoulder.

“Silas enough” he warns him, and I feel Silas’s grip tighten, his eyes darkening in anger before he steps back and yanks me down the stairs.

“Silas let go, you’re hurting me,” I tell him, making him stop and look down at me. I see Marian down the hall watching with a concerned look on her face before Silas glares at her making her dart back into the kitchen.

“Do you want me to kill her?” he snaps gripping my chin forcing me to look up at him. I glare at him before he lets go, yanking me toward the library and I have to jog to keep up with him. He pushes me into the armchair with so much force it almost tips backwards.

“Stay,” he says when I go to get up. “I’m not a fucking dog Silas” I snap at him before he towers over me both hands on either side of the arm rest. He growls

at me before dipping his face in my neck and I can feel his hot breath on my skin making me shiver.

“You are lucky you are our mate; I don’t like disrespect, Elora” he snaps before pushing off his arms and turning towards the bookshelf.

“Respect is earned not just fucking given out on a silver platter Silas” I snap. I watch as his back tenses and he spins around my heart skipping a beat as dread floods into me. He stalks toward me but Matitus steps in his way blocking him. Silas growls before turning back to the bookshelf.

He grabs a book off the shelf before throwing it at me. Dragus hand reaches out at blinding speed catching it before it hits me.

“Fucking read it,” Silas spits at me making me flinch before he walks out. Dragus sighs before passing me the book. My hands shake as I clutch it before reading the title.

Guide to fae magic.

Matitus looks down at the title before opening the first page and reading the index, his finger running down the page. Stopping for a second before he flicks through the pages of the book in my lap, turning it to a page and I read the title. It was how to place magic into a foreign object.

He was really going to make me do it, really making me give up my magic. I feel a tear slip down my cheek and I stand up throwing the book on the desk and walking out to go see Abbi. Dragus chasing after me grabbing my hand.

“Elora, please don’t anger him,” he says, placing the book in my hand. I snatched it away from him.

“So, what did you have to give up huh?,” I tell him, and he looks down at me sadly. Matitus watching me, a grim expression on his face.

“What’s next you want me to kill myself for the sake of some curse, because it seems like I am the only one around here expected to make sacrifices” They say nothing, and I turn on my heel heading toward Abbie’s room. I hear one of them punch the wall in anger, but I don’t care instead walking straight to Abbie’s room and walking in locking the door behind me.

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Elora's POV

As soon as I walked in, Abbie's eyes flew open in alarm, relaxing when she realized it was just me. Abbie sits up making room next to her and I lay beside her, placing the book in my lap annoyed.

"What's wrong?" she asks before picking up the book.

"Silas wants my magic and apparently he wants it now. He gave me this so I can read how to put my magic in something," I tell her. She nods, flicking through the pages.

"You don't want to?" she asks.

"Of course not, I only just got it besides I am fae. What fae hasn't wished for their magic at some stage," I tell her, and she nods.

Abigail was reading the page Matitus flicked to.

"You don't need this book. fae magic isn't much different from witch magic, it is easy to transfer your magic. I will show you" she tells me, and I nod before sighing.

"It says here stripping a fae of her magic removes all magical properties leaving them bare"

"What's that supposed to mean?" I ask curious, and she shrugs.

"God knows, I am assuming you won't be able to get it back once it has been used up, whereas with witch's magic we can regenerate it from pulling on the elements. I'm guessing fae can't"

I nod when Marian walks in, a sombre expression on her face when she sees the book Abigail is holding.

"I knew he wanted your magic first thing this morning, I saw him reading that before you woke up. He spent all morning in the library" she tells us.

"What are you going to do?" she asks, sitting in the desk chair.

“Hand it over, I won’t let anyone else die. It isn’t worth someone’s life,” I tell her. She nods before looking at Abigail sadly.

“Fae have gone without their magic for this long, not like we can’t live without it. He will regret it though that I can assure you”

“What do you mean?” I ask confused.

“You will find out, not necessarily a bad thing for you but for Silas it will be”

“So, what do you want to put it in?” Abigail asks.

“I have no idea, what do you think?” I ask and she shrugs.

“I have something perfect” Marian tells me,

“I just need to duck in town. Be back in half an hour,” she says a devious smile on her face like whatever she thought of was funny. Abigail looks at me, raising an eyebrow.

“I wonder what she thought of?”

“Beats me but I have a funny feeling it isn’t anything good,” I tell her. One thing about Marian after being here for the last few weeks is, she has a strange sense of humour. Shaking my head, I get up.

“Where are you going?”

“To get breakfast before Silas kicks the door down and force feeds me,” I tell her. She swings her legs off the bed getting up after me.

“Good idea, I am starving” she tells me before pulling a woollen jumper on. We both walk to the kitchens and make cereal when Silas and Matitus walk in. Proving my theory right that he would have kicked the door in looking for me.

“Good, you’re eating,” Matitus says looking relieved. Making me wonder exactly how accurate my thought was of Silas force feeding me.

I ignore them as they walk in. I can feel Silas’s anger through the bond which hadn’t died down. When they didn’t leave, I saw Abigail sending them nervous glances. Tipping my bowl in the sink. Silas growls.

“What?” I snap, glaring at him.

He says nothing, just folds his arms across his chest and the room goes up in temperature letting me know how angry he is.

Matitus steps forward, rubbing my arms. "Elora just don't please. Why do you have to challenge him on everything?" he says, pushing me back in the seat. Silas walks out and I can hear his growl as he walks up the corridor. Matitus pinches the bridge of his nose frustrated.

"Did you read it?"

"Yes, Matitus I read the fucking book, just let Abbie finish and I will bring it to you when I am done," I tell him, shooing him away. Matitus reluctantly leaves. Just as Abbie nearly finishes eating Marian runs in with a box, her hair a mess like she ran all the way here.

I go to open the box, but Marian shakes her head before laughing, holding the lid shut. Abigail and I raise an eyebrow at her blushing face.

"Not here" she snorts, holding her laugh, "I would love to be a fly on the wall when you give this to them" she tells us, and Abbi shovels her food down wanting to know what it is Marian has in the box.

"It's too perfect, especially once you hand it over because that is what they will have to do," she says hysterically laughing again to the point she had tears rolling down her face.

Abigail stands up dumping her bowl in the sink. "You got me curious now old lady" she states before walking out the kitchen door.

Following her back to Abigail's room, Marian locks the door behind her before setting the box on the table. At this moment she looked younger carefree as she opened the box, which had a smaller box inside about the length of my forearm.

Abigail picks it up, turning it over to read what is inside. Abigail also starts giggling, her face flushing red before she jams it back in the box closing the lid, like she was embarrassed for even holding it. "Oh my god Marian you are terrible, where did you even get this?"

"The warehouse down the road has all sorts of weird things in it" she states before laughing again.

“Ok what is it?” I ask, opening the box. I pull the smaller box out and turn it over to see a picture of a penis. “It isn’t? Please tell me this is a joke?,” I tell her, and she starts laughing again.

“I can already picture their faces,” she snorts. Opening the box, I pull it out, taking the protective sleeve off it.

“Man, I might go buy myself one of those,” Abigail says, feeling the tip of it.

“You really expect me to give them a rubber penis,” I tell her, the thing floppy to the side in my hand.

“It’s called a dildo and Yes, Tell Silas to go fuck himself” Marian says trying not to laugh but not succeeding.

“And I can really transfer my magic into this?” I asked confused, thinking I would need some kind of Talisman.

“Yep, you could put it in a stuffed teddy, in a room, wherever you want. The object becomes magic once you send your magic to it” Marian answers. I wobble it back and forth trying not to laugh. Abigail pulls me over to the bed and sits down. I place the pink silicone dildo on the bed shaking my head at what I am about to do.

“Okay, so what do I do?” I ask, watching Abigail.

“Easy, close your eyes and feel for your magic. Once you have it, push it, concentrate on what it is you’re trying to put it into, picture it in your head and then let it go” she tells me showing me with a book. I watch amazed as her hands glow green and watch the magic leave her fingertips turning the book a glowing green before it goes back to its normal brown leather colour. She then draws it back out. The book glowing again, and it looks like mist travelling back through her hands and up her arms.

“See?” she says, and I nod.

“Now you try, just feel for your magic” she tells me. I close my eyes feeling when she turns my palms up, dropping the dildo in it making my eyes snap open at the thought of it and I chuckle.

“I can’t picture it without laughing,” I tell her, and she giggles.

“Try Elora breathe, get your serious face on” Marian says snickering behind me. Making my lips twitch as I fight the urge to laugh.

Closing my eyes and breathing deeply, I felt for my magic, at first there was nothing. I felt like I was trying to grasp the air. Relaxing my shoulders and I take some deep breaths concentrating and I feel a sliver and I smile.

Concentrating on the warm feeling I pull on it, it tickles as I feel it rushing from my toes up my body, like a strange current, rippling and slipping through every cell making goosebumps rise on my body the more I draw on it. My mark on my neck starts tingling and I fight the urge to shiver as a cold feeling consumes me. Focusing, I push it through my fingertips and open my eyes. Purple mist covered my hands glowing brighter, and I forced it out, letting it go and concentrating on the object itself. The pink Dildo glows and trembles in my hands and it was like a vacuum once the first trickle of my magic touched it, sucking it up instantly. The dildo dropped in my hand and turned back pink instead of purple. I could feel my magic trapped within its confines when Abigail gasps, making my eyes dart to hers.

“What?” I whisper and she shakes her head pointing to her mirror. Getting up, I walk over to the mirror, my Fae tattoos gone but that’s not all, my mark disappeared. I try feeling through the bond but get nothing but radio silence. I felt empty, no foreign feelings rippling through me. Nothing indicating we are mates anymore. I gasp rubbing my neck seeing if it was a trick.

Turning around, I see Marian with a knowing look on her face. “You knew?” I ask and she nods.

“Yep, mate marks have magical properties, you didn’t just put your magic in that, you also put the mate bond,” she says smiling. I was free of them, I felt nothing for them besides my own feelings.

“That’s why you wanted the dildo, because I wouldn’t feel the pull to mate with them now” I state shocked but also relieved no more mating heat, or invasions of my thoughts nothing. I was simply me.

“They aren’t going to like that, dragons can only mate with their mates and unless Dragus or Matitus are willing to switch sides,” Abigail says worriedly, and I have to agree with her. I knew they would be angry when they found out. That was karma, they could have my magic but not me.

"They wanted your magic; it came at a price," Marian says, dumping the Dildo in my hand. I look down at it. Now seeing why, she thought it was so funny and for once I didn't fear his reaction because I simply didn't care.

Walking out, I put it in my back pocket. Marian is laughing behind me as she watches me move down the corridor. I brush my hair over my neck, so they can't see my missing mark. They would be expecting the Fae marking gone but not their mark.

I felt a little sad that the only thing I had I was giving up, felt it tug something inside me. The ultimate sacrifice and I was the one making it, for a curse I didn't make yet it was my responsibility to break it. It didn't seem fair, like I was being punished. So, walking into the library, I could feel my anger boiling inside me with nowhere to go. They look up as I enter.

Matitus walks over but I wave him off, not wanting them near me. Silas looks up from what he was doing and watches me as I approach. Reaching in my back pocket, I grab the dildo and drop it on his desk making him sit back with an angry look on his face.

"What the fuck is this Elora?" he asks, picking it up with two fingers.

"My magic, so you can go fuck yourself with it," I tell him giving him a smile. Silas growls angrily.

"Really Elora, why did you give me this and where did you get it?" he snaps, dropping it on the table. It glows purple and his eyes snap to it.

"You put your magic in this?" he asks incredulously. I nod trying not to laugh as I pinch my lips back together. Matitus steps forward, cocking his head to the side.

"Why can't I feel you?" he says, staring at me.

"Everything comes at a price Matitus," I tell him, flicking my hair over my shoulder and I see Silas jump to his feet and Dragus.

"What did you do?" Silas growls gripping my arm.

"Stripping a Fae of their magic, leaves them bare of all magical properties, your mark is magical therefore it is in that, with my magic" I snap at him. Silas growls tugging me to him, and I pull away.

"You wanted my magic, now you have it, you could have had me, but you wanted to break that damn curse so badly and at what cost Silas. You can't have both. You made your decision, live with it," I tell him before walking away.

"Elora don't you walk away from me" Silas bellows, trudging after me. He grabs my arm pulling me back into the library.

"Fix it, now" he screams enraged.

"To do that I have to take my magic back, so which is it Silas, me or my magic?" I ask.

He says nothing and I feel tears brim, he didn't care for me. He just wanted the curse broken; I was merely a pawn in his grand plan. A child incubator nothing more to him, nothing less but something to be used and thrown away.

"Lora," Matitus says stepping forward. I wipe my tears knowing Silas made his decision.

"Don't Matitus, you all made your decision. Now I know where I stand. I am nothing to you and now you're nothing to me," I tell them before running out, so they don't see me break.

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Elora POV

Running down the corridor I could hear them arguing before they abruptly stopped, tears burning my eyes as they spilled over.

"Elora stop" Silas angry voice coming to my ears, I kept running toward my old room when suddenly I felt myself get ripped back by my waist. Silas arm wrapped around me as he started dragging back down the hall. He places me on the desk, his strong grip holding me in place, he picks up my magic and shoves it in my hand. Before handing me my mother's necklace. At first, I thought he was giving it back to me, choosing me over the curse.

"Transfer it, now I am not walking around with it in that" he states, eyeing the dildo like it was a poisonous snake.

“No,” I tell him, shaking my head.

“Now. I won’t ask again, Elora. Your childish games need to stop,” he snarls, his grip tightening.

“Silas, let her go,” Matitus growls, stepping forward.

“Not until she transfers it,” he snaps at him. Matitus grabs him, ripping him away from me. Silas goes to throw him off when Matitus slams him against the bookshelf with so much anger that Silas looks shocked. Silas regains himself before pushing him away when Matitus punches him. Making me gasp and Dragus rips me off the desk just in time for Matitus to be slammed on it. The table collapsed under the force. Silas grips the collar of his shirt and goes to punch him when Dragus tackles Silas.

An all-out brawl starting in the library as Silas fights both of them, I hear him growl loudly. And not wanting Matitus and Dragus to get hurt, I seized my magic letting it travel up my arm holding the dildo and moving across my chest, it felt warm and fuzzy like a warm breeze moving over my skin as I transferred it to my mother’s necklace.

Looking up, Silas tossed Matitus into Dragus, their feral growls deafening, and Silas’s entire body was vibrating on the verge of shifting which would destroy the entire place with his enormous beast. Silas starts stalking towards their fallen forms in front of the fireplace. Rushing over, I hit him full force knocking the air out of my lungs, but he wasn’t expecting it and was knocked off balance and I landed heavily on top of him.

He growls at me, his green and gold reptilian eyes burning into me as I sit up, shaking my head. My hands on his chest as I pushed myself up on my knees. The necklace in my hand I hit his chest, before losing my temper.

“Here! Fucking have it you asshole. I hate you. I fucking hate you, Silas,” I scream smacking his chest with my hands until my hands hurt, and I felt out breath. I knew I didn’t hurt him; knew nothing I could do would hurt him. Feeling hands grab me, I smack them away.

“Don’t touch me, please don’t touch me” I scream before breaking down, sobbing. I look up at Silas watching me like he thought I lost the plot and after weeks of his shit I finally had. I had enough, I was done. “Kill me, I can’t do this anymore. I won’t do this” I whisper, and Silas sits up grabbing my arms.

“Don’t ever say that again, Elora.” His hands were shaking with anger. My eyes snapped to him, he didn’t look angry, maybe I read him wrong.

“You have taken everything from me, everything. My entire life was ruined because you. My grandmother died to protect my magic when I didn’t even know about it. She died because you were hunting fae. My entire family died at your hands. Then you took my magic. The only thing that I have left, and you took it too. What have you sacrificed Silas? What am I to you?” I ask.

Silas shakes his head confused, I don’t know what he was thinking anymore, just another thing he took from me, our bond. The one thing I thought I hated, when in reality now that it was gone, I have never felt so empty. When he doesn’t answer, I close my eyes, willing the tears to stop before taking a breath and going to get up, when Silas rips me back down on the floor with him.

“I don’t want to take anything from you. I have no choice.”

“There is always a choice, Silas. You just didn’t choose me. You choose this over the mate bond,” I tell him pointing to my mother’s necklace. Silas looked hurt by my words, but I got up anyway, he knew I was right. How could he not? Everything came down to a stupid curse. Matitus and Dragus watching us before I turned on my heel walking out. I go back to my old room. Laying on the bed, I tug the blanket up and roll so I am facing the wall. A few minutes later I hear the door open, and I look over my shoulder, Abigail walks in. Rolling over she sits beside me, and I place my head in her lap, wrapping my arms around her waist hugging her.

“I have something I should tell you?” she says, brushing my hair from my face making me look up at her.

“I should have told you, but I was scared of what they would do if they knew” I already knew, I had an inkling when she freaked out about them knowing she was a witch. About her sending her mother away with her daughter.

“I know already Abigail; you don’t have to say it. I know what Claire is” I whisper, and she stops looking down at me.

“Don’t say it because if they ever asked, I won’t be able to lie now without my magic” she nods her head in understanding.

"I can feel it, you know. The bond breaking. It feels like I have lost a limb, a piece of myself," I tell her.

Suddenly the door opens, Dragus and Matitus walking in. Abigail gets up before looking at me alarmed.

"It is okay Abbie, just go I will see you later," I tell her, and she nods before walking out, Matitus steps aside letting her pass.

Matitus closes the door before walking over and sitting on the bed.

"Bond or not Elora you're still ours," he says, reaching for me. I move further up the bed trying to get away from them, but he pulls me onto his lap.

"I don't need the bond to love you" he whispers into my neck. Dragus sits on the other side of me, his hand on my knee.

"You should go, I want to go to sleep," I tell them knowing if they stay Silas might come looking for them. He may not have a bond with me anymore, but he does with them. To him I might as well be a stranger now.

I hop off Matitus lap climbing behind Dragus before slipping under the covers. They don't leave though, instead remain sitting on the bed.

"Go, Silas will come looking for you," I tell them. They reluctantly leave and I spend the afternoon staring mostly at the ceiling not wanting to leave the room. Marian comes in with Abigail at dinner time and we sit on the floor in front of the fireplace eating ravioli before they eventually have to leave to do whatever chores they had left.

When they leave, I have a shower, before slipping my shirt and panties on. All my clothes were upstairs, but I didn't feel like running into Silas so hopped in bed. All night I tossed and turned my sleep restless. I couldn't get comfortable, like something was missing and I knew that something was the three dragon kings asleep upstairs.

Getting up, I walk into the bathroom and get a drink from the tap, flicking the bathroom light off. I walk back to my bed only to sit down and see green and gold eyes reflecting oddly from the chair near the fireplace. I jump startled when I realised Silas was just sitting on the chair, his arms braced on his legs as he leant forward watching me.

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My heart rate picked up when he moved. He stood up moving in front of me before kneeling down. His hands go to my knees, but I shove them off and he runs his hand through his hair. He looked tired.

"What do you want, Silas?" I ask climbing back in bed and pulling the covers up. He gets up sitting on the bed beside me. "My mates hate me," he says, placing his head in his hands. I almost felt bad for him, almost. He looked defeated, but he did it to himself and would get no sympathy from me.

Rolling over, I turn my back on him, intending to ignore him. Like what did he expect? For me to feel sorry for him.

"Elora, please don't turn away from me," he says, rolling me onto my back.

"Why are you here? If it is to make me feel bad for you. I don't," I tell him.

"I want things to go back to how they were"

"Are you going to give my magic back?" I ask.

"No, you know I can't."

"Then get out. You made your decision, which in turn makes mine."

"What do you mean?"

"You know exactly what I mean, Silas. I won't be with you" A growl erupts from him before he grabs me.

"You are ours Elora, this doesn't change that," he says, yanking me onto his lap. I push off his chest, but his grip only tightens. Silas grabs my hair, ripping my head back a menacing growl escaping him before he sinks his teeth into my neck making me scream. His bite hurt, blood running down my neck and over my shoulder as his teeth razored through my flesh.

Pulling back, I was left shaken as I stumbled off his lap, my legs shaking as I tried to create some distance between us, my entire body burning from his bite, making me feel sick. Silas gets up off the bed stalking towards me before

roughly pulling me forward and swiping my hair off my shoulder which was now drenched in my blood.

"I don't understand, why didn't it work?" he growls.

I couldn't feel anything but pain radiating through my neck from his bite.

"You actually thought you could remark me?" I scoff. Silas grip tightening as he glares down at me before I find myself slammed against the wall, his hands around my throat in warning but not tight enough to affect my breathing. I could see him trying to regain control of himself, trying not to kill me.

"Go on, do it, do it Silas. Kill me at least I will be rid of you," I spit at him, no longer afraid of death. If it were my only chance at freedom, I would take it. He has proven to me time and time again he doesn't care for me, only cares for what I can do for him.

Silas lets go, stepping back his eyes softening, and I wondered what he was thinking when he suddenly dropped to the ground leaning against the side of my bed placing his head in his hands.

"I don't know what to do" I hear him whisper and if it weren't for my heightened hearing, I wouldn't have heard him.

"Do you feel nothing for us?" he asks, and I bite down on my tongue, willing myself not to answer. Sweat beading on my neck and I feel my nausea build in my stomach. Silas looks up when I don't answer.

"You can't lie?" he says, cocking his head to the side, watching me struggle with not answering when he suddenly gets up moving toward me. He grips my chin forcing me to look up at him.

"Do you feel nothing for me?" he asks again, watching me carefully.

"I feel a lot of things for you Silas, all of you" I answered feeling the urge lift once the words left my lips like I could finally breathe again.

"Do you love me?" he asks, the urge rolling over me again. Did I? After everything he has done it seemed unreasonable that I would, yet I was lying to myself thinking I didn't.

“Yes, despite everything you have done I still fucking love you, but I hate you just as much.”

He kisses me, his lips crashing against mine urgently, but I use all my strength to shove him off. Silas steps forward trying to reach for me, but I step away from him.

“No, you don’t get to destroy me then keep me. That’s not what love is Silas” I snap at him. His eyes go to the ceiling as he looks up, running his hands through his hair before gripping his hair in what I assume is frustration.

Suddenly the door opens and Matitus rushes in before freezing. “Silas,” he says, making him look at him. Silas doesn’t say a word, just walks out. Matitus looks over at me, before biting into his wrist and offering it to me. I shake my head and Matitus steps forward.

“No, I am fine. Just get out,” I tell him.

“Elora...”

“No Matitus just leave, please I am tired. I don’t want to deal with this shit right now” Matitus looks hurt but nods before leaving. Walking into the bathroom, I grab a face washer and wet it before cleaning the blood off my neck. My hands shaking and I flinch, the skin red and tender to touch. Once I am done, I climb in bed. I knew I couldn’t stay here anymore and first chance I get I am leaving. Rather be on the run then stuck here, forced to live like this. Forced to endure him.

Falling into a dreamless sleep, I wake early from an overwhelming urge coiling in my stomach. Ripping the blanket back, I run for the bathroom but barely make it in time as I puke. Spew going half in the toilet and the rest on the floor. I continued throwing up violently. My entire body retching until my stomach was completely empty. Getting up, I flush the toilet before grabbing a towel and cleaning up the mess on the floor. Stripping my clothes off, I step under the shower while grabbing my toothbrush so I could rid the taste from my mouth.

The shower helped a little, but I felt weird today. Different, my entire body felt exhausted. Every muscle ached like I ran a marathon. Washing my hair soap got on my bite mark from Silas making it burn badly. Hopping out of the shower, I wrapped a fresh towel around myself before looking in the mirror, my entire neck had turned black where he bit me. Black like tar spreading

down my neck and across my shoulder, the veins clearly visible under my skin which was oddly pale almost see through. Black veins spread from his bite like I had been poisoned from it.

Even turning my neck hurt. Chucking some clothes on, I go in search of Abbie and Marian finding them in the kitchen. They take one look at me before rushing over worried.

“What the hell happened to you? What happened to your neck?” Abigail asks worried.

“Silas tried to remark me, I think it is making me sick,” I tell her, suddenly feeling lightheaded just from walking the short distance from my room to the kitchen.

“Let me try to heal you,” she says, dragging me into the pantry and closing the door. I could see the concentration on her face as she placed her hand against my neck and shoulder.

Abigail pulls her hands back looking at them. “Why isn’t it working?” she asks, looking at Marian.

“Fucking stupid oversized fire breathing lizard” Marian spits angrily.

I sat down on the floor not able to stand anymore. My entire body felt hot like I was running a fever. The room was warping and pulsating and even though I was on the ground, I felt like I was falling. My head became heavy and each time I blink the darkness on the edge of my vision slowly consumed me.

“Abbie, I don’t feel good” I tried to say but I wasn’t sure she heard me when I suddenly lost all feeling and consciousness.

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Silas POV

Matitus and I had just gone to her room, but she wasn’t there. We knew she couldn’t have gotten far because the guards would have alerted us if she tried to leave. Heading toward the library we could hear frantic voices coming from the kitchen.

Matitus raising an eyebrow at me when Abigail's voice hit my ears.

"I'm trying, I am fucking trying Marian; I can't heal her"

"Heal who?" Matitus asked before I rushed into the kitchen. Matitus and I both nearly knocking each other over as we barrelled into the kitchen. Only no one was there.

"Marian, you need to get them. " I heard Abigail's voice coming from the pantry before the pantry door opened, making both of us turn our attention to it. Abigail was hovering over Elora's collapsed body, her hands bright green and gold as she held them on Elora's chest. Marian froze before Matitus pulled her out of the way before scooping up Elora off the floor. Abigail froze in place as I stared at her, but I didn't have time to deal with what we just witnessed, when our mate was unconscious.

Swiping everything off the counter Matitus placed her on it. Her skin is pale and ghostly white, black veins moving under her skin coming from her neck. Matitus swiped her hair away and I felt bile rise in my throat. Where I tried to mark her was black, black as coal, the veins leading up to it black beneath her skin.

"She is still breathing but her heartbeat is slowing down" I tell Matitus, biting into my wrist Matitus holds her mouth open and I let my blood drain down her throat. Nothing happens and Matitus growls loudly and I can feel his burning anger smashing into me through the bond. Panic seizing me when she doesn't heal. Nothing made sense until Marian's words hit me.

"You did this, she is dying because you took her magic" I think for a few seconds, her words making sense, maybe if she had her magic, it would undo what I have done. Her magic, I bolted out the door crashing into the walls and skidding along the floor. Fear consuming me as I rip the draws out from under the bookshelves trying to find the necklace. My mind went completely blank as to where I put it.

Matitus comes in carrying her before laying her on the ground, Dragus runs in and starts ripping draws out with me, Matitus must have mind-linked him because in my panic, I completely forgot about telling him she was hurt. Draws crashing to the ground before I finally pull one out and I see her necklace. Snatching it from the draw, I raced over to her.

Scooping her up, her head falls forward limply, and I place the necklace in her limp hand. Abigail comes rushing in.

"It doesn't work like that because she needs to be awake," she says.

"Come on Lora, you need to wake up," I tell her, shaking her but she doesn't respond. Please, please wake up, I can't lose you, I think, as I rock her trying to rouse her awake but nothing we do ignites any sign of life from her. She was dying in my arms. Matitus collapses on the ground beside me and Dragus had his head in his hands pacing back and forth. Tears ran down my face as I realised I killed her, she was going to die because I was selfish, and angry. My anger once again killing someone I love. I loved her and I killed her.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry. I didn't know," I tell them, my mates sadness seeping into me, eating away at me along with my own guilt. Abigail looks down at her, tears flowing from her eyes before she suddenly stops sobbing and rips Elora from me. Placing her on the ground, I go to reach for her and take her back when I see Abigail's eyes glow fluorescent green. What the hell is she?

She places her hands-on Elora's chest. "Abigail no, it could kill you" Marian screams running in and trying to rip Abigail away, but Abigail shakes her off before placing her hands back on Elora's chest.

"She saved me once I am just returning the favour"

"Abbie no, Elora will hate herself if you die" Marian tries to reason with her. Matitus and Dragus heads snap towards them as we watch frozen on the spot as Abigail's skin starts rippling.

"We just need to wake her long enough to absorb her magic" Marian runs over ripping the necklace from my hands and I let her, praying to the fates these two women can save her.

"When Abigail absorbs whatever this is, we need to wake her, enough to absorb her magic. Abbie holds it too long it could kill her, and Elora will die with her" Marian says, her words not absorbing and I stare at her blankly.

Marian slaps me hard across the face. "Silas do you understand you buffoon" Nodding, I look down at Elora. Abigail starts muttering under her breath when nothing happens though she looks around frantically, her entire body was throwing off a strange energy, the air even changing scent to a smell of earth, like mud and leaves. She starts muttering some foreign language when her

hand suddenly snakes out gripping mine tightly. I go to rip my arm from her when I feel it. Heat rushed under my skin from everywhere in my body racing towards the place her hand was. Her hand glowing red and I suddenly felt exhaustion hitting me like a wave, washing over me taking my breath, Abigail was channelling my magic.

Blinking a couple of times forcing my eyes open, I watch as the black veins move towards Abigail's hand that was on Elora's chest just above her bra. The black veins wriggled under her skin before bleeding into Abigail's hand making her scream loudly.

Marian shakes Elora's shoulders, at first there was no response.

"Come on baby, wake up," I tell her tapping the side of her face when her eyes flutter open and she takes a breath. "Silas," she mutters, her head going to the side as she closes her eyes. I tap her face "Elora you need to take your magic back," I tell her. Marian lifted her hand, placing the necklace in it and closing Elora's hand around it.

"Come on Lora, you need to take the magic before it kills Abbie," I tell her.

"Abbie" she breathes. Looking to Abigail she starts chanting louder her voice sounded pained and she was starting to sway before Dragus rushes over to her placing his hands on her shoulders keeping her upright. Abigail's eye flying open turning red and I can feel Dragus being hit with the same wave I was, as Abigail starts channelling him.

"Abbie you can't hold that much power" Marian screams frantically to her, the black wounds of my bite losing colour and Elora's eyes fly open.

"Abbie" she gasps, and Marian shakes her hand, Elora opens it seeing her mother's necklace before I watch her hand glow purple and eyes start burning brightly, her skin regaining colour. Abigail on the other hand was sweating profusely when Elora suddenly sits up gripping Abigail tightly, absorbing back what Abigail took from her. Abigail fighting against her not realising Elora was conscious and had absorbed her magic.

"Abigail let it go" Elora screams to her.

"Elora" Abigail gasps before I feel her suddenly stop channelling us, and it was like a vacuum suddenly got turned on and Elora was knocked back with the force as the black veins that were running up Abigail's arms suddenly

zapped back into Elora so fast like the flick of a rubber band. Abigail collapses on top of Elora and they both lay there panting trying to catch their breaths.

Marian sits back, relieved and I feel relief flood into me from Dragus and Matitus. Grabbing Abigail, she freezes as I pick her up, moving her off to the side of me and leaning her against Dragus. Abigail looks a little shocked for some reason. I am more shocked at what she did, she saved my mate.

Grabbing Elora, I pull her breathless body onto my lap. Biting into my wrist I offer it to Abigail. She stares at me like I am deranged.

“What? It will heal you”

“Please Abbie, let him help,” breathes Elora. She looks at me warily before shaking her head, when Matitus grabs the glass of scotch I was drinking earlier that I left on the hall stand, he grabs my wrist before biting into it again after it healed before turning it and letting my blood drip into the glass. He hands it to Abigail. Her skin was white as snow and her hair damp with sweat.

“Drink it” Marian urges, Abigail looks at the glass disgusted.

“For god’s sake, Abbie, drink it. It won’t hurt you” Elora says, grabbing my wrist between her shaky hands showing Abigail before she bites into my wrist her teeth biting into my flesh and Elora’s neck suddenly closes completely. Her skin glowing subtly, and her hands stop shaking. Elora’s tattoo’s and her mark slowly reforming across her face burning brighter the way they were before I took her magic. She lets go. My wrist heals her almost instantly and Abigail brings the cup to her lips before Marian tips it up further, forcing her to drink it down.

When she drops the cup, she starts coughing and spluttering on the alcohol making me wonder if she has ever drank before. “God that shit burns” she chokes out.

“Thank you” Elora says to her and I look at her. I could tell how much Elora deeply cared for her. Abigail nods before Marian helps her up. They both hesitate, looking toward the door. And I realise they were waiting to see if I was going to let them leave. “You can go” Matitus tells them and they both head for the door. Elora shifts off trying to get off my lap, but I pull her back down. My hands still trembling slightly at almost losing her.

“Abigail” I call out just as she goes to walk out the door. She freezes and I can smell her fear filling the air. Abigail looks back at me nervously and Marian eyes dart to Matitus.

“Thank you,” I tell her. The words sounded strange rolling off my tongue, but I truly meant them. She saved her, saved my mate and I would never be able to pay back what she just did. Elora looks up at me, her shock hitting me. Abigail nods before ducking out of the room leaving us.