

## **Read Chosen by the dragon kings novel Chapter 61 online free**

### **Elora's POV**

We are the sacrifice, yet I felt no fear of death, felt nothing but complete faith in her words and a strong urge to fulfil the prophecy, my grandmothers reassuring voice in my head, feel the whispers of my ancestors washing over me like a breeze, the voices carried with it growing stronger, and louder filling me and giving me, a sense of calm and I drop to my knees in front of her. She tips the goblet to my lips and I drink from it, feel the magic in the blood bleeding into my soul changing it.

Claire places the goblet down on the small table before grabbing the dagger, I reach for her as she slits her own throat, the dagger falling from her little hands as her body falls on top of me, Abigail's blood curdling scream, full of anguish and heartache filling the night. And I whisper the last be piece

"I Elora Aziza forgive the sins and right the wrongs of the past, for I shall fall, for the balance to be restored, for we are reborn, and we shall rise" Grabbing the dagger, I feel the coldness of the blade as it runs across my skin as cut my throat, my life's blood spilling out of me. The screams of everybody surrounding us, my eyes dart to Claire on my lap and the last sounds, I remember were the screams of our loved ones, the whispers of our ancestors and my last dying breath.

### **Abigail's POV**

I watched horrified as my daughter slashed her throat, Elora watching, and I couldn't decipher her expression. Her life bleeding out of her and I scream. My soul shattering watching my precious little girl so full of life just sacrifice herself without hesitation. Heart shattering and soul crushing pain destroying me as I watch her skin pale, everything happening in the blink of an eye. Silas agonised scream and I see the Dragon kings run toward them, Elora sacrificing herself, running the blade tarnished with my daughters blood across her throat.

One by one the Dragon Kings fall to their knees, horrified at what she had done. I watch each one of them fall, a deafening scream leaving each of them as they clutch theirs chests dropping dead along with her. Murmurs from the crowd of shocked onlookers. None of the legends I had heard were like this to

break the curse on the Dragons. I should have known better, should have seen this, should have went with my gut. This wasn't the spell to break the curse on the Dragon's. This was the spell to break the curse on Fae.

Rushing to my daughter, I cradle her to my chest. My mother's tormented scream coming from the crowd as I hold her limp body in my arms. "Mama" I sob tears rolling down my face as she rushes over clutching us. My little girl was gone, but why couldn't I feel her death. I could see her dead in my arms, yet I could still feel her energy with me. Still feel Elora's and that of the dragon kings. The crowd goes silent. Nobody knows what to do, or what they just witnessed.

We just watched the fall of the Dragon kings, the fall of a kingdom of horror. That's when I first noticed them. People in crowd dropping like flies, collapsing amongst those watching. Was this the end. Were we all destined to die? My mother brushes my daughter's hair from her face. The face of angel though she didn't look dead despite the blood covering her, no she looked at peace, asleep.

My mother gets up, turning Elora's face toward her and I notice her Fae markings changing to a deeper purple, blossoms spreading across her cheek and down her neck. Magic running rampant in her veins, feel it growing stronger and I watch as the cut on her neck heals.

My mother rushes over to the Dragon kings kneeling next to them, they to were changing, the same marking spreading like wildfire across their bare chests only red and angry.

"They are still warm," My mother gasps.

"They're not dead?" I whisper looking down at my daughter, shaking her slightly and rubbing her cheek, the wound healing across her neck but not waking.

"Come on baby girl, come back to me. Come back to your mummy" I cry, praying to the fates that they let her live. Suddenly I hear a gasp and watch as Elora snaps upright. Her eyes burning brightly, brighter than any jewel I had ever seen. The crowd shocked at what they are witnessing before Elora screams in agony. Clawing at her back, her skin gleaming and shimmering as she moves. Her screams of agony moving through the crowd as they clutch their ears trying to drown the noise.

“Mum you need to remove her cloak” I tell her as I watch as Elora desperately tries but fails. My mother moving toward Elora and removing it while Elora flailed around her nails digging into her back digging at something she could only feel, her skin bleeding from her nails tearing her flesh. When I hear groaning my eyes snapping in the direction of the dragon kings as they get to hands and knees before their eyes dart to her.

“Elora” Silas breathes before stumbling over himself to get to her, only for him to be pulled back by Matitus and Dragus just in time for everyone to be hit with a wave of power, Elora’s scream of agony knocking the breath out of everyone as we are swallowed by blinding light.

My eyes burning in my head, forcing me to close my eyes under its harshness before the darkness returns and I hear voices of shock and awe making my eyes open. Elora doubled over on the ground panting blood pouring from her back but that wasn’t why everyone was amazed. It was the wings; Fae haven’t had wings since before the war. Only the true heir of the thrown and those of the royal bloodline had wings. They were magnificent, crystal clear, the moonlight making them shimmer, like trying to look at the rainbow within a bubble. Elora stands up and I can see the shock on her face, she doesn’t understand what is going on, doesn’t understand how she is alive as she looks out at the crowd.

“Mummy” I hear the softest of murmurs and my heart swells as I look down and see my angel, looking back up me.

“Yes, baby I am here, mummy is here” I tell her and her eyes flutter before turning white, a sight I know is her visions, her seeing the future. One I would never become familiar with seeing. My daughter was not just blessed with the visions but cursed, and over the three years of her life they have made her have many sleepless nights tormented her dreams.

“The Queen of Draquin has been reborn” She whispers before passing out in my arms, the rise and fall of her chest reminding me she was alive, she would live but it was too much on her little body.

**\*\*Author Note\*\***

Let me know what you think. What the Dragon Kings do when they realise the curse hasn’t been broken.

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Elora's POV

It worked, the curse on the Fae was broken. What I wasn't prepared for was the searing pain radiating through my back when I woke. My death was peaceful and with it, I felt my mates drop, their link to me severing only to renewed stronger. I could feel them on an entirely different level, Matitus and Silas stronger though. It is hard to explain but maybe it was because they already bare my mark.

Waking up, was a strange feeling like I had been holding breath, and I suddenly had to force myself to breathe. But the pain in my lungs was nothing compared to the pain radiating from between my shoulder blades. The sort of pain where you would rather death, my spine felt like it was be rearranged. It was all I could focus on as I clawed at it trying to get it stop. When I felt something within me snap, like when an elastic band reaches it limit, the force of my magic bursting made me scream before I felt a violent rush leave me, the pain in my back leaving me breathless before it suddenly stopped. I could feel the warmth of my blood trickling down my back and something else, something I had never felt before. Looking over my shoulder I gasp at what I see. I had wings.

Fae used to have wings, my grandmother didn't even have wings, but I heard stories of what they represent from her. Only the blessed were granted them. Those that possessed them, were considered gifted or had made our gods proud through a good deed. Only those blessed by the fates and of a royal blood line carried wings. The last Fae on record to possess wings was the king of Fae. My grandmothers great grandfather was the last known royal to be granted wings by our ancestors.

So, it was shocking to me that I was blessed with them. I had done nothing remarkable I didn't think. They were beautiful and, crystal-like and light but so strong. I could feel my magic flowing within them, feel the power I possessed. I was so awe struck by them I hadn't realised what was going on around me until I heard Claire's little voice. "The Queen of Draquin has been reborn"

That's when I noticed them, looking out at the crowd I almost cried at the sight before me, glowing brightly back at me were my people, Fae the silver light in their eyes left no doubt. We weren't extinct, Fae survived just like I believed,

hiding in the shadows like had. We had survived. The crowd moving, letting them through. Around a hundred Fae moved forward out of the crowd stepping before me.

Silver eyes glowing with excitement and also another set of eyes, ones I had only heard of because they were the eyes only given to those of noble blood. Dazzling Aqua eyes stepped forward and I knew instantly that some of the royal families survived, those my family ruled alongside of.

The man stepped forward and I got to my feet, his blonde hair tied into a ponytail. Looking at him he carried himself a certain way that oozed authority, even after decades of failure he was proud to be Fae, proud to be royal. What shocked me was when he stepped forward and dropped in front me on one knee.

The Dragon kings stepping beside me, although they looked like they were still recovering from what happened yet that didn't stop their jealousy of a man being near what is theirs.

"My queen, I am Aldrin of the Royal bloodline of Helcate" He says bowing his head slightly.

"I know my lord; please rise you don't need to bow for me" I tell him a little embarrassed that he did. He shakes his head.

"Our families have ruled beside each other before the war, we all owe you a great amount for what you have just blessed us with, for what you have returned to us" He says.

Silas growled stepping forward at his words. Aldrin puts up his hands in surrender and I could tell he meant no harm, no insult to the Kings I just hoped Silas could see that.

"Forgive me my lords, I am not here to take your mate. This isn't me coming forward and asking her hand, I know she has mates and I have my own" He says and Silas growls before Matitus steps forward.

"Then what are you doing then Fae" He asks looking out at the crowd I could feel their shock, they truly felt they eradicated my kind.

Another Fae steps forward with a child. The woman was a common Fae but the child in her arms was no doubt of the royal blood of Helcate.

"This is my wife, Talia and my son Aldo" I nod when suddenly she drops to one knee, I try to get her to stand embarrassed that everyone thought they need to bow to me, we are the same.

"Please don't bow" I tell her, but she shakes her head when suddenly everyone takes a knee, like wave the entire crowd even the humans bow down making me gasp. When I hear Aldrin voice echo through the night, his voice melodious and clear.

"I Aldrin royal blood Of Helcate, pledge allegiance, to Elora Aziza Queen of the Draquin kingdom and Queen of the Fae" He says making me stumble back slightly shocked.

The entire crowd in a collective murmur speaking. "We pledge Alliance to our Queen Elora Aziza Queen of the Draquin kingdom.

"You want me to rule?" I asked shocked.

"You are the rightful heir those wings on your back prove it, you were born for this. Blessed with gifts bestowed by our ancestors, you blessed us and who better to know the struggle of the kingdom better than a Queen who lived through it" Aldrin tells me.

"But this isn't my kingdom, this kingdom belongs to the Dragon kings" I tell him.

"Where ever you go we will follow my Queen, whether it be here or somewhere else, we promise to remain loyal to the Aziza bloodline. You sacrificed your life for your people and the people of this kingdom" He says and I see the entire crowd agree.

Silas growls but no one moves.

"I will not hand my kingdom over to the Fae, this is my kingdom. Fae started the war" He says stepping forward when Matitus grabs his arm.

"You're right my king but she ended it" Aldrin tells him, "either way she is your mate is she not, or were you keeping her against her will?"

I had to give Aldrin one thing he was brave standing up to a Dragon, yet his stare was unwavering, he held no fear and had faith that I wouldn't allow Silas to kill him for speaking out. He was right I wasn't going to let my people down

even if it is against my own mates. I have sacrificed enough and so have the Fae, so has this kingdom.

Dragus walks over to Aldrin and I thought at first, he was going to do something, and I stepped forward my magic on ready on the surface, I was willing to protect Aldrin and the rest if needed. But Dragus didn't do anything. Instead, he dropped to his knee alongside him before suddenly Matitus joined him. Two majestic Dragons bowing for a Fae, for someone lower on the food chain.

"I king of Draquin pledge allegiance to my Queen, Elora Aziza the Queen of Draquin and promise to rule alongside her for as long as she will have me" Dragus spoke, his eyes not leaving mine before Matitus announced the same thing. Tears springing in my eyes, they would give up their kingdom for me, just to keep me by their side, they would sacrifice their kingdom for me and the people in it.

Everyone looked to Silas and I could feel his burning anger through the bond, he felt betrayed. Felt like I took his kingdom from him. That betrayal only worsened when he felt Matitus and Dragus agree to it.

"You would hand our kingdom over to the FAE" He bellowed.

"No, I hand our kingdom over to our mate" Matitus answers.

Silas roars the dragon part of him coming forward, his entire body trembling. Yet I remain calm turning toward him. "This was supposed to break the curse on the Dragons, not turn my mates against me, not bring about all this" He yells at me.

"This is my kingdom. I will not bow down to the Fae"

When I say nothing, he turns on his heels storming away.

**\*\*Author Note\*\***

Let me know what you think.

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Matitus POV

I follow after Silas, his burning rage radiating out of him as he storms into the castle heading for the library. When I approach, he had upturned the entire room in a matter of seconds, once again I would have to clean up his mess, his anger always getting the better of him.

“What the fuck is your problem?” I demand making him turn around and glare at me.

“I will not give the Fae our kingdom” He argues.

“Is this what your so pissed off about? Because she is Fae, what did you expect her to be, a bedroom toy? We are kings either way she would be our Queen”

“That’s exactly what I expect, she is Fae. This is my kingdom, we built it. I won’t just hand it over to the Fae to do as they please”

“What are you talking about? You’re not giving the Fae our kingdom, you are just agreeing to let Elora rule alongside us, they listen to her. This is a good thing Silas”

“You blinded by her; you don’t even see what is happening” Silas retorts. I did see, clearly saw what is happening, change was happening, and he couldn’t handle it, his ego getting in the way, his burning hatred for the Fae consuming his head.

“So, what you expected Elora, just to remain by side and have no say in anything?” I ask.

“Yes, she is ours, she shouldn’t be challenging us, challenging our titles, she is to be seen not heard” Silas screams at me before throwing a chair against the wall. I laugh I can’t help it. He really expects a woman like her to be stuck in a corner and do as she is told.

“I can’t believe your laughing, there is nothing funny about this, this goes against everything. She is going against us” Silas yells the temperature rising with his anger.

“Is this about Elora or the Fae?”

“The Fae, what else would it be about?”



“Well sorry to break it to you Silas, Elora is Fae. She can’t change who she is”

‘I won’t hand my kingdom over to the Fae, I don’t care what she is to us. This was supposed to break the curse on the Dragon’s not the Fae, her sacrifice was wasted and then this bullshit threatening to take our kingdom”

“She isn’t taking anything, why can’t you see that? You are right she made a sacrifice so did Claire, the curse on the dragons? Fuck the curse Silas, I don’t give a damn about the curse with her by our side” I scream back at him.

“Maybe the curse on the dragon’s wasn’t a sacrifice she is supposed to make” Dragus says overhearing the conversation as he walked in.

“What are you talking about, the book said the chosen one had to make the sacrifice” He argues back against Dragus.

“Think about it Silas, why would a Fae have to make a sacrifice for the Dragons. Elora doesn’t owe us anything. If anything, you owe her a fucking apology, you just denounced her in front of the entire kingdom all because she is Fae. Her being Fae does not affect her ability to rule alongside us” Dragus tells him.

“She is not our equal” He screams back at him. His entire body trembling and I could see scales rippling up his arms as he fought to not shift where we stood.

“Maybe that’s the problem, you two have been fighting against each other the moment she got here. You want her to be our mate, yet she is to sit below us. That’s not how it is supposed to be, she is to stand beside us, not behind us, equal’s Silas”

“Fae will never be equal to the Dragons” He says turning away.

Dragus and I both stare at him, nothing we say was getting through to him. What I didn’t realise was that Elora had heard everything, didn’t realise she was watching from the doorway, she remained silent, if it weren’t for the hurt hitting me through the bond, I wouldn’t have even noticed she was there. What Silas said hurt her.

“If that’s how you feel Silas, I will take my people and leave” Her voice strong, yet I could feel how much she was struggling to remain that way, not wanting him to see how deeply his words cut her, she felt rejected by him, by us.

Silas spins around at the sound of her voice, I could tell he didn't mean for her to overhear, yet she had, and he was too stubborn to admit he was wrong, too stubborn to give into her.

"And go where Elora, you're not leaving this kingdom?"

"If you don't want the Fae here means you don't want me here" She tells him.

"That's not what I said" He says stepping forward, but she puts up her hand warding him off and he stops, regret shining in his eyes.

"I am Fae, Silas. I can't change and I wouldn't even if I could. My people will follow me. Your kingdom means that much to you? have it. I never asked for this. You brought me here. I didn't want to rule, I didn't ask for this, it just happened. Either let me in or let me go. I will not turn my back on my people" She tells him before walking away.

"She won't go, there is nowhere to go. She will get over it" He says before sighing. I shake my head; I know Elora enough to know she will do as she says.

"You're really going to let her leave?" I ask incredulous. Dragus thinking the same thing.

"She can't leave, there is nothing out there. Everyone knows not to cross the borders"

"So, you told her what's out there then?" I ask folding my arms across my chest. His head snapping toward me and I knew he hadn't. No one knows except the Lycans and us.

"She knows it's not safe" He says sitting down on the ground, placing his arms on his knees. I nod well that's one thing I suppose. Elora won't risk the Fae, not when she only just found them.

"So, what next then, this is your plan?" I ask.

"We show them who has control, we don't need another rebellion from them. Either Fae fall in line or we get rid of them" He states. This shit again, this grudge against the Fae needs to end.

“Elora won’t allow that; she won’t bow down to you again Silas, why can’t you see that?” Dragus tells him.

“She won’t have a choice; she belongs to us. This is our kingdom, our home. She will see it as a good thing, the bond will make sure of it” He says. I am done, he honestly believes she will stand idly by and allow him to control her, control everything.

Not able to handle any more of his nonsense I leave. I won’t lose my mate again; won’t lose her over a hundred-year-old grudge he can’t seem to drop.

Heading upstairs, I walk to our bedroom. I could hear her sobbing behind the door. I hesitated what if she hated us now because of him? Taking a deep breath, I enter to find her rummaging in the cupboard for some clothes after hers were torn from her wings.

“What’s wrong?”

“Don’t pretend you don’t know Matitus” She says. I wanted to go to her, but I could tell she was mad, hurt by what happened with Silas. I watch as she strips what’s left of her clothes off and gasp at what I see. She was magnificent. Her skin was gorgeous, etched with the markings of the Fae. Elora looks down when she notices my stare and I feel her shock hit me, the violet markings spreading from her temple down her cheek and across one entire side of her body, the markings of her magic, our mate markings but there was more, I know the more markings a fae has, mean the more powerful they are, but this was something else. These weren’t just Fae markings but the markings I had only seen in books. Dragon books.

Something changed when she came back or was reborn as Claire had said. Running down her side were violet swirls, swirls I realised were mine and Dragus markings spreading across her ribs to the side of her stomach, they were mesmerising, and I never liked tattoo’s, especially on woman but on her, they were beautiful like a part of her, they enhanced her beauty, and I was in awe of her.

“I wonder what they mean?” She asks softly tracing her fingers down her side of the blossoms and flames.

“May I” I ask, and she looks up at me. Her eyebrows furrowing before she nods. Kneeling in front her I trace my fingers over the new markings, they glow under my touch, reacting to me. I knew it. These were our markings, she

had been blessed with our magic, when we pledged our loyalty to her it sealed us to her, giving her a piece of us, though I could tell it wasn't complete because of the way it suddenly cut off. She was missing one piece. That piece was Silas.

"It's our magic" I tell her, looking up at her. She stared back down not understanding.

"When we stood before you pledging ourselves to you, it gave you a part of us" I tell her.

"But I am Fae, not Dragon?" She says.

"It doesn't matter, you're our mate we are part of you and you us" I tell her.

"So, you sacrificed a piece of your magic and gave it to me?" She asks. Her words hitting me like a tonne of bricks and Dragus's words earlier, that he said to Silas. It finally made sense.

I knew he was right. It was never Elora who had to make the sacrifice, it was us. Only we could break the curse. We had to surrender to her, give ourselves wholly to her. Yet I knew the curse would never be broken because I know Silas would never surrender to a Fae, even if she is our mate. Even if it meant breaking the curse.

I laugh at my newfound knowledge, Blaire was cunning, she knew he would never submit to the Fae; therefore, the curse would never be broken. She knew he would kill them off, yet she must have misunderstood the Fae's ability to survive, or she knew they would, but his stubbornness would see to the curse never being broken.

Blaire knew, no matter what Silas would be his own downfall, the ultimate revenge. We could have broken the curse all along we just didn't see it.

"What's so funny?" She asks staring down at me. I kiss her hip and she shivers; I love how reactive she is to us, love how her body reacts even when she doesn't want to.

"Nothing little one, nothing you need to worry about"

Author Note

Let me know what you think.

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Elora's POV

Silas words were on repeat in my head. I was nothing to him, after everything he still thought so little of me, of my kind. How his hatred for what I am can override the mate bond is unfathomable to me. After everything he has done, I found a way to forgive him, to try and see from his point of view. Yet he couldn't do the same, everything felt one sided.

I won't stand in the corner and look pretty, an arm ornament? I think not. I was capable of so much more and I knew that now. After everything he couldn't break me and my will to live now was not just my own, it was for our people. There is something extremely dangerous when you finally figure out what your capable of, what you expect. There is a truly clear line drawn now for me.

The mate bond made me believe I couldn't live without them, that they were an attachment to my soul, and they are. But there is a difference between want and need. I didn't need them, I wanted them, but I didn't need them. I survived this city for twenty-one years without them and I knew I could live forever without them. Leaving two options now, they either needed to step up or step out. None of this in between shit, I am not a yoyo to be played with and for once I saw clearly, my mind clear for the first time in ages. This was only the beginning of something that was far bigger than me and I could feel it with every fibre of my being. Something greater than I ever envisioned my life to become.

Silas was convinced I needed them and would fall in line like a good little submissive mate. That the bond would force me to comply. Little did he know I found myself, found a part of me I was excited to explore, like I said clarity was dangerous, knowing you self-worth was dangerous because now it put an expectation to be met and I wouldn't let him bring me down, not like he did. It is dangerous because you no longer feel the ties that bind you once you realise you don't need anyone, that you can go it alone, it is empowering when you realise you don't need someone to have your back because you have your own. He showed me what he was capable of, the mate he was capable of being, the king he could be and now I expected nothing less. So, it made my next decision easy. I wasn't going to wait around for him to figure

that out anymore. I was done waiting for people, done letting people decide what I was capable of.

My magic was stronger than ever, stronger than them. My ancestors voices always there guiding me, encouraging, and the most important voice of all. My own for once I had a voice, I intended for it to be heard even if it comes at the cost of my own heart, for once my mind was crystal clear and was overriding everything telling me to give in to them, I was done bowing down, either they let me in to walk alongside them or I walk alone.

“What are you thinking?” Matitus asks, as he walks in while I was getting changed for bed. Turning to look at him he was regarding me carefully.

“What makes you think I am thinking anything?” I ask.

“I don’t know, you keep blocking us out, I feel weird not knowing what you are thinking. You seem different, stronger”

“That’s because I am Matitus” He nods in agreeance when Dragus walks in but no Silas. I didn’t care though right now his presence would have infuriated me.

Dragus steps past Matitus his hands going to my hips, I can’t help the smile that spreads onto my face, his emotions flooding into me and I welcome them. They were mine; I was never theirs, yet I am willing to be theirs but not unconditionally. I knew they would follow me blindly but if I couldn’t have them all, then they couldn’t have me. But this moment I would let them have that I wanted the same thing so yes, I would let them have this moment before it goes and along with it, me.

Turning around, I wrap my arms around his neck, a smile on his lips as I move my face closer to his kissing his lips softly. His hand going to the back of my neck deepening the kiss. I could feel his fingers moving through my hair as he pulled me flush against him. Feel his need pressed against my belly.

Matitus steps closer, his lips going to my neck and down my shoulder. His hands travelling over my skin leaving goosebumps in their wake. Dragus groans against my lips and I tug at his shirt before removing it, my fingers moving over the tight muscle of his chest and abdomen. I loved the way his warm skin felt beneath my fingers, loved the way I effected them as they did me. Placing my hand on his chest I push him toward the bed. His knees hitting

the bed making him fall back as I reach for his belt buckle undoing it and I feel Matitus lifting the silk slip I was wearing.

Lifting my arms, I let him peel it off and Dragus removes his pants before I crawl up him. His erection standing tall. My lips going to his chest as I nip and suck on his skin, my lips trailing down his abdomen as I reach between his legs grasping him tightly in my hand, his hips jerking against me before I run my tongue around the head of his cock, tasting him before I taking his large size in my mouth, loving the control I had over him in this moment, the way his hands went into my hair and the sound of his moans as I ran my tongue along his shaft as I found my rhythm taking him deeper. Loved the way his body shudder underneath me.

Matitus hand runs across my ass, before his fingers find their way to my slit, teasing. His fingers skilfully moving inside me, and I moan around Dragus, his grip on my hair tightening as I work his length inside my mouth. Dragus thrusts into my mouth once before ripping me up his body and bringing my lips to his. I moan into his mouth as I sink my wet heat down on him, his length filling me. Matitus hands moving to my breast as he moves behind me his other hand on my hip as I sit up slightly, moving my hips and building up the friction. Dragus cock hitting that sweet spot inside me, as I moved my hips against him. Feeling Matitus length pressing against my ass, I wriggle my hips against it. Matitus groans, his lips going to my neck as he sucks on my mark making me moan loudly.

I would miss this, miss the feelings the bond could only make me feel, what only they could make me feel.

My body wanting them, calling out to them and I could feel my orgasm building, I was close, so close and brought to the brink of my climax as Matitus pushed inside me. One arm wrapped around my waist pulling me flush against him, his hand around my throat as he sucked and nipped at my skin. The feeling inside me building higher, climbing higher than ever before as I moved my hips against them.

Matitus lets me go, my hands going to Dragus chest as I let them fuck me, let the sensation build, leaving me a moaning mess. Teetering on the edge as I brought my lips to Dragus's neck sucking on his skin. He shudders beneath me as my teeth sink into his neck. His blood rushing into my mouth as I mark him, and my orgasm washes over me and I move my hips riding it out. His grip on my hips tightening before he stills and so does Matitus as we all reach

our release. I slump against Dragus, his fingers running up my spine and I could see he was fighting to stay awake.

Matitus pulls out of me, dropping on the bed beside us before pulling me on his chest.

I rest for a bit and no I will miss being like this with them, but I was no longer thinking for myself, I had to think for my people and until Silas sorts out his own problems, I won't be back. I know there has to be something beyond those borders, something marvellous. I could feel it and I was going to find it.

#### Author Note

Elora's found herself and won't back down now and Dragus has been marked, what do you think will happen when Silas realizes she is leaving? Twist coming up will try and update again tonight.

## **Read Chosen by the dragon kings novel Chapter 65 online free**

#### Elora's POV

They took ages to fall asleep, and Silas never came to bed at all, still obviously in one of his moods. I couldn't wait any longer though. It was five 5AM and the Fae were meeting in the centre of town. Yesterday Aldrin said they would follow, so now we would see if that were true. He told everyone to pack light and only bring essentials.

Getting up, I rummage through the walk-in looking for a bag when Abigail walks in nearly making me jump out of my skin in fright. My heart pounding and I heard Dragus and Matitus stir in their sleep. Abigail places a finger to her lips before holding up a black bag. She hands it to me, and I quickly stuff it full of clothes fit for the cold winter. Once that was done, I quickly get changed into jeans, boots, long sleeved shirt and parker. Handing one of the parkers to Abigail she quickly puts it on, and I hand her a pair of spare boots.

Abigail wanted to come but was leaving Claire behind with her mother until we found somewhere safe to call home. Claire told us going outside was dangerous, that the broken ones were on the other side but wouldn't tell Abigail anymore when she took her home. So, to be on the safe side we were leaving her behind until we were sure it was safe. Walking out, I look to my



mates sleeping soundly in bed. I knew they would follow me blindly, but I didn't want to put them in a position to choose, that wasn't fair on them. As much as they disagreed with Silas, I knew they loved him, and he them so instead I chose for them.

Just as I walk toward the door, I notice my mothers necklace sitting on the dresser and quickly pocket it, something was urging me to take it, telling me I would need it although I wasn't sure for what besides being past down from generation to generation it was only a necklace. The urge was something else like it was calling to me and me it. Shaking off the weird sensation that rolled over me, I follow Abigail downstairs. Marian was staying behind to watch over Lilith and would come once we found out whether or not it was safe. We quickly creep to the front door passing the study, Silas was asleep in the armchair next to the fireplace. His arms folded across his broad chest and his head slumped forward.

Abigail and I grab a cloak each wrapping it around us before cracking the door open. My heart pounds in my chest when the heavy door creaks and Abigail freezes looking for any sign, we may have woke Silas. When we hear no movement, we duck out. The wind blasting us, and I shiver from its icy coldness. The sky completely white and the snow was thick on the ground.

We make our way to the centre of town, only Aldrin and his wife were there waiting, and I figured that must be all who decided to come with us. Aldrin and his wife's face lighting up when they see me and Aldrin turns toward me when I notice an enchanted whip wrapping around his arm, feel the energy coming of it, cerulean blue and strong. I had no doubt in my mind that Helcate Magic was running through it. "Your child?"

"With my wife's father till we know it is safe" Aldrin says, and I nod.

"What's that"

"Family Heirloom, first time I have been able to use it, wouldn't unlock without magic" I nod wondering what he meant.

"Where's yours?" He asks.

"Where my what?" I ask wondering what he meant.

"The Aziza sword,"

“Aziza sword? Never heard of it” I answer unsure. He looks me over and I wondered what he was looking for.

“You don’t have anything from your bloodline, a bracelet?” He asks and I shake my head.

“No, only my mother’s necklace” I tell him pulling it from my pocket and showing him. He takes it from me shaking his head a smile on his face.

“Hold out your arm” He says, and I do as he tells me.

“He pushes my sleeve up and I watched mesmerised as he runs the chain over the pattern of my markings before I feel the Zap, my magic absorbed the necklace, wrapping around my arm becoming attached my skin, the pendant bleeding into my palm and the rest of the chain slivering around my fingers. It wasn’t tight but the Necklace changed becoming embedded in my skin and glowed the same colour of my markings.

“Huh” I tell him shocked, I always thought it was a necklace and key to the book.

“How do I use it?”

“It will sense when you are in danger. Never take it off my Queen” He says bowing slightly and I look to his, and realise he too has the Fae markings. Though his were blue and slightly different instead of blossoms and flames like I had, his were leaves and vines.

Noticing my stare, he points to them “Helcate markings. Zane had suns, yours a different because your mates are fire creatures.”

“So, if I have the Aziza sword and you have a whip, what did Zana have?” I ask curious.

“Time ring, Zana bloodline was eradicated that much I do know, nobody has seen the ring. Not that it matters only Zana can yield it. Each are forged by the bloodlines and their magic, only those of the bloodline can yield them” Aldrin says, and I knew I would have fun picking his brain about Fae. It actually made me think he would be better to rule, he had the knowledge of the Fae so having him on my side was going to be a huge help.

“We should head off; this snowstorm looks like it’s going to be a doozy and we need to get to the caves before it hits” His wife tells me, and I look up at the sky. We start heading toward the main gates when people start coming from the streets and houses. All falling behind us, each with bags and I recognise the Fae people, but that isn’t what shocked me. It was the humans. Hundreds of people following creating an army. All dressed and eager to leave the city, eager to come with us. I thought only the Fae would come but even I had my doubts when I only saw Aldrin and his wife only standing in the town centre. Abigail nudges me with her elbow and I could tell by the look on her face she was just as shocked. I didn’t know how to feel about it. But the further we walked through the city, the more people came out and joined us.

By the time we got to the gates the sky had darkened from the brewing storm. Stopping at the heavily guarded gates. Vampires surround us but even they seemed weary by the overwhelming number of us, they were definitely worried about the silver eyes glowing back at them, Fae with magic weren’t be messed with but if this turned into a bloodbath, I didn’t know how we would fair considering no one knew how to use their magic. Though I was quite certain Aldrin did, his knowledge was unbelievable, and I too knew I could trust my guides to help me and show me.

Stepping forward when he approaches, the humans cringe back but Aldrin steps forward with me.

“Do your owners know you’re out” The vampire sneered. His red eyes glowing brightly against his pale skin and black hair.

“My owners?” I ask,

“Yes, girl you’re the dragon kings pet, now get back home before I send word to them” He says, but he suddenly steps, back all of them do. Looking over my shoulder Abigail’s hands were glowing green, and all the Fae had stepped forward moving to the front their silver eyes glowing brightly.

“Step aside leech” Aldrin warns him, and the vampire looks uncertain, looking to his comrades who also looked just as confused.

“You don’t know what you’re asking, you can’t go out there. What lies beyond these gates isn’t safe” He tells us.

"Well, that is for us to decide, so step aside and let us through. We won't ask again" I warn him. He stares at me and I could tell he didn't like taking orders from a Fae, let alone a woman.

"Your funeral" He says before nodding to the men by the gates. Motioning with his hand toward them. They press some buttons and the gates slowly start to open. We all start walking toward them.

"You're going to die, you just killed everyone here by leaving the safety of the City"

"We are no safer out there than we are in here" Aldrin tells him and the vampire glares at him. We march through the gates to the other side. I could feel everyone's excitement about breaking out of the City, but I was too nervous to feel excited along with them. All I could see was white, a sea of white everything dusted in snow.

"Stay alert" I yell to everyone and they fall silent. We continue walking toward the mountain knowing there must be caves in them. We walk for hours and I never let my guard down, too many people had given warning about leaving the confines of the castle so obviously there was something that had them worried.

Suddenly out of nowhere, I hear a thunderous roar coming from the direction of the castle. They were awake and I was actually surprised the vampire didn't warn them earlier about us leaving maybe he was hoping we all died. Everyone picked up pace. It was freezing and I could tell the humans were really struggling with icy blast of the wind, hear their teeth chattering. The snowstorm becoming so bad it started to get hard to see what was directly in front of us, like walking into a wall of snow, you couldn't tell where the ground ended, and the sky started. All you could see was white.

Everyone holding hands so no one drifted off or got lost. That's when I saw something. I stop, Aldrin's wife bumping into my back.

"What is it?" She asks as I squint, trying to see anything through the wind. Even with my enhanced eyesight I could hardly see anything, but I swear I saw something dark move and whatever it was, was huge. Blinking, I strain my eyes looking for movement when I feel a cold sensation rush down my arm, feel my magic seeping into my fingertips, feeling something wrap around my hand before feeling the coldness of steel pressed in my palm. Looking

down, I see the Aziza sword and gasp, it looked crystalline like my wings but felt hard as steel, purple veins of my magic woven and intertwined in it.

That's when the awe of it shattered into a million pieces. Aldrin said the sword would come forward when danger was lurking so as much as I was amazed by it, it frightened me. Aldrin rushes over and I see his whip in his hand spiralling to the ground.

"Well, whatever is out here, we just found it" He whispers looking down at my sword.

"Can you see anything?" I ask

"Not a god damn thing" He says, squinting through the wind.

"Human's move to the centre, those who know how to use magic form a perimeter around them, we are not alone out here anymore" I call over the wind unsure if everyone heard but I feel movement on the ground and through the tugging of hands and clothes. Abigail's hand glows subtly, her eyes searching, looking for any danger. That's when I see it out of the corner of my eye, and I whirl around trying to catch a glimpse of it, but it once again disappeared.

Everyone on edge and alert. The wind dying down slightly making it a little easier to see before we notice it. Scales. Though it didn't look like a Dragon, it was grotesque and bigger than human, yet have a long-barbed tail, talons but stood on two feet. Everyone holding their breath when they too notice it in the distance. It turns around its face morphed reptilian coldblooded eyes staring back at us and I could just make out its features.

He looked like a half-shifted Dragon, stuck in an unnatural form between shifts. It doesn't move for a second just staring like it was shocked to see anyone out here, then suddenly it roared which more sounded like a wail, my ears ringing but I refuse to take my eyes off it. The broken one's, I now understood what Claire meant by the broken ones, what I was most shocked by was the fact that the broken ones are Dragon's

Author Note

Leave a comment, let me know what you think.