

Read Chosen by the dragon kings novel Chapter 1 online free

When I was a child, my grandma used to tell me stories. At the time, I never gave them much thought. Thinking they were just that... stories. Growing up, I soon realized that they weren't lofty fantasies and fairy tales, but memories of her past, memories of our ancestors before our world turned to shit. You see, what comes from legend, no matter how exaggerated the story becomes, there is always a sliver of truth. You just need to weed out the fiction from fact.

My grandmother used to tell me stories of the Chosen One. The one who would save us all. When I was younger, I used to believe that what she said was true. That eventually someone would be born, just as the Oracle predicted. Someone who could save our souls and bind us back to our magic. Once I grew up and saw the world unfolding around me, I no longer believed in salvation. The chosen one seemed to be more of a prayer than reality. Some dream we wanted desperately to come true. Something for which we all prayed and prayed. Something in which we needed to find hope when there wasn't any left.

When our ancestors turned their backs on us, how were we expected to believe in this so-called salvation? Especially when all we witnessed was death and carnage ever since the great war. Nothing except pain and poverty. I used to believe the stories, used to pray for the mysterious chosen one that would rid our world of its evil. Now though, I see it for what it really is, just a dream of hope. Some out of reach fairy-tale. A story to create hope. Hope is dangerous; it makes you believe things will get better. I stopped hanging on to hope when I witnessed firsthand that it caused nothing but heartache.

When the uprising happened twelve years ago, all Fae creatures fought alongside the elves and the angels trying to right the wrongs of our ancestors from the great war, trying to restore the balance back to where it was meant to be. My parents were among those who fought bravely. I was nine at the time. My grandmother hid me in the bunker under our house, promising to watch over me if they didn't return.

Only when we came back up, the world had changed, and so did my life. My parents were gone. Not a single person who fought in the war survived. No Elves, no Fae, no Angels. Even the humans were mostly wiped out, including the Oracle. Her death was the biggest blow because with it, we lost not only lives, but our magic.

I was part of a dying species. There were hardly any Fae left. A few hid, but we tried our best to keep to the shadows, trying to go unnoticed. I had never met another Fae other than my grandmother, yet I refused to believe we are the only ones left. We were on the bottom of the food chain now, next to humans. Ruled over by the Dragon Kingdom.

The Dragon Kingdom was different from any before it, and those that ruled were merciless and cruel. No one was allowed in or out without their say so. I have never left the city, forced to hide amongst those that live here, hoping that we remain unnoticed. Because being Fae was a death sentence. If caught and discovered, you prayed your death was quick and not the torturous death that so many were forced to suffer in the uprising.

At the top of the food chain were the Dragons, then the Lycans and Vampires. We used to be next before the Elves and the Pixies, then the Mermaids. Right at the bottom were humans. Now we were right beside them, the scavengers of the world, taking what was left after the rest discarded what they didn't want. Fae without magic might as well have been human. We look like humans except our eyes, each unique to our bloodline. Mine were the color of amethyst, like my mother's bloodline. My bloodline was all but eradicated. We used to be among one of the largest Fae families, helping to rule among our kind. My bloodline was royalty, now gone, just like our ancestors, leaving only me and my grandmother.

My grandmother said our bloodline used to be among the royal Fae, that our ancestors achieved great things. Now I was the last one of our bloodline and possibly the second last Fae. Once I go, that's it. The survival of my bloodline rests entirely upon my shoulders. Yep, the future didn't look great for my family, soon to be snuffed out of existence.

My twenty-first birthday was coming up. I had been dreading this day for as long as I could remember, the day when they would hunt me down and drag me to the castle. There weren't many job opportunities for Fae, just like the humans. Fae were now nothing but a distant memory people refuse to believe existed, so we disguise ourselves by blending in with the humans. Most humans were sold into the sex trade or into slavery, unless, of course, you were caught and proven to be Fae.

Then you only earned the right to die painfully for the sins of your ancestors. That is why no Fae exists. That is why my grandmother and I keep to the shadows, blending in with the humans, so we remain unnoticed.

Turning twenty-one was a significant day for Fae creatures. It is the day when our magic is supposed to manifest. No Fae have been found since the uprising, at least not that I know of. It's believed when we lost the war, then the Oracle it angered the fates, and they shunned the Fae stripping us of our magic. The ancestors turned their backs on all of us. My grandmother told me it was to try to stop the extinction of our kind, yet I believe they just gave up on all of us.

Confined to the shadows, while a hopeless existence, was probably for the best. Remaining powerless meant that our true abilities could not be yielded by the evil forces that now plagued our world.

These days, the Dragons and Vampires summon all humans on their birthday. Humans would line up and stand before the rulers, who would ultimately decide their fate. If you showed any magical ability, they killed you instantly, whether or not you were Fae. And if they were unsure? Well, you would die anyway. My grandmother said it went against everything she believed in. That magic was sacred and meant to be something celebrated, not condemned to death for having.

In one week, they would summon me. My grandmother and I have remained hidden in the hopes I go unnoticed. My grandmother refused, point blank, to let them find me. She could not imagine me being sold off to the highest bidder. Yet, deep down, I knew she was powerless to stop them. Sure, she had power, the only Fae on earth with ancient magic still flowing through her veins. The magic that had kept us alive. Yet her magic was slowly dwindling. It would eventually die out. Then, we would truly face our demise.