

## Read Chosen by the dragon kings novel Chapter 11 online free

I wait for Abigail to drop the clothes off before having a shower. Using the wooden chair, I brace it under the door handle. I definitely don't want a repeat of yesterday with them invading my personal space. Showering quickly, I dress in the sweater dress Abigail gave me. It was black and warm, but I didn't like that it showed off so much of my legs.

Opening the door, I find Matitus waiting in the corridor.

"Block the door again, I will make you shower with me understood?" he says, not even trying to hide his anger. But why would he? He was one of the feared Dragon Kings and used to getting his way. Not wanting to anger him further, I nod before looking away. Matitus grips my chin, forcing me to look up into his snake-like eyes.

"I said understood?"

I nod my head feverishly.

"Words Elora."

"Yes, understood," I whisper, fighting the urge to roll my eyes at him and his tone of voice. I felt like I was being scolded by a teacher, not that I went to school. My grandmother schooled me and taught me the basics, like reading and writing and basic math.

He let go before gripping my elbow and pulling me to the kitchen where Abigail was waiting. Abigail looked up before turning her attention elsewhere. Matitus walks out, and I wait for Abigail to finally look up. She lets out a breath, looking relieved that Matitus was gone.

"Thank the heavens" she whispers when he could no longer hear. "You need to watch yourself around them, Elora. They may not be that bad now, but once Silas comes back they won't be as gentle."

"Gentle, that's them being gentle?" I ask incredulously.

She nods before chewing the end of nail nervously.

"We need to get to work, Silas likes everything a particular way and the last girl I worked with got killed because she forgot to take a bin out" Abigail says, concern spreading all over her face.

I couldn't believe they would kill someone over something so ridiculous. On the plus side, Abigail is talking more and looks a little more relaxed while no one other than me is around. Looking around the kitchen, no one was here. Which I thought was odd. Abigail must have noticed me looking around because she answered my thoughts.

"They left to get supplies. Once Silas comes back, no one may leave the castle until he goes again. Last time he stayed a month. I didn't get to see my daughter for an entire month," she says sadly. I put a consoling hand on her shoulder.

"Where does he go?" I inquire.

"To find his mate, or the chosen one as they call her," Abigail mumbles.

"The chosen one?" I ask, wondering if it is the same chosen one my grandmother used to tell stories about.

"Yes, the one that can carry their children," she whispers before shutting her mouth when she hears something fall over in the corridor. We both straighten up as a young boy, who looked to be about twelve, walks in carrying a bucket and broom.

"Peter, geez you nearly gave me a heart attack," she says, and I could hear her heart pounding in her chest before settling, my hearing was heightened significantly more than a human's which came in handy but also annoying at times.

"Sorry Abbie," he says before his gaze turns to me, his brown hair falling over his brown eyes before he sweeps it aside.

"You're Fae" he says, eyeing me with a matter-of-fact expression.

"Yes she is. Now stop staring, it's rude," Abigail scolds him.

"Is she the one, the one they have been looking for" he asks.

"I think so, we will know when Silas gets back" she tells him, and his face drops as he looks at me nervously.

"I better go, good luck, you're going to need it. I pray you're not the one they are looking for," he says before racing out the back of the kitchen.

"What does he mean?" I ask, turning back to Abigail. She walks to the door peering out the corridor making sure no one is around.

"He means if you are who they have been looking for," she says rather abruptly.

"Please, you have to tell me," I beg.

Abigail looks uncertain and cautious. "If you are, they will make you birth all their heirs, it's more than that though. Silas hates Fae. I am not sure why, but everyone they have found has never left alive," she whispers.

At that moment, I couldn't decide what was more shocking, what they wanted me for or the fact that they actually found other Fae people. One thing became crystal clear: I had to get out of the city before Silas came back.

"Please, you have to help me get out of here," I plead, a note of desperation in my voice.

"I can't help you, they will kill my daughter, I am sorry Elora," says Abigail sorrowfully.

I hang my head, knowing there is nothing Abigail can do.

We finish cleaning the kitchen and when we are done, Abigail instructs me to take the rubbish out. Walking out the back door, I notice a truck and smile, an idea coming to me like a bolt of lightning. The bin man was coming to collect the dumpster that sat up out the back of the castle. This would be my only chance. I wonder if this was Abigail's way of helping me escape without helping. The timing of me coming out here was too coincidental. Running to the bin, I quickly climb in and wait for the truck to lift it. I gag from the smell, but what other option did I have? Suddenly, I feel the bin move and quickly move to the back before it dumps me into the back of the truck. The violent motion of falling makes me throw up when bin juice tipped all over me.

Luckily, the truck that picks up the garbage is only a regular dump truck and not one with the crushing machine in the back. That would have probably killed me. The only real advantage of this situation is that the disgusting rubbish covers my scent. I let out a breath when I feel the truck move. It drives for about five minutes before I hear the brakes screech. The gate, I realize, feeling my heart race. Outside, I hear people talking and someone climbs up the back. Shit, I think, they're going to search the back. Holding my breath and fighting the urge to be sick again, I burrow under the rubbish, pulling boxes over the top of me.

"Clear," I hear a man sing out.

When I feel the truck move again, I scramble to the top of the garbage pile and suck in a lungful of semi putrid fresh air. I wait a few minutes and pray the coast is clear before looking out the back of the truck, waiting for an opportunity to jump out. I need to head home first and change my clothes. There was no way I was remaining in this dress now.

When the truck stops up an alleyway to collect another bin, I quickly scrambled out, climbing up the side and on to the bin that had been lifted before jumping onto the retaining wall behind it. Without looking back, I run, jumping fences, and zigzagging through alleyways. I knew this city like the back of my hand having grown up here and found my way home easily.

I finally arrive and look upon my front door, taking a deep breath. When I open the door, the worst smell I've ever smelled plagues my nostrils. I nearly threw up again. Grandma, I realize, her body is still here. Gasping, I peg my nose with my fingers. Stopping in the hall, I fight the urge to look into the lounge room. I didn't want to see her dead body still sitting on the couch. I also didn't want to relive that night. I needed to remember her the way she was before all this and right now. At this moment, I have one task, and that is to find some clothes and the book my grandmother hid under the floorboards. I then needed to escape the city and find elsewhere to live. The city had never been safe for me, but with the return of Silas and him knowing of my existence, it was now a death wish to stay.

I find my room exactly the way I left it the night I was awoken to the screams of our neighbours. The bed is still a mess, and the lamp is still on. I flick it off and walk to the corner to rummage through my clothes that were in the basket, grabbing some jeans and a hoodie. I scrub the garbage juice from my face and get dressed. I didn't want to shower because as gross as it is, the rubbish will cloak my scent. Not only that, but I also didn't exactly have time.

I run into the hall and use my fingers to pry up the first floorboard, grabbing the book that was wrapped in white cloth and tucking it inside my hoodie pocket. Looking up the hall toward my bedroom, I feel a deep sense of sadness knowing I was leaving my grandmother's dead body without giving her a proper burial, but I also know she would've wanted me to survive. Once outside, I take one final look at my home before taking off at a run, towards the forest that lines the edges of the city. As long as I could get through the thick forest to the fence, I stood a chance of survival. Once there, I could climb over and escape the confines of the city, into the unknown. While it may sound easy, I remember the border fence was always under surveillance with guards everywhere. If I could just find an opportunity, a moment, to climb the barbed wire fences while they looked the other way... I'd stand a chance.

I spent all day trekking through the rough forest terrain. By the time I am about halfway through, night began to fall, and the temperature began to drop considerably. Nights in the city were always unforgiving. I just hope it didn't snow. The ground is already cold enough without shoes and only socks. Snow would not only slow me down, but it might just make me freeze to death.

The night completely sets in, and I can just make out the full moon making me curse. Full moons supercharged most night creatures, and I knew that Vampires would likely be guarding the border. When I hit a small clearing, I know I'm not far from the border's edge now. Looking out and around the tree line I bee lined straight for the cover of the trees on the other side of the clearing. Nearly to the tree line, I can hear howls and wings off in the distance. Looking up, I see a massive Dragon fly over the clearing. Dropping to the ground I hid amongst the grass praying to the fates they didn't see me.