

## Read Chosen by the dragon kings novel Chapter 3 online free

Victor, the store owner, looks up. A smile plays on his lips when he sees me. He always liked my grandmother. They used to be friends before everything went to shit.

“Elora dear, how is your grandmother?” he asks. Victor appeared concerned at seeing me this late in the day, he knew I had to try and be home before dark. That’s when the night creatures like the vamps would come out to hunt down their victims. It was never safe to be on the street after dark, easy picking for the more malevolent creatures.

“Not good, Victor. The cough hasn’t gone away. She is getting worse,” I tell him, retrieving my grandmother’s wedding band from my pocket.

I drop it on the counter, shooting him a knowing look. He snatches it, placing it in his pocket, and nods his head before ducking out the back and bringing back a bottle of liquid. Victor knows what my grandmother is, yet he never mentions it, knowing it is a death sentence if anyone heard him speak of the Fae.

“Give her this three times a day; I haven’t got anything stronger. Herbs are becoming harder to find, especially in the winter.” I nod before grabbing the bottle and placing my hood back over my head.

“Elora stay safe out there,” he warns, following behind me, getting ready to barricade himself in before those that go bump in the night come out to play.

I stepped into the freezing air. My toes had gone numb already from the mud and snow sinking into my shoes. Bowing my head against prying eyes, I take off for home, running. When I reach the corner, I run into someone.

I mutter “Sorry” at them before I go to take off, only for them to grab my arm, ripping me in front of them. I can see the man’s black boots as my eyes remain fixed to the ground. His grip on my arm is tight but also warm as I feel his heat seep into my skin through the jacket.

“Take the hood off,” a man’s deep voice commands. I try to free myself of his grip, yet he is stronger, his fingers bruising, his grip never wavering. He yanks my hood off, revealing my black hair. I continue averting my eyes. Anyone

could tell I wore contact lenses if they looked closely. My heart skips a beat when I hear his voice again.

“Look at me, girl,” the voice grumbles.

I shake my head, trying yet again to wriggle out of his grip. He grabs my face, forcing my eyes to look into his. I can see people watching the scene play out, fear clear on their faces. I soon figure out why when my eyes dart to his gold reptilian eyes, bearing into mine. This man is Dragon, I hear him growl lowly; it rumbles through his chest, his eyes flicker dangerously, eyes that weren't human, his tan skin is warm even through my parka. I barely reached the middle of his chest. His hair was dark, almost black in color but longer on top, he looked like he hadn't shaved for a couple of days, stubble lining his face, his features were sharp, high cheekbones and nice full lips, he looked like a woman's wet dream. Yet his aura was intimidating, his grip on me unrelenting.

“What are you?” he demands.

One thing I hated about being Fae was our inability to lie. We could beat around the bush but couldn't answer a direct question dishonestly. I press my lips into a tight line, fighting the urge to answer as I stare wide eyed at the man.

A fight between two homeless people breaks out up the street, distracting him for a second. I don't waste any time before ripping my parka off and sliding my arms out, escaping his clutches. I run up an alleyway using the dumpster to jump the fence before sprinting behind the next building. I feel my muscles seizing in the cold and my breath leaves clouds in the air with each breath. I hear a mighty roar and know he is chasing after me. I keep running, refusing to look back.

When I see houses lined up along the street, I dart through their yards, jumping fence after fence and finally losing him. Though that's not all I lost. In the jacket was my grandmother's medicine. But I don't have time to turn back. Desperate, I continue to run until I find our house, bursting through the door and slamming it shut behind me. My heart was pounding in my chest so hard I could hear its erratic rhythm. That was close, too close.

“Elora dear, is that you?” I hear my grandma say before she breaks out into a violent coughing fit. I make my way to her; she is still in the kitchen sitting at the table. She smiles softly before noticing my jacket is missing.

“What happened?” she asks breathlessly. Worry making her thin brows furrow.

“I ran into a Dragon,” I say, my voice shaking. “He chased me, but I think I lost him.”

My grandmother frowns in mild panic and starts coughing again. I race to her side, looking on helplessly as the coughing fit racks her slight frame.

“I lost the medicine grandma; it was in the jacket. I will have to try again tomorrow,” I tell her, tears welling in my eyes.

“It is okay dear, what matters is you are safe now,” she murmurs, though I can sense the fear of me nearly being caught worrying her. Her hands tremble slightly on the table as her nails tap with worry.

The night goes quickly. We were asleep when we heard the voices of people out in the street screaming. I jolt upright, paralysed with fear. Walking over to the window, I pull the curtain back slightly making sure to not stand where I can be seen. I peer out, seeing men with torches, some in human form, others not. They were ripping people into the street, going from door to door. I see a man in armour go to the house next door to us before I hear the shrill sound of a woman screaming as she is dragged into the street, her family looking on helplessly as she is dragged by her hair.

My blood runs cold hearing her begging and pleading with them as they drag her from her house. The entire street is in chaos. I run over to the couch where my grandmother is sleeping, only she too is now wide awake and looking alert having heard the cries of everyone on the street.