

First Chosen by the Dragon

7-9 minutes

Dreams Beyond Broken Wings — 7

Jan 21, 2026[Cassandra's POV]I wake to cold silk beneath my fingers where warmth should be. My hand sweeps across the velvet cushion beside my bed, searching for the familiar weight of scales. Finding nothing but empty fabric. The scream tears from my throat before my mind fully processes the horror. "No. No, no, no!" I throw myself from the bed, tearing through blankets, upending furniture. The egg was here. Right here. Should've been. Gone. It's gone. Was it there yesterday, when I went to bed? I remember not checking, too exhausted by such a perfect day. Everything went exactly as planned. And now it's gone. My screams bring the entire household running. Servants crowd my doorway. Guards push through with weapons drawn. And then my parents appear, faces pale. "Cassandra!" Mother rushes to my side. "What happened? Are you hurt? Speak to me, darling!" "The egg," I gasp between sobs. "Someone took my egg! It's gone!" Father's expression hardens. "What do you mean, took it? It was here last night." "I know! But now it's gone! Someone crept in while I slept and stole it from me!" I let the tears fall freely. Inside, my mind races through possibilities. Who would dare? The answer strikes like lightning. "Evelyn." The name tastes like poison. "She did this. She stole what was mine because she couldn't accept her fate. That jealous little wretch!" Mother's face twists with fury. "That ungrateful creature... After everything we gave her, she dares to betray us like this?" "Find her," Father commands, spinning toward his guards. "Search every corner of Mintia. Send scouts to our borders immediately. I want my daughter's dragon egg returned and that thief brought before me in chains." "She can't have gotten far," I add, forcing my voice to tremble. "She's weak. Pathetic. She'll be hiding somewhere close, too cowardly to truly run." Father nods sharply. "Double the patrols. Check every inn, every stable, every cave within three days' ride. No one rests until she's found. Go. Now!" The guards scatter to obey. Servants hover until Mother waves them away. "My poor darling." She sits beside me, stroking my hair. "We'll retrieve the dragon egg and punish the traitor. I promise you that, my sweet girl." "She ruined everything..." I whisper. "I was supposed to bond with my dragon. I was supposed to lead our House. How could she do this to me?" "You still will lead. This changes nothing permanent. Evelyn is a desperate, cornered animal now. She won't evade our hunters for long." w(w)w.No(v)EIIŴσⓇm.čôm Father paces near the window, fury radiating from every movement. "When we catch her, she'll pray for death long before I grant it. I'll make her regret drawing breath." "Make her suffer," I plead.

“Make her regret ever defying us. Promise me, Father.” “Oh, I intend to. Trust me on that, daughter. She will know true agony before the end.” They stay until my sobs have gone quiet, before Father declares he must oversee the search himself. www.Novellworm.com “Rest now,” Mother instructs gently. “I’ll send someone with tea to calm your nerves. You need your strength.” “Thank you, Mother. I don’t know what I’d do without you both supporting me through this nightmare.” “You’ll never have to find out. We love you, Cassandra. Always.” The door closes behind them and my tears dry instantly. I rise from the bed, pacing the length of my chambers with measured steps. The performance was perfect. They suspect nothing but righteous fury. But beneath my composed surface, cold fear coils in my stomach. Raw and unfamiliar. The ancient laws of the dragon riders are absolute. A rider who loses their egg before hatching forfeits their life. The bond is sacred beyond all else.

If word spreads that I lost my egg, stolen from my own chambers, my position means nothing. Death. The punishment for such failure is death. I clench my fists until my nails bite crescents into my palms. This cannot be happening. A knock sounds at my door and I compose my features into distress. “Enter.” Kael steps inside, concern creasing his face. He crosses to me immediately, pulling me close. “I heard the commotion. Everyone’s talking about it. Are you alright? What happened here, my love?” “Evelyn stole my egg...” I let my voice crack. “She took it and disappeared into the night like a common thief.” His arms tighten around me. “That pathetic creature actually dared to do this? I can scarcely believe it.” “She’s more desperate than we realized. Dangerous, even. If she bonds with that dragon before we find her...” “She won’t. Your parents will find her before that can happen. They have scouts everywhere.” “But what if they don’t?” I pull back, letting real fear show. “The ancient laws, Kael. If I’ve lost my egg permanently, they’ll execute me. You know what happens to riders who lose their eggs.” “No one will kill you.” His voice drops low and steady. “Listen to me carefully, my love. Your parents control what information leaves this house. As far as anyone outside knows, the egg is perfectly safe in your possession.” “But the scouts will talk—” “Will be told they’re hunting a dangerous criminal who attacked you. Nothing about the egg specifically. Your father isn’t stupid enough to advertise such vulnerability to rival houses.” His logic cuts through my panic. He’s right. Of course he’s right. “We just need to retrieve it before anyone discovers the truth,” Kael continues. “Before she can hatch it or trade it for protection elsewhere. We have time.” “Trade it?” The thought hadn’t occurred. “You think she’d give my dragon to our enemies?” “Desperate people do desperate things. She has nothing left to lose now. She might offer it to anyone willing to shelter her.” I resume pacing. The fear remains, but purpose sharpens above it. “She’ll be nearby, she knows she can’t outrun us.” I reason aloud. “I’m certain she’s close.” “Then we’ll find her swiftly. I’ll lead the search party myself if necessary. I won’t fail you.” www.Noelworm.com I turn to face him. “You would do that? Spend all that time to find my egg? For me?” “I’d do anything for you.” He cups my face. “You

know that, Cassandra. We're together now. Your enemies are my enemies. Always." His devotion warms something cold inside me. I chose well when I stole him from Evelyn. But humiliation burns deeper than the fear. My weak sister dared to steal from me. Dared to defy everything I've built. "Find her," I command, voice cold as mountain ice. "Find her and bring back what's mine. Before anyone asks questions we can't answer." "Consider it done. I'll have her within the week, I swear it." "Make sure she's alive when you catch her. Death is too quick a mercy. I want her to watch while I bond with my dragon. I want her to see everything she tried to steal." "As you wish, my love." He kisses me once, hard and promising, then leaves to organize the hunt.

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Alone again, I stare out at the mountains. Somewhere out there, my stupid sister runs with my future clutched to her chest. She thinks she's escaped. But she's wrong. Cedella is a passionate storyteller known for her bold romantic and spicy novels that keep readers hooked from the very first chapter. With a flair for crafting emotionally intense plots and unforgettable characters, she blends love, desire, and drama into every story she writes. Cedella's storytelling style is immersive and addictive—perfect for fans of heated romances and heart-pounding twists.

First Chosen by the Dragon

8-10 minutes

Dreams Beyond Broken Wings — 8

Jan 21, 2026 I've always hated my older sister. Our parents made sure of that. From the moment I was old enough to understand words, they taught me what Evelyn truly was. A curse. A harbinger. The daughter who nearly killed our mother just by being born. "Sixteen hours of agony," Mother told me once. "I nearly bled to death bringing her into this world. The healers said it was a miracle I survived at all." When the witch came with her prophecy—one sister would save the House, one would destroy it—they already knew which was which. Evelyn had tried to kill Mother before taking her first breath. My birth, two years later, was easy. Quick. Healthy. More proof of what they already believed. And now I stand in Father's study, watching my parents tear each other apart over the sister who should have been disposed of years ago. "This is your fault," Father snarls at Mother. "You coddled her. Let her grow strong enough to actually run." "My fault?" Mother's laugh cuts sharp as broken glass. "You're the one who insisted we wait. 'She'll break eventually,' you kept saying. 'No need to rush.' Look where your patience got us." "If you'd let me handle her after the training hall incident—" "You wanted to exile her immediately! I said we needed to be careful, to plan properly!" "And now she's gone! With Cassandra's egg!" Their voices crash against each other

like waves on rocks. I watch from the doorway, arms crossed, letting them exhaust themselves. This is what they do. Blame each other. WW@.ñ©V@lw0Rm.c@M@Circle endlessly while the real problem escapes further from our reach. “Enough,” I say finally. My voice slices through their bickering. “Fighting about the past won’t retrieve my egg.” Both turn to face me. Father’s jaw clenches tight while Mother smooths her dress with trembling hands. “Cassandra’s right,” Mother murmurs. “We need to focus on finding her, not assigning blame.” Father moves to his desk, unrolling a map of our territories. “The scouts have been searching for three days. They found tracks heading east toward the outer settlements.” “East?” I step closer to examine the parchment. “Toward the border passes?” “The trail goes cold near the eastern reaches.” Father traces a line with his finger. “She could be hiding anywhere in the foothills by now.” “Or she crossed into Aeloris,” Mother adds quietly. A chill runs down my spine. Aeloris is vast—dozens of enemy houses controlling the coastline, each guarding their sea dragons nests with jealous fury. “She wouldn’t dare,” I say slowly. “The coastal lords don’t take kindly to mountain rogues.” “Desperate people do desperate things.” Father’s expression darkens. “If she’s seeking shelter with one of the lesser houses...” “What, trading our bloodline’s egg for protection?” Mother shakes her head. “Even Evelyn isn’t that stupid. Those minor houses would sooner steal the egg and turn her over to us for a reward.” “Unless she found someone foolish enough to believe her lies.” I stare at the map, tracing possible routes. “She’s always been good at playing the victim.” Father slams his fist on the desk. “Then what do you suggest? We can’t march forces into Aeloris without cause. It would start conflicts we can’t afford.” “We don’t need forces. We need information.” I meet his eyes steadily. “Send spies to the minor houses. Merchants, travelers, anyone who won’t draw attention.” “All of them? There must be two dozen lesser families scattered along that coast.” “Then we start with the most likely. The houses who desperate enough to shelter a rogue for coin or leverage.” My nails dig into my palms. “She’s not clever enough to hide for long.” Mother laughs suddenly—a brittle, humorless sound. “Perhaps she walked straight to the Black Dragon’s gates. Threw herself at Draven’s mercy.” Father snorts. “She’d be dead before she finished begging. That man executes trespassers for sport. Even Evelyn knows better than to cross into his territory.” “Can you imagine?” Mother’s lips twist with dark amusement. “Our pathetic firstborn, stumbling into the most dangerous, ruling house in Aeloris? She’d last perhaps an hour.”

They laugh together, and I allow myself a thin smile. The idea is absurd. Evelyn is many things—stubborn, resentful, irritatingly resilient—but she’s not suicidal. She’s hiding somewhere in Aeloris’s lesser territories. Some insignificant minor house, begging for scraps of protection. That’s exactly where I’ll find her. “There’s another matter we should discuss,” Mother says, her laughter fading. “The prophecy.” The word sends ice through my veins. wWw.nOVIE①wOrM.c(o)m We’ve spoken of it in whispers before. Never like this. “The

witch told us when you were young,” Father continues grimly. “On the day of the bonding ceremony, the stronger sister must kill the weaker. Only then can the House be saved from destruction.” “I remember.” My voice stays steady despite my racing heart. “You’ve been preparing me for this my entire life.” “We thought there would be more time.” Mother wrings her hands. “We thought she’d stay broken. Controllable. After what she did to you in the training hall...” “It still aches before the rain,” I murmur, touching my shoulder that is perfectly fine. The lie comes easily after all these years. “That attack proved everything we feared about her.” Father’s voice hardens with genuine conviction. “The violence in her blood finally surfaced. We should have acted then.” “Instead she ran.” Mother’s face twists with disgust. “With your dragon egg. The coward couldn’t even face her fate with dignity.” I watch my parents’ righteous anger and feel something cold settle in my chest. They truly believe Evelyn attacked me that day. They’ve never questioned it, never doubted. The training hall was my finest performance. I threw the stone, then screamed loud enough to bring them running. Fell to the floor clutching my shoulder before they burst through the door. Poor, confused Evelyn never stood a chance against my tears. [www.N\(O\)vel\(wO\)rm.com](http://www.N(O)vel(wO)rm.com) But my parents don’t know that. To them, Evelyn is exactly what I’ve spent years convincing them she is—dangerous, unstable, unworthy. A threat. “I’ll handle her myself,” I say. “When we find her, and we will, I’ll fulfill the prophecy personally.” “Cassandra...” Mother starts. “No.” I raise my hand. “You’ve both spent years managing this situation. Waiting. Hoping she’d fade into nothing useful. That approach failed.” I move to the window, staring toward the eastern mountains. “I know my sister better than anyone. Her weaknesses. Her desperate need to belong.” My lips curve into something sharp. “She’ll make a mistake. She always does.” “What do you need from us?” Father asks. “Gold for the spies. Authority to coordinate the search through Aeloris’s minor houses.” I turn back to face them. “Give me those things, and I’ll bring her back in chains.” Father studies me for a long moment, then nods. “Very well. Don’t disappoint us.” “I never have.” I stride toward the door. “I want Kael leading the search parties. He knows her habits. Her hiding places.” [www.N\(O\)vel\(wO\)rm.com](http://www.N(O)vel(wO)rm.com) “Done,” Father dismisses with a wave. I leave without another word. In the corridor, I allow myself one moment of pure, crystalline hatred. My weak, pitiful older sister actually dared to defy me. To steal what was mine. She’s probably cowering in some minor lord’s cellar right now, clutching my egg and praying we never find her. She should pray harder. Because when I find her I’ll make her watch while I take back everything. Then I’ll fulfill the prophecy with my own hands. Cedella is a passionate storyteller known for her bold romantic and spicy novels that keep readers hooked from the very first chapter. With a flair for crafting emotionally intense plots and unforgettable characters, she blends love, desire, and drama into every story she writes. Cedella’s storytelling style is immersive and addictive—perfect for fans of heated romances and heart-pounding twists.

