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Aella 1

Getting to the forest where Aragon preferred to have his afternoon rest, I spotted him curled up in his favourite spot.

His eyes blinked open, as though he sensed me coming, "Hello Lad, here for our training?"

"Lad? Seriously? Couldn't think of something better? And why scaring my pack members away?"

"Firstly, you're still a child little one, and I'm merely sleeping, I don't see how that is scaring anyone off"

"You can sleep in your human form, old man. By the way, isn't your existence meant to be a secret?"

"Only to protect you. But now it isn't necessary, no need to hide anymore."

"Sure, whatever works for your old bones. So what are we doing today?"

He stood on his fours, spreading his wings wide before curling them once more, "We'll be riding or rather you'll be riding" his voice



thundered.

"Finally" I rolled my eyes, "thought you wanted to be a riderless dragon, I wouldn't call it to be beneath you.

"Sassy little thing," he shook his head, "climb on Lad, remember all I taught you, envision it and do exactly that, he lowered himself.

"Sure thing old man, I've got this" he ignored me with a huff and turned away, "childish" I chuckled.

I approached from his left flank, the sounds of leaves crunching under my boots was all I could hear except from Aragon's constant and measured and slow breath.

I searched till my hand found the familiar warm groove under his scales, I tested the grip till I was satisfied.

"You can do this," I breathed, with a short leap I pushed myself off the ground against his foreleg, hauling my body upwards with my hands.

I pressed my chest to his scales as I climbed, moving diagonally instead of straight up just as he taught me, one foot after another, like he always said, balance first, strength later.



Reaching the wing joint, I paused, "you're doing it" Ava encouraged, I hooked my arm over the thick bridge of muscle and pulled with my strength, rolling myself up and over with my legs. Aragon shifted, a low rumble that sounded like approval vibrated through his chest.

"Careful," he sounded amused.

"I am careful" I muttered, already climbing his spine.

I used the ridged spines like steps, light but firm till I reached the corner of his neck. Finally there, I straddled him, steadying myself firmly and surely, the wind blowing my hair in different directions.

Then I slid forward even more, settling into the space just behind his horns, just like he'd shown me.

Last step now, I leaned in, gripping the ridges at his neck tightly, locking my boots into position.

"There" the word came out smugly,
"Perfect"

Aragon snorted, flexing his wings, "Try not to fall off lad"

My heart raced "Wait what?"



But he'd already ran forward and with a strong burst of energy he leapt off the ground, launching us into the air.

A loud scream left my lips, swallowed by the wind, I could barely hear my voice, instinct took over and I leaned in, pressing myself against his scales, holding on as tightly as I could.

The world beneath us blurred as we went higher, my teeth rattled violently as he spread his wings, my breathing turned shallow, I had to learn how to breathe at his pace.

The higher we went I felt lighter, no I felt free, a type of freedom I have never felt, a wisp of fear flickered but I paid no attention to it. Aragon would never let me fall.

It felt exhilarating, I could feel the hammering of my heart.

Laughter rippled through my chest, but it was swallowed by the rushing wind, my eyes blurred, tears forming in it but I refused to close them. The world was vast and endless and for the first time I didn't feel small.

"I'm flying" I muttered to my self, "I Am Flyingggggg" I screamed

Aragon only rumbled, ignoring me,



"You didn't tell me it was this easy?"

"Oh really?" He finally spoke

"If I'd known riding was this easy I wouldn't have been so nervous"

Instead of responding, he dove downwards, at full speed, curling his wings, "Aragonnnnnnn" a scream tore through my lips.

I held on tightly, he swerved right, in-between rocks or should I say mountains, then swerved left, "We're going to crash" I screamed as we kept going down, with his wings still curled, he ignored me.

Throwing caution to the wind, I held on to his neck tightly, "Aragonnn" I screamed, just before we plunged deeper into the ocean he spread his wings, tilting his body and splashing the water on us.

Finally he dove upwards again, "still think it's easy?" He mocked.

"Bully" I cursed

"Where are we?" I wondered, looking at the unfamiliar surroundings, the ocean stretched out for miles, I had never seen one so big.

"Somewhere in Goth, somewhere we aren't



meant to be" he muttered the last part, "let's head back"

"But..."

"Don't ask" he cut me off

"Fine," I huffed, folding my arms, letting go of him.

One minute I was perched on his neck, the next I was in the air, falling, wind rushing through me, a scream rippled through my throat, I could see Aragon flying as fast as he could to catch me.

Everything happened so fast, I could barely process what was happening. How did we get to this point? What went wrong?

"Moron, you let go of him and slipped" Ava screamed in my mind

"Oh my goddess," the panic set in. "We're going to die" I screamed, my chest began tightening, and somehow, my body decided to flip itself right then.

"We're not going to die, just don't look down" Ava said, her voice slightly shaky

But she was a tad bit too late, my eyes had already looked beneath it, all I could was an



empty, endless space, the ground was nowhere in sight. I could see tiny green things, if those are what I think they are then I'm going to die

"I haven't even told Eros that I love him yet" tears splurged out of my eye.

"Was this really my end?"

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