

The Chosen Ones

# The Chosen Ones

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Don't really have a good summary in mind.

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## The Chosen Ones : Chapter 1

In Sullivan, Indiana there lived a boy named Sam Green. He was seventeen years old. He was ten when his parents were killed. Sam was sent to his grandparents, but they passed away when Sam turned seventeen, then Sam was sent to a foster home. Two days later, Sam was with his foster parents. They seemed like nice people, so Sam thought. However, he just met them, he didn't know a thing about them.

He was quiet in the car the whole time. He was six foot in height and weighed a hundred and seventy-five pounds. He had black hair and green-blue eyes and a great tan, with square shoulders. He was a very cute boy but with a sad face. He was wearing a black sweatshirt with blue jeans and sneakers. He was different. Sam didn't know why he thought he was, he just knew. Even though he wanted to be normal.

Sam's older brother, Dean, was living on his own. He didn't have to go to a foster home like Sam did. Dean was twenty- three. Even though Sam was seventeen and could have lived with his brother, the state wanted him with a family for a while. Sam didn't know why the state wouldn't let him go with Dean. However, Dean put up a hell of a fight for Sam to stay with him, but it didn't work out that way.

Sam and his new family was on their way to his new home. He wasn't excited at all. He wanted to be with his own family. Sam's grandparents had been more than generous and helped him with anything he needed. They didn't just die on accident like he thought, a police officer, Chip Daniels, told him that they were murdered, like his parents. Apparently they have been poisoned to make it look like that they had a heart attack. He didn't know why all these things were happening to him. He had done nothing wrong. Before his parents died, he was a good boy. Got good grades at school, never got in trouble, did what he was told. So, why was he being punished? Why was this happening to him? He did not know. However, he would rather it be him than someone else. Sam always thought about others, never himself.

They pulled into his new home. It was two stories tall. It was a tan colored house with a dark brown door with only one window. The yard was very large and green. It was spring break and tomorrow he was starting his new school, supposedly. He didn't talk much so he thought that he wouldn't make any friends. He did not need them. Sam thought that if he even said hi to anyone in that school, that the next day they would be dead. He didn't want to take the chance. Anyway, his foster parents names are Jenny Masters and Tom Masters. He wasn't grateful that they wanted to look after him, he hated it. He was silent until Mrs. Masters spoke to him.

"Here we are. Samuel, you're room is on the second floor, second door on the left, alright?"

"Yes, ma'am." Sam replied softly and quietly.

Then, Mr. and Mrs. Masters started forward, toward the tan house. He looked at the house one last time before following Mr. and Mrs. Masters into the house. The inside looked like a million dollars. Leather furniture, vases, and art. The place looked like it was designed by an artist. But Sam didn't like it all. He knew that everything is going to be different in his new life. But he wasn't going to change the way he is.

"You can go up to you're room and settle in." Mr. Masters told him gruffly.

Sam nodded once before heading up stairs. He walked quickly. He wanted nothing more but to get away from them. He reached the second floor and saw the door where he is suppose to sleep. He looked at it. It was pure white with a golden handle. He turned the knob reluctantly and opened the door to his new life. The room was dull. One bed, no windows, a closet. The walls were the color of pure white. He put his things on the bed and sat down.

He wasn't one to complain. However, he hated being moved around all the time. He lost his mom and dad and now he is in a foster home. Sam thinks that these people will be killed, then he would be shipped off to another home. He didn't know why these things were happening to him but he wants to find out. Moreover, he didn't know where to look. Sam wasn't at all settled in, but he went downstairs anyway. They must have heard him coming because Mr. and Mrs. Masters came up to him.

"Hope that you like the new home." Mrs. Masters said to him.

Sam didn't reply. He didn't have to. He had nothing to prove to these people.

"Anyway, I would like you to go to the market and just pick up a package. If they ask who is it for, then tell them it's for Jenny Masters, okay?"

"Sure." Sam replied back.

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He walked out the front door and went right. He walked on the sidewalk for a while hopping that he was going the right way, but doubted it. He saw a young man across the street sitting by a bus stop sign. Sam looked both ways and ran across the road to the young man. When he reached him, Sam realized that the man wasn't that young but probably in the twenties. He had brown hair and blue eyes, pretty skinny but with muscles.

"Excuse me, sir. But do you happen to know where the market is?" Sam asked politely.

The man looked up and replied, "You aren't from around here, are you?" The man's voice was pretty deep.

"No, I'm not. I just moved here today, actually." He replied back.

"Tell me why would you move here? I mean of all places, why pick the most dull place in the state?" the man asked.

"I didn't have a choice."

"Why is that?"

Instead Sam asked a question rather than replying, "What is your name?"

"Dakota Cole," he replied.

"Mr. Cole, the reason why I am here is because I was sent to a foster home. My family was murdered. Is that enough detail for you?" Sam said rudely, his eyes narrowed.

"Actually, it is, sorry about your family. Anyway the market is right down that road then you turn a right."

"Thanks." Sam said, then he was gone.

Sam ran the way there instead of walking, all he wanted to do was to be left alone. He found the market and the man he had to get the package from. He got what he wanted five minutes later, then he sprinted back to his foster parents. However, something stopped him dead. He saw a man standing in Mr. and Mrs. Masters doorway. He was pretty short, tan, short black hair, kind of spiky. Sam knew who he was the minute he laid eyes on him. Dean. His brother came to see him. Sam never thought that he would do that. Sam was a bloke away, but he didn't care. His big brother, the one that looked after him his whole life, was here, standing before him! Dean turned his head, preparing to leave, until his eyes lock on Sam's.

"Sammy!" Dean yells with excitement! He runs down the steps and runs down the street towards him. Sam drops the package and runs at full speed! They collided and fell! They looked at each other and laughed. Sam couldn't remember the last time he had a good laugh. Next thing he knew Dean was tackling him. For once, Sam forgot about everything. His foster parents, his real parents, his grandparents. He only thought about having his brother, here, with him! Dean pinned him to the asphalt, he looked up at him with green eyes. Dean returned the gaze, he smiled, let Sam get up, and gave him a rib cracking hug. Sam returned it, gratefully. They let go of each other when they heard Mrs. Masters yelling for him. Sam turned his back towards her. She was waving a hand, for him to come towards her. Then remembered the package. He let go of his brother quickly, picked up the package, and ran towards Mrs. Masters, then he gave it her. He was about ready to go back to his brother, when a hand on his shoulder stopped him. He turned around again.

"I will not let him take you away," her eyes narrowing at him, "You are mine, now. You get that? You're not going anywhere."

"What you are talking about?" Sam asked with a quizzical look.

"Your brother, Dean, he is not taking you away from us. You won't be going anywhere for a long time. Enjoy the time you have with your brother today, because it will be the last time you will ever see him again." Mrs. Masters told him gruffly.

"What? What are you talking about?" Sam pulled his shoulder away and turned to look at her. He didn't see kindness or sweetness, he saw hatred and fire. He finally knew what she was talking about. He shook his head over and over. Then turned around ran as fast as he could back to his brother. Dean was going to say something, but Sam grabbed him by the arm and just kept on running, until he was out of eye shot. He stopped. Dean was looking at him strangely.

"What was that all about, Sam?" Dean asked him.

"Nothing. Just wanted to get away from them for a little bit." Sam told him.

Sam looked down at the ground. He kept on replaying what just happened. You will never see your brother again. You will never see your brother again. Over and over. He wanted to tell Dean to get him the hell out of there. But he wouldn't. Dean has too much to worry about. There were his grandparents and parents too. Why

should he put more pressure on him.

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