

S.E. WRIGHT



CHILDREN
— OF —
AVALON

THE TRAVELLER SERIES BOOK ONE

THE TRAVELLER SERIES BOOK ONE

CHILDREN
— OF —
AVALON

S.E. WRIGHT

Copyright © 2016 S.E. Wright. All rights reserved.

First Edition March 2016

Edition 1.5 January 2018

Excepting brief review quotes, this book may not be reproduced in whole or in part without the express written permission of the copyright holder. The unauthorized reproduction or distribution of this copyrighted work is illegal.

Requests to publish work from this book must be sent to S.E. Wright at contactme@sewrightauthor.com.

This is a work of fiction. Any resemblance to persons, living or dead, real events, locations, or organizations is purely coincidental.

Editing by Right Ink on the Wall, rightinkonthewall.com

Cover Design by Deranged Doctor Design,

www.derangeddoctordesign.com

Registered with the United States Copyright Office

Free Book!

Check out The Seer, The Traveller Series Novellas for FREE!

<https://bookhip.com/XPXKWB>



For updates on my other books, tap on the link below.

<https://sewrightauthor.com/books/>

CONTENTS

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

[Chapter 10](#)

[Chapter 11](#)

[Chapter 12](#)

[Chapter 13](#)

[Chapter 14](#)

[Chapter 15](#)

[Chapter 16](#)

[Chapter 17](#)

[Chapter 18](#)

[Chapter 19](#)

[Chapter 20](#)

[Chapter 21](#)

[Chapter 22](#)

[Chapter 23](#)

[Chapter 24](#)

[Chapter 25](#)

[Chapter 26](#)

[Chapter 27](#)

[Chapter 28](#)

[Chapter 29](#)

[The Seer](#)

[Acknowledgments](#)

[About the Author](#)

CHAPTER ONE



It was the only dream she could ever remember having. And it was always the same.

It had started when she had entered the foster care system, when she was four, and it had visited her ever since. Sometimes it came every other night, sometimes less, but it had always been the same. Until tonight.

Things had begun as usual. There was always this haze, as though an artist had come through and smudged everything with his paintbrush.

Kyah stood in a park and watched a child at play. She remained at a distance and felt as if she were supposed to be hiding.

The child had thick, wavy, deep red hair and startling, dark green eyes. A younger version of herself.

The park had plenty of trees and a slightly rolling landscape. It felt like late spring. There was a large pond with a few swans and ducks on its surface. The child fed them, giggling the whole time she did so.

A man stood next to her.

The man was dressed in a style Kyah recognized from the homes she cleaned every day. The homes of the wealthy. He was sharp, neat and stylish, and carried himself with confidence.

Never, in all her years of dreaming, had Kyah been able to see the man's face. The dream always ended with the little girl reaching for the man's hand.

Kyah would wake up full of longing. Always with the distinct feeling that

she was missing someone. Someone important.

Only, tonight, the dream continued. The man and the little girl's hands touched, and he whisked her up into his arms. He spun the child in a circle and they laughed together.

Kyah smiled, her heart beating so loudly that she was sure the two figures would hear. Her eyes were glued to the man's face and, finally, for the first time in twenty-one years, she made out his eyes. The same brilliant, emerald green eyes as the little girl. Her eyes.

The man started to carry the little girl away and Kyah's breath caught in her throat. He paused and turned his head slightly.

Heart thudding painfully now, she tensed as the man turned to look directly at her. No matter how hard she strained, she still couldn't make out any distinct features except the sharp, green eyes. His mouth was moving, but the sound couldn't reach her through the haze. She took an involuntary step forward. His hand reached out then and she thought she heard him shout before her. Then there was nothing but blackness.

This time, when she woke, she wasn't consumed by the aching sadness of missing someone. She only felt a sense of urgency and fear. Shaken, she jumped out of bed.

Exhausted but unable to go back to sleep, Kyah busied herself getting ready for the day while trying to commit to memory the hazy man's face.

She had always told herself the dream was just wishful thinking—not an actual memory. It was too painful to think that it could be. No one seemed to know who her parents were. No relatives had ever come forward. She had been left in an abandoned house to be discovered by a group of teenagers looking to have a party.

They had found her hungry, dirty and silent. Her clothes were designer but completely ruined by the time the partying teens stumbled across her. It puzzled everyone.

The only thing she had known to tell police was her first name. No last name, no address or phone number. She hadn't even cried for her parents. It was like she just appeared in that house one day with no memories of any sort.

The dream had almost been a comfort during times when her life had seemed to suffer constant change. That had especially been the case when she had bounced around from one foster home to the next. The dream had been a constant, something she could rely on—unlike her missing past and uncertain future.

Kyah shook all the bad memories away. But one question remained. *Why would the dream change now?*

The day started off well enough. She was on time for work as usual. The cleaning crew was divided up and sent off to the various parts of the house for their assigned cleaning duties that morning. Kyah had been assigned the master suite, which was made up of three rooms.

Unable to shake off the feeling of dread she'd woken up with, she entered the suite and started work on the bedroom.

She glanced down to make sure she had all of her cleaning supplies with her. When she glanced back up, she gasped and stopped in her tracks.

In the space where there was a door just a moment ago, a rippling silver substance was there instead. There was no sign of the bathroom beyond, just liquid-like substance filling the whole doorway. It rippled and glistened as she continued to stare questioning her sanity.

Kyah stood frozen to the spot, breathing rapidly and staring at the otherworldly phenomenon. She screwed her eyes shut and opened them again, but the silver pool remained before her.

Feeling a hand on her shoulder, she jumped, yelped and whirled around, only to come face to face with her boss, Frank.

With a look of impatience masking a barely noticeable dose of concern, Frank crossed his arms over his chest. "Just what are you staring at?"

Kyah gaped at him, eyes wide. Slowly, she turned back toward the bathroom and stared at the perfectly normal door confronting her.

"Well? Are you done with the bathroom yet?" Frank said.

With a 'humph,' he stormed over to the bathroom and yanked the door open.

Shaking his head, he turned back to Kyah. “I’m sorry, Kyah, but I’m on a schedule. I can’t keep having these delays with you.”

Jerking out of her trance, Kyah raised her hands. “Frank, I’m sorry. I thought I saw something in there so I froze up for a few minutes. That’s all! Just a few minutes!”

Frank stared at her, his arms crossed again. “It’s been a half hour since I called up here for you. You should be done by now. We need to leave and get to the next house. I’ve already sent the crew on ahead.”

Frank uncrossed his arms and placed his hands on his hips.

Not a good sign.

He stared at the floor before looking at her again.

She shook her head. “Frank, I’m sorry. I don’t know what’s going on with me lately. It won’t happen again, I promise! Please...just don’t fire me. I really need this job.”

Heaving a sigh, Frank looked up at the ceiling as if his response were written up there and he was memorizing it. “One more chance, but no more.” He looked her in the eye. “Finish up the bathroom and go home for the day. Tomorrow, we clean the house on 33rd Street, so be ready to actually work.”

With that, Frank left the room, leaving her gripping her cleaning supplies.

Get it together, Kyah.

Taking a deep breath, she bravely walked into the bathroom and cleaned it as quickly as she could.

She was just packing up the supply van when the owners arrived.

“Well, at least you got something right today.” She shook her head and made her way home.

The next day, she got into trouble with Frank again.

She was in yet another room at yet another house, on her hands and knees scrubbing a section of marble floor in a dining room full of crystal vases and glass knick-knacks. Most people would have *ooohed* and *aaahed* over the stuff in this room. When Kyah saw it all, she sighed, trying to calculate how much

time and effort it was going to take to clean it all.

When she was done with the floor, she paused. Next up was some spot-shining on all the glass tchotchkes. She was sitting back on her heels to give her back a break, and wiping the sweat dripping off her face, when she saw a flicker of light out of the corner of her eye.

Turning her head, she fully expected it to be the sun reflecting off one of the many pieces of glass in the room. But that wasn't it. What she saw was a little, golden light fluttering from one vase to another, as though drawn to each in turn.

Kyah squeezed her eyes shut, thinking maybe she'd sat up too quickly and was seeing spots. But upon opening her eyes again, the fluttering light remained. It was hovering near one of the vases.

Thinking now that it must be some odd sort of bug, Kyah got up from her knees and gingerly walked closer. If she could sneak up on it, perhaps she could catch it without breaking anything.

Only inches away, she stopped, and the light settled on the table in front of her. As she continued to stare, the light dimmed, and she could just make out a pair of tiny legs, a tiny female body, and a head of blonde hair. Iridescent blue wings folded under her gaze.

Shaking her head again, Kyah watched as the impossible creature knelt down and wrote something with her hand in the dust before standing up and nodding soberly at her. Kyah felt a sensation like her ears were filling up. It was as if she had climbed too fast in altitude. Then her ears popped.

“Ow!”

Kyah's hands went up to her ears. With the popping, the impossible tiny person had vanished. Walking up to the vase, she read its words in the dust: ‘Traveller. It is time.’

“What the...?”

Then Frank came in.

Kyah could see he was angry. When Frank got angry, everyone knew it. His skin started to redden at the neckline, the color making its way farther up his face the angrier he became. The red had already made its way up his neck to his chin. Not a good sign.

Before she could ask what he was upset about, he started shouting at her. “What in the hell have you been doing in here? It’s time to leave and you’re not even done with this room yet.”

It was only then that she noticed the long shadows in the room. “What the hell?”

Frank got even redder. “What the hell is right. I’ll have to call the crew back to get this done.”

He left, yelling to the rest of the crew, who were outside, already packing up. She winced.

The cleaning crew filed into the room. They were not happy with her, and they weren’t afraid to let her know it.

They finished up the room together, Kyah working in a daze. *First the silver door, now this. I can only hope tomorrow’s a really boring day.*

CHAPTER TWO



Unable to sleep, and anxious about what the day would bring, Kyah lay in bed worrying most of the night.

She started work the next day exhausted. Frank threw a mildly disapproving glance at the dark circles under her eyes as he assigned everyone the work detail.

She kept seeing spots before her eyes and gave her head a shake.

“The master bedroom not to your liking, Kyah?”

Startled, she realized Frank had finished the assignments and everyone was walking off. “Sorry. Just a headache. The master bedroom is fine.”

Sighing, and resigned to her fate of being fired sooner rather than later, Kyah hauled her cleaning supplies up to the third floor.

As she entered the room, she gave the doors leading off the main sitting area a wide berth and eyeballed them warily.

“Get it together, would you?” she whispered angrily to herself.

She was wiping down a massive armoire when she started to feel lightheaded. Spots reappeared before her eyes, followed by a familiar popping in her ears. Leaning against the armoire, she squeezed her eyes shut, taking deep breaths, expecting to see the tiny person with wings again. She opened her eyes, turned, and gave a startled yelp as she staggered back into the cupboard.

Standing before her was a rather handsome man, who, at first glance, appeared to have jumped straight out of a Victorian romance novel. Kyah looked

closer. He was wearing actual leather pants! As she continued to stare at the stranger, she noticed that his skin had a hint of green sparkle to it.

He stared at her with bright, black eyes.

Smiling at the look on her face, he spoke. "Traveller, my name is Pan." He followed this with a deep bow from the waist. "It is an honor to meet you."

Still confused, she stared at the stranger who appeared to have a penchant for green glowtion. He wore a tan, linen shirt that looked homemade, like, right-off-the-loom homemade.

"My name is Kyah," she managed to blurt out. For some reason that she couldn't fathom, she wasn't feeling afraid. "Who are you and how did you get in this room?"

"I walked in, of course," he said simply.

"I think you need to leave. You're not supposed to be in here."

Kyah's palms started to get sweaty. Whether she felt afraid or not, it didn't change the fact that she was all alone on the third floor with some weirdo.

The stranger just turned his back to her and made himself comfortable on the couch in the sitting area. He took on a lord-of-the-manor pose that was kind of irritating, considering he shouldn't even be there.

Kyah scowled. This guy was trouble. She'd definitely get fired if Frank found him up here.

That thought propelled Kyah away from the armoire and she moved to stand in front of this Pan person. Well, almost in front of him. She stood behind a chair and close to the door for a quick getaway. Just in case.

"You need to leave. You're not supposed to be in this house," she said with far more confidence than she was feeling.

"I am only in this realm because of you, my dear."

Realm? What the...?

"What are you talking about?" she said, rolling her eyes and crossing her arms over her chest. It was really irritating that this stranger continued to lounge on the couch as if he owned the place.

"It is time for you to leave this realm and do what you were born to do," he said, as though it were an entirely normal thing to say.

“I already have a job, thank you very much.”

At this, the man started to laugh. It was a genuine laugh that came from the belly and went all the way up to those deep, dark eyes. Eyes, she was just noticing, that had absolutely no whites to them. And they were sparkly, like stars winking in and out.

Kyah looked away. She could feel her face growing warm as she got angrier. Who was this pompous man laughing at her?

“This,” Pan waved his hand at her cleaning supplies, “is not your *job*.” He said ‘job’ like he had just eaten something vile. “You do not belong here. You are not even from this realm.” He stood then and looked at her with an intensity that reminded her that she should probably be afraid. “You were born to a great race. A powerful race that has a great influence over the balance between the light and the dark. We need you now. There are terrible things happening in the realms and too few Travellers willing to right the balance.”

She shook her head vehemently. “I’m sorry, but I really don’t know what you’re talking about. I think you have the wrong person. I’m no one special, believe me.”

Her statement seemed to make him angry. Continuing to stare at her intently, he swept his arms up over his head into a thunderous clap that made Kyah cover her ears and duck behind the chair.

“You can come out now,” said Pan.

Kyah stood up slowly and saw the little woman with wings flitting next to Pan’s head. She heard a sound similar to the twinkling of bells and Pan nodded at the tiny figure. He looked back at Kyah with a smile again, but he continued to stare at her with an intensity that made her break out in a cold sweat.

“Traveller, I am pleased to introduce you to Princess Naieem of the faery. She hails from the realm of Elmiria. You two will travel together on a rescue mission to the realm of Avalon. She will be your guide and will assist you in these dangerous times.”

“You’re real,” Kyah whispered, a little stunned to see again what she had thought was just a figment of her imagination.

The faery flittered over to a spot just in front of her nose, causing her to go