

## The Moon Goddess' Chosen

### Chapter 12: Chapter Twelve

The bell that signalled the start of the lunch break soon went with Katie and Sandra drowning into boring texts of testifiers of what happened that night. One thing they all had in common was that they all tried to tell the story like they had got the most important detail of the story. Some resorted to wild and farfetched prepositions for the reasons behind the attack only for the sake of gaining recognition in the newspaper. The event of the death of the infant was something that somewhat shook the world and everyone saw something out of it. The Rogue King was a figure that struck fear into many across the whole globe, but this wasn't something that Katie could have expected. Most of the people who wrote sympathized with the Sirius family while the few who didn't, spoke the vilest of things to werewolves in general.

Sandra got to packing the boxes and stacking them up, Katie slowly following suit. They organized the papers into the boxes neatly and quietly, Sandra stealing glances her way although Katie did not spare her a single one. "How are you taking this?" she asked.

"You are the one that should be panicking and yet, you seem to be taking this quite well," Katie said.

"You are still my best friend, aren't you?"

"What if this discovery means the Rogue King comes after me? And for all we know, the guy could even be a royal somewhere from the family of either the Sirius or the Lycaon line," Katie spoke indifferently.

"That's not the answer to my question... Although it answers my first one, as expected from the Chase prodigy, you are calm and collected as you've always been," she surmised.

"A feat I could only accomplish with my best friend's help..." this time Katie brought her dark blue eyes to meet her hazel brown ones, "I'll thank you once again."

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If her gratitude for Sandra's presence had not sunk in earlier, there was no way it did not register now that she heard that. Pride filled up within her as she replied, "you're welcome." The widest smile she could manage lit up her face instantly forcing Katie to smile just as well. This brief exchange was enough to quell the rage that had been building up inside of Katie... rage which she had

initially planned to unleash during her fight with Shaemus. Now that she thought back, there was a chance the boy would have ended up in the hospital. They finished packing and left the library to attend lunch at the cafeteria. "I'm guessing it would not look too good for me to dodge lunch yet again now would it?"

"No, it would not. It will only work to help Shaemus get ahead of himself. If there is a way that you can stop him from continuing with his suicidal plan, that would be a more desirable outcome," Sandra spoke.

"To be honest, Sandra, we have been digging this grave since the moment you decided to step in for me each time a werewolf wanted to cause trouble," Katie told her.

"I was protecting the werewolves from more pain than was necessary."

"Yeah, I hear you, but how are you going to protect this cocky hunter from it as well?" they rounded yet another corner that now led to the entrance of the cafeteria. The noise coming from it was louder than the noise that normally came from it, so the two stopped their conversation to pay attention to the cause of the commotion. Katie reached the door of the cafeteria, her eyes ready to survey the area for the source of the commotion only to find the centre of the attention right in the centre of the cafeteria. Most of the boys were surrounding two werewolves who were caught in the middle of an arm-wrestling match.

Dexter was versing one of the alphas, Jason if Katie could remember correctly, that had come with Cole and the two were still locked in a stalemate, each of them unmoving. Even though it was funny to see Dexter's face contort in all fashions of ways as he tried to move the unyielding hand of the alpha, something didn't feel right about the situation. "Hey, so you think Katie would let any of this kind of stuff happen in her presence?" Dexter asked.

"No, she wouldn't," one of the wolves in the crowd yelled before they all paid attention to a hunter that was Shaemus.

"It breaks no rules, so if you feel depressed under Katie's reign of terror, you should be happy to know that it ends today," this short statement would then cause an uproar within the crowd. Katie covered her mouth to keep the laughter from escaping her lips. Sandra caught her gesture and laughed herself.

The room went dead silent. Sandra's laughter was the only thing that could still be heard through the silence like a clear bell. The thud of an arm hitting a table told everyone that Dexter had just lost his arm-wrestling match. Katie

masked her laughter having been discovered, “Now, this is new. Nice work conspiring against me Shaemus. You have done splendid work.”

“I don’t need any praise from the likes of you. Today, after class...”

“I heard... you finally thought of the impossible. You have until five minutes into the fight to withdraw your challenge. Before that time elapses, I will be willing to forget everything that you have so far done,” Katie spoke up, her voice as icy as she could make it.

Chills visibly ran through Shaemus on hearing the open threat, “That only means that you are giving me five minutes to pummel you in our fight. You will regret being so cocky.”

Katie took her eyes off him and walked up to the hunters’ section of the cafeteria, taking her famed seat on the sofa right next to Kyle. The place she always sat in with Kyle and Sandra, “Long time, no see Kyle.”

“Yeah, long indeed... your patterns have been more erratic starting yesterday. It’s like I lost track of you the moment you took Dexter and his friend to the infirmary,” he said.

“Yeah, that’s about right... and I can’t guarantee that it’s going to get any better,” she replied.

“Will I at least know what is causing such behaviour?”

“Maybe... once I know where your loyalties lie,” Kyle narrowed his eyes at his friend on hearing how odd the statement was phrased. There seemed to be a variety of things going through the mind of the teacher’s pet.

“That is an odd condition. We are best friends, not some kind of werewolf hierarchy...”

“Werewolf hierarchy is not such a bad thing you know,” a deep voice interrupted Kyle. In the hunters’ section, Kyle was the one person who was actually allowed to be there but wasn’t a hunter. They turned to face the new blue-eyed arrival.

“Hey, Cole,” Sandra greeted her while coming over from the counter with two trays in her hands, setting one down for Katie and taking her seat beside her.

“Hey, Sandra... Some mini nation you’ve built for yourself, Katie,” he said, “I’d hoped I could get to talk to you.”

Katie stayed silent for a bit, her mind going through the number of times and the effort that the Royal was spending to try and get to talk to her. Something

that was commendable, to say the least considering she had done nothing but avoid him the whole time. “What time works for you?” she asked.

“After classes will do,” he said, his eyes lighting upon hearing the sudden invitation. A smile that should not have got to Katie, but it did and she found herself pleased with it. She winced at the impulses that were still a mystery. “Have you heard about the smackdown that takes place at that time?”

“Is that normal by the way? Your subordinates shouldn’t be walking all over you like that,” he pointed out.

“It’s not normal... he is actually the first one to come up with such an idea for as long as I have been here. Anyway, just attend the fight... I’m sure it will be over before you know it,” Katie said, dragging her eyes back to Shaemus who was still trying to win the crowd, a feat that shouldn’t have been easy with Katie physically around, “How are they still hearing him out? If I focus well enough, I can notice him shivering.”

“The fact that Sandra won’t be allowed to help you fight this time seems to have everyone riled up. He’s got the whole cafeteria convinced that you use her because you can’t fight yourself and everything is just an act,” Cole explained, taking a seat on the other side of the table in front of them, one of the alphas taking a seat beside him, two trays of food in his hands. He placed one the table before Cole and got a seat for himself.

“Where did he come up with that assumption? Wait, you’re following all this?”

“Yes, I am following. The funny part is when he was shivering, he explained that he is shaking with rage to throw everyone off. The skilled werewolves in the room could smell his fear, but no one was in the mood to spoil the fun. Seems werewolves want to watch a hunter get pummeled for once,” he said somewhat dismissively.

Katie laughed at his observation and watched for a bit before getting started with her lunch. For a moment she tried to ignore the cacophony that was in the cafeteria until something crossed her mind, “Principal Brown is going to be so mad.” The people around her froze at the mention of the principal and looked back at the commotion.

One by one, the hunters stopped eating and stood before Katie, “How do you suggest we handle the situation?”

Katie paused to think before coming up with a solution, “Make a quick poster of the fight with Shaemus, then make it clear that the time for his campaign is over. Restrain Shaemus if need be. The crowd should disperse once it is clear that this level of disarray shall no longer be tolerated.”

With that said, the hunters left to carry out her orders without another word, rushing as fast as they could. The poster did not need to be printed, just writing that specified what exactly it meant, something to make the fight seem official and deem the entire campaign irrelevant and not to mention... a nuisance. The prize that was being fought for was made clear that it was the post of Head hunter. This meant that a campaign was not necessary as this was nothing to do with democracy. The hunters returned only minutes after leaving with everything in order and called for everyone's attention. Sandra stood at the top of a desk to speak up, Katie looked to her side, surprised by the fact that she had not noticed her leave.

"Listen up everyone. It is now clear that there will be a fight after classes on the hunters' training grounds not far from the school. Whoever would like to attend it is welcome. Considering the nature of this leader selection, a campaign will not be necessary as there is no need to win over people's hearts in a dispute that does not involve democracy..."

"They have to know who..."

"That's enough Shaemus. This... is not a request," tension built up in the room on hearing this. Shaemus looked in Katie's direction, perceiving her expression as one that was not kidding around. A smirk formed on his face, somewhat of an indication that he was already thinking of a way to make this backfire. The hunters knew that Shaemus was good with words, but this was going a bit overboard even for him.

"So you're sending your lackeys again?" he yelled at her, right before he was attacked by Sandra. She swiftly and skillfully restrained his hands behind his back, tripping him over her foot while she did so that he fell face flat on the table. She then placed her knee on his back locking him in an uncomfortable position with his head against the table. It had happened so fast that he had been unable to react. He could only grunt and relax as any further resistance might have caused him to break his hand.

Katie got up from her seat and walked up to him. The look of hate in Shaemus' face was undeniable as he looked up at the current head of the hunters in the school. "For as long as I am still the head of the hunters, you follow my rules, is that clear?" a brief nod got him released from the restraining hold. Shaemus held back his anger, his fear of Sandra holding him back more than he cared to admit.

"Sandra won't be able to save you when we start fighting. I won't hold back," he spat wringing his arm in an effort to relieve his shoulders from the aches he had after enduring that hold as he walked out of the cafeteria. Katie walked

back to her seat, Sandra and the rest of the hunters following behind her. The cafeteria was finally dead silent as it was supposed to be. Well, there wasn't a rule against speaking during lunch hour, but after such a display of power, the uncomfortable silence made it impossible for anyone to proceed with their conversations as if nothing had just happened.