

THE MOON GODDESS' CHOSEN

Chapter 13: Chapter Thirteen

The cafeteria was in order after the hunters' display that showed they were still under the leadership of Katie before the fight between Shaemus and her. Katie couldn't help but wonder what Shaemus was trying to accomplish. He was one of the more capable junior hunters in the group of hunters-in-training that they had in the school, and yet... She abandoned the train of thought and decided it would be best if the principal had not learned of this himself, 'Something is wrong with Shaemus and there is a big chance that he can't tell what it is,' was what Katie's instincts were trying to tell her.

"All of you get to your respective classes after this," she spoke when she was done with his meal.

"What do you have in mind?"

"I am going to speak to the principal before he finds out about all this. Shaemus could get expelled for the stunt he's pulled. Honestly, what's got into him? He's going to be a pain if he keeps this up," Katie groaned, getting up from her seat in the sofa.

"I don't get it. You are going to say what exactly," Cole asked.

"Improvising is part of the job description."

"I'd have him thrown in a dungeon for insubordination," Katie froze and took a look at his face one more time looking for hints of a joke and coming up with none. 'He's serious, could be the first time I've seen him look the slightest bit scary... well except for the blue eyes...'

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"At times, I forget that you are a Royal," she said before walking away.

Cole froze at the statement, conflicted on what reaction to make once again. The statement had an effect that he had not liked, making it sound like royals were clandestine savages. It was true that as a Royal, insubordination was one of the things he disliked to his very core and yet the way Katie treated Shaemus was different from how he would have handled the situation. The more he got to know the hunter, the more complicated she got.

One thing was certain though... he didn't like the effect she had on him. It reminded him too much of something he had long given up on... and buried in the depths of his memory. By Katie questioning just one of his methods, he

was already revising them as if there was something wrong with them. There was nothing wrong with punishing someone for getting out of line. It was simply unforgivable, but then, that is just how it had always been done in the Lycaon Royal family. No one had ever let such a crime slide and now that he got to witness something of the sort happening, he was more than curious to know what was going to come of this strategy. Ruling with such soft-heartedness would only make your subjects walk all over you, just like Shaemus was currently doing, and yet, Katie wasn't in the least bit bothered by the pitiful display of insubordination.

Cole watched her walk away, utterly speechless. His mind fought hard looking for some form of retaliation, but nothing escaped his lips. "Cat got your tongue," Jason spoke up, startling him.

"Oh, shut up, Jason," he groaned at the obnoxious alpha that was one of his best friends. Finishing his meal and dismissing the two alphas so that he could stay with Sandra and Kyle. Kyle was on average, a good person. He had noticed that not anyone would sit beside Katie but him which meant he was someone of value to her. It had later become clear that he too was one of her best friends to the hunter, something that did not register well in his mind. Cole hid this emotion for it came across as unusual and out of line. Besides, of all the people in the hunters' section, he posed the least threat to her... he had no reflexes, his guard was down the entire time and was completely at ease when he showed up. Kyle was not a hunter and if it ever came to it, he was not the type to take a life even if it was that of rogue. Cole was still unsure if any of the junior hunters in the school could take a life except for Katie and Sandra. He was yet to evaluate the abilities of the others although they didn't seem as sharp as Katie. She did her best to hide the fact that she was always aware of her surroundings, which made Sandra look more skilled than she was to the untrained eye. This only made Katie an even more intriguing person.

Unlike Katie, who left her table a mess, the rest of the hunters cleaned up after themselves before they left. When Sandra was done, she started picking up after her like it was normal. "Does she always do that?" Cole asked, getting up to help her out.

"Do what?"

"Let you do all the dirty work. To be honest, if I didn't know better, I'd say she acts, in more ways than one, like an alpha than a human or hunter in this case," he pointed out.

“I don’t really know what to make of that... I’d probably just say that she is a spoilt brat if I wanted to end the conversation, but the truth isn’t that at all... I’m actually being trained by her,” Sandra said, the few hunters that were still present froze on hearing that, seizing the opportunity of hearing this information. Sandra didn’t look too bothered to let them know anyway, “and that comes along with a complicated student-master relationship. I do not let her do anything that she doesn’t need to in my presence and this just happens to be among those things.”

“If you were to compare yourself to her, how far in skill would you say she was from you?” Cole asked, trying to get a scope of how powerful the famous Katie Chase was.

“She already received her Prometheus hunter gift,” several gasps could be heard from all over the hunters’ section including the two alphas at Cole’s side. This explained a lot including her confidence towards facing a Royal such as himself. The phrase was well known in the werewolf and hunter communities as it was something that all werewolves had come to fear. Any hunter that possessed Prometheus gift was a danger to any werewolf that dared to cross them... Power that bridged the gap between humans and werewolves and when the hunters used weapons in conjunction with these powers, werewolves barely stood a chance.

“But I thought she’s about our same age, what is she doing in school with such skill?”

“She actually turns eighteen not so far from now,” Sandra said, a look of amusement crossed Cole’s face. He could barely contain the adrenaline rush he got from hearing what was being said about Katie. This exceeded all his expectations. At the age of seventeen, she was powerful enough to brush off the presence of a royal. Astonishing was an understatement.

Jason shuddered on hearing that before speaking out loud, “The Chase family is even scarier than their reputation.”

“So what gift does she have of the two?”

“I haven’t seen her use it in a while. She likes training herself without it so that she can push her human capabilities to the limit and in turn strengthen her gift. As a result of this, I have almost never witnessed her using it. There is a high likelihood that she will get to use it today though, just so that she can prove a point to Shaemus. I tried my best to stop Shaemus from being stupid, but he wouldn’t listen,” Cole had been focused so much on the questions, that

he was surprised when he noticed the whole place was already cleared including the things he had been holding himself and Sandra was now wiping the tables and counters in the bar-themed hunter section of the cafeteria. These guys were really living like nobles here.

“Sandra, is what you are saying true, or just trying to make her look like a goddess of combat or something?” one of the hunters that were present spoke out, the shivers that racked him could be seen visibly. It wasn’t almost unheard of for a hunter to become a professional before the age of eighteen and gain a license at the same time.

“No, Aiden. To be perfectly honest, the girl is unbelievable. I am doing the opposite of exaggerating right now,” the mood of those that were left in the cafeteria was now low. The fight was not even in sight yet, and it was already feeling heavily one-sided.

“Can I ask something else?”

“You are definitely full of questions today, aren’t you?” Sandra said, starting the walk to their next classes.

“Yeah, I am. They just keep coming. I can’t seem to quench my curiosity.”

“What do you hope to gain from all these questions?” Sandra asked... a hint of suspicion in her voice.

“Oh, don’t worry about it. I have nothing in mind. I just need to know how this society works, that’s all. Katie also seems to intrigue me the more I get to know about her... no offence,” Cole was getting cornered fast.

“None taken... You already know that though. The way society works. The briefing should have covered it. You were given all the instructions that you need to know in order to study here with no problem. Keep your fangs to yourself and you’ll have no problem. You can even befriend a human if you abide by those rules,” Sandra explained.

“Hey, why are you attacking me all of a sudden?”

“Oh, it’s quite simple really. I remembered what makes Royals scary regardless of their added speed, strength and heightened senses. With how nice you are, it’s quite easy to forget something like that. But not with your constant questions,” Sandra couldn’t help the scowl that formed on her face while they kept heading up the stairs, their next lesson being held on the third floor.

“If you could just remind me, what is it that makes Royals so damn scary?” Jason asked... a cloudy suspicion of what she was saying forming in his mind.

Her tone had changed completely into one of hostility. It was almost like she was someone else.

“Your bite...”

Cole stopped dead in his tracks, his vision going red as his wolf reared forward in rage. It was known by everyone on the planet that the moment the fangs of a Royal penetrated the skin of a human, there could only be two outcomes. Either the human went through the transformation and successfully became an alpha or the human would die. Royals were already strong to begin with, but the fact that they didn't even have to kill you to ruin your life made them much more dangerous.

Anger coursed through his body on hearing the accusation. The feeling of his fangs elongating came to her almost immediately his vision went red. His vision kept shifting between that of a wolf and that of a human whilst he tried to hold himself back. The image of a black wolf was clear in his mind, fighting to get out. Everything slowed down, his eyes looked forward onto Sandra's neck as she walked on from the stairs. “Don't even think about it. We are on the same floor as Katie right now. If Dexter ever flashed his fangs, Katie would simply have me knock him out, but for you... that's another story. If she gets even a sense of your bloodlust right now, you can't imagine the number of ways she will use to restrain you.”

“Cole, you have to calm down,” the other one of the alphas spoke to him, rubbing his shoulders in an attempt to soothe his rage. Cole got down on his knees, closing his eyes so that he could focus on keeping his wolf in. Rage was one of the triggers that forced a wolf to defend itself... blind rage. It was one thing for someone to be angry or frustrated, but the pure blind rage was something that weakened a werewolf's control on their animal side.

“Two centuries, Caden, that's how long it's been since a Royal last bit a human. Ever since the agreement with the hunters, we have fought for that trust, and all for what? Tell me, Caden,” Cole stared into the eyes of his comrade, seeking an answer from him. For all the work they had put into bringing forth peace between the werewolves and the humans, he would not want to hear someone talk of his fangs like he still used them.

“The same has been for most of the alphas that currently exist, but if there is one thing you should put into consideration, it is that you cannot destroy the two centuries that the Royals before you have worked for,” Caden was silent compared to Jason, but when needed, he was the first to rush to help, not that Jason wouldn't help though.

“I’m sorry if I offended you in some way. I just... got protective of her,” Sandra spoke up, sounding closer than she had a second ago. Cole looked up to see her offering her a hand. The rage seized when she realized the gesture. One look at Sandra’s face showed that she was indeed sorry for what she had said to anger him. Cole took her hand and got up on his feet, the wolf within him receding gradually.

“I have never seen you get angry. Are you okay, your highness?” Caden asked him.

“I’m fine now, Caden.”