

The Moon Goddess' Chosen

#Chapter 1

- Read The Moon Goddess' Chosen Chapter 1

Chapter 1: Chapter One

Deep in the forest... threads of moonlight sneaked in through the dense canopy marking a clear path through the forest for a lone wolf to follow. The weirdly accurate path the moonlight marked out was not a mistake. The wolf had been running for what seemed like hours now without slowing down in the quest to find safety for the people that nested on its back, or so she thought.

One of the people, a mother who held onto the wolf's fur for dear life, partly to stop herself from falling off and also partly because of the intense pain that shot through her spine as the wolf ran on. Having just gone through childbirth, it hurt just to sit on the wolf's back, but for the sake of the newborn, the second person on the wolf's back, she withstood the pain. The trio pushed forward, getting ever so close to the pack boundaries.

Howls filled the night, spurring them on, encouraging them to keep going with no rest. A soft gasp escaped the woman's mouth before she bit her lip to muffle the scream that threatened to escape her lips. "Your majesty," the wolf called through the mind link.

"Keep going... follow the path marked by the moon goddess," the woman replied, pain evident in her voice as it came out through gritted teeth.

"But your majesty..."

"Nothing right now matters more than this child's life... do not slow down for any reason," the Queen spoke, giving the wolf renewed motivation to keep going despite the pain that shot through every inch of her body each time the wolf's front paws struck the ground. The air the wolf breathed in started to feel like burning needles against its throat, though it still pushed forward until the forest began to open up eventually. The trees getting thinner as they now reached the edge of the forest.

At the very edge of the forest that marked the end of pack territory, the sound of a lone car engine could be heard, along with two voices. One deep and one soft... a couple that spoke in hushed tones even though to these werewolves, due to their acute sense of hearing, could make out their voices. The wolf collapsed at the edge of the forest, panting heavily, right where the moonlight made a boundary with shadows. The Queen rolled off the wolf immediately in an attempt to ease the pain she was in. Much to her dismay, the pain persisted, pulsing through her body like a steady drum.

The couple seized their talk and retrieved flashlights, “No, do not turn on any lights. Werewolves have very good eyesight.” The queen said, her words coming out laboured along with her heavy breathing. Her mind zoned in and out of consciousness from the pain she was enduring. One hand clutched the baby with all the energy she could muster which wasn’t much but just enough to secure the baby within her grasp while the other clutched her stomach applying pressure to a flesh wound that was only healing slowly but not fast enough if she was to live to see another day. The only thing that mattered to the queen now was the safety of the child and nothing more.

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“It’s red light, your majesty. They won’t be able to see it,” the man said.

“They’ve got some hunters on their side,” she said, handing the baby over to the woman. The two people that they had encountered were seasoned hunters, among the best the world had to offer. If anyone could keep the child safe, it was them. Besides, they were the last people in the world that the queen could trust with this.

“Your majesty, you aren’t fine. Let’s treat your wounds,” the woman beseeched her.

“No, get the baby and go as far as you can take her. Conceal her identity. If you have a first aid kit, just give me what I need and my personal guard will take care of it,” she said with a hint of urgency in her laboured voice... The man hurried to the blue trunk of the hatchback they had come with and retrieved the first aid kit which she then gave to the queen.

“You need to go to an emergency room your majesty,” alarm rising within the woman’s voice, “you are bleeding a lot.”

“I am a werewolf. I will heal, besides, that girl’s life is worth more than mine. She is a gift from the moon goddess herself. Protect the child with your lives,” the queen explained, “Now go, hurry... The girl’s name is Katie. You can change the other one for her safety,” The baby began stirring now that she was out of her mother’s arms.

The couple got into the car and revved the engine before speeding out of there, their lights tinted red to evade the near-perfect night vision of the wolves that flooded the forest on a hunt for the Queen’s child. “How are we going to raise a child, my love?” the man asked his partner.

“We’ll figure it out, together. We won’t let anything happen to her,” she said, and with that, the baby stopped crying and opened her eyes. The irises of the girl’s eyes gleamed a bright blue in the darkness. “She really is a Royal werewolf. One of the Chosen pair, no less... this might be the most important mission in our entire careers considering that baby has the power to put an end to all this.”

"We'll have to do something about her eyes if we are to conceal her identity," the man said, "and I know just the person to call."

"Can we trust him?"

"We can't trust anyone now. News about the baby's disappearance will be widespread before long. We are going to the secret family cabin in the North. The girl can grow up there; we will train her to be a hunter like we are... the very best. And when the time is right and we are sure she can protect herself, we will introduce her to the real world and teach her to blend in," he explained.

"Shall we tell her about her origin?"

"No... I'm afraid that is something she will have to learn a lot later, but we will tell her before she turns eighteen," the man explained.

They drove fast putting distance between themselves and the girl's pack. Constantly opening a can of perfume of a different kind each several kilometres to mask their scents... "Just what was the moon goddess planning that got the werewolves, no the rogues, so riled up about newborns."

"Knowing her, she did it for the safety of the werewolves, but not all of them saw it that way and that caused a war. I just don't know why she chose us to protect the girl," the woman said.

"Are you kidding darling?" the man smirked before the woman joined him in laughter. An inside joke on the rhetorical question that confirmed how confident they were on their abilities as hunters.

.....Seventeen Years Later...

Riiiiing... the bell went snapping a teenage girl out of her sleep. The shuffling sounds of students leaving the classroom confirmed that she had not heard anything wrong and the class was indeed over. Math was not one of the classes that she found particularly interesting since her parents made it an issue to teach her everything she needed to know about the class in a brutal crash course that wasn't for the faint of heart.

Most teenagers from the sort of family she was from knew this and they were only in school for the formalities. It came with the territory when one was raised in a family of hunters. Hunters only had to keep the balance between werewolves and humans. Humans and werewolves were free to interact as they wished, but under no circumstances was a werewolf supposed to use its abilities to attack a human.

It was justified however if the werewolf had proof of self-defence as it wasn't unheard of for some psychopaths to capture werewolves for the sole purpose of dissecting them to find out what makes their anatomy so special.

“Hey, Katie,” a voice snapped the girl out of her thoughts.

“You’ve been zoning out a lot lately,” a girl said, approaching her. Sandra, one of her two best friends and fellow hunter, had been friends with Katie since they were kids, having met training to become hunters in the forest just like their parents. “You still having that weird dream of yours?”

“Yeah, it won’t go away, although I am now learning how to ignore it. It still gives me annoying headaches though,” she said. For the past few weeks that were leading to her birthday which was set to happen this weekend, Katie was having one recurring dream of the Black wolf.

“Does the dream ever change?”

“No, still exactly the same... the White wolf stands there and asks me why I won’t let her out and why I refuse to play with her,” Katie replied before walking out of the classroom, “It’s like every time I close my eyes...”

“We still talking about the same thing?” a male voice interrupted them, shutting down the topic. Kyle was another one of Katie’s best friends. Despite not being a hunter, Kyle was exceptional when it came to class and had been a good friend to Katie when she first came to this school. Werewolves, humans and hunters were no secret to the public and it was never scary when a werewolf threatened a human since hunters were always around to keep the peace. As such, the werewolves usually kept their claws to themselves...

The sound of someone slamming into a locker penetrated Katie’s ears... well, usually... The trio increased their pace till they found the source of the commotion. Dexter, a heavy well-built werewolf had his hands around a kid’s throat. “You should know your place, runt,” he yelled into the kid’s face.

“Hey, Dexter, put him down. The hunters will be here any minute,” one of his friends tried to calm him down and warn him, but the rage was getting the better of him.

“Put him down, Dexter,” Sandra spoke up, beating Katie to the punch. Regardless of how small she looked, she was known throughout the school as someone you wouldn’t want to cross paths with and end up in a fight.

Dexter turned to look at the three new arrivals, his eyes gleaming bright green, the students around clearing a path for them to get to Dexter. “Well if it isn’t the trio of wannabe hunters, weird eyed kid and her lackeys... and yes, the weird eyed kid he was referring to was Katie, because of her very rare, dark blue eyes.