

The Moon Goddess' Chosen

Chapter 11: Chapter Eleven

When a wolf that has already come of age loses their control due to anger or the full moon, only its mate is capable of returning it to its original senses. They are therefore suspended in mind and reduced to near animals relying more on instinct than logic. That goes without saying that the difference between the werewolf as a whole and the wolf part alone is that the werewolf still retains its intelligence. Werewolves are violent creatures that can easily be angered into a rage, however, the wolf alone will go after those it holds the largest grudge with and slaughter them without much hesitation.

Katie's heartbeat sped up before she forcefully and instinctively calmed himself down. "Hey, Katie," a familiar voice came behind her. She turned to see Sandra standing behind her before she beckoned for her to take a seat close to her. "What's going on with you and..." her speech was cut short when she noticed the book Katie was reading, "Is that a werewolf book? What is it talking about?"

"Full moon transformations," she replied indifferently.

"You could have asked me about that. You always didn't want to know much about them. Just how to find their weaknesses and how to kill them when the need arose," she helped Katie recall.

"I know that, but..." she paused before finishing her statement, "that was before I knew that I was one of them."

Sandra gasped... fear once more gripped her as it had from the day before. She did her best to push it down and stay by her best friend's side. "But that's not possible, your eyes..."

"Aunt Marie and Uncle Tom told me. The pills that they have been giving me my whole life are supposed to suppress it. Turns out I was born a werewolf," Katie said, a sadistic smile showing up on her face. A clear indicator that she was losing her mind over the new information that now plagued her, "It feels like some sick joke, Sandra. My life was just fine the way it was and now we have a royal and two alphas at the school. How did everything turn into a mess in just a matter of hours?"

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"What mess? There is no mess yet. All you have to do is keep taking your pills and everything will be fine, right," she said.

“On my birthday, over the weekend... on the day, I turn eighteen, the pills will become useless and on that night, there will be a full moon,” she said.

Sandra quickly grabbed the book she was reading and looked at the contents that she was previously reading, her eyes darting across the page at lightning speeds looking for the writing that was causing the head hunter’s hand to shiver. She froze at the note, reading it over carefully before looking back at her. “Your eyes... are you?”

“Yes, I... am a Royal,” his voice came out shakier than he would have liked.

Sandra held her hands together in an effort to stop the shivers. “No, you’re the strongest one here and the only one who stands a chance against such a monster... no offence.”

“None taken... I agree with you though. I truly am a monster,” Katie said, keeping her eyes pinned to a single spot on the table as she said, one of her numerous nervous ticks. She always required something to focus on when she was providing such news. This time the wood carvings of the intricately designed library furniture seemed to interest her. ‘Architects really got it easy,’ she almost chuckled at her own joke.

“The dance... what about...”

“I don’t think that would be a good idea. The safety of the students would be at risk,” Katie reasoned.

“There has to be a way, Katie,” Sandra was starting to panic, “there has to...”

“Hush, Sandra,” a smile spread across Katie’s face, “Honestly, at times I forget that you weren’t taught how to conceal your emotions. You act so tough and mighty when we face Dexter and all the other troublemakers that it slips my mind.”

“Why are you smiling?” Sandra asked, a tear falling down her face.

“I’m happy you aren’t reacting the same way you did yesterday. That was brutal,” Katie chuckled.

“It’s not funny.”

“You’re right... It’s not... Instead, it’s comforting,” she pulled her into a hug, “Thank you.”

“I didn’t do any...”

“I won’t be attending the party on Sunday unless there is some miracle that happens. Instead, I will have to find another way to contain whatever monster

that will be unleashed on that day,” Katie said to her. Sandra pulled back and wiped her tears, taking her seat and taking a look at the book once again.

“I don’t think that will work though considering there is only one thing that will be able to turn you back to normal when that day comes,” she said.

“I hadn’t thought that far ahead. But that can’t be true, there has to be another...” Katie was stopped by Sandra whose eyes only replied to her with questions and not answers.

Sighing and giving up, Katie allowed her to proceed, “If you are a Royal, what the hell are you doing here being raised by the Chase family. It feels weird not calling them your family right now,” she said.

“Something about the Rogue King attempting to kill me as an infant so I was given to them for safekeeping,” Katie summarized.

“And they ended up creating a monster hunter. Wow, you are like one hell of a freak of nature.”

“Thanks for the compliment.”

“Yeah, yeah, now elaborate that summary you just made,” she edged her on so that she could tell the whole story.

Katie took a look through the library to make sure there was no one that was listening to them while they spoke about this. She then began her story in detail clearly stating that she had no details on the reasons for the Rogue King’s actions against her life. Katie couldn’t shake the creeps Sandra was giving her as she listened to the story like it was some movie, adding all the gasps at the right moment and asking her ‘then what’ each time she paused for too long. She told her the story in the same order of how everything had occurred the day before. She wanted to know everything that had happened to her when she vanished the day before. When she was done, she went into her own thinking and started muttering something that she did not expect to hear.

“Could you be the child that the Sirius family lost to a rogue attack eighteen years ago?” she asked.

“I don’t know what you are talking about,” Katie raised her hands in mock surrender.

“Oh, I’d forgotten you spent your entire life cooped up learning the art of werewolf decapitation,” Sandra exclaimed, standing up and beckoning for him to follow her. ‘It wasn’t only decapitation, there was also a lot about

dismembering and disabling, even knocking...’ Katie stopped her thoughts mid-way on realizing the point that Sandra was trying to get across, ‘Touche.’

“Ha ha ha, not funny,” following her to God-knows-where she was leading her. They walked through to the very back of the large library where the school kept old documents and newspapers.

“You guys are being loud,” the librarian whisper shouted at them.

“We’ll try to be a bit more silent then,” Katie replied in the same manner of communication, the sound of a box hitting the ground resonating through the entire library right as she did. Silence filled the library along with the sense of awkwardness. Katie stood, with her smile still intact as a second box fell to the ground, the sound making her wince. She turned to Sandra just in time to see a third box also fall to the ground. The boxes had been so poorly stacked that touching one would cause a random one on the other side of the pile to tumble. “Hey, can you try to be a bit quieter?” she said through his teeth, the whole library at the moment, which comprised of about ten students, was staring at them, making this situation all the more awkward.

“Maybe if you could help me with these, we could achieve some silence.”

“Oh, quit your whining and let’s get this over with,” she shrugged off Sandra’s complaint and helped her sort out the boxes until they got to the one that dated back to eighteen years ago. Within the box were newspapers that had been gathering dust over the ages.

“Haven’t visited this in a while now,” Sandra said.

“And why exactly is it that you know about this?” allowing as much suspicion as she could muster to leak into her voice and even narrowing her eyes at her friend for added effect. ‘We are the same age, aren’t we? Why does she know about something that happened when we were only infants?’

“I didn’t exactly go through all these. My parents just used to tell me things that used to happen back then. Big events to be exact, the death of the daughter of the Sirius Royal family wasn’t something that wouldn’t go unnoticed,” she said while she went through the newspapers until she found one that matched what she was looking for.

She pulled out the newspaper, the top headline showing a man dressed standing with a woman crying. The picture was in black and white although one could tell that these two were wealthy from the way they dressed. The crowns on their heads felt like overkill to Katie, but it was what it was. Royals were Royals and this was the King and his Luna. She looked on to the headline at the top of the paper. “Something like that the death of a princess

isn't something people just stop talking about." 'Princess Katie Sirius, Daughter and Heir to the Sirius Royal family, Killed in Rogue Attack at the Royal Palace.'

"I guess it would make sense that you wouldn't know about this considering your guardians were actually supposed to hide it from you."