

THE MOON GODDESS' CHOSEN

Chapter 15: Chapter Fifteen

Six years ago.....

The moon goddess finally reached the grand palace that was home to her former foe. The two had long since become friends in an attempt to save the two races. He became sympathetic to her when he found that she had fallen for her creation that she had made simply for the purpose of destroying the race of her foe and the two had then teamed up to save the two and end the bloodshed.

“Why do you think he has summoned you here?” her mate asked her while she walked up to the stairs.

“I don’t know, honey, but I need you to wait for me here,” the request was one that she knew he would not accept so easily. “You can easily know if I am in danger, so don’t worry about me.”

“Don’t take too long.” With that, she ascended the large staircase that led to the entrance of the gigantic palace. Her heart would not stop beating anxiously as she entered the palace. Something about Prometheus’ summons made the hairs at the back of her neck stand on ends. Two of the guards at the gate led the moon goddess through the large hallways until she got to a small insignificant door. The guards stood on both sides of the door and said no more signalling that this was where she was to find the god of mankind.

She approached the door, her heartbeat rising even higher before she pushed the door open. “Celeste, I’m glad you could make it. Come and take a look at this.”

Prometheus... of all the gods, was the most approachable due to his calm personality that seemed to light up the room and relieve tension whenever there was any. His cheerful mood quickly affected Celeste, bringing her heart rate back to normal. She walked into the somewhat small room. A quick survey suggested it was some kind of lab where Prometheus would carry out his own experiments for his own amusement.

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Shelves lined both sides of the room, poorly stacked with most of the books randomly strewn across the floor. Pots, test tubes, some with chemicals and others without, some even shattered and left on the work surfaces... this was the current state of the room. The room had one window at the very front of it

that was raised high probably to keep the room dim while it was mainly lit by a fireplace. One might say it was always nighttime in the workshop of the god of mankind. The state of this room however didn't bother him one bit... it was probably that way to fuel his creativity or simply because he did not care.

The closest thing to the fireplace was a set of sofas and a short glass table between them that could be used to view events that were happening on earth. Prometheus sat on the sofa, staring into the glass of the table looking like a child who had just found their favourite show on a kids' channel. Curiosity got the better of the moon goddess making her peer over his shoulder to see what it was that had caught his eye.

Her heart skipped a beat on seeing what it was he was watching. Tom and Marie Chase, the hunters that she had sent to rescue Katie Sirius were training the girl of now twelve years in the ways of being a hunter. "That girl is heavily talented."

"How..."

"I know what all my hunters do at all times... but that's beside the point. This is one of the two children that were supposed to put a stop to the war that has raged on for centuries, isn't she?" he asked, his eyes glued to the girl going through her training with her adoptive parents.

"Yes, that is her."

"At age twelve, without the powers of her wolf, she has been able to surpass many hunters that I have already granted my gifts," he said, a hint of excitement in his voice.

"What are you trying to say, Prometheus?" Celeste asked.

"I wanted your permission. This girl... She has earned the right... No, she is more than worthy of possessing my gifts," he said.

"But she is already a werewolf. You have never granted a werewolf your gifts," Celeste tried to reason with him.

"While that may be true, the girl is currently training as a human to become a hunter. She is completely oblivious to her nature as a werewolf. She is working hard and tirelessly to be worthy of my gifts, as a human. If you look at it that way, we won't have to worry about her safety if she got a gift. It would also be unfair to her if I didn't grant her a gift," he said.

"But still, what you are suggesting will create the most powerful creature born of the human race and the werewolves. She would be a monster, not to mention, she is a Royal."

“She will be the one to bring this war to an end. This only ensures that success,” Prometheus spoke, “besides, I have been watching the girl since she was born. She has been raised well and strictly. The laws are ingrained into her mind like they would be carved in stone. With your permission, I will begin...”

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Present time....

Shaemus was now panting badly, having gone four minutes making futile attempts at hitting Katie in the face. His anger seemed to skyrocket every time he tried and failed to land a solid hit. Sweat beaded his forehead, his face contorted in a permanent scowl of hate as he stared at Katie, trying to calculate what way he could land a hit on her. ‘The power gap between us is unreal... What’s her secret? What makes her so powerful?’ he thought to himself while panting. Earlier that day, one of the hunters that stayed out of the commotion had come to him to recount to him everything that Sandra had told him about Katie.

Thoughts of retreat had rung through his head when he heard this... but there were a number of reasons that he could not put an end to all this even if it meant that he was going to lose. Besides, if he backed out now after everything that he had said, it would have wounded his pride. Standing here now facing the monster that they had described to him did not compare to the stories. No matter how hard he pushed himself, to Katie, he was moving way too slow and it almost seemed like she had all the time in the world to evade him.

‘Hey, Chase, could you teach me as well? The way I saw you teaching Sandra yesterday,’ the memory of a time when Shaemus had been close to Katie and learnt from her, training together with Sandra even then under Katie’s instruction. One thing that made them more jealous of him was that even as they worked their butts off to try and catch up to him, he kept getting further and further, widening the gap between them like he was some sort of superhuman. This discouraged Shaemus as the talent that worked hard was hard to compete against, but that didn’t bother Sandra one bit. She kept pushing on even when it looked hopeless, a trait in the girl that he deeply admired. Two years... that’s how long it had been since he had trained with him. Taking in a deep breath, Shaemus made a fist once again. There was a lot he could not say... why he was doing this? Why he couldn’t give up on doing this? The reasons behind his actions fueled his next attacks against Katie.

He attacked Katie in a flurry of controlled fists and strokes... strokes that he was only able to perfect because of the help he got from Katie back then. If only Katie could see through his actions, maybe then she would know what it was that he was trying to tell her. The thought ran through Shaemus' mind, a tear escaping his eyes before he stopped attacking, his body now reaching its limit. The stop clock in Katie's hand rang then. Shaemus' energy had been spent in the span of five short minutes, but still, he didn't back down. Katie was now free to attack him, and with how weakened he was now, there was nothing he could do to stop her.

The crowd had gone silent when they realized how one-sided the fight had been. It was clear who the winner was going to be before long. 'Shaemus has no reason to do any of this,' Katie thought, 'or doesn't he?' she froze on seeing the one minuscule detail on his face that didn't fit the picture he was projecting... a single stray tear. It was hard to see within the sweat that covered his face. Something else was going on here.

Shaemus stood, his legs shaky, barely supporting him. His vision kept blurring in and out of focus as he looked at Katie. Katie stared him in the face, her blue eyes trying to discern the reason for the stray tear that fell down his cheek. "You're an idiot, Shaemus," Katie said to him, drawing upon her Prometheus and dashing forward at an unperceivable speed, for a normal human anyway and with how tired this hunter was, there was no way he would be able to follow her actions. She struck the nerve in his neck with a swift chop knocking the exhausted hunter unconscious.

Shaemus' last words registered in Katie's mind the moment she was done knocking him out, "I'm sorry, old friend." Her eyes widened on realization, confirming each and every suspicion that lurked within her mind. Her heartbeat went into overdrive as well as the senses that she had been honing since she was a child. Every single person in the clearing at that moment was in grave danger and they had no idea.