

The Moon Goddess' Chosen

Chapter 6: Chapter Six

It was their turn to shut up this time. Scanning through their faces, she could see shock written all over them. Shaemus, on the other hand, only scowled at the claim. "So the hotshot is in trouble and you are here to cover for her. Is that how it is?" he said, his voice going dangerously low while he said it, allowing all the malicious intent to seep into his tone, "Just how much trouble is she in that you came here to tell a white lie such as that one?"

"She's telling the truth. I saw the license with my own eyes," Kyle tried to pitch in.

"She's a freakin Chase, man. Of course, she can have a license if she wants to," Shaemus yelled at him, "The rest of us only have to work harder if we are to make it that far. No wonder she doesn't even care about her school life. There is probably some university ready for her once she's done with her work here."

"Why would she be going to..."

"To get out of being a hunter, that's what... She'd rather just run with her tail tucked between her legs," Sandra was not sure if this was the same Shaemus that they interacted with every day or if he was someone else entirely, for the amount of hate that came with his words was more than he seemed capable of.

"She's the strongest one here. Why..."

"You're the one always fighting her battles for her. Who of you here have ever seen Katie actually strike a single werewolf?" he asked the hunters around. The cafeteria was now silent, the tension in the air as they all looked at Shaemus brimming with anger.

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The silence went on for a while... Shaemus kept looking around from one hunter to the next, looking for any of them who would want to speak up against his claim. Sandra would have, considering she had witnessed Katie take down a few rogues before, but there was no proof of an incident like that. Besides, Shaemus seemed very intent on shutting her up the most. Going against him now that he had swayed everyone over to his side was not a wise decision. "Great, then I call her out to a challenge, tomorrow, at the hunters' old exercise ground in the forest. I want to see that lazy dunce getting her hands dirty for once, and when I make her eat dirt tomorrow, she will have to step down from the position of head hunter..."

“Hello, can I talk to you, Sandra?” a deep voice came from behind Shaemus, so clear that it shut him up immediately. The atmosphere of the room changed, a few gasps could be heard from the crowd as Shaemus turned to see the newcomer. He was immediately frozen in place by the sight before him.

A tall muscular guy much taller than Shaemus stood on the outside of the hunter’s sidebar, his arms folded across his chest. If it wasn’t for the striking intense bright blue eyes, Shaemus would probably have lashed out at the guy for interrupting him. In the world of werewolves and hunters, size didn’t always matter, but in this scenario, the power difference was clear and Shaemus knew it. This, however, did not make him lose his cool, “And you are?”

“Cole, I’m a royal. I’ll be attending this school starting tomorrow. I just came to pick my tour guide and be on my way,” he said, flashing him a wide smile that stretched from one ear to the other. Tension was in the air as the two stared each other down. That’s when Sandra saw it... the reason many people, mostly females, couldn’t take their eyes off the brief exchange. Cole was still in only an undershirt that slightly clung to his body translucent with sweat.

Sandra did not bother arguing about it and walked out of the sidebar, dragging the Royal by the ear against his complaints outside the cafeteria, frustration written all over her face. A few whistles could be heard from the male students in the cafeteria... sounds which Sandra chose to ignore. She continued dragging him even outside the cafeteria, “Hey, hold on, hey would you let go so we can talk properly?”

“What was that?” Sandra asked anger clear in her voice.

“Are you mad about me addressing you in front of all those hunters? If that’s the case, then I’m...”

“I don’t care about you being a werewolf. I meant what were you doing back there barely dressed?” Sandra finally stopped dragging him to point out his annoyingly revealing look. Sweat still slightly soaked the undershirt he had on making it cling to him.

Cole paused for a while looking down at his shirt and back at the look in her eyes before bursting into laughter, “Werewolves don’t care about that. Isn’t that obvious?” he tried speaking in between laughs. “You sounded like the few human grandparents I have had the unfortunate pleasure of meeting during my early morning runs.” Cole was still laughing. Sandra used this chance to drag him further until they were back in the gym where they found a few students talking amongst themselves.

Sandra walked up to them, the laughter drunk Royal in tow and smiled at the students, “Would you kindly help get us two juice boxes from the cafeteria, please. My friend here is just too indecent to go in there.”

"I'll get them," a small boy with slightly... no, over gelled black hair spoke up. Sandra could barely place where she had seen him before and brushed off the thought.

"Thank you very much, that would be very helpful," she said, watching the boy leave the vicinity. The others remained seated, watching her with questioning gazes. Cole finally stopped laughing and came to stand next to Sandra. The students froze up, shaking nervously, frightened at the sight of Cole. They got up with their trays of food and walked out, making sure not to turn their backs on Cole. They all made their way out, finally clearing the gym.

"Hey..."

"Don't bother," Cole stopped her with the raise of his hand, "I'm already used to the reaction. It's the same every time. That's why I'd want us to be friends. You would be my first human friend outside of my usual group. You know there is one flaw about being a Royal."

"Since everyone the Royals would bite would gain the power of an alpha, it was impossible for them to build packs and usually ended up with a small pack of only alphas which also made decision making amongst them difficult," Sandra had done her research with Katie and knew this well. Royals were powerful, but for the sake of peace, they exercised as little of their power as possible making it seem like they didn't have a pack at all and yet, they had the power of every werewolf in existence that wasn't a rogue.

"Yeah, that's about right. I guess I should expect as much from a hunter such as yourself," he said. The boy returned with their drinks, Sandra and Cole, thanking him for them before bidding him farewell. They drank for a bit in silence before Cole spoke up, "So, was the loud one the one known as Shaemus?"

"Yes, that was Shaemus. He is usually quiet, but I guess you never know somebody until they get the chance to talk behind your back," Sandra said, thinking back to the argument she had had with Shaemus. There was no reasoning left behind his every word he said. He was only looking for a means to an end that was desirable to him and the reason why he was trying to accomplish that feat eluded her.

"So, he was speaking ill about Katie then?"

"Yes, and it made me sick to my stomach. I hope Katie does not accept the challenge," Sandra said, "but knowing her, there is no way she will pass it up."

"Why don't you want her to accept it? I thought she was the strongest one here."

Sandra sighed, having to explain the reasons for the confusion, "Yes, she is the strongest hunter in this school, but no one has ever seen her fight for real... well, except

for me although it was a long time ago. I'm always around to finish his fights for her before they even start. I have been doing that since we came here as freshmen."

"Doesn't that mean that she is rusty in combat?"

"Not necessarily, I don't think the Chase family would let her slack off and lose focus on her training," Cole nodded in understanding after hearing that.

"I want to see her."

