

Obsession 111

Chapter 111

Chapter 32. The Realms

EVANGELINE.

The very air around us feels different. There's no heat or cold, it's just right. We don't feel any tiredness as we walk through the cloudy terrain. For miles there was nothing, but now there's finally some change in our surroundings, and we can make out the faint outlines of beautiful buildings in the far distance.

"The place is pretty much dead of any beings, or should I say, life itself." Zedkiel remarks, looking around.

"There's life in the air and the ground beneath our feet. I can sense it, but you are right. There are no beings here."

"Hmm, yes, which is strange. We've been walking for ages."

I nod, closing my eyes. "There must be a way to get to where we need to, faster."

"And where exactly is that?" Zedkiel replies, looking around.

I glance at him. He has always been handsome, extremely handsome, but somehow those dreads only make him look even hotter to me. I have something to hold on to now.

"I don't know... but perhaps we need someone who can guide us." I say, scanning the clouds as I stare into the distance.

A flash of light appears before a man in pale grey robes materialises before me. He instantly bends his knee and lowers his head.

"Moon Goddess.... You have finally come... We have waited for centuries for you to turn back to your people..." He bows low and a part of me wants to tell him to rise, but I don't know the protocol here. "You summoned me."

I did?

"Yes... I have, but there is much to do and as you know, I am the daughter of Selene, the goddess in her stead. I need to request a meeting with the Eternal God. It is urgent. Is that something that you could possibly help us with?" I ask in my melodious voice. That still sounds foreign to me, too.

"After your coronation and ritual of power, yes it is, My Goddess."

"Rise." I say, unable to keep him bowing any longer. "What ritual?"

"Of taking your place as the Moon Goddess, to take the final threads of your rightful power and to be recognised amongst the gods as one of them." He replies, rising slowly but keeping his gaze on the ground.

He has long black hair that falls to his waist, and despite him being young, I am unable to make out his age. But I'm assuming he is immortal.

"Well then, let's get to that immediately." Zedkiel says firmly. I nod, and the man stands up.

"Yes, my lord." He says, "Please follow me. Your home awaits you, my Goddess, my king." He says, before he turns his head.

A blinding portal opens and he bows, motioning for us to pass through first. Zedkiel takes my hand and leads the way through.

The other side is slightly darker, the hues of sunset filling the sky, and not too far ahead I see a breathtaking castle. But it is the power that radiates from beneath my feet, casting a dazzling light to illuminate the clouds that swirl around our feet and fill the sky that truly resonates within me.

We are on the moon. I can sense the power, it's running through me and connecting me to every part of it.

I don't know how, but I know that I am right. The man bows once again as the blinding light covering the entire area subsides. The sound of bells ringing from the castle and the exclamation of people fills my ears.

"Your people await you, my Goddess."

"My people." I repeat.

He simply bows, although I want to know so much more. He raises his head, and we continue walking towards the castle.

"Tell me your name."

"Alexander, your majesty." He replies. "I am your Messenger."

"Alexander, tell me about this place." I say not sure if it's the right word to use.

"The Palace of Moonlight sits on the very centre of the moon; it resides in three places simultaneously. The moon itself, the borders to the Edge and the Realm of the Gods.

We are currently on the moon, Lunar. Then, there is Lassilan, the Edge, a place for the lesser immortals, and then we have the Realm of the Gods, or as we call it, The Realm of Eazaviion." "I see... and the people that live here?"

"Your loyal servants, some who were once your children in the mortal realm, and others who served... the previous... Goddess..." He looks around, unease flitting on his face.

So werewolves who died on earth... then come here?

"Why do you hesitate to talk about my mother?" I ask quietly.

"It's forbidden to speak of her, since she fell from grace." He mumbles.

"Sins that were not wrong, we shall see who admitted her as guilty. I will see to that. Let us not delay this ritual and then after that I need to speak to the Eternal God." I say.

'Careful there beautiful...' Zedkiel murmurs in my mind. 'You don't want to make enemies up here.'

'I know.'

"His Supreme Majesty will attend your coronation, My Goddess." He says, bowing his head.

"Very well." I declare with a nod.

This is going to be our chance; this coronation or ritual was going to be the start of getting the answers that we needed and to plead for redemption.

We approach the palace and as we do; I see rows and rows of people as far as I can see, bowing down on their hands and knees, their foreheads touching the floor.

"We welcome your gracious return, Goddess of the Moon."

They break into a song, growing louder as a shimmering path opened down the centre.

A lush, crushed velvet-like carpet lay on the ground, leading to the glittering marble

steps of the Palace itself.

"Long may she reign! Grant us the blessings of the moon, oh Goddess, your humble servants plead to you."

I am in awe of the beauty of this place. The glittering light shimmers as the doors to the palace itself open. Yet the song of the people haunts me, almost as if I can feel their pain.

And when I lift my dress, placing my foot on the first step, I realise that not only did I need to find the answers. I need to fix what is wrong here.

These people are suffering without their goddess here for them. I needed to fix the wrongs that have taken place here...

With each step I take, I feel the burden of their agony and despair close in on me.

The wrongs that were committed upon them, the pleas that fell on deaf ears... without their goddess... they are struggling....

I am halfway up, everything else fades away, and it feels as if I'm wading through tar.

They want salvation; they deserve retribution and they need their goddess...

A goddess who puts them first...

The sins of centuries weigh down on me. I feel them digging into my skin, squeezing my heart and sucking away the air around me.

The sins towards my people, the crimes my wolves have committed, the heartbreaks, the betrayals... it all is upon me.

They need a goddess who will always be here with them...

This is my duty...

To be here for the creation of the first Goddess, to carry the weight of it all... to right the wrongs and protect whom I can.

A single tear slips down my cheek, splashing onto the ground and silence falls, almost as if everyone heard the tiny splash it created.

The duty of a goddess...

Will I have to fulfil it?

An answer that I already know the answer to

'We find Selene, and she can resume her position.' Zedkiel's voice comes into my mind and I nod, but deep down I wonder if that is even possible?

Will this mantle return to her after that coronation? I am not so sure...