



143 The Blood Moon

Hades 1

"We have 18 months and 5 days until the blood moon," I said, my voice cutting through the low hum of the machine. 3

The ambassadors and governors behind me had their eyes glued to the hologram. It spun slowly, a live feed of space projected above the round, obsidian table. The moon loomed large, pale but waiting—a silent promise of the chaos to come.

Laura, the chief astronomer, stood to my left, adjusting the feed with a flick of her fingers across the holo-screen. The image sharpened, revealing the subtle shadow of Mars drifting into alignment.

"Look closely," she said, magnifying the red planet. "Mars and Jupiter will reach opposition in the coming weeks. The moon's orbit is already shifting—slowly, but it's happening." 2

Ambassador Morrison crossed his arms, stepping forward. His gaze never left the projection. "So, what you're saying is, we're locked into this? There's no way to slow it down?"



Laura's eyes flickered to me for permission. I gave a slight nod.

"Correct," she answered. "This alignment is ancient—engrained in the celestial order. It can't be altered, not by technology or Lunar rituals. It's been set in motion for a century."

Murmurs rippled behind me. Governor Gallinti shifted nervously, his hands gripping the edge of his seat.

This was the threat that my father had feared the most during his reign. It was ironic that he would not witness it.

The eclipse of the moon—or what we call the blood moon—will be the time when Silverpine will strike, as will we, because there is nothing more irresistible than your enemy's weakness. A war would rage during the third blood moon in known history. History simply had a habit of repeating itself.

"We know that Silverpine will strike then," Ambassador Montegue voiced my thoughts. "Darius is counting down the days." He did not attempt to hide the bitterness in his tone. He would have preferred not to be where I was. I had *let* his daughter die, after all.



I did not say anything to him directly. "And with the blood moon comes the Lunar Cataclysm."

I heard breaths catch at the simple pronouncement of the word. They all knew what it meant—for all of us.

"The reason why our greatest asset as Lycans becomes a liability," I continued, letting the weight of the words hang in the air. "For the third time in recorded history, a war between Lycans and werewolves will be fought—one where we will not be able to shift without facing certain tragedy. Be it mental, physical, or worse."

The room fell deathly silent, save for the faint hum of the hologram rotating above the table.

"The Lunar Cataclysm," I repeated, slow and deliberate.

It wasn't just a term. It was a promise—a curse woven into the fabric of every Lycan who dared to survive under the blood moon's gaze.

I stepped forward, the projection casting faint shadows over my features as I addressed them directly.

"The Cataclysm is not myth or exaggeration. It is the raw, unrelenting force of the moon turned



against us. During the eclipse, the electromagnetic radiation emitted will interact with our physiology. Lycans and werewolves alike—anyone who carries the gift of shifting—will find their cells unraveling the moment they embrace their wolf form."

Laura expanded the projection, zooming in on a molecular model spinning within the simulation. Under normal conditions, the cell structures shifted gracefully, reforming to accommodate the transformation from human to wolf.

But as the hologram bathed the cells in a deep crimson light, the visual shifted. The once-fluid shapes mutated violently, spiraling out of control, veins splitting, organs deforming.

Governor Gallinti's knuckles turned white as he gripped the table's edge.

"This is what happens," Laura added, her voice grim but clinical. "Even the most experienced Alpha can't control the mutation. Those who try to shift will face one of three outcomes."

She gestured toward the three floating simulations now playing out in front of them.

"There are Three Fates of the Lunar Cataclysm," I prefaced the illustration. "Cellular Breakdown is



the first."

The first projection showed a Lycan mid-shift, muscles seizing and tearing apart at the seams.

"Their bodies will betray them." Laura's voice cut through the room. "Muscle tissue won't stabilize, the bones will shatter, and their wolves will rot within minutes."

"Second, Madness and Feral Instability," I said.

The second simulation depicted a werewolf mid-transformation. His shift succeeded, but his eyes darkened, veins spiderwebbing black across his skin.

My skin crawled at the familiarity of the mutation, but I kept my expression straight. 1

"If they survive the shift, their minds won't." Laura locked eyes with Governor Silas. "The lunar radiation fractures the mind. The beast takes over permanently. They'll become feral husks of what they were—killing anything that moves, even their own family." 3

"The third will be Severing," I continued. "What studies show will be the most rampant effect."

The hologram displayed a Lycan mid-shift, frozen between forms. One side of his body had



fully transitioned—clawed hands, elongated fangs, and patches of fur rippling across his skin. The other half remained disturbingly human, pale and trembling. His spine twisted unevenly, jutting from his back at unnatural angles, as if his bones couldn't decide whether to snap forward or retreat.

But the most unsettling part wasn't his grotesque appearance.

It was the way his eyes flickered—one glowing with the golden hue of his wolf, the other clouded and hollow, stuck somewhere between confusion and agony.

"The Severing," I continued, my gaze fixed on the projection, "is the fate of those whose shift is interrupted by the moon's interference. The body twists, unable to complete the transformation. The wolf and human become entangled, leaving them stranded between both forms."

The figure in the simulation staggered, veins bulging as his muscles spasmed violently. His face contorted in pain, lips curling into a half-snarl that froze on his mouth, caught between a growl and a cry for help.



Laura stepped forward, gesturing to the unstable mass of cells magnified on the screen.

"Once the Severing takes hold," she explained, "the shift becomes irreversible. They will remain... incomplete. And as you can see, this form is unstable at best. The subject will lose coordination, suffer from internal bleeding, and eventually collapse into madness."

Governor Gallinti spoke, his voice tight.

"But they survive?"

"In the most unfortunate sense," I answered coldly. "Their bodies may linger, but their minds won't. Severed wolves rarely last long. They either tear themselves apart, or worse—attack their own until they're put down."

The simulation continued, the half-shifted figure finally dropping to his knees. His body trembled violently until the light faded from his eyes. The screen flickered to black.

"This is the Lunar Cataclysm," I said, breaking the silence. "This is the curse that looms over our heads as we fight the war against Silverpine."

The weight in the room was palpable.

Governor Silas ran a hand through his hair,



pacing behind his chair. "You're telling me we'll send our forces into battle with this looming over their heads? You expect soldiers to hold the line, knowing they can't shift without risking that?" He gestured to the darkened screen, eyes blazing with disbelief.

"No." I met his gaze sharply. "I expect them to fight in their human forms, using their training and whatever technology we can harness. Shifting will not be an option during the Cataclysm. That goes for all of us—including me." I would not be shifting but mutating instead. It did not matter how and when my father had torn me open to infect me, there was a reason why. The Bloodmoon was the reason. I did not understand as a child but now I did. **6**

Morrison's voice cut in, level but doubtful.

"And what of Silverpine?" he asked. "What if Darius forces his pack to shift? He's reckless enough to sacrifice half his forces if it means destabilizing ours."

He was not wrong in the slightest. There was a reason why the coming of the Blood Moon was so suppressed in Silverpine. He would prefer them not to know what was to come. Darius would likely let his Gammas shift and set them



off on ours. These would be young men and women with normal lives, forced to be conscripted to defend their pack. By the time they realized, it would be too late. 2

It was not that Silverpine would have been unaware of the Blood Moon, but with the centuries that had passed, the Lunar Cataclysm would be nothing more than a myth to its citizens.

It did not matter because, in the end, when Obsidian won, Silverpine and its people would be leveled by the Lunar Wraith Desimator. It would use the very aftershock of the Blood Moon to end them. 4

The words sat heavy in my mind, even as I refused to voice them aloud.

The Lunar Wraith Desimator was still theoretical—an apex weapon born from the fusion of lunar alchemy and electromagnetic engineering. A device that harnessed the residual charge of the dying eclipse and turned it into a weapon that could tear through flesh, stone, and soil alike.

It wouldn't just decimate Silverpine. It would erase them.

The bloodshed would be on the battlefield, but



the annihilation of the citizens within would be efficient and painless. No werewolf would remain after the Blood Moon had passed. 6

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*I am sorry, if this chapter is weird
I am not experienced at writing war
strategy or discussions
If you have any grievances with the w...*

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Lilac_Everglade

Creator's Thoughts