



## 450 A Decade In The Making

Eve **1**

Hades nodded. "Every breadcrumb they dared to leave behind, we have studied and weaponized against them. The tissue samples from the ferals we eliminated, their behavioral patterns, their weaknesses during combat—all of it has been analyzed and incorporated into our defense strategies."

"What kind of ammunition?" Montegue asked, scientific curiosity evident in his eyes.

"Platinum-core bullets with a specialized toxin derived from a concoction of Silver and wolfsbane that specifically targets the forced Lycan integration," Kael explained. "It disrupts their enhanced regeneration and causes systemic failure in their mutated physiology. What would take dozens of regular bullets to bring down a feral now requires only two or three precise shots."

Gallinti was sitting straighter now, color returning to his face. "So we can actually fight them effectively."

"More than that," Hades said, his confidence



growing. "We have aerial support designed specifically for this conflict. Our aircraft are equipped with night vision, thermal imaging, and the new ammunition. They're designed to hunt ferals from above while our ground forces maintain defensive positions."

"And our Gammas?" Silas asked.

"Equipped with enhanced armor and the specialized weapons," Montague added. "Every piece of gear has been field-tested against feral capabilities. We're not sending our people into battle unprepared."

I felt tears prick at my eyes—not from despair this time, but from overwhelming relief. "You've been planning this for years."

"A decade of preparation," Hades confirmed. "Leon died before he could see it come to fruition, but every contingency he and I discussed has been accounted for. Darius may have ancient magic and superior numbers, but we have tactical advantage and home field preparation."

Hades leaned forward in his wheelchair, his eyes scanning each council member with renewed authority. "Now that you understand the scope



of our preparations, I need honest status reports. Each of you has been overseeing critical components of our defense strategy, and with six weeks left, I need to know exactly where we stand."

He turned to Montague first. "Ammunition production?"

Montague grimaced slightly. "We're at about seventy percent capacity for the specialized anti-feral rounds. The wolfsbane extraction process has been slower than anticipated. If we push production to round-the-clock shifts, we can have full stockpiles ready with a week to spare before the Blood Moon."

"Silas," Hades continued, "agricultural sustainability?"

Silas looked uncomfortable. "Food stores are complete for three quadrants, but the eastern quadrant is only at sixty percent. The hydroponic installations in two stadiums hit delays due to equipment failures. We need another month of intensive work, but we can make it if we redirect resources."

"Water systems?"

"Those are fully operational, thank god."

Hades nodded grimly before turning to Gallinti.  
"Communications?"

"The hardened networks are installed, but we're still working on backup systems. If our primary communications go down, we'll be operating partially blind for the first few days. I need three more weeks minimum to have full redundancy."

"I am going to need a full report from your quadrants in four weeks," Hades announced.  
"Comprehensive to the dot of the i's." His eyes grazed over everyone.

"Yes, Alpha," they replied.

Hades sighed. "Morrison is still AWOL, so Kael will be covering his quadrant with the help of his Luna who has taken over his duties." 1

Kael nodded. "We will be swamped but we can make it."

First, silence, then the question that I knew would come.

"Vampires... the vampire will be a..." Silas tentatively brought up.

"That will be one of my departments. However invincible as they may seem from folklore and history, they too have weaknesses," Hades said.

"Silver, sunlight and their chalyx," I listed.

"Back then they didn't have silver rounds," Hades crooked his head in thought, then snapped his finger as if he just realized something before turning to Montague. "We are going to need silver rounds, large ones. I know we are supposed to be using Platinum because well... they are werewolves but since we have a vampire or more..."

"Large silver rounds will be next on the list and I have just the firearm for it," Montague assured, back in his element. I watched in real time as the weight that seemed to age him receded. The shrewd man who looked like he held secrets I could never imagine had returned.

His wife was fine, he had a war to prepare for and a daughter to avenge.

Joy filled my chest.

He met my eyes and smiled.

"There is one more problem," It was Thea that spoke, completely unprompted.

We all knew what it was. "Yes, dear,"

She didn't meet my eye.

"The bloodmoon itself, it causes what you call... um... the Lunar Cataclysm. It mutates us. Do you have a vaccine for the civilians? Because even with safe houses in each quadrant, the Blood Moon's radiation will still reach them," Thea said, her voice gaining strength as she spoke. "The stadiums protect against physical attacks, but they won't stop the supernatural influence that turns wolves feral." 1

The heaviness that descended over everyone was palpable enough to be sliced with a dull knife.

Hades took a deep breath and I knew his dread over the issue mirrored ours.

"Since... the first plan..." Silas stuttered, glanced nervously in my direction. "has been scrapped for... well..." he licked his lips, and cleared his throat. "For obvious reasons."

"We can't gut the Luna," Montague cut in, voice as sharp as a serrated knife. "Especially with so little time. From what we have seen her wolf is larger, enormous even with a highly accelerated cellular regeneration. But even with not even three months on the clock. She can donate a lot of blood but for the thousands of civilians that will need vaccine doses, it will simply be

impossible. Making her donate at a safe rate will only be more than enough for the military and the pack lesser Alphas and council members. That number is already high enough but it would be impossible for everyone." He glanced at me, his expression soft but filled with guilt.

I gave him a sad one back. "I have no qualms about donating as many pints of blood but just like Montague said, it will be impossible."

Hades squeezed my hand then gestured to Kael. "Time to see how plan B is going. You can call her in now."

Kael easily reached under the round table. "Bring in Dr Maya," he spoke into the concealed speaker.

Hades cleared his throat. "At the moment there are four people that will have a high probability of being immune to the blood moon. Eve, Me, Elliot and Ellen, at least to an extent." 1

Thea perked up again. "You will be immune?" She asked, "but you are not a twin in the prophecy."