

Sophia Hess never had many friends. As a child, she was already like a miniature Pinscher, snapping at anyone and anything. She had a few black friends, more due to their parents pushing them together in some sense of commonality. She felt guilty, therefore, over not having remembered Ellie. Not a hint of the blond remained in her memory until the girl reminded her.

Sophia folded her arms and leaned against the lockers. “So how’ve you been? Did you lose anybody on Wolf Day?” It was still shocking that such an event only lasted a single day. It felt like the crisis had fundamentally changed Brockton Bay. She supposed this was what it was like, to be living a historic moment.

Ellie shook her head. “Nah, I was lucky. My family was actually out of town when it happened. Took us a while to get back in.”

“Shit, that must’ve been rough. Had to slum it in a motel?”

“Barely,” the blond snorted. “Only had so much spare money, so we had to sleep in the car.”

“Fuck. That’s rough.” Sophia scratched her nose with her thumb. “Did anybody screw with your house?”

“No, thankfully. But I’m glad I could catch up with you. I saw you on YouTube, y’know.”

That got a confused eyebrow-raise from Sophia.

“The riot,” Ellie giggled. It was an unnatural sound. “You’re internet-famous. Not quite as much as your friend Taylor, but still. Lots of people were impressed with your fighting skills, even more think you’re hot.”

Sophia’s lip curled at that. Intimacy was wedded to vulnerability in Sophia’s mind, and she had long since resolved to never again be vulnerable. Just the reminder that people found her attractive provoked a visceral reaction in her. Even after she killed him, just the idea of being vulnerable still made her sick. She still couldn’t believe that Greg had managed to calm her, let her cry. And he hadn’t taken advantage of her weakness. Well, not yet at least.

Noting that Sophia had shut down, Ellie changed tack. “So tell me, Sophia,” she smiled, blue eyes twinkling into brown, “your friend Taylor. Is she a cape?”

“Yes she is,” Sophia said reflexively, then her eyes widened. “Oh shit, I didn’t mean- What did—”

“Hey, calm down,” Ellie soothed. “I know you didn’t mean it. But you can trust me. You know that.”

“I…” Sophia swallowed heavily and straightened up, quickly feeling calm once again. “Yeah, I know you’re trustworthy. You just have to understand, just knowing someone is a cape is obscenely dangerous. Not just for them, but for you. You have to promise me you won’t spread that around.”

“I promise,” Ellie replied far too easily. She was closer now, her voice softer. “How about we find an empty classroom and continue this? I’m sure you know one. Lead us to an empty classroom, Sophia.”

Sophia led the way up to the third floor and hip-checked one of the doors, popping the subpar latch. "Here we are."

"Y'know, you're awfully careful about cape identities. That's not exactly common among regular people. Tell me, are you a cape, Sophia? It's okay, it's safe to tell me."

"Y-yes, I am," Sophia replied, sounding a little hesitant and afraid.

"You don't have to be afraid with me," Ellie smiled, licking her lips.

"Y-you, ah, you've got something on your lip," Sophia remarked.

Ellie pulled out a compact and frowned. "Oh. My lip-liner smeared." She looked back up at Sophia with a self-effacing smile. "Just ignore that. I'll fix it soon enough. While I do, why don't you tell me which cape you are."

Something was wrong. There was no way, even if Ellie was an old friend, that Sophia should be so cavalier with her identity. But it was okay, it was safe. Ellie herself had said so. "I'm, ah, Shadow Stalker."

"That's...one of the Wards, right? You have shadow powers?" Sophia wasn't forthcoming, so Ellie pushed. "C'mon, tell me your powers!" she whined.

"I can, ah, turn into what I call a shadow form. It lets me, and objects I choose, become intangible." She shared as little as she could.

"Ooh, cool!" Ellie's eyes sparkled. "Is Taylor a Ward too? Tell me, tell me!"

"No, she's not."

Well that response was clipped. "And she's not a villain, is she?"

"Of course not!" Sophia snapped, defensively.

Even more interesting. "Ooh, I smell a secret! C'mon, tell me! Which cape is Taylor?"

Sophia grit her teeth, making a soft keening noise.

Now that was fascinating. Usually only those with anti-Master effects could do something similar, and it had only ever happened at the start of a conversation to be broken down over time, not in the middle. Ellie stepped closer, staring straight into Sophia's eyes. They were about the same height. "Tell me." Her voice was a bit deeper, firmer. "I know Taylor is a cape. Which. One. Is. She?"

Sophia bit her lip to draw blood, but eventually the words slipped from her mouth. "Sh...she's Bloodmoon!"

The blond's eyes widened. "You're shitting me. White Bruce Lee is the same bitch who chased off the Simurgh?"

Sophia grunted. "That's about it."

"Tell me, who else knows about Taylor's identity?"

"As far as I know, only me and Greg."

Ellie's eyes narrowed. "And who's Greg? Tell me!" she snapped.

"G-Greg Veder. He has some classes with Taylor."

"Describe him!" Sophia did so. "Thank you." Ellie stepped closer, clutching Sophia by the temples. "Forget everything that we discussed here. You will only remember that you caught up with a childhood friend and you want to spend more time with me. You think Greg and I will get along, and you'll introduce him to me soon. Give me your phone." Ellie entered Sophia's number into her own phone, and added hers to Sophia's. "Now go back to whatever you were doing. You will remember *none of our conversation*," she insisted.

As Sophia left, Elijah Mathers let himself collapse. He was in the same school as Mama's new goddess, the one that many wanted to crucify as a blasphemer. Regardless of the bitch's holiness, she could defeat an Endbringer and she was right here under his nose. Fuck, she could probably smell his fear.

He popped open his compact again, staring himself in the eyes. "You will express no fear around Taylor or Bloodmoon. Not even pheromones or microexpressions." He barely managed to stow the compact before the migraine set in, and he knelt on the floor as the agony of self-focused power use set in. He'd almost been stupid enough to tell himself to have no fear around her, but that was an express ticket to death.

Valefor held his phone to his ear. "Mama?"

Christine Mathers' voice reverberated within his mind. "Yes, dear?"

"I found Bloodmoon. We, ah, might be in some trouble though..."

(BREAK)

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◆Topic: Wolf Day

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### **MuggaMuGA** (Original Poster)

Posted on March 1, 2011:

EDIT 3/6: Changed the title to match the official statement.

I wanted to get this up outside of the official PRT thread because I know that's going to get pruned for things like speculation. But I'm sure a lot of us have stories about what we saw, or have secondhand information, or want to come together to discuss and try to figure out exactly what happened. I want this to be a thread where we can do that.

For me, I was there. I got loaded onto an E88 APC (don't judge me: they got to me before the PRT and I have a family. I'm not going to stay there for my family to risk death because I find nazis distasteful) and saw some shit through the window slats. Huge wolves the size of cars, wolfmen with guns... People at the refugee camps had even more stories, but those aren't mine to share.

### **Mishy\_Mashy**

Posted on March 1, 2011:

Dude you're right about that. I saw some of that attacking a house across the street from my building. Werewolves tore through the front door. Then i kind of hid in a closet.

### **Bagrat** (The Guy in the Know)

Posted on March 1, 2011:

Well, hanging up my "guy in the know" hat on this one: all of my information on this incident comes from secondhand, thirdhand and further sources. Nobody who was boots-on-the-ground is talking, at least not to me. But from other PHO threads, communication was somehow being barred so perhaps that's just a thing right now.

As far as I can put it together, werewolves showed up in Brockton Bay and started killing people. PRT declares a truce, they and E88 and Faultline's crew team up to deal with this tide of violence. Lung is MIA.

Bloodmoon's team appear (shaggy policeman is Valtr, yellow man is Henryk, and the lady is Owl) to offer help, and apparently Bloodmoon was dealing with something else at the time. Eventually Bloodmoon shows up, Tattletale of the Undersiders traces the outbreak to Coil, and Bloodmoon goes in by herself to kill the monsters.

Now there's a crater where Coil's underground Bond lair used to be, and another S-class feather in Bloodmoon's cap.

### **AnAngryCrab**

Posted on March 1, 2011:

Is nobody gonna talk about the freaky stuff that went on with the MOON TURNING RED!?

I saw it and couldn't look away, even when the fucking werewolf things started to tear into the apartments downstairs. I'm so scared, my brain hurts, and I don't know what to do.

**Kitrana** (Cape Groupie)  
Posted on March 1, 2011:

DO NOT talk of that, do you want to piss off the angry moon thing? or draw any more attention?

**AnAngryCrab**  
Posted on March 1, 2011:

It's all I can think about. It's like the image of the Red Moon is seared into my brain. I can STILL SEE IT no matter what I do.

**Venture of Venture** (PRT Trooper)  
Posted on March 1, 2011:

I was one of the troopers helping evacuate people, and word I'm hearing around the barracks is that the higher-ups are saying NOT to talk about the things we saw, for our own safety. Worse thing is, it doesn't sound like our safety is in danger from the higher-ups.

I'm going to drown myself in whatever alcohol I can find when I'm rotated out. Maybe I'll be able to forget everything when I wake up

**ghost\_in\_the\_crab\_shell** (Tinfoil Hat)  
Posted on March 1, 2011:

Werewolves! HA! Yeah right, more Brockton BS and whining. WAH the teeth were here, WAH there's a rage dragon, WAH there's nazis. Sure we've all got problems don't mock up a fairy tale and try to pass it off as fact for more sympathy

**AnAngryCrab**  
Posted on March 1, 2011:

•Replying to [ghost\\_in\\_the\\_crab\\_shell](#)  
You didn't see the moon. You didn't see your neighbors torn apart and eaten in the street. YOU DIDN'T SEE. You don't see it, can't see it, will never see it.

**Riddim\_Fan**  
Posted on March 1, 2011:

So Coil is to blame for this? What the fuck did he do? Contract with Bonesaw?

Does anyone know ANYTHING about how Coil managed to fuck up the Bay even more than it already was?

**ghost\_in\_the\_crab\_shell** (Tinfoil Hat)  
Posted on March 1, 2011:

•Replying to AnAngryCrab

Go cry me a river, your supposed cape to non cape stats don't gain you anything here crab. neither does your doctored video. Go stick your fairy tale and spooky ghost story about the moon up where the sun don't shine. Some of us have the fucking fallen in our city! people like you who try to drum up fake sympathy for their city oughta be flamed off this site.

*No inflammatory calls to harass someone: you've been warned before. Have a one-week ban to cool off.*

*-Tin\_Mother*

**General\_Kwaaaaang!!:**

Posted on March 1, 2011:

The red moon was weird enough, but what about the...other moon? idk how to say it. The red moon went away and it looked like a big crystal in the sky instead. I had this bizarre existential moment where I knew everything wasn't gonna be okay but I could be okay despite it.

**Kitrana (Cape Groupie)**

Posted on March 1, 2011:

•Replying to General\_Kwaaaaang!!

Really!? I mean really? Do we really need to draw that attention as well? come on Brockton i thought we collectively at least had more sense then that. DO NOT talk about the moon stuff!

**Mishy\_Mashy**

Posted on March 1, 2011:

•Replying to Kitrana

You're counting on the common sense of people who collectively gather at cape fights to take cell phone videos. I think that's a lost cause mate.

**Winged\_One**

Posted on March 1, 2011:

Bloodmoon is the best hero currently working – best since Hero, in my opinion. Where others talk about risk and upsetting the status quo, she sees evil and stamps it out.

**xXVoid\_CowboyXx**

Posted on March 1, 2011:

I'm amazed that so many people are saying the werewolf thing was fake. My school got hit and we had to evacuate. We lost about a dozen people in the escape. My school is a shithole but these were still human lives, people who died. And you bastards are still sitting there smugly saying "Pics or it didn't happen – no, not those pics! Those don't count!"

Well here's another picture for you. That's the pod complex we're sleeping in tonight, because we're not allowed to go home. We hope Bloodmoon got rid of all the monsters, but we don't know, and there could be squatters or other villains capitalizing on us going missing. Rumor down the grapevine is that ABB territory got absolutely ravaged. We may have lost thousands or more in a single day.

Fuck every one of you who dismisses this.

*I understand your sentiment and sympathize. You're getting too heated, though. Take an hour off the thread to cool off. -Tin\_Mother*

**Benjamin628**

Posted on March 1, 2011:

I wonder if Bloodmoon kept any of the werewolves as a pet. She certainly seems badass enough to manage it.

**Mikemike&ike**

Posted on March 1, 2011:

Bloodmoon beats up Endbringers, why would she need a werewolf?

**Benjamin628**

Posted on March 1, 2011:

•Replying to Mikemike&ike  
Because she has a werewolf your argument is invalid, that's why!

**Mishy\_Mashy**

Posted on March 1, 2011:

You know maybe she can tame and leash hookwolf. That would be way more argument-invalid than just a werewolf!

**Maha\_Haha**

Posted on March 1, 2011:

I wonder if this team's powers all screw them up. Bloodmoon has those octopus eyes; my contacts say Valtr has dog teeth and introduced himself as "the beast eater." Wouldn't be surprised if Henryk and Owl look really screwed-up under those face covers.

**Specific\_Protagonist** (Cape Groupie) (Creative Writing)

Posted on March 1, 2011:

•Replying to Maha\_Haha  
That just makes them more appealing! I had a friend isolate footage of Owl's walking. Mmm, step on me mommy! And Bloodmoon's eyes are beautiful. Gorgeous color and their shape is so...exotic~

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Madison sighed as she trailed her eyes along the subsequent replies. While there were lots who agreed with her, the backlash she got was even more intense. She'd just have to write some new capefic: perhaps Bloodmoon is the secret princess of another exotic world, and she came here to defeat a great evil!

She started outlining her next story in her notebook, closing out of PHO so nobody in computer class could see over her shoulder. Sophia and Emma had both been weird recently, but their distraction gave her more time to work...