

Frost was reminded that the Moons were unequivocally one of the most powerful beings in Elysia. The fact that the triplets operated on a different level was a testament of their prowess.

But that did not detract from the scene that unfolded before her. Streaks of light hurled through the air like shooting stars as the earth fractured into hundreds of fissures. The landscape morphed the moment a group of ten Moons were let loose to unload everything they had against the One Thousand Eyed Bird.

Plateaus rose from the ground, creating canyons that were shattered as the Moons burst through, sending boulders across the Black Forest like the meteorites. Each Moon was individually gifted, possessing both magic and physical strength that defined them.

Flaming fists incinerated hoards of Denizens. Living vines rose from the back of a Moon to rip their foes apart. Another fought strictly using their fists which were coated with a frosty layer of rime.

No two Moons were the same. From what Frost knew, their Atelier Items amplified their Skills and were heavily relied on. Most Moons possessed generic magic but were simply gifted with the Blessing, thus, transforming even a simple fireball into a blazing meteor.

Atelier Items were what defined what a Moon was capable of. But even so Frost was impressed by their prowess as they fought the One Thousand Eyed Bird, all the while Ber guided them as another voice coached:

“Hey! C’mon! You’re not breaking anything with that kind of swing!” Cer cheekily cried, reveling in her uncontestable position. “That big bird doesn’t need a Moon with an Atelier Item!”

“Destroy those orbs now or they’ll be a pain in the ass to deal with! You can cut its attacks down by half if you can do that!” Ber exclaimed, all the while the spectating Moons watched on, some nodding whilst others burned the instructions in the backs of their mind.

Frost found it humorous that they didn’t question the triplets at all. Although, she could tell that Cer’s voice was as grating as it always had been to them.

“Cer.” Frost said with crossed arms. “Let them focus.”

“I’m encouraging them! It’s not like they’ll die if they keel over in here.” Cer argued but was instantly silenced as Res ran a hand along Cer’s nape. She shocked her lightly, causing the fur of her tail and ears to stand on all ends. “Tch...!”

“If there’s something you should be encouraging, it’s teamwork. Take a look at them. Half of the damage they’re taking is caused by neighboring Moons. Their Skills are overlapping.”

“Just like your Electric Field.” Frost said amusedly.

Res’ eyes saw what Frost immediately could not. Even with her current experience Frost did not have a keen eye for combat like those who had been in the profession for their entire life. Moons were individually strong, but when meshed with no semblance of harmony, then

it became a cacophony of discord. Personality wise, Moons also echoed this self-centeredness. Not many seemed to even know the names of one another. All that mattered to them was that they were fellow Moons.

*Serum G has destroyed their personalities...*

Frost couldn't get over the fact that these murderous living machines once lived regular lives. Although, regular was too broad and perhaps even an insult to the world they were brought into. Conflict was all they knew, and it was the one thing that kept the spark of life in their eyes.

The clashing lights, the explosions, the magic, the devastation – it was all reflected in their eyes like stars.

A deep sadness overcame Frost as she caught one staring at Ber. Their heart was colored white, and Frost could see that they didn't even know themselves why they were staring at Ber until an inkling of blue fused with it.

*"Moons recall of a time before the conflict. Like the triplets, it is a time they used to never be able to dream of. It was a frustrating curtain of darkness none could peer into. Glimmers are showing now just from your presence."*

*If anyone deserves their lives back, then it's the Moons. Forgetting the past makes it so much harder to figure out what the hell you are. I just want to do the right thing. It's always memories, huh.*

*"Thankfully they aren't used as a fuel."*

*Not from what we know of at least. Haaaah...*

*"Frost?"*

*I hate that people have to become like this. All just to survive in this world. Just to stop them from becoming something they're not.*

*"But by doing so, they have become something else anyway."* Nav said, and Frost couldn't agree any more.

It was not like the Moons were emotionless anyway. They had their own unique personalities. Some were far more cheerful than others. Few rarely spoke a word. But if there was one common factor between them all, it was that they were focused only on the mission at hand and rarely stopped to think about themselves...

*"They're fighting every day. But no one knows when those lights will go out. Do you wonder, Frost, if people will remember if they even existed?"*

The sparkle in their eyes intensified as the battle with the One Thousand Eyed Bird reached its conclusion. The raw emotion the Moons displayed throughout the fight was proof that they themselves wished to live.

Unfortunately, they had forgotten the correct way to do so.

*... No one would. They were unwanted. The scary part is that people will only care once they're all gone. It's never before. Always after.*