## THE RISE OF A FROZEN STAR

Chapter 3: A Calm Beginning

## [Third Person Pov]

In a lush, warm forest where sunlight filtered through the tall trees creating dancing patches on the ground, the sounds of nature intertwined like a living symphony. The distant songs of birds, the crunch of leaves under tiny paws, and the whisper of wind brushing the green treetops composed a melody that enveloped everything in its path.

Between bushes and twisted roots, a small figure moved with careful steps, believing herself the stealthiest hunter in the world. Her breath was held, her eyes fixed on the target: a bright purple fruit hanging from a low branch, guarded by a tiny bird with iridescent feathers.

The girl crouched slowly, reaching out with a mix of hunger and curiosity. Her fingers hovered mere inches from the prize... until a sharp voice shattered the quiet like an unexpected thunderclap.

"Sister! Lotte! Where are you?"  The shout sent the birds into flight. The tiny guardian of the fruit shrieked in alarm, grabbed the precious treat with its beak, and vanished into the branches with a furious flutter.  The girl, still with her hand outstretched, froze. She didn't even blink. Her face a mixture of surprise and resignation, was framed by a beam of light slipping through the leaves. She didn't need to turn around to know whose voice it was.  With a defeated sigh, she lowered her arm and muttered softly to herself:  "Claire"  [Liselotte's Pov]  "Claire"	
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[Liselotte's Pov]  "Claire"	With a defeated sigh, she lowered her arm and muttered softly to herself:
"Claire…"	"Claire"
	[Liselotte's Pov]
Sadness completely overtook me.	"Claire…"
	Sadness completely overtook me.



I slowly understood: I had died. And now, I was reborn as a girl in the arms of

That wasn't my name. I was Edward. Or had been.

a stranger who looked at me with love.

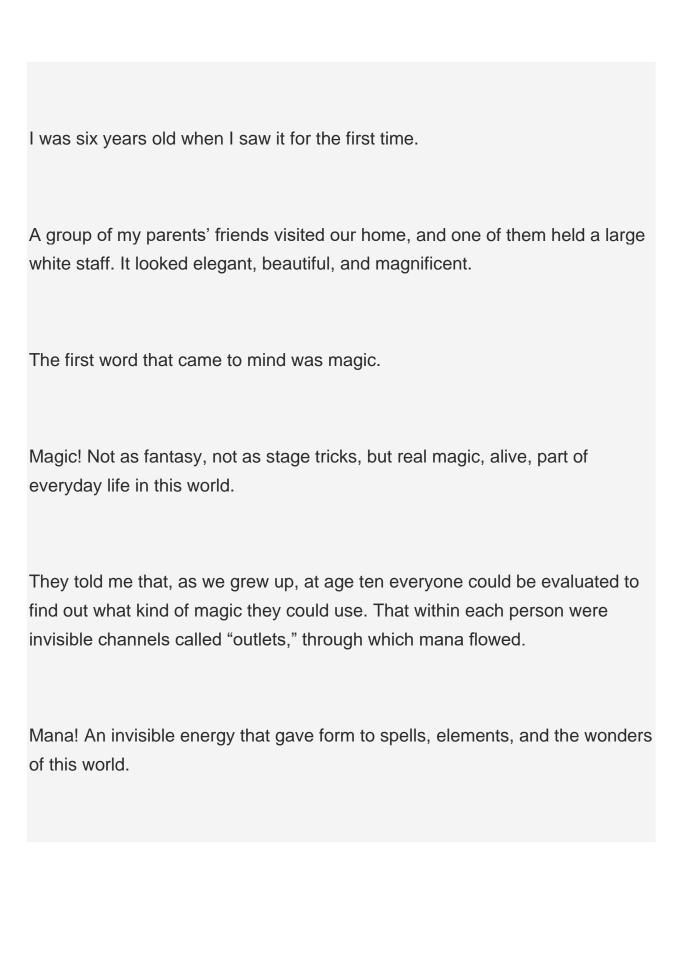
My first months were confusing. I knew I didn't belong in this body, but I couldn't help adapting.

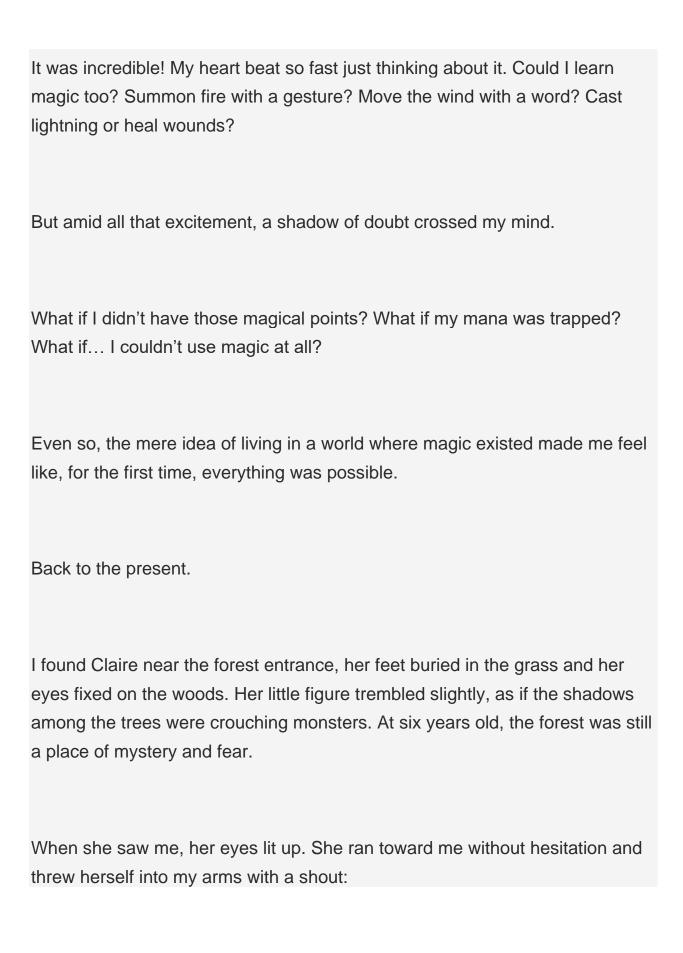
My new parents, Andrea and Carl, treated me with tenderness. Carl was strong as an oak, Andrea warm as the winter sun. And three years later, my sister arrived.

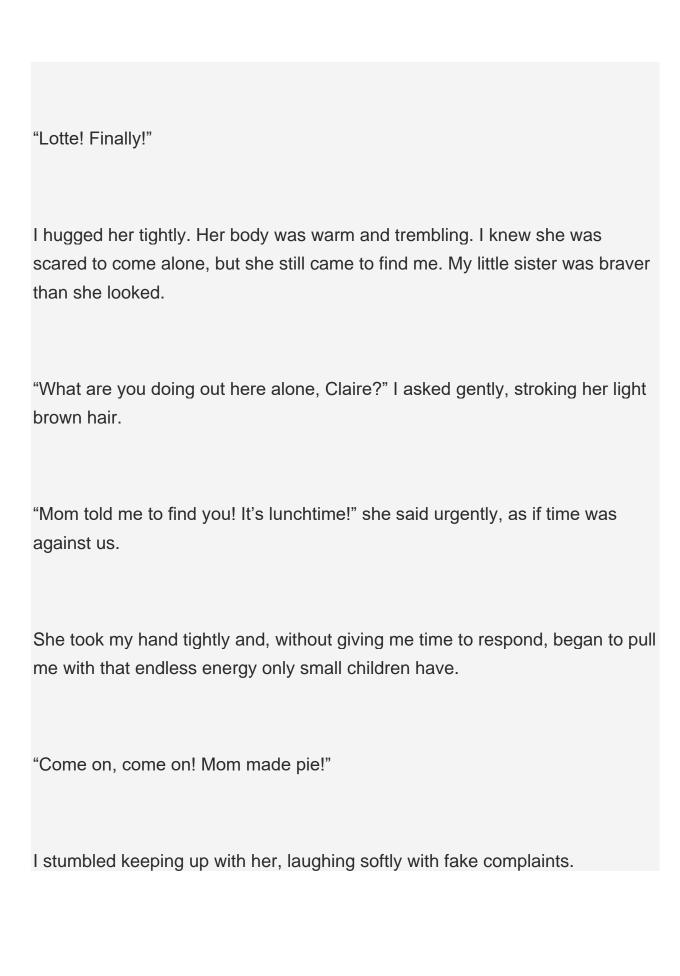
When Claire was born, I saw something in her I had never felt before—a pure bond that connected us. I promised to protect her with everything I had, even if I still didn't know who I was, or who I would become, in this life.

Thanks to my past life, I learned quickly. I picked up this world's language easily, but I hid what I knew. I didn't want to stand out. Not yet.

I just observed. And remembered.







"I'm coming, I'm coming! Don't drag me like a sack of potatoes..."

Claire laughed and squeezed my hand tighter. In that moment, with sunlight filtering through the leaves and her laughter echoing among the trees, I felt an intense emotion.

A warmth with no name. Love, perhaps. Gratitude. Or the strange certainty that protecting her was one of the few things that truly gave meaning to my new life.

Today was a special day. Not just because it was my tenth birthday in this world... but because I was alive to share it with her.