



## 483 Sisters

Eve **1**

When we dispersed, Maera was waiting in the hallway leading to Ellen's room for me. In my hand was Ellen's comprehensive report. My hand shook, but I hid it behind my smile as I approached the Eclipse Rebellion's commander.

She looked like me—disheveled after the operations we'd both assisted in. The official high-rank Obsidian uniform she wore was crumpled and dirty. Shadows clung to her eyes, her face gaunt, not even masked by her scar. Still, my former would-be mother-in-law smiled.

"Let us get you to your room," I told her, turning her away from the room I was not yet ready to enter. Her face betrayed her confusion, but she let me lead her away anyway.

I opened the file as we walked, tilting it toward her so we both could see the contents of the tests run on Ellen while we were away.

My pulse skittered when my eyes caught the first lines concerning her condition.

PATIENT: Ellen Valmont



AGE: 23 2

**APPARENT PHYSIOLOGICAL AGE: 47-52**

**I stopped walking.**

**Maera's hand found my elbow, steadying me as I forced myself to keep reading.**

**PHYSICAL ASSESSMENT:**

**Advanced organ deterioration consistent with prolonged malnutrition and chronic stress**

**Liver function at 40% capacity (signs of previous failure, currently regenerating)**

**Kidney damage (Stage 2, reversible with treatment)**

**Bone density loss consistent with osteoporosis typically seen in post-menopausal women**

**Blood pressure: 85/50 (dangerously low, stabilized with IV fluids)**

**Muscle atrophy severe**

**Immune system severely compromised**

**Note: Cellular regeneration observed over a 6-hour monitoring period. Werewolf healing factor appears intact but suppressed. With proper nutrition, rest, and medical intervention,**



prognosis is cautiously optimistic for physical recovery.

My throat tightened. I flipped to the next page.

**PSYCHOLOGICAL ASSESSMENT:**

**Major Depressive Disorder (severe)**

**Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder (complex)**

**Suicidal ideation (active within last 72 hours)**

**Psychotic episodes (auditory hallucinations, paranoid delusions)**

**Evidence of chronic self-harm (scars consistent with prolonged cutting, burning)**

**Dissociative amnesia (significant memory loss, particularly of the last 5 years)**

**Note: Patient is a danger to herself. 24-hour observation required. Psychiatric intervention urgent.**

The words blurred.

Twenty-three years old.

My twin sister was twenty-three years old and her body was dying like a woman in her fifties.

"Eve," Maera whispered, her voice breaking.





"Gods above..." Her voice trembled. "I am so sorry, Eve. Our Deltas were not able to help..."

"Don't you dare blame yourself, or those wonderful people. You owe me no explanation."

I remained stoic, like every word was not another stab in my gut.

I flipped to the final page, where the attending physician had added personal notes.

**ADDITIONAL OBSERVATIONS:**

**This patient has been systematically destroyed. The level of physical and psychological damage is consistent with prolonged torture, forced starvation, and what I can only describe as intentional breaking of the mind and body. Whatever she was forced to do, whatever was done to her—it was designed to kill her slowly.**

**The fact that she is still alive is a testament to lycan resilience. The fact that she is still lucid enough to speak is nothing short of miraculous.**

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However, I must note: this patient expressed confusion and distress when told she was "safe." She does not appear to understand the concept anymore. She asked repeatedly if "he" would punish her for leaving. When asked who "he"



was, she said, "Father."

This patient requires intensive psychological care and should not be left alone under any circumstances.

I closed the file.

Maera was crying silently beside me, tears streaming down her scarred face.

"He did this to her," I said, my voice eerily calm. "Darius did this to his own daughter. The Blessed Twin. The golden child. He used her, broke her, and when she tried to escape the only way she knew how—" My voice cracked. "She still might never be the same."

"Eve..."

I took a breath, steadying myself. When I spoke again, my voice was measured. Controlled. The voice of a Luna who had learned to carry impossible weight without breaking.

"But she's alive," I continued. "And that means something. Ellen has always been too resilient to falter completely. Even when we were children, even when Father—" I stopped, corrected myself. "Darius tried to mold her into something she wasn't, there was always this spark in her."



Buried, but there. She survived five years of whatever hell he put her through. That takes strength most people don't have."

Maera wiped at her eyes, her scarred fingers trembling. "You truly believe she can recover?"

"I have to," I said simply. "Because the alternative is unacceptable." I placed a hand on her shoulder. "But right now, you need rest. Tomorrow will be another long day, and I need you at your best."

"Eve, I should stay—"

"No." My tone was gentle but firm. "You've done more than enough today. Go. Sleep. Eat something. Take care of yourself so you can help take care of others."

Maera looked like she wanted to argue, but exhaustion won out. She nodded slowly.

We'd shared so much during the day's operations. While coordinating the refugee dispersal, while checking manifests and organizing safe houses, Maera had told me everything. How her son James—Darius's puppet—had been the one to mutilate her face. How he'd killed his own father, her husband, on Darius's orders. How Darius had been systematically destroying Silverpine from within,





turning children into orphans, parents into unwilling soldiers of his war, breaking families, crushing any spark of resistance.

She'd wept as she told me. I'd held her hand and listened, my own rage building with every word.

Now, standing in this hallway outside my sister's room, I understood that we were all victims of the same monster. Just in different ways.

"Maera," I said quietly, catching her before she could turn away. "Thank you. For sharing your story with me today. For trusting me with it."

"You're my Luna now," she said, attempting a smile. "Of course I trust you."

"I might not be your daughter-in-law," I said, my voice soft but certain. "But you will always have a daughter in me. If you'll have me."

Maera's composure finally shattered. She pulled me into a fierce embrace, her whole body shaking with silent sobs. I held her, this warrior woman who had lost everything and kept fighting anyway.

"I would be honored," she whispered against my shoulder. "So honored, Eve."

We stood like that for a long moment—two



women who'd survived the same tyrant, finding family in the wreckage he'd left behind.

When she finally pulled back, her eyes were red but clear. Determined.

"Tomorrow," she said.

"Tomorrow," I agreed.

I watched her walk down the hallway toward the guest quarters, her shoulders straightening with each step despite her exhaustion. A survivor. A fighter.

Just like Ellen would be, I told myself. Just like we all had to be.

I turned back to face Ellen's door.

Now it was time to see my sister.

I smoothed down my uniform, tucked the file under my arm, and nodded to the guard.

"Open it," I said, my voice steady.

The door swung open.

And I stepped inside to face what Darius had done to the sister I'd once known. 3



