



STARBORN SISTERS

THROUGH THE BROKEN BELT



As the repaired pod climbed from Amazon Island, another traveler crossed the hidden sea.



Princess Amazoness slipped through the barrier that had guarded her childhood.



Veyla worked controls built from alien crystal and Amazon metal.



Queen Amazoness smiled at her daughter's return, then remembered how much both of them would need to change.



No welcoming party
waited on the sand.



Lysandra reached the
boat first, sword already
furious.



Princess Amazoness
drew before the hull
touched shore.



Their blades met hard
enough to shove the
sea away.



Above the world, the wormhole opened like a storm made of light.



Amazoness reached for her sword before remembering there was no ground beneath her feet.



Veyla promised the portal was the road to their destination.



Then the broken belt drifted into the road.



If she could breathe in space, Amazoness would have leapt out and split the stones herself.



On the island below,
Princess Amazoness
found the strength her
mother could not use.



She kicked Lysandra
from the boat and
onto the shore.



The princess followed
with a falling strike.



Lysandra rolled
clear by a breath.



She rose from the sand
with one answer: only
one may rule the island.



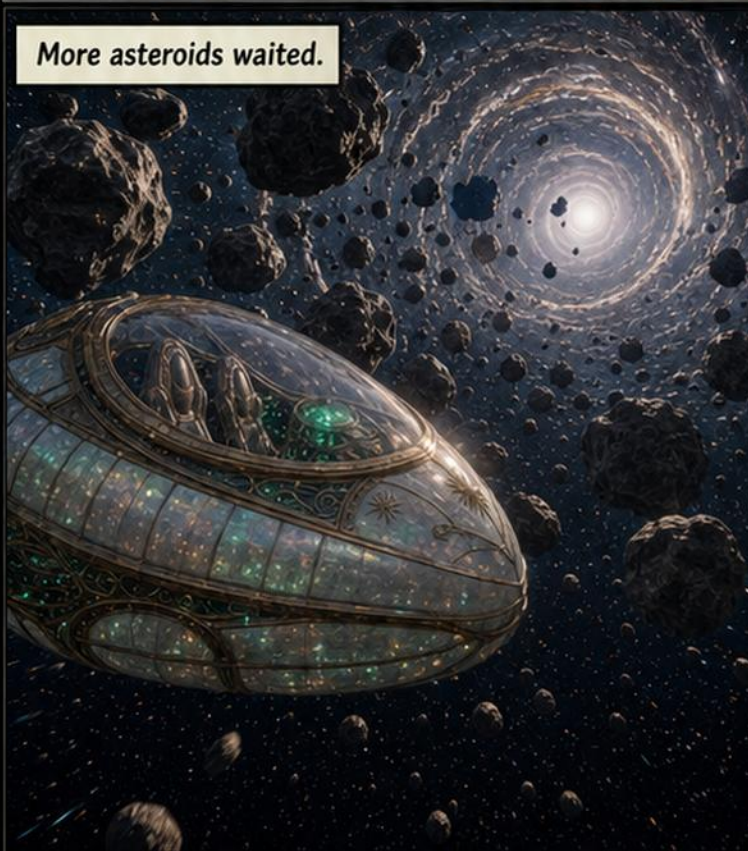
Amazoness asked the only question a trapped warrior could ask: weapons?



Veyla shook her head and slid the pod past a spinning rock.



More asteroids waited.



On the shore, Princess Amazoness met Lysandra blade to blade.



She shouted the truth Lysandra had not imagined: she did not even want to be queen.



For the first time that day, Lysandra stepped back.



Lysandra could not understand refusing the honor of rule.



Princess Amazoness answered that the island had become a fishbowl.



The Amazons studied the world from behind magic, but study was not the same as living.



In the pod, Amazoness saw the same lesson from the other side of the glass.



If strength could not swing, knowledge would have to steer.



Amazoness called the openings before the rocks could close.



Veyla knew the pod well enough to make those openings real.



Warrior eyes and pilot hands became one answer.



The repaired pod cleared the broken belt and vanished into the wormhole.



Below, Princess Amazoness held her ground before a crown she did not seek and an island she still loved.

