

Ylena x Penelope

Timetable: IDK sometime after Atheos gets clapped

Husband dies with Ylena somewhere nearby (28 STAB WOUNDS)

Introduce Penelope Friedrich

Enemies to lovers this shit girly pop

Some bullshit I'll write later

Happily ever after

Side project: NUCLEAR BOMBS

"Well, that could have gone better", Ylena Devall stood up from the bloodied mess of a body laying before her. Stab wounds covered his upper chest and neck, who the man was, she didn't care, he had fucked around, and subsequently, found out. Last lesson he'll ever learn, don't fuck with a doctor, they could kill someone in more than 300 ways, most of which no one will know, at least not without dying to said method.

She sheathed the bloody knife after cleaning the blade on her sleeve, and rifled through his pockets, looking for any form of identification. She had killed the man, the least she could do is report him as KIA, he'd get passed off as another field casualty.

She found his ID, the first name was too far worn to read, but the last name froze her to the core: Friedrich. Her pulse quickened. It couldn't be. Was this man related to Admiral Friedrich? And if so, why the hell was he out here of all places? She felt the weight of her actions settle heavily on her chest. If this was who she thought it was, the fallout could be monumental.

"Shit," she hissed under her breath. She couldn't afford for this to blow back on her. Not now. Not with the rumors already swirling about a serial killer targeting officers on the front lines.

She quickly stabbed a coagulant pen from her medpack into his arm, if she was going to call his death in, better to make it look like she tried to save him and save herself from the wrath of an admiral. Ylena stepped back and adjusted the body's position, creating the illusion of a desperate attempt at resuscitation. Blood pooled beneath him, dark and thick, painting a scene of chaotic struggle. The story was convincing, at least enough to satisfy a cursory glance.

This marked the first body she will have called in, at least the first one she had caused, it was safer to not call her own bodies in as rumors of a serial killer plaguing the front lines and rim worlds had spread quickly, a little too quickly for her liking. However, she liked the name they had given her, Hemlock, it felt good, a little too good. All the years trying to help people, no one gave a damn how much effort she put in, it was never good enough, this was revenge, clean and simple.

High ranking officers were the main target, she had kept as many of the ground troops alive as she could, because they had done nothing, just in the wrong place, at the wrong time. They at least appreciated her help.

Glancing at the knife sheathed on her hip, she'd have to get rid of it, and quickly, it matched the description of the blade used, a pity really, she had liked that blade, stolen from a marine corps officer, a squealer that one was, wouldn't shut his mouth before his throat had been slit unceremoniously. She unclipped the sheath, burying both under a pile of rubble nearby. Satisfied, she clicked her earpiece on.

"Command, this is Doctor Ylena Devall reporting from in field", she said, clicking the radio in her earpiece on, "Got a casualty here, multiple stab wounds, chest and neck, ID is worn, can only make out the last name, Friedrich", the radio static hummed for a bit before a voice returned the call.

"Copy Devall, send us your location data, that's someone we need to bring back, dead or alive" the voice on the other end was flat and emotionless, just another day at the office for them.

"Sending up a beacon" Ylena replied, quickly tapping at her PDA, allowing for her position to be shown.

"We see you. Transport is 5 minutes out" the voice said before the line went dead.

The line went dead, and Ylena exhaled slowly. She couldn't afford to let her guard down yet. Five minutes was plenty of time for someone to stumble upon something she'd missed, unlikely, but not impossible. Her gloved fingers flexed as she considered the next move. Something still felt off. Why did Command care so much about one body? Officers died all the time, and unless they were high-ranking or politically important, no one batted an eye.

That name, Friedrich, lingered in her mind. Could it really be tied to the admiral? If so, her move to clean her tracks became even more crucial. A devious plan formed in her mind, *fuck it*, she thought, *it's worth a shot*.

"Command, I've got a weapon here, combat knife, about 8 inches long, marine corps standard, matches the wounds on the patient" she said keeping her tone as flat as

possible, she was glad that she always wore gloves, no chance of getting caught when there's zero DNA transfer possible.

"Copy that Devall, bag it and bring it in with the body" the responder answered with the same cool tone.

Ylena smirked faintly, glad she'd buried the knife before calling it in. The satisfaction was short-lived, though, as her thoughts returned to the admiral. Admiral Friedrich was known for her ruthless efficiency and an unrelenting pursuit of enemies, real or perceived. If she even suspected foul play, Ylena could become her next target.

The faint hum of the approaching transport reached her ears. The countdown had begun. Glancing once more at the scene she'd crafted, Ylena allowed herself a moment of grim satisfaction. The story she'd spun would hold for now. The game was always about staying one step ahead.

As the transport touched down, marines and paramedics disembarked. Ylena straightened, adopting the stoic posture of a doctor who had fought valiantly but lost. Her expression was a perfect mask of frustration and fatigue.

They moved with practiced efficiency, securing the perimeter while paramedics hurriedly followed, carrying their gear in a futile attempt to make a difference. The man on the ground was far beyond saving, his life snuffed out by chaos, not her standard precision, if she could go back and do it again, do it properly, she would in a heartbeat. Although, she hoped the mess would frustrate them, maybe even force Admiral Friedrich's hand.

Admiral Friedrich. The name sent a flicker of disdain through her. She had never met the woman, but she didn't need to. She had heard the stories, seen the decisions Friedrich had made on the battlefield and off. A staunch believer in order, discipline, and justice—at least on the surface. Ylena smirked bitterly. Justice. What a flimsy veil for revenge.

Friedrich's hunt for her wasn't just protocol; it was personal. No admiral would expend this much effort for a single rogue agent unless they had something to prove. And yet, Ylena wasn't foolish enough to believe she was Friedrich's only focus. She was a thorn in the admiral's side, a loose end that didn't fit neatly into the military's tightly controlled narrative. But a thorn was still a far cry from being the root of the problem.

"Doctor Ylena Devall?" a sharp voice cut through her thoughts, dragging her back to the present.

She turned to see one of the marines standing at attention near the transport, his rifle slung casually over his shoulder. His face was unreadable, a perfect mask of military decorum. Behind him, the rest of the squad was holding security while a pair of medics prepared a

stretcher for the body. The scene was efficient, clinical, a well-oiled machine performing a grim but routine task.

“That’s me,” Ylena replied evenly, brushing her gloved hands together as though ridding them of invisible dust. Her tone betrayed none of the tension swirling in her chest.

The marine nodded, his gaze briefly flicking to the bloodied mess of a body at her feet. “You called in a casualty. Stab wounds. Last name Friedrich?”

“Yes,” she said, gesturing to the corpse. “I attempted resuscitation, but the injuries were too severe. There’s nothing more I can do.”

Her words were measured, her tone perfectly calibrated to convey professionalism tinged with regret. It wasn’t her first time lying to a soldier’s face, but this time, the stakes felt higher. Friedrich’s name carried weight, too much weight, and she couldn’t afford even a single misstep.

The marine’s expression didn’t change, but she noticed his eyes linger on the body for a fraction longer than necessary. “Understood, Doctor. We’ll take it from here.”

She nodded curtly, stepping back as the medics moved in. The stretcher’s metal legs unfolded with a mechanical snap, and they began the careful process of lifting the body. Blood dripped onto the ground in thick, sluggish drops, staining the dirt beneath their boots. Ylena watched silently, her mind racing.

If Friedrich’s family was involved, this would escalate quickly. She couldn’t shake the nagging feeling that the admiral would see right through her carefully constructed story. The coagulant injection, the planted weapon, it all felt too neat, too easy. And Friedrich didn’t strike her as the type to overlook even the smallest inconsistency.

“Doctor,” the marine’s voice broke through her thoughts again, and she looked up to see him watching her carefully. “Command has requested you accompany us back to the outpost for debriefing.”

Ylena’s stomach twisted, but she kept her face impassive. “Of course,” she said smoothly. “Standard procedure, I assume.”

“Standard,” he confirmed, though his tone was clipped. Something about his posture, the slight stiffness in his shoulders, the way his hand hovered near his sidearm, set her on edge. He didn’t trust her. None of them did. And why should they? In their eyes, she was just a civilian doctor caught up in the chaos of the front lines. Useful, perhaps, but not entirely above suspicion.

“Let me grab my things,” she said, motioning toward her medpack. She crouched down, taking a moment to compose herself as she secured the pack’s straps. Her gloved hands moved with practiced ease, but her mind was a storm of calculations. If they started asking the wrong questions, if Friedrich herself decided to get involved...

No. She couldn’t let herself spiral. She had gotten out of tighter spots before. This was no different.

Straightening, she slung the medpack over her shoulder and followed the marine toward the transport. The hum of its engines grew louder as they approached, a low, steady drone that vibrated through her boots. She climbed aboard, her gaze flicking briefly to the stretcher where the body was now secured. The ID tag now hanging from the corpse’s wrist glinted under the harsh overhead lights, a stark reminder of the name that had thrown her carefully constructed world into chaos.

As the transport lifted off, Ylena settled into a seat near the back, her expression calm but her mind racing. Friedrich’s hunt was closing in, and this latest move felt like a step too close to the edge. She would need to tread carefully, very carefully, if she wanted to stay one step ahead of the admiral’s reach.

The ride to marine outpost was nearly silent, somber, the fallout of the body in the transport weighing heavily on the mind of those around me. Ylena pondered the importance of the corpse riding next to her in the transport, the nervous glances exchanged by the medics gave away everything she needed to know, she had just stepped into the lions mouth, and the jaws were rapidly closing.

The outpost was bustling with activity when the transport touched down, squads of marines loading vehicles, medics running in and out of the temporary buildings, carrying all manners of medical equipment. The outposts commanding officer stood outside of the landing zone and approached when everyone had been offloaded.

Ylena felt his eyes land on her and scan up and down before turning to the marine who had talked with her before.

“This her?” he shouted to the marine over the roar of the transport’s engines.

“Yes sir!” he yelled in return, “confirmed it herself”.

“Good, high command wants her held here while we confirm the body” he said as the group began to clear the landing zone, “as for the doctor, they’ll want her side of the story”, it was said as a passing comment, but it sent shivers down Ylena’s spine, it was just maintaining a story, holding her position on what happened. This was nothing new, but something bugged her, the stakes felt higher.

The commander led them into a medical building, the usual hustle and bustle of a field hospital was missing, replaced by only the sterile stillness of what looked to be an autopsy table, a pair of medics in clean uniforms, and several officers standing inside.

“Put the body onto the table” the commander ordered the medics, to which they quickly obliged and left the medical tent without another word, relaxing a little outside of the commander’s field of view.

The officers immediately began circling the body like sharks, each one taking a thorough look over before nodding their approval, the last wiped a bit of blood off the wrist of the corpse, I saw a small tattoo I hadn’t seen before, at least not while stabbing the man.

“Yep, this is him” the last officer said grimly, looking towards his comrades “Call it in, tell the admiral that her husband is dead”.

The words stun Ylena for a moment, she had killed the admirals’ husband, even if she wiggled her way out of this, the bounty on her head would be monstrous, this entire star system wouldn’t be safe, hell, nowhere would be safe, as if it wasn’t already unsafe, she reminded herself.

“Can you two quit standing around and see what you can find” the commander snapped at the two medics who jumped slightly before moving quickly towards the body, filling in the space where the officers had stood, poking and prodding every which way, taking blood samples, measuring the stab wounds, checking the bodies temperature.

“As for you doctor”, he said his voice low, “how do you fit into this picture”.