

CECILE HEBELLE

The
Devil's
Kiss

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1. The Awakening of the Volcano

Mariona, Marion's twin sister, was abducted at birth and raised on the fringes of any legal existence, deprived of family and affection. Her destiny: to become the breeder for a Satanic sect, hidden within secret institutions scattered across Australian territory. Her only education was intensive training in martial arts and combat sports (MMA), transforming the young woman into a formidable protector of the institution, trained to kill her predators.

It was thanks to her sister and her chance meeting with Carl, a high-ranking Interpol official, that she was saved in extremis from certain death. Judged legally irresponsible, she was placed in a psychiatric ward for two years to recover her mental faculties. Marion visited her

constantly, coming several times a week. Together, they savored the immense happiness of finally being reunited.

She strove to compensate for the years of emptiness by offering her all the affection and tenderness her sister had been deprived of until then. If the machine, cold and impersonal, escaped moral judgment, its architects could not flee their responsibilities. Mariona's miraculous recovery served as a catalyst: under the impetus of Carl and Marion, a shockwave hit the circles of power.

One by one, the agents infiltrated at the heart of state security were flushed out. The purge was brutal, marking the fall of those who thought they could rule the shadows through code. A divine justice fell upon those who deserved the electric chair ten times over. Mariona had sworn

to take revenge on these monsters and put them out of action. A multitude of intelligence, files, and identities of influential members scattered across the planet were recovered following the various interventions, notably those held by the moles infiltrated within the security services.

The strike team reformed, adding Mariona and Helena to the top of the list. Helena, an intimate friend of Marion and a computer expert based in Australia, was capable of piercing the most protected servers; her participation had been one of the essential elements leading the first operation to success.

The operation progressed toward the identification of clandestine infrastructures and health professionals complicit in the detention and torture of

kidnapped children. The stratagem employed, the abduction of Mariona a few hours after her birth, facilitated by the gynecologist, was the typical *modus operandi* in this case.

Helena, using Carl's data after Mariona's internment, developed a software tool. This allowed for the cross-referencing of identities of gynecologists who had died accidentally over the last two decades, revealing an abnormally high death rate. The analysis of numerous clinical files finally proved the involvement of these doctors in many twin child substitutions.

Marion and Mariona possessed eyes of an absolutely marvelous and unique deep blue, whose piercing hypnotic gaze subjugated anyone who dared to face it. Their investigation within the organizational chart led them toward one

of the supernumerary members residing in France: Edouard, a Knight of the Garter, the grand coordinator between London and Australia. Marion was given the mission to infiltrate his inner circle. Meanwhile, Mariona was to approach Arnaud, a very high-ranking official belonging to the Memphis-Misraim rite, identified as one of the essential cogs in the machine.

During a social dinner, a friend of Carl's introduced Mariona to this high official. Her physique and the intensity of her gaze were her best assets for establishing immediate rapport. As for Marion, she only had to frequent the lounges of the Monaco casino to cross paths with Edouard, the knight residing in the Principality. A true operational cornerstone of the institution, he linked the lodges together.

Excerpt 2

One evening, Mariona was invited to Arnaud's home, a man permanently accompanied by a bodyguard. She went there around 9:00 p.m.; he lived in a pretty villa in the commune of La Celle-Saint-Cloud. They were chatting quietly over a drink when a sexy and athletic-looking woman burst into the living room. Mariona paid her no attention, continuing her discussion with Arnaud. When she approached, Mariona recognized a face that was familiar to her, but she could not remember the origin of their meeting.

— This is Anna, my close protection! Arnaud said proudly.

— How small the world is! Anna said with a calm and icy air.

— Do you know each other? Arnaud asked, intrigued.

— Of course we know each other; I could never forget those eyes! Anna retorted.

— The time we saw each other was on the occasion of a fight! Mariona said.

— A fight against me that you won, eliminating me from the race since you were the winner and I was the loser, the runner-up! Anna replied.

— You seem, nonetheless, to still be the same! Mariona shot back.

— I had heard that you were dead upon leaving the Order, what a pity! Anna continued, signaling her to come closer.

Beyond words, the situation seemed to be complicating since this meeting could only end in one way. Mariona had always managed to never leave traces behind her, a situation that now risked tipping over.

— What do you want to do? Mariona asked calmly.

— I want to fight you, now, so that your death is not a dream but becomes a reality!

Excerpt 3

When Mariona received the information, the name of the leader jumped out at her. The center was in the hands of a torturer doctor she had encountered twenty years earlier—one of those monsters who deserved the electric chair ten times over. He systematically eliminated

candidates who were not selected, as their lack of civil status made any return to society impossible, but allowed for the easy elimination of something that did not exist.

A visit there meant an inevitable face-to-face encounter, with the fear that her eyes would betray her and reveal her identity. She quickly obtained from Carl the precise place of residence of the doctor in charge in Ciccone and his address.

She had no choice but to go there discreetly before her official visit. Arriving at her destination, she lay in ambush near his house, waiting for the man's return, who appeared in the evening. Her natural instincts, for which she was trained, took over in seconds, and she infiltrated the property. She put

on her gloves, observing that he was alone in the house.

She entered and burst into his office. The man was sitting and said:

— Mariona 16! Even in the dead of night, I would have recognized those marvelous eyes, he said without any expression.

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