

My Sister 150

Chapter 150 ALINA

SERAPHINA'S POV

The scent hit me first—wild musk and hunger, raw and untampered.

The unseen presence pressed against me like a wall, primal and unrelenting.

Every instinct in me screamed, danger!

Then I heard it—the crunch of heavy steps, deliberate and slow, somewhere beyond the curtain of trees.

Snow displaced with each weighty stride, followed by the low, guttural huff of a massive creature exhaling steam into the frozen air.

I couldn't see it yet, but its shadow loomed, and I could guess what it was—a bear. And not a small one.

Shit.

I shifted my weight slowly, pressing the woodpile closer to me like a flimsy barrier.

My first thought—funnily, stupidly—was to shift forms. Wolf against bear. Fang to fang, claw to claw.

But then reality slammed into me like an iron door in my face.

I couldn't Shift.

I might have laughed if I weren't so fucking terrified.

I'd trained so rigorously, worked so hard, so that I would not be defined by what I lacked, by my one deficiency.

But now, none of that mattered, and my weakness would finally, truly, destroy me.

The bear's low growl rumbled through the trees. My pulse spiked so fast I thought I would die of a heart attack before the beast had a chance to even scratch me.

The shadow stepped closer, and, between the trunks, its massive form took shape. Moonlight struck silver against fur as the hulking mass blotted out what little twilight remained.

Its coat was mottled white and gray, blending into the snow so well it seemed carved from the very ice—a predator built for this Arena, for this exact environment.

And its eyes...they gleamed with predatory intelligence, hungry. Unwavering. And they were fixed on me—it's prey.

I swallowed hard, my throat as dry as bone.

Okay. Think. Options.

Run? Stupid—I'd be overrun in seconds.

Fight? Even stupider—one blow and my skull would cave in.

Climb? Maybe not as stupid, but would I be fast enough?

My hand twitched toward the communicator band strapped to my wrist. There were people monitoring every challenge, weren't there? They had to intervene if one of us faced actual death. Right?

I pressed the emergency button at the side, whispering, "Requesting assistance."

Nothing. Just static and the faint crackle of interference.

I pressed the other side to link to my teammates' watches. "Guys? Can you hear me? I need you."

More static.

The cold must have been disrupting the signal (dammit, shouldn't they have prepared for that?) Or maybe the Arena's wards were intentionally dampening communication (in that case, why the fuck did they give us communicators to begin with?)

Either way, I was on my own.

The bear trudged forward. Snow shifted beneath its weight; powder sprayed around its paws. Every time it moved, its massive shoulders rolled, and its breathing grew louder, deeper.

My grip on the firewood tightened until bark bit into my skin. My heart raced so hard it hurt, an erratic drumbeat filling my chest.

This was it.

This was how I was going to die. Torn apart in a frozen arena, my body not even warm enough for a proper pyre.

My knees nearly buckled. A sharp, acidic grief welled in my throat as tears brimmed in my eyes.

I thought of Daniel, waiting to come home, cheering me on with his whole heart. Of my team, huddled in the cave, relying on me to bring back fire.

And then, absurdly, I thought of Kieran. Of the warmth of his hands on me just last night, far away from danger and ice.

I thought of the brilliant fury with which he tore apart the rogues who kidnapped me. If he were here, he would know what to do; he would save me.

Despair knifed through me, so sharp I almost doubled over. And in that chasm of hopelessness, when I thought nothing and no one could reach me—

‘Left, Sera.’

A voice.

Soft, low, threading through my mind like the faintest ripple across still water.

‘Move Slowly. Don’t break eye contact.’

My breath caught. What the fuck?

The bear growled again, shifting its bulk, testing the distance between us.

The voice pulsed again, firmer this time. ‘Trust me, Sera. Move left. Now!’

I obeyed before I could second-guess myself.

Step by step, my heart thundering in my chest, I edged left, my boots crunching softly, careful not to make sudden moves.

The bear didn’t charge; it shifted with me, intelligent eyes tracking, but held back.

‘Good,’ the voice soothed, warm despite the ice in my veins. ‘Now, angle your path toward the slope behind you. See it? The ridge with the overhang?’

I dared a glance with the barest flick of my eyes. Yes—a snow-packed incline, leading up to a jagged outcrop.

‘Climb. Keep steady. Don’t run. Don’t falter.’

I wanted to scream, ‘Who are you?’ But the bear’s rumbling growl silenced me. I swallowed it down and obeyed.

One step. Two. My boots sank deep into the snow as I climbed the incline. Every move up the slope gave me precious distance.

Still, the bear stalked after me, movements ponderous but deadly certain.

The voice thrummed again, a steadying cadence against the panic spiraling in my chest.

‘That’s it, Sera. Don’t rush. Breathe. Feel the ground. Trust your instincts. Trust me.’

Trust me...

I clung to the words like a lifeline.

At the ridge, I clambered onto the rocks. The firewood tumbled from my arms, scattering across the snow, but I didn’t care. I just needed to survive. My palms scraped raw against jagged stone as I scrambled higher.

The bear bellowed, a thunderous roar that shook snow loose from branches. My body jolted with fear, but I forced myself onward, nails breaking, boots slipping.

Then—blessedly—I crested the ridge.

The bear lunged, but the overhang jutted too far. It slammed into the base, claws raking uselessly against the stone. Its roar split the silence, echoing through the trees, a sound of frustrated hunger.

I stumbled back, gasping, tears burning my eyes. My legs trembled so violently I nearly collapsed.

The bear prowled below, glaring up at me, but the ridge held. Slowly, reluctantly, it turned and lumbered away, its massive form swallowed by the darkening forest.

Only when it disappeared completely did I crumple to my knees, sucking in frantic breaths, my body quaking with leftover terror.

Oh gods, oh gods, oh gods, oh gods.

‘It’s okay, Sera. You’re safe now.’

I froze at the sound of the voice again. This time, not from surprise. From recognition.

I'd heard it before, in my dreams, shrouded in mist and mystery.

My wolf.

Tears welled hot. They spilled down my cheeks, steaming in the frozen air. I clutched my chest, the ache inside me breaking open, raw and overwhelming.

Was this a dream, too? Some cruel trick woven by the Arena?

"Is it..." My voice cracked, barely audible. "Is it really you?"

A soft hum filled my head, a sound so achingly familiar I thought my heart would burst. 'It's me, Sera. My name is Alina.'

I shattered.

A sob ripped free, my hands shaking so violently I had to clutch the frozen ground to keep from collapsing completely.

"Alina," I whispered reverently, like a prayer. "Alina. It's you. You're really here."

'I promised I'd come soon,' she said gently. 'I am sorry it took so long. But, Sera—I've always been with you, even in silence.'

My tears blurred the world, hot tracks freezing on my cheeks. "I—I can't believe—"

'Believe it,' she said firmly. 'You're not alone anymore, Sera. I'm here now.'

I pressed my palms to my eyes, shaking my head. The implications of this was too much, too overwhelming to bear.

"Does...does that mean I can shift—"

'Not yet,' she admitted, her voice tinged with a hint of melancholy. 'My strength isn't fully restored. I can't bring us into wolf form just yet. But my voice is here. My guidance. My bond with you. And that's enough for now.'

I let out a shaky laugh, half-sob, half-hysterical relief. "Enough? Alina, it's everything. Do you know how many nights I've prayed just to hear you? To not feel so...empty?"

A pause, soft but heavy with meaning.

'I know. I felt your loneliness. I felt every time you reached for me in the dark. And I hated that I couldn't answer. But Sera...we're together again. You're not empty anymore.'

I curled forward, clutching myself, as the enormity of it overwhelmed me. For years, I'd walked with silence in my veins, hollow where half of me should have been. And now—now I'd found my missing piece.

Even if she was fragile, even if she wasn't whole yet, she was here. She was mine.

'There's one thing you must understand,' Alina continued softly. 'No one else can know of my existence. For now, I'm only for you. I know how badly you want the world to see you as something other than broken, but until I'm ready to reveal myself, you must keep me secret. Promise me, Sera.'

I nodded instantly. In that moment, I would have done anything she asked of me. "I promise. I won't say a word. I don't care if they never know—you're here, Alina. That's all that matters."

Warmth filled me, a ripple of comfort that spread through every vein, thawing places I hadn't realized were frozen.

'Good. We'll grow stronger together. And when the time comes, I'll let the world know I'm here. Until then—just listen. Just trust me. We'll survive this.'

I laughed through the tears, a breathless, broken sound. "Survive this? Alina, with you back, I feel like I can survive anything."

She chuckled in my head, a low, affectionate rumble that filled every hollow space inside me.

That's my girl'

The forest stretched quiet again, but this time it wasn't suffocating. Not empty. The silence was filled—
with her, with us.

For the first time in my life, I wasn't walking alone.