

## **My Sister 153**

Chapter 153 DEATH WISH

SERAPHINA'S POV

My pulse drummed so loud that I could barely hear Alina when she spoke.

'Get close,' she replied, calm where I was chaos. 'Close enough for me to see what you can't. Close enough to feel the rhythm of his wolf.'

My mouth went dry. Close. To Kieran's wolf—a ferocious monster whose paw had nearly cracked my ribs minutes ago.

I wanted to trust her. Gods, I needed to trust her. But even with her certainty, she hadn't promised victory.

She hadn't said when or how. Only that there was a way.

But what choice did I have? We'd already learned the truth the hard way—the rest of us couldn't win against Ashar. We'd be crushed again and again.

This was the only way forward.

I forced my breathing into something steadier and faced my teammates.

They had huddled closer, nursing their injuries, exhaustion and despair carved into their faces.

I squared my shoulders. "We try again."

Roxy let out a sharp laugh, half-hysterical. "Try again? Did I miss something? What changed between now and the time we got our asses handed to us like toddlers in a training ring?"

Despite the blood still seeping down her chin, her defiance burned hot enough to melt the snow beneath us.

"This time will be different," I said.

"Oh, sure. And how's that? The only possible chance we have left is if we Shift, but a dozen Omega wolves can't stand against an Alpha like Kieran." Her eyes narrowed. "Or are you suddenly gonna sprout claws and fur of your own, Alpha-born?"

"Roxy," Judy snapped, her tone edged with warning. But I lifted a hand to stop her.

“She’s right.” The words tasted bitter, but I forced them out. “I can’t Shift. Not like you. Not like him. But that doesn’t mean I don’t have something else.”

Roxy scoffed. “What, a death wish?”

“No. A plan.” I lifted my chin, trying to will strength into my battered body. “We’ve been fighting as if we need to bring him down. But we don’t—Finn was right. The talisman’s all that matters.”

Finn leaned forward, a hand kneading his ankle. “So what do you suggest?”

My stomach twisted. Here was the leap of faith. I couldn’t tell them about Alina. Couldn’t admit there was another consciousness in me whispering secrets.

“I need you to trust me,” I said. “I need to get close enough to grab the talisman. That’s our only shot.”

“Yeah, no shit, we need to get close,” Roxy said. “How do we do that?”

I shook my head. “Not ‘we’. Me.”

“Are you insane?” she exploded. “You couldn’t even take one hit without crumpling! He’ll rip you apart before you lay a hand on him!”

Her words stung, but I held her glare, refusing to flinch. "Then buy me the time I need. Cover me. Distract him. I'll do the rest."

Roxy's laugh was jagged, desperate. "Oh, this is rich. You, the one without claws, without a wolf, going toe-to-toe with that?" She jabbed a finger toward the golden beast still waiting with lethal calm. "You'll be mulch before you get within arm's reach!"

"She's not wrong," Talia rasped, her voice faint from her still-shaky breaths. "But...what choice do we have?"

Judy's eyes locked on mine. She was searching, weighing, as if trying to decide whether I'd finally cracked under the cold and fear.

But then she gave a single, firm nod. "If Sera says she can do it, then I believe her."

Finn hesitated only a moment before adding, "Same here."

Roxy whirled on them. "Have you two lost your damn minds?"

"Roxy," Judy said, her tone firm. "We follow our leader."

The word hung in the air, heavy as an oath. After all we'd been through...it wasn't just formality—it was trust.

I swallowed hard against the lump in my throat. Deep down, I wasn't completely sure I deserved that word. But gods, I was going to do everything in my power to be worthy of it.

Roxy looked between us, jaw clenched, fury and fear battling across her face. Finally, with a violent exhale, she spat into the snow, painting it red.

"Fine." The glare she shot at me wavered. "But if you die, I'll kill you."

I kept my face steel-set, not showing the relieved smile I felt tugging at my lips.

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We moved with a coordination born of desperation.

Judy was ahead, her bag loaded with makeshift smoke bombs hastily prepared from the tools and supplies we'd scavenged in our supply packs—signal flares, flint strikers, emptied metal canisters.

I kept my fingers crossed that they would play their role before the very real possibility of them blowing up in our faces.

Finn and Talia took positions on opposite flanks, and Roxy—grudging though she was—stood ready at my side.

Ashar waited on his perch, hulking and immovable, the talismans gleaming at his throat like a prize in a nightmare.

My heart hammered as I stepped forward, breath steaming in the air.

‘Closer,’ Alina urged, her voice sending a shiver down my spine. ‘Let me feel him through you.’

Well, here goes nothing.

“Now!” I shouted.

Smoke and steel erupted as Judy hurled the first bomb, the hiss and billow of gray swallowing the plain.

Finn and Talia darted through the haze, their movements fast and deliberate.

Roxy barreled forward with a snarl, every ounce of her rage unleashed at once.

Ashar's growl rumbled like an avalanche. He met their assault with terrifying ease—batting aside blades, tearing through the smoke as if it were mist.

They kept out of his reach, so this time his hits barely landed. I could feel his frustration growing as he pounced in vain.

But every second he spent swiping at them was a second bought for me.

I sprinted through the haze, lungs burning, ribs screaming. Yet—strangely—my body moved lighter, sharper than ever.

I ducked a swipe that would've crushed me, rolled beneath his paw, and came up running. Adrenaline and surprise surged through me.

'Your reflexes are mine,' Alina whispered. 'Don't think. Move.'

So I did. Faster than I ever remembered being. Not a wolf, not claws and fangs—but not human either.

I was something in between.

Ashar's gaze cut through the smoke and landed on me. Recognition flared, molten and merciless.

The world narrowed to the two of us. His eyes on mine. My feet pounding across snow. The talisman, bright at his throat.

"Cover her!" Judy's voice ripped through the storm. Another smoke bomb burst, cloaking me in gray.

'Sera—now!'

I didn't have to ask what Alina meant. I lunged. My hands caught fur hot as fire, thick as silk.

Maybe Roxy was right; perhaps I did have a death wish. Because suddenly—I was astride Ashar.

The world tilted, spun. My legs locked around his ribs, my hands clawed at his mane as he bucked beneath me like a living tempest.

Every spark I'd felt before erupted into an inferno. My skin burned where it met his fur. My chest seized, heart hammering with something so much bigger than fear.

The talisman gleamed inches from my hand, but for one breath, it ceased to matter. I forgot the Trials. Forgot the cold, the pain, the battle my teammates were fighting.



There was only Ashar. Gold and fire and the raw, terrible pull inside me that whispered he wasn't just an enemy—he was something else entirely.

Something I couldn't yet name.

'Focus, Sera.' Even Alina sounded agitated, frazzled. But the urgency in her voice sharpened my focus enough to remember what I had to do.

I reached down, and my fingers closed around cold silver.