

My Sister 241

Chapter 241 MONSTERS OUT THERE

SERAPHINA'S POV

For a moment, I stood, rooted, striving to comprehend the scene before me.

Humans. Omega. Specimen.

But then one of the men grabbed the male hard enough to make him howl, and something in me snapped.

Maybe it was the sight of his trembling limbs. Maybe it was the sharp, metallic tang of his fear.

Or perhaps just that he—helpless, weak—reminded me of who I used to be. Of how cruel the world was.

Just because I was overcoming my monsters didn't mean there weren't still monsters out there.

The men in black moved to drag him toward a van, one of them lifting the syringe, and that was it. The last thin strand of restraint dissolved.

A low growl ripped through my chest before I even realized I was making a sound. My vision tunneled, and the world sharpened into a clear, cold point of fury.

I didn't Shift—I doubted it would be so easy.

But my wolf surged so violently to the surface that my eyes burned, vision tinting silver.

'Go!' Alina snarled.

I moved.

One heartbeat, I was behind the dumpster.

The next, I was slamming into the first man so hard his body flew backward and smacked into the brick wall with a sickening thud. The syringe skittered across the ground and vanished into a storm drain.

“What the—?!”

“Who the hell—?”

“Get her!”

They spun toward me, but I was already on the second man, wrenching his arm backward with enough force that joints cracked.

He screamed, dropping his weapon as I kicked his legs out, sending him sprawling.

The third swung a silver-tipped baton at my head.

I ducked, and in that same smooth motion, grabbed it out of his hands.

I snapped the baton in half, wincing only slightly as my fingers grazed the edge.

The man froze, eyes wide. “She’s a—”

I bared my teeth, voice a deep, unnatural snarl. “Run.”

He obeyed instantly, stumbling backward, and tripping over himself as he darted away down the alley. The third man followed, using his uninjured arm to drag the unconscious second with him, both vanishing into the maze of shadows.

I didn't chase them.

Not when someone behind me still needed help.

The Omega was curled on the ground, arms wrapped around his ribs, whimpering softly.

On closer look, I saw how young he was. He couldn't have been older than sixteen.

Dirt streaked his face, his clothing shredded. His wolf scent was faint, likely sapped by hunger and exhaustion.

I crouched slowly, feeling the burn drain from my eyes.

"Hey," I murmured. "You're safe. They're gone."

He blinked up at me as if I'd just pulled the moon out of the sky. "You...you fought them off."

Holy shit, I did.

I nodded, a little dazed now that the adrenaline was fading.

He swallowed hard, sitting up with effort. "Thank you."

The gratitude in his voice scraped something raw in my chest.

I helped him to his feet. It was like lifting a sack of hollow bones.

"Do you have anywhere to go?" I asked. "Anyone to contact?"

He shook his head. "Nah. I'll be fine."

I raised a brow. "You were almost drugged and kidnapped."

"Yeah." He shrugged. "Monday night, I guess."

His attempt at humor was heartbreaking.

I pressed my lips together. "If you run into more trouble, you could get help at the nearest OTS branch. They never turn away a wolf in need."

"OTS?" His scraggy eyebrows shot up. "What's that?"

I frowned. "You've...never heard of it?"

He shook his head.

"It's a relief organization dedicated to helping wolfless and vulnerable wolves." It felt a little surreal to repeat the words Lucian had said to me when we first met.

It was even more surreal how far I'd come from the girl who needed to be protected from rogues to this...this warrior who'd protected someone else.

The Omega laughed—a dry, humorless sound that made goosebumps rise on my arms.

"Clearly, you're not from around here, lady." He shook his head. "Seattle's practically ninety percent humans. No werewolf organizations exist—at least not openly. No pack wants to risk the exposure."

He wasn't wrong. I'd felt it as soon as I stepped out of the plane. The air here was thin with wolf scent.

“Then why not head to a wolf-run city?” I asked softly. “There are packs that—”

“No.”

The finality in his firm answer made my lips clamp shut.

I watched him, waiting.

He sighed and scratched at a scab on his forearm absently. “Look, not all packs welcome strays. Some treat newcomers like freeloaders or threats. Others...” His expression darkened. “Others put drifters at the bottom. Make them work like slaves in exchange for shelter. All of that is without considering the innate disadvantage of being born an Omega.”

Unease spread in my chest, chilling me to the bone.

“How is that acceptable?” I whispered.

“It shouldn’t be.” He flashed me a small, crooked smile. “But you gonna go from pack to pack telling every Alpha how to run his territory?”

When I didn’t reply, he shrugged and continued. “Freedom costs something, too. And this? Wandering, eating scraps, running from hunters? It’s still better than being someone else’s property.”

I sighed. “I get that, I do. But—”

“No offense, lady, but I’m pretty sure you don’t.”

He didn’t say it accusingly, but the way his eyes roamed over me—taking in my new coat, Cartier watch, and manicured nails—the implication was clear.

He knew I came from privilege. That I had never slept on the streets. That I'd grown up in a world where wolves didn't prey on their own. At least not in the way he'd described.

Shame settled in my stomach—not because I'd had comfort, but because I'd never truly appreciated it until now.

"Still," he added gently, "you should watch out. Humans aren't clueless anymore. They're learning. And they've got tech." He tapped the broken baton with his toe. "I've heard rumors about weapons. The kind that can knock out even an Alpha."

A chill slid down my spine.

He smiled again—small, brave, tired. "Just be careful, okay? Unlike me, you look like you've got something to lose."

His words struck deeper than he could've known.

I swallowed and pulled out a sticky pad and a pen from my bag. "Here," I said, scribbling quickly. "This is my number." I ripped the sheet out and handed it to him. "I can tell you love your...freedom. But everyone needs help sometimes. Call if you ever need anything."

He stared at the piece of paper like I'd handed him a miracle. "Really?"

"Really."

He took the paper, folded it once, and pocketed it carefully, like it was the most precious thing he owned.

A bus rumbled to a stop at the end of the street. It was a little jarring to remember that a world existed outside this dank alley.

"That's me," he said, giving me a shy, grateful nod. "Stay safe...uh..."

“Sera.”

“Thanks, Sera.”

I watched him board, watched him pick a seat by the window, watched the bus pull away until the glow of its taillights disappeared into the rainy haze.

Only then did I let out the breath I’d been holding.

The walk back to my hotel felt...different. The city was the same—wet pavement, humming neon, the distant whoosh of passing cars—but something in me had shifted.

Every step was heavier, each noise around me brushing new nerves exposed by tonight’s events. I felt raw and unsettled, my heart wrestling with the aftershocks.

The Omega’s words echoed through my mind:

‘Humans aren’t clueless anymore.’

‘They’re learning.’

‘You look like you’ve got something to lose.’

By the time I reached my hotel, exhaustion settled over me like a damp blanket. I scanned my keycard, rode the elevator up, and stepped into the unfamiliar room.

It smelled faintly of detergent and wood polish. The sheets were crisp. The decor minimalist. Sterile.

Lonely.

I dropped onto the bed fully clothed, staring up at the ceiling.

A pang of homesickness slammed through me so suddenly it knocked the air from my lungs.

Daniel's laugh. Maya's chaotic chatter. Lucian's quiet steadiness.

Kieran's—

I shut down that thought immediately.

I was here for myself. For clarity. For freedom.

So why did my chest suddenly ache like this?

My phone buzzed beside me.

I stared at the screen, pulse quickening.

Someone was calling.

For one ridiculous, breath-stopping second, I hoped it was Kieran.

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