

## **My Sister 254**

Chapter 254 ANCHOR HER

KIERAN'S POV

By the time I reached the edge of the New Moon Institute, I was burning.

Ashar prowled just beneath my skin, pressing, pushing, snarling. My heart slammed against my ribs like it was trying to escape my chest entirely.

The bond convulsed inside me, agony spiking through my chest like a lightning strike.

Sera.

She was hurting.

I didn't think. I couldn't.

I abandoned the car where it skidded to a halt, door hanging open, engine still running. My bones twisted mid-stride, claws tearing my palms, teeth lengthening as Ashar surged forward, Shifting us halfway to wolf.

'She's in pain. Run!'

Branches tore at my arms as I sprinted up the forest path with preternatural speed, scenting nothing but the echo of Sera's anguish and the sharp crackle of ancient magic.

The sky above the rear mountain trembled with silver light. Like a storm. Like a warning.

I was almost at the barrier's edge when a figure stepped directly into my path.

I skidded to a halt, boots gouging trenches into the dirt.

I'd never met the amber-eyed man before me. But surveillance reports made the director of the New Moon Institute instantly recognizable.

"Alois," I growled, chest heaving. "Move."

The old man didn't budge. Slight as he was, his stance was unyielding, steady as forged iron.

"You cannot enter, Alpha Blackthorne."

I bared my teeth. "My mate is suffering. She needs me—"

"You're the last thing she needs," a voice snapped from the left.

Lucian emerged from the shadows, coat snapping in the wind, eyes hard and sharp.

Red flooded my vision.

"You," I snarled. "What the fuck are you doing here?"

"The same as you," he answered, the coolness in his tone razor-edged. "The only difference is that I can actually help Sera."

My fangs bared in warning.

"This was you, wasn't it?" My voice cracked like a whip. "You dragged her into this. Lured her here—"

Lucian's jaw tightened. "If I wanted to lure her anywhere, you wouldn't know until she was standing on the other side."

“You fucker,” I spat, lunging at him.

Ashar roared, claws bursting from my fingertips, but before I could sink them into Lucian’s throat, Alois flicked his wrist and an unseen force crashed between us, solid as a wall.

The impact rattled my bones and sent me staggering backward.

Lucian hissed as he steadied himself. “You think I want her in pain? Unlike you, everything I’ve done since I met Sera has been to help her.”

“Then why the fuck is she in pain?” I barked. “Why can I feel her agony?”

His eyes darkened. “Because you’re the one she chose to tether to. She’s a fucking brilliant woman—except for that one stupid mistake. You want to place fault for her predicament? Look in the fucking mirror,” he spat. “If she hadn’t been repressed her whole life, she wouldn’t be on such an arduous path to recover herself. And you were part of the problem.”

His words hit harder than any fist.

But before I could spit back something vicious, another agonized pulse ripped through the bond.

My knees threatened to give way.

Sera was screaming. Not out loud—her body was nowhere near us—but through the tether that bound her soul to mine.

I gasped, gripping my chest. “Sera—goddess, Sera, hold on.”

Lucian whipped his head toward the barrier, eyes wide and alert. “I may not be able to feel her pain like you,” he gritted out. “That doesn’t mean it doesn’t hurt to know that she suffers.”

“Fuck off,” I hissed.

Another jolt of agony struck, doubling me over, a raw groan tearing from my clenched jaw.

“Knowing Sera is in pain gives me no joy, but I must admit, your anguish is not entirely unpleasant to witness.”

I was going to rip Lucian Reed’s head right off his fucking body.

I lunged toward him again—but Alois snapped his fingers.

Power crackled like lightning across the ground.

Lucian and I were yanked apart, dragged back several feet by invisible hands.

“For the love of the Goddess,” Alois snapped, voice booming through the clearing like thunder, “the woman you both claim to love is inside fighting for her life, and the two of you are out here ready to tear each other’s throats out? Is this how you intend to support her?”

Shame and fury warred in my gut.

Lucian grit his teeth, fists trembling as he turned to Alois. “How long has she been inside?”

“Long enough,” Alois replied. “And the trial is reaching its climax.”

My heart plummeted.

Trial.

This wasn’t research. This wasn’t exploration.

This was a crucible.

Sera was enduring something soul-deep, something meant to break or reshape her.

“You have to let me in,” I panted. “You have to let me get to her.”

Alois looked at us with tired disappointment. “You cannot help her by charging in. The barrier will kill you before it even lets you touch it.”

“I don’t care,” I snarled. “If she’s hurting in there—”

“If by some miracle you make it in, you’ll only rip her further apart,” Alois barked. “Your bond is sacred, yes—but cracked. Incomplete. Half-dormant.”

His gaze sharpened. “If you try to pull her back using that damaged tether, it could rebound on both of you. Or sever completely.”

My stomach knotted painfully.

Lucian cursed under his breath, pacing. “Can she make it?”

Alois didn’t answer immediately.

Which was answer enough.

Another wave of Sera's pain crashed through me. This time it was not a stab but a crushing weight that forced me to one knee.

Ashar howled inside, battering my ribs, clawing at my insides until my whole body trembled.

I couldn't just stand by. I couldn't.

"Alois," I rasped, "please, there has to be something, anything. Just tell me what to do to help her."

"The only thing you can do," he said quietly, "is control yourself. And lend her strength in the one way available to you."

I looked up, every nerve ending standing at attention. "How?"

Alois gestured behind him.

A towering moonstone, smooth, giant, luminous, sat like a dormant star embedded in the earth. It pulsed faintly with pale white light.



“The moonstone amplifies spiritual resonance,” Alois explained. “If you quiet your mind and channel your bond through it, she may feel your presence on the other side of her trial. The strength you can lend her might not be much, but it may make all the difference.”

Lucian frowned. “And me?”

Alois shot him a sideways look. “You may also sit. But you do not have a bond. You can only offer ambient support.”

Lucian’s jaw flexed, and he glanced away with a frustrated huff.

My hands shook as I neared the moonstone.

It radiated cool power, a steady heartbeat pulsing beneath its surface. The light thrummed like moonlight woven into stone.

Sera’s pain struck again, sharper and raw, like something inside her was being torn apart.

A strangled groan ripped from my throat.

“She’s hurting,” I whispered, voice breaking. “Alois—she’s hurting—”

He placed a steady hand on my shoulder. “Then focus. Sit. Anchor her the only way you can.”

I lowered myself before the moonstone, palms pressed flat against its surface.

Its coolness seeped into my skin, into my bones.

Slowly, Ashar stilled, his frantic rampage quieting into a low, keening tremor.

I shut my eyes.

“Sera,” I breathed.

The bond vibrated weakly.

“I’m here,” I whispered. “Just hold on. I’m here.”

The moonstone pulsed.

Once. Again.

I poured everything into it: every memory, every regret, every scrap of love I had never displayed right.

“Come back to me, Sera,” I whispered. “Please.”

The bond trembled.

My palms pressed harder to the moonstone, breath shaking as I anchored myself.

I anchored her.

Although I hated that this was all I could do, I was grateful that there was at least something I could do.

If I could not storm her battlefield, I would wait at its edge until she returned.