

My Sister 264

Chapter 264 CATCH A FUCKING BREAK

SERAPHINA'S POV

The rest of the journey unfolded with a peaceful efficiency that felt almost unreal after the chaos of the ambush.

Gear drove with steady focus, even as Codex monitored his vitals and the vehicle's patched systems simultaneously.

Wren scouted ahead and behind in practiced sweeps, slipping in and out of the dark like she was a part of it.

Iris coordinated with clipped murmurs over comms, trusting my input without question when I flagged minor fluctuations in the psychic field along the route.

For the first time since leaving the Institute, I wasn't bracing for friction.

I was part of the machine.

And, eventually, when the adrenaline and narrow-mindedness of the battle faded, all I was left with was silence.

It was not the tense hush of an ambush, nor the fragile calm before violence, but the silence that follows survival—the kind that leaves too much room for thought.

Far too much room.

My hands began to tremble.

I stared down at them, flexing my fingers, as if they might belong to someone else. They looked the same. Felt the same.

And yet I knew that something fundamental had shifted.

I had felt minds. Touched them. Freaking influenced them.

The realization settled like a weight on my chest.

I wasn't imagining things. I hadn't panicked and stumbled into coincidence. I had sensed danger before it existed in the physical world.

I had altered the battlefield with thought alone.

I had reached into Iris's awareness—inside another person's perception—and changed what she could see.

A psychic.

The word echoed through me uncomfortably.

I leaned back against my seat, closed my eyes, and let the truth land.

Where had this come from?

I thought about my training, all my sessions in the Moon Hall, all the secrets my parents had kept about my life.

And then—

'A force may have sealed away what you were born with. A memory. A truth. A power.'

'The Starlight Hallway can attempt to repair a portion of what was lost.'

Was this it? Not a gift from the Starlight Hallway, but the unearthing of something that had always been hidden deep inside me?

The Hallway had stripped me open, rearranged me, and sent me back out into the world altered.

‘You’re still yourself,’ Alina said softly. ‘If anything, you’re more yourself now than you’ve ever been.’

A reluctant smile tugged at my lips. ‘That was...’ I breathed out, words failing to capture the feeling.

The memory of the psychic surge flickered behind my eyes—how natural it had felt once it began. How right it had seemed.

But then....

‘I reached into people,’ I replied. ‘I changed things without asking. That feels like too much power to be given. How the hell am I going to learn to control that?’

Alina didn’t answer immediately.

When she did, her voice was quiet. 'The Hallway did not give you power. It removed the walls that kept you from accessing what was already there.'

That offered no comfort.

'Maybe walls exist for a reason,' I said.

'Yes,' she agreed. 'And now you must learn how to build new ones—but with a gate this time. And you will learn when and how to open that gate.'

I swallowed.

'What if there's more?' I asked. 'What if I don't know where it ends?'

'Then you will learn,' Alina replied simply. 'As you always have. And you will conquer. As you always have.'

By the time the coastal transfer station came into view—a fortified complex half-hidden against the cliffs—the sky was beginning to fade to another dusk.

The salt-laden air grew heavier, blending with the faint antiseptic tang escaping the sealed crates.

The local coordinator greeted us at the gate, flanked by sentries whose fatigue seeped through their rigid stances.

Relief washed over his face as Iris confirmed the shipment's integrity.

"You have no idea how close this was," he said, voice rough. "The infection curve spiked overnight. Another day and—"

He stopped himself, swallowing hard. "Thank you."

I watched as the crates were transferred, signatures exchanged, and wards verified.

As the medication left our custody, the tight coil of responsibility we'd carried since Elias's cabin finally unwound.

The job was done.

Whatever test this journey had been—and I was certain it was a test—I could only hope I'd passed.

When it came time to part ways, the moment weighed heavier than I'd anticipated.

Wren clapped my shoulder lightly and smiled, her warmest one yet. "Try not to scare the next team as badly, yeah?"

I huffed a tired smile. "No promises."

Codex adjusted his glasses, then hesitated before extending his hand. "If you ever want help understanding what you're doing—what you can do—reach out. I'd be...interested."

"Careful," I teased. "I might take you up on that."

The corner of his mouth twitched.

Gear said nothing, as usual. He simply inclined his head once, solid and sincere.

Iris held my gaze last. "You train that gift of yours," she said. "Turn it into a veritable weapon that sends your enemies scattering."

I exhaled. "I will."

Her lips quirked as she assessed me, as if comparing her first impression of me with now.

“Yeah.” She nodded. “You will.”

She reached out and shook my hand. “Until chance allows.”

The team left, vehicles peeling off toward their next assignments. I watched them go until the road swallowed their taillights.

Then I turned off the coastal road.

Seabreeze Pack lay just beyond a stretch of ancient pines and tangled brush, where forest surrendered to cliffs and the open sea. My destination was close.

I stepped beneath the canopy—and stopped.

The quiet hit me like a physical barrier.

No insects. No birds. No rustle of small creatures fleeing my presence.

Nothing.

Goosebumps crawled across my skin.

I took one more step, then froze as movement stirred ahead. Mist curled low between the trees, parting as over a dozen figures emerged.

My sigh was more frustration than an exhalation of fear. Could I not catch a fucking break?

Three figures broke away from the cluster. Two, I recognized immediately from the ambush—bloodied, wounded, but very much alive.

The third, unscathed, moved between them with a disturbing calm, his presence so wrong it sent a pulse of pain through my temples.

I reached out—through—but my perception slid off him as if he were coated in oil.

“Easy,” one of the rogues called out, voice hoarse. “We’re not here to hurt you.”

I laughed under my breath, positioning myself instinctively. “That’s comforting. You should put it on a banner.”

The different male tilted his head, studying me. “Interesting.”

“My sense of humor? Thank you. I don’t get enough credit for it.”

He smirked. “I can feel you struggling, you know? Trying to reach into us as you did before.”

I clenched my jaw and pushed harder, but it was as if a stone wall separated my mind from theirs.

“Since you’re new to all this, you probably don’t know the concept of Silencers.”

I tensed. The name provided enough context for me to understand that his presence was why my new abilities were faltering.

So I tried to reach outward—to anything or anyone who could have been shadowing my path.

Maybe the team was still in the vicinity. Didn’t Kieran say I would be under constant surveillance?

There was nothing.

I bit back a curse. So much for cosmic luck.

It was almost laughable. I'd spent thirty years ignorant of any abilities, and after having them for a couple of hours, I felt crippled without them.

One of the rogues limped forward, palms raised. "This doesn't have to be another fight," he rasped through the bruised lung Gear had given him. "We don't want to hurt you. Our leader is merely intrigued by you and your abilities. Come with us, and this ends peacefully. We'll let you live."

I might not have been able to push forward with my abilities, but the lie hung like a cloud of rot and decay between us.

"Maybe you don't realize I was born thirty years ago, not this morning," I said. "I know going with you is a death sentence."

Their expressions hardened.

The Silencer moved first.

The psychic field collapsed inward, my awareness suddenly muted, strangled. Heat lanced behind my eyes as I staggered back, barely avoiding a swipe of claws.

I fought on instinct, reverting to my training. I gave ground deliberately, striking only to create space, retreating step by step as they pressed me toward the sound of the sea.

The trees fell away. Wind howled. Cliffs towered ahead.

Waves crashed far below, violent and relentless.

My back hit a large protruding boulder.

I forced a steady breath, letting calm and authority seep into my voice. No psychic tricks, nothing powerful—just enough.

“Last warning,” I said, the wind carrying my words with an eerie undertone. “Back. Off.”

They laughed.

“You’re cornered,” the Silencer sneered.

“Or I have you right where I want you.”

He faltered for a heartbeat, his gaze darting around us—and then called my bluff. “You were right, you don’t get enough credit for your sense of humor.”

"Don't—"

A horn sounded then.

Clear. Resonant. Cutting through the roar of the sea.

We all turned toward the sound, and I wondered if I should add ‘Fortune Teller’ to my ever-expanding resume.

Figures strode across the waves as if the water itself bore them up.

At their head, a woman moved in fluid transitions—wolf to human to wolf again, fur gleaming in the moonlight, hair streaming behind her like a banner.

She scaled the jagged rocks with a grace that left both the rogues and me dumbstruck until she landed lightly on her feet between us.

Her smile was as lethal as it was beautiful.

“You have some nerve,” she said, voice carrying the weight of command, “threatening an honored guest in Seabreeze’s domain.”