

My Sister 265

Chapter 265 SEABREEZE

SERAPHINA'S POV

Surprise flickered for only a heartbeat before the rogues lunged.

Seabreeze responded in the same instant, swift as a pulse.

The woman who sprang between the rogues and me moved with the untamed grace of the sea itself: fluid, unstoppable, and utterly merciless.

She soared through the air, then struck—her shape flickering between human and wolf with effortless mastery. Silver gleamed. A rogue crashed down, sand bursting beneath him.

That was the moment everything changed. One breath, I was pinned against stone and wind; the next, the tide crashed back so fiercely it felt as if the world itself had tipped.

“Fall back!” someone shouted.

Too late.

Seabreeze reinforcements erupted from shore and trees, crashing into the rogues like a living wave—silver, slate, stormy blue-gray forms colliding with snarling precision.

Claws slashed, bodies slammed, sand fountained. The air grew heavy with the sharp tang of blood and salt.

A rogue darted for the trees, but was snatched mid-leap and slammed face-first into the earth.

The Silencer moved differently.

While the others panicked, he calculated—eyes narrowing as he took in the sudden disadvantage. Then he moved backward, angling for the trees, trying to slip between the chaos like a shadow peeling away from the light.

“No!” I said, stepping forward.

The woman turned her head enough to catch my voice.

“Him,” I said, locking onto the Silencer. “Capture him, please. I...I need him alive.”

Her gaze flicked to where I was staring and sharpened instantly.

She didn't hesitate or question me.

"On him." Her voice was barely sound, but it was enough.

Two Seabreeze wolves intercepted the Silencer mid-turn, cutting off his escape with brutal efficiency.

He snarled, power crackling outward, but an invisible field snapped tight around him, crushing his ability before it could fully manifest. His snarl broke into a strangled gasp.

For the first time since I'd sensed him, I felt it: space. Relief.

The fight ended quickly after that. Rogues were disarmed, bound, and restrained with faintly glowing cuffs etched in unfamiliar runes. The wounded were hauled upright, bleeding and cursing, their bravado gone.

I stood rooted, heart thundering, wind whipping my hair across my face.

The woman who shielded me strode over, wiping blood from her knuckles with a wry grimace.

I properly took her in then. She had hair the color of sunlit sand, braided away from a face defined by eyes so blue they were almost blinding. She looked to be about her mid-twenties.

“Well,” she said lightly, “that was fun.”

I huffed. “You and I have a very different definition of fun.”

She grinned. “You should see our holidays.”

She studied me more closely now, eyes flicking over my stance, my breathing, the tension still humming under my skin. “You handled yourself well.”

“Also different definitions of ‘well’.”

Her gaze softened. “Well, you’re safe now.”

A horn sounded again—this one signaling regroup rather than alarm.

She straightened, her voice carrying cleanly across the shoreline. “Let’s escort our guest home.”

She smiled at me. “My sister would be glad to know you’re safe.”

I blinked. "Sister?"

She stretched a hand. "I'm Maris, Selene's younger sister."

I shook her hand, a little awed. "It's lovely to meet you."

"It's definitely exciting to meet you." She tipped her head toward the rest of the entourage. "Shall we?"

I followed them inland as the cliffs gave way to winding paths. Seabreeze wasn't hidden the way forest packs were.

It didn't fold inward; it opened.

Homes dotted the rise above the shore—stone and wood and glass, balconies facing the ocean, doors thrown open to let salt air and laughter spill freely into the night. Lanterns shimmered in gold and silver.

Wolves and humans moved freely among one another, some barefoot, some half-shifted, some laughing with drinks in hand.

Music drifted from somewhere uphill, strings and drums woven together in a rhythm that pulsed with life, not ceremony.

I slowed without meaning to, my jaw dropping.

Maris noticed. "It's different here, huh?"

"Yes," I admitted. "It feels like...no one's holding their breath."

She huffed an amused breath. "Why would they, when the air here feels so amazing?"

By the time we reached the central estate—more a sprawling coastal hall than a fortress—the ease in the air had settled in my chest.

Waiting at the entrance stood a woman whose presence stilled the air without dimming it, her sea-green hair blowing gently in the slight breeze.

Luna Selene.

She stepped forward, practically gliding across the sand as she offered me one of her beautiful, warm smiles.

"Seraphina!" she said brightly. "Welcome to Seabreeze."

I mirrored her smile. "Thank you for receiving me, Selene."

"Of course." Her eyes flicked briefly to her sister beside me, then back. "I hear you had an eventful journey. Fortunate that Maris found you first."

Maris grinned. "Patrol has been boring the last couple of days; the excitement was very welcome."

Selene's laughter was soft but genuine. "Come. The welcome party is only just beginning."

I had a hard time believing the feast before us was all for me.

It was laid out beneath open arches, tables heavy with food that steamed in the salt air—fresh fish glazed with citrus and herbs, warm bread, jewel-bright fruit.

Candlelight flickered against stone, and voices rose and fell in easy harmony.

A tall male rose from the head of the center table, presence steady as bedrock.

"Seraphina," Selene said, her eyes glowing as she took him in, "I'd like you to meet my mate, the Alpha of Seabreeze pack, Adrian."

“Seraphina,” he greeted, voice warm. “A pleasure. Anyone my Selene holds in high esteem is more than welcome here.”

“Thank you,” I replied. “I—”

Before anything else could be said, small feet pounded across stone.

“I see her! I see her!”

Something small collided with me at knee height.

My gaze snapped down as tiny arms wrapped around my legs with startling force, and a little voice announced, “You smell like moonlight.”

Selene laughed and said fondly, “That would be Dora, your number one fan.”

Dora couldn’t have been more than five, dark curls wild, eyes—one sea-blue, one gold—bright and unwavering.

Behind her, three older children hovered, watching with varying degrees of interest and shyness.

Selene turned to them, her pride and affection unmistakable.

“This is Kai,” she said, nodding to the eldest, who stood furthest away. He returned my smile with a soft one of his.

“Neri.”

Neri met my gaze head-on, her fingers twisting in her sleeve. One eye was blue like her sister’s, and the other was the most gorgeous lilac ever.

“And Reef,” Selene finished.

Reef took one step forward before stopping himself, hands clenched at his sides. Unlike his siblings, his heterochromia manifested as a balanced, entrancing swirl of green, gold, and blue.

“I-I watched the LST closely,” Neri said, smiling shyly, her mismatched eyes twinkling. “You were inspirational.”

I recalled what Selene had told me after the LST. ‘My daughter calls you her Luna of Inspiration.’

I smiled at Neri, absentmindedly stroking Dora's hair and letting the little girl cling however she pleased.

"I'm truly honored," I said to all of them.

Dora giggled and pressed her cheek to my leg like it was a settled fact.

Dinner blossomed with warmth and laughter—stories flying, Selene spinning wild tales of my LST exploits while her children, who had apparently memorized the whole event, loudly set the record straight.

Dora stayed firmly attached to me, Neri kept sliding nervous glances my way like she were seated across from a celebrity. The boys loosened up eventually, their boisterous laughter joining the music in the air.

Adrian watched the chaos with quiet amusement, his hand resting gently at Selene's back.

For a while, I forgot the road. The ambush. The ache beneath my skin.

But then, after the plates cleared and the lanterns dimmed, the pull of purpose returned.

After Maris wrestled Dora from me, Selene offered to lead me to my room. I stopped her.

“Actually, I’d like to see the prisoner,” I said quietly.

Selene studied me for a long moment.

Then she nodded. “Come.”

The holding cell was nothing like I expected. Not a dungeon. Not chains and stone.

Clean. Circular. Precise.

Runes etched into the walls hummed softly—not crude suppression, but careful limitation.

I understood immediately what it meant.

“You’re familiar with psychics,” I murmured.

Selene slid me a conspiratorial smile. “You’ll find, Sera, that Seabreeze is unlike any other pack you’ll ever encounter.”

I couldn’t help but return her smile.

Something did feel different here. Unique. That's exactly what I was looking for.

Selene stopped just inside the door. "This cell restricts outward projection," she said. "But he still has some level of power within. Are you okay with that?"

I took in a deep breath, remembering the sudden emptiness from earlier. "I'll...manage."

With that, I stepped in.

The Silencer sat at the center, hands folded, eyes bright with something like amusement.

"So," he said. "The moon-touched girl returns."

I ignored the chill that ran down my spine and stepped closer.

"Who sent you?" I asked.

He smiled, and something brushed my thoughts. Like fingers stroking my mind.

Subtle. Testing.

I pushed back instinctively, and felt his surprise flare.

“Oh,” he murmured. “You really are interesting.”

The pressure shifted.

Suddenly, my thoughts felt...slippery. Like trying to hold on to oil-slicked marble.

“You’re doing it wrong, you know?” he continued, his voice gentle. “You keep reaching outward. You should be listening inward.”

Unbidden, a memory tried to surface.

Warm light. A voice saying my name.

My breath hitched, and I stumbled a step back.

“Stop—whatever you’re doing, stop it.” I hated that my voice trembled.

The Silencer’s smile turned sardonic. “But why? Inside your head looks so fun.”

Before I could reply, a voice cut clean through the chamber.

“Looks like I missed dinner.”

The Silencer stiffened.

Selene turned.

A man stepped inside, sea spray clinging to his coat, sandy-brown hair slightly damp.

“Corin,” Selene said, equal parts relief and annoyance. “You’re late.”

He grinned. “I apologize, sister. You know how time gets away from me when I’m training.”

Then his gaze settled on me. One eye was as startlingly blue as Maris’, the other was a calm sea-green. “And you must be Seraphina,” he said.

His eyes flicked to the Silencer, and his smirk sharpened. "Seems like I missed quite the welcome."