

My Sister 302

Chapter 302 IT'S STARTING

SERAPHINA'S POV

The phone buzzed again in my hand, and I swiped my thumb across the screen absently.

"Mom?" Daniel's voice came through, bright and beautiful—and grounding in a way nothing else could be. "I sent you a video of Uncle Gavin and Dad sparring, did you see?"

"Daniel," I said quietly, shifting my weight, mapping the space around me. "I need you to listen carefully, okay?"

Goosebumps prickled along my arms. The trees bordering the road stood unnaturally still, their outlines razor-sharp in the moonlight, shadows pooling thick and deep between their trunks.

"Mom?" Daniel's voice had lost its brightness. "Is everything okay?"

"First, I need you to stay by your dad's side," I continued, voice calm by force of will. "Don't wander. Don't leave his sight for a second. Can you do that for me?"

"Mom...what's wrong?"

“Then I need you to call Uncle Ethan. Tell him my last known location is Virelle. It’s only a couple of minutes from the Frostbane packhouse. Tell him I need help.”

His breath hitched. “Mom—”

“I’m okay, baby. Just do what I ask, okay?”

I edged backward, boots crunching gravel, eyes scanning the tree line. There—a flicker of movement. Too intentional for the wind, too silent for any animal.

“Okay,” Daniel said, voice trembling but brave. “I’ll do it right now.”

“Good,” I whispered. “I love you, baby.”

“I love you too.”

The call ended.

I slipped the phone into my pocket just as the night exhaled.

They emerged from the trees as if summoned by my awareness.

Three of them.

I sensed them before I truly saw them, their emotions radiating outward—raw, unguarded.

Greed.

It tasted sharp and oily, clinging to the leftmost one—a young man, barely past his twenties, eyes too bright, smile twitching at the edges as if he'd already counted the reward my head would bring.

Tension.

The second carried it like a coiled wire beneath his skin, shoulders tight, scarred face set with determination, movements precise. His gaze never left my throat.

And the third—

I frowned.

There was...nothing.

No hunger. No fear. No anticipation.

Just a hollow absence that felt like staring into a pit that should have reflected something and didn't.

"Seraphina Lockwood," the scarred man said, voice smooth, rehearsed. "You're coming with us."

The first strike came fast—a blur of motion from the young one, dagger flashing silver in the moonlight.

I pivoted, feet remembering what my mind barely had time to process, letting the blade skim empty air where my ribs had been a heartbeat before.

'Smooth,' Maya's voice echoed in my head.

Less resistance.

I stayed mobile, circling, never letting them box me in.

My senses stretched outward. Beyond the small strip of the parking lot of the restaurant lay a stretch of trees, and beyond the woods lay an open field.

If I could make it there, I'd have space to maneuver. Clear sightlines. A chance to seize control.

I turned and ran.

Gravel scattered under my boots as I sprinted across the lot, lungs gulping sharp, measured breaths. Streetlights hummed and blurred as I plunged into shadow, the trees swallowing me whole. Branches scraped at my sleeves, leaves slapped my face as I ducked and wove, muscle memory taking over where thought would only slow me down.

Footsteps followed.

They weren't shouting. Weren't rushing blindly.

They expected me to run.

That didn't mean I would stop.

I vaulted a fallen log, barely breaking stride, boots hitting damp earth on the other side.

The footsteps behind me adjusted instantly, perfectly in sync. One set of steps veered left, another right, the third staying dead center. A flanking maneuver.

My pulse thundered, but my footing stayed sure. Training burned through my legs, every step grounded, efficient, smooth.

Moonlight spilled through the thinning canopy, silvering the grass beyond, its glow glancing off the still surface of a nearby lake. The field opened like a held breath finally released.

I burst free of the trees and into open ground, slowing only when I reached the center, turning sharply on my heel as the first of them emerged from the shadows.

Now, I had room.

Now, I could fight.

I reached out with my mind—only to have my awareness crash into an unseen barrier and slide off, denied entry.

Just like with the Silencer.

That's when I noticed the rings glinting on their fingers, etched with sigils that hummed unpleasantly against my senses, dampening the initial impact of my psychic probes.

But my new life motto was to never repeat past mistakes. I would only be caught off guard once.

I shifted tactics on instinct, moving from brute force to subtlety. Emotion was not a door to be battered down, but a thread to be recognized and teased free.

The young one lunged first.

I caught the loose thread of his fear—felt its depth, recognized it—and pulled.

I slammed the sensory memory into him without warning.

Cold water closing over my head. The burn in my lungs. The wild panic of limbs tangled in heavy fabric. The world muffled, endless, and black as I sank, convinced I'd never see sunlight again.

He gasped and staggered.

He dropped his weapon as he clutched his throat, retching violently, eyes wide with terror that wasn't his own.

“W-what—” he choked.

The scarred man charged then, fist swinging for my jaw.

I reached out again, sharper this time, and bent perception itself.

Half a second—that was all I could manage to steal.

But it was enough. His punch cut through the space I had occupied half a second earlier, slamming into the stone outcropping behind me with bone-crunching force.

He howled, clutching his hand.

The hollow one moved.

Fast. Silent. Wrong.

I retreated as the moon climbed higher. My awareness swept outward—no new signatures, no backup lurking in the dark.

Good.

I planted my feet.

Then I painted the air.

Light streaked across the field in rapid arcs, illusion layered over perception: movement where there was none, footfalls, shadows, the sense of bodies rushing in from all sides.

It was like the suggestion tactic I'd done during the ambush with Iris and her team, but more complex, honed by weeks of practice.

The scarred man's eyes widened, his head swiveling as he braced for my phantom backup.

"The intel was wrong," he snapped, panic bleeding through his words. "Her psychic power is stronger than we—"

He cut off with a choking sound as I focused, pulled everything inward. And dropped it.

The ground thickened beneath them—not in reality, but in their minds. Gravity pressed down, limbs turned sluggish, every movement dragging as if through wet cement.

All three staggered and dropped to their knees, pinned.

I gulped air, sweat chilling my spine, vision sharpened to a painful clarity.

I had them.

I might not have been able to penetrate their minds fully thanks to the rings they wore, but an extra ounce of pressure on their perception, and I could easily—

The moon reached its peak.

And something inside me snapped.

Power surged—wild, uncontained, tearing through my carefully built channels like a flood through paper walls.

I cried out as my knees buckled, a sudden agony piercing through my core.

My fingers dug into the grass to hold myself up as the world roared around me.

The rogues gasped simultaneously, the relieved exhale of someone with a weight lifted off them as the gravity field shattered.

They rose slowly, watching me curiously.

Understanding lit the scarred man's face.

"No wonder," he murmured, his lips curving. "They timed it perfectly."

He stepped toward me, pulling a slender injector from his coat. The liquid inside shimmered silver.

I recognized it instantly. It was the same drug the hunters would have used on the Omega I saved in Seattle.

"First Shift," he said, his voice dripping with a mix of pity and glee. "Power void. You can't fight it."

I tried to rise.

My body screamed in protest, and I collapsed back on the ground.

The scarred man grabbed my arm, and I howled. His touch felt like a fireplace poker pressed against my skin.

And then—

He flew sideways, crashing into the ground with bone-jarring impact.

Through my blurry vision, I saw why.

Kieran.

Gone was the cool, calm man who stood in my doorway mere hours ago.

Rage rolled off him in waves so dense it made the air vibrate. In less than five seconds—so fast I couldn't narrate what actually happened—it was over.

The three rogues lay in awkward heaps on the field, unmoving.

Kieran stood over them, chest heaving, gold-ringed eyes burning.

Then he turned.

“Sera!”

He was on his knees by my side in a flash, scanning me with a fear he didn’t bother to hide.

“Hey,” he said softly, reaching out for me with gentle yet firm hands. “I’ve got you.”

I clutched his hand as if it were the last solid thing in existence, pain ripping through me in white-hot waves.

“It hurts,” I gasped. “Kieran...it hurts. I think...it’s starting—”

His grip tightened, anchoring. Steady. Sure.

“I know,” he said. “I know. Breathe with me.”

The moonlight poured over us.

And somewhere deep inside, something wild and primal clawed its way toward the surface, howling for release.