

My Sister 375

Chapter 375 HIGHEST LEVEL

CORIN'S POV

Many surprising things had happened over the last few days, but the most surprising was receiving Kieran's message at dawn.

I was already awake when it arrived. Sleep had been scarce lately, thanks to too many shifting pieces on the board and the increasingly unpredictable variable that was Seraphina's rapidly evolving power.

My phone flashed on the nightstand, its pale glare slicing through the dim stillness.

I frowned at the unknown number, but the brusque message made the sender obvious.

'Come to Nightfang this morning.'

I studied the screen for several seconds before a soft, wry laugh slipped out, the jolt of surprise bleeding into amusement.

The fact that Kieran Blackthorne contacted me himself meant something had rattled him deeply enough to swallow his pride.

Still, after waiting in Nightfang's sitting room for nearly an hour, I began to wonder whether this urgency truly mattered at all.

Kieran did not strike me as the kind of Alpha who arrived late to anything, least of all a meeting he had summoned himself.

Just as I began considering leaving, the door opened.

Kieran stepped in first, his broad shoulders filling the doorway with the effortless authority and dominance he carried everywhere.

Sera followed half a step behind him, her hair loosely tousled around her shoulders, her skin flushed.

Anyone with functioning eyesight—and a working nose—could have drawn the same conclusion I did.

Their scents clung to each other in a way that only happened after a shared night. And a shared morning, considering their lateness.

The air around them felt different, too. Settled. Harmonious.

Sera carried a softness in her expression I had never quite seen before, something quietly grounded beneath her usual composure.

Kieran, meanwhile, looked entirely too pleased with himself.

His gaze landed on me as he entered, and the faintest shift passed through his posture. He moved slightly closer to Sera, his expression hardening into something territorial.

It might have been intimidating if it were not so transparently juvenile.

“Good morning, Corin,” Sera said warmly.

“Morning,” I replied.

Kieran skipped pleasantries.

He crossed the room and placed a tablet on the low table between the chairs before turning the screen toward me. Sera leaned lightly against the edge of the table beside him, watching my reaction with quiet curiosity.

I stepped closer and glanced down.

The moment I saw the image, recognition struck instantly.

My breath stilled.

I picked up the tablet and examined the photograph more closely before lifting my gaze back to Sera.

“Is this your back?”

She studied my face carefully. “You recognize it?”

“Yes,” I said.

Kieran crossed his arms. “Then explain.”

My attention dropped back to the image.

The markings curved upward from the base of her spine in flowing, elegant shapes that felt both ancient and alive with lunar resonance. Even through a photograph, I could feel the faint pull of moonlight embedded in the pattern.

“Sera’s anchoring to the moon has begun,” I said.

The words settled heavily into the room.

Sera’s gaze drifted briefly toward the windows where pale morning light filtered through the glass. Then she and Kieran exchanged a quiet look.

“Last night,” she murmured.

Kieran turned back to me.

“Go on.”

I folded my arms loosely and leaned against the arm of the sofa, keeping my eyes on Sera.

“When the pattern fully forms,” I said calmly, “your anchoring will be complete. When that happens, your power will stabilize at its highest level.”

She frowned slightly. “Highest level?”

I nodded.

“The Sovereign level.”

She inhaled sharply. “But you said Sovereigns are extremely rare.”

I smiled faintly. “You’re extremely rare.”

Kieran made a low, guttural noise and shifted closer to her. I suppressed the urge to roll my eyes.

“When the pattern completes itself,” I continued, “your connection to the moon will stabilize fully. That moment marks your ascension to Sovereign.”

Seraphina fell quiet, absorbing the information.

Kieran, however, had no patience for silence.

“And how exactly do you know all this?” he asked.

I lifted one shoulder in a small shrug. "Because I went through something similar."

His eyes narrowed. "What do you mean?"

I loosened the collar of my shirt slightly, revealing the faint golden lines that curved along my collarbone and shoulder. The markings were sharper in design than Seraphina's, more angular and aggressive in their symmetry, but the resonance was unmistakably related.

Sera stepped closer to examine them.

"So this happens when a psychic ascends," she said thoughtfully.

"Correct. These appeared when I advanced to Dominator."

My gaze returned to Sera.

The shimmer in her aura was stronger today.

The moon had clearly done something to her last night.

Something significant.

"But you...you're well on your way to Sovereign. Much faster than anyone could have anticipated."

Sera exhaled slowly, her gaze drifting toward the window again as the morning light brightened outside.

Kieran looked between us. "Why does that sound like bad news?"

I sighed. "Because rapid growth has consequences."

His attention sharpened. "Explain."

I pushed away from the sofa and walked toward the window, letting my gaze rest briefly on the distant treeline before continuing.

"As Sera's power grows, the level of control required to manage it increases with it."

Kieran muttered a curse. I ignored it and focused on Sera instead.

"The Sovereign level doesn't simply make you powerful."

She raised an eyebrow. "What does it make me?"

"A target," I answered. "An even bigger one than I thought."

Silence followed.

Because we all understood what that meant.

Power never existed in isolation. It attracted attention—allies and enemies alike.

Kieran exhaled slowly through his nose.

"So what happens next?"

"Training."

Sera nodded immediately. "I expected that."

“Good.” I held her gaze. “If you don’t master control fast, every psychic within several hundred miles will feel it.”

Sera grimaced. “Wonderful.”

I gave her a reassuring smile. “The advantage is that you already possess more discipline than most. Many psychics reach power before they learn restraint, but you’ve already mastered restraint to a certain level.”

Her expression did not change, but I caught her small sigh of relief.

I hesitated briefly before continuing. “There is one other factor that could help stabilize the process.”

Kieran’s gaze narrowed. “What?”

I looked at Sera. “If you could Shift.”

Both of them went still.

“The wolf form provides instinctive grounding,” I explained. “It creates an additional layer of stability that helps regulate psychic output.”

Sera's expression shifted. A brief flicker of hesitation crossed her face as if she were considering something she had not yet shared.

Her lips parted. "Actually, Corin, I—"

Her phone rang, the sharp sound cutting through the quiet room.

Sera glanced at the screen and frowned. "It's Ethan."

She answered immediately. "Yes?"

The silence that followed stretched longer than I liked.

Then the color drained from her face. "What?"

Kieran straightened. "What happened?"

Sera listened for several seconds, her grip tightening around the phone.

Finally, she lowered it, and her eyes met Kieran's.

"My mother," she said quietly.

A heavy feeling settled in my chest.

"What about her?" Kieran asked.

Sera's voice remained steady, though the tension beneath it was unmistakable.

"She's in trouble."