

My Sister 383

Chapter 383 NO ESCAPE

MARGARET'S POV

I woke again to silence.

Not the natural quiet of a sleeping house or calm night, but the kind that pressed against the ears until it felt almost physical.

A silence that seeped into my bones, chilling the air until it gnawed at my skin and soul.

I lay still on the narrow bed, staring at the pale ceiling, listening.

Nothing.

No voices beyond the walls. No footsteps in the corridor. Not even the faint hum of electricity that usually accompanied modern buildings.

Just the same dead stillness that had greeted me every time I opened my eyes in this room.

It had been several days now.

At least, I believed it had.

Time behaved strangely when there were no windows and no reliable markers of day or night.

The overhead light remained on for long stretches, then dimmed for others, but whether that followed the sun or Catherine's whims, I had no way of knowing.

I exhaled slowly and pushed myself upright.

The thin mattress creaked beneath me, the sound startlingly loud in the suffocating quiet.

My gaze drifted around the small confinement room that had become familiar in the past few days.

Bare stone walls. A single bed bolted to the floor. A narrow metal table and chair positioned against the opposite wall. No decorations. No personal items.

No escape.

I swung my legs over the side of the bed and sat there for a moment, pressing my fingers to my temples as I forced my thoughts into order.

Several days.

Several days since Celeste vanished.

Several days since everything I believed about Catherine had collapsed.

My jaw tightened as the memory of the confrontation resurfaced, the moment when the fragile civility between us had shattered.

I had demanded answers after Jonathan reported that Celeste had left the island before the storm.

Catherine's face had changed then, her polite mask shattering, replaced by cold, contemptuous emptiness.

For the first time since I had arrived in the Maldives, I had seen her without her mask.

And the woman underneath it had been someone I barely recognized.

A sharp ache seized my chest.

How long had she been like that?

How long had the friend I trusted more than anyone quietly transformed into something else? Into a monster.

At first, I had not been worried.

Even when the argument escalated, and Catherine ordered the guards to escort me to this room, I had remained calm.

My evacuation plan had already been prepared long before I ever boarded the plane to the Maldives.

Jonathan and the others were positioned carefully throughout the island, ready to move the moment I gave the signal. The private aircraft had been arranged in advance. Every route off the island had been mapped.

I truly believed I could leave if things turned ugly.

But I had made one critical mistake.

I had underestimated Catherine.

More precisely, I never realized she'd become a powerful psychic.

An icy shudder raced down my spine every time I thought about it.

My fingers curled slowly in my lap as the memory of that moment returned: The instant I tried to reach Jonathan through our mind-link, and I discovered something was wrong.

The channel had felt...distorted. Like sound traveling through water.

Then Catherine's voice had appeared in my mind.

Soft. Amused. Completely in control.

'I'm sorry, Jonathan can't come to the phone right now. Would you like to leave a message?'

The trap had already been sprung.

My gaze lowered to the floor.

Where had it all gone wrong?

No matter how many times I asked myself that question, the answer didn't change.

It all began with the sealing ritual.

The thought surfaced slowly, heavy with years of buried memory.

Back then, the situation with Sera had left us with very few choices.

Edward had insisted on verifying every possible solution.

He traveled to the Origins Archives himself, digging through ancient records and forbidden texts until he found the ritual that could stabilize Sera.

The method was legitimate. Necessary.

But we trusted the wrong person to do it.

I closed my eyes as the past rose around me with painful clarity.

In those days, there had been absolutely no reason to doubt Catherine.

Her father had once served as the Beta of Frostbane alongside Edward's father.

Her mother had been a witch.

Their relationship had been controversial from the beginning. There had always been tension between werewolves and witches. Eventually, the pressure became too much, and they separated.

By the time I arrived at Frostbane all those years ago, Catherine's father had already stepped down from his position as Beta.

He wanted his daughter to grow up peacefully within the pack rather than under the constant scrutiny that came with his title.

But she still had witch blood, and because of that, Catherine grew up on the edge of the pack's inner circle.

An outsider.

Just like me.

A faint, bitter smile twisted my lips.

When I first joined Frostbane, I had not been accepted easily.

Edward loved me with unwavering certainty, but the pack viewed me as something unfamiliar.

A woman with no known background, a foreigner with unusual instincts and quiet habits that made people uneasy.

I couldn't blame them; even if they didn't know my secret, they were right to be cautious.

My bloodline carried something that most werewolves feared—maybe even more than witches.

Psionic abilities.

The inheritance flowed most strongly through my family's female line, and for generations, it had brought nothing but persecution.

Witches, werewolves, even humans had hunted us at various points in history.

Our abilities were seen as dangerous. Unnatural.

To survive, we learned to hide.

That was why Edward and I had sought out Alois before we came to Frostbane.

He was the only one capable of concealing my power.

The memory of that journey flickered briefly through my mind—the ancient quiet of the place where Alois resided, the strange sense of calm that surrounded him, the quiet understanding in his eyes when he looked at me.

He had hidden my abilities so thoroughly that even the most sensitive wolves could not detect them.

For years, that protection allowed me to live peacefully beside Edward.

When Ethan was born, I was relieved to have a son, knowing he wouldn't inherit my powers.

But then, Sera came along.

The volatility of her abilities had threatened not only her life but also the balance between the wolf and the psychic forces within her, and it required a seal strong enough to hold two opposing forces in balance.

Maintaining that kind of ritual demanded powerful psionic energy.

Without hesitation, I offered mine.

Every ounce of it.

If giving up my power meant protecting my daughter, I would have done it a thousand times over.

Having studied many rituals under her mother, Catherine offered to do the ritual, and at the time, we thought there was no one better to do it.

The ritual itself had been exhausting beyond words.

Days of preparation. Hours of concentration.

Every thread of my psychic strength was woven into the structure that would bind Sera's abilities.

When it ended, I collapsed from strain.

At the time, I believed the ritual had simply drained my power.

I never imagined that Catherine had manipulated the process behind my back.

Most of my psychic energy had indeed gone into maintaining Sera's seal.

But not all of it.

A portion had vanished.

Stolen.

By Catherine.

She used my psychic power to study forbidden arts, experiment with spells, and push beyond the limits of ordinary magic while keeping us unaware of her growing supernatural strength.

And what's worse?

I had taught her how.

The bitter thought twisted inside my chest.

Back when we were younger, I discovered Catherine secretly practicing witchcraft in her quarters. Instead of reporting it, I chose to look the other way.

I understood too well what it meant to hide abilities others feared.

When she struggled with certain techniques related to mental control, I offered guidance.

Just small corrections. Technical advice.

The sort of assistance only someone familiar with psychic structures could provide.

At the time, I truly believed we were helping each other.

I thought we were friends—best friends.

The irony was almost unbearable.

My hands tightened slowly against my knees.

All those years. All that trust.

And she had been studying me the entire time.

Using what I taught her to become something dangerous.

A sudden metallic click broke the silence.

My head lifted sharply.

The heavy door at the far end of the room swung open.

Light from the hallway spilled across the floor as a familiar figure stepped inside.

Catherine.