

## **My Sister 391**

Chapter 391 AMUSEMENT PARK

SERAPHINA'S POV

We had an inkling, but now I knew for sure.

Catherine was the big bad—the powerful psychic pulling the strings of all the marionettes on our board.

If her invitation regarding my father was genuine, then it was safe to say she was most likely responsible for what had happened to Aaron.

Thank the gods I'd come prepared.

Before leaving the packhouse that morning, I had made a small adjustment to Daniel's gift.

The modification had taken less than ten minutes and required nothing more complicated than a thin conductive filament and a bit of improvised wiring tucked carefully beneath the inner casing.

It was simple. Crude, even.

But it served a purpose.

When my pulse dropped past a certain threshold—symptomatic of being under psychic influence—the contact would complete a tiny circuit and produce a mild shock.

Strong enough to disrupt the influence.

A tether back to reality.

And at that moment, it had done exactly what I had intended.

Catherine's gaze remained fixed on my face, searching for signs of a lingering trance.

"You recovered quickly," she observed.

I shrugged, though my shoulders felt tight. "Maybe you're not as powerful as you think."

Her eyes narrowed, but instead of anger, her eyes held even more curiosity.

“You’re a fascinating young woman, Seraphina,” she said in the tone of someone admiring a piece of meat and thinking of all the dishes they could make with it.

Behind my composed expression, my mind was already moving.

Catherine’s psychic influence had been subtle enough that I had almost missed it entirely. The warmth she had released into the air had felt harmless, even comforting, yet the effect had been disturbingly effective.

If the compass had not snapped me out of it—

I pushed the thought aside.

That possibility did not matter anymore.

What mattered was the realization forming rapidly in my mind.

Catherine was far more dangerous than we had assumed.

Not merely because of her intelligence or resources.

But because of the depth of her psychic ability.

If, despite all my training, she could manipulate my perception so easily without even appearing to exert effort, then confronting her directly inside her own territory would be far more dangerous than any of us had anticipated.

Which meant it was time to leave. Regroup. Replan.

Without giving her the satisfaction of realizing she had forced my hand.

I allowed a faint smile to touch my lips.

"I will say, though, that was an interesting trick," I said casually.

Catherine's brow lifted. "Trick?"

"That psychic field you released," I said. "How did you do it? It felt almost...maternal."

Her lips quirked. "You'd be surprised how on the nose you are."

It was my turn to feign curiosity. “Really? Tell me more.”

Inside my mind, I reached outward.

The connection snapped into place instantly.

‘Ethan.’

The mind-link carried a subtle pulse of acknowledgement. ‘I’m here.’

‘Time to go,’ I said silently.

There was a brief pause before his response came again.

‘Understood.’

His emotions flickered across the barrier in quick flashes of tension and readiness.

Stronger than Ethan’s emotions, though, Kieran’s presence burned the brightest—sharp and focused as he waited in absolute readiness for the moment to act.

I suppressed the instinct to glance toward the tree line, knowing Catherine would notice even the smallest shift in my attention.

“Unfortunately,” I said aloud, “I’m still not interested in your offer.”

Catherine sighed, shaking her head like I was an A student who had submitted an assignment below my potential.

“What a shame.”

I shrugged, taking a step back. “Maybe you need to rethink your strategy.”

Her smile returned, as sharp as a knife’s edge. “Leaving so soon?”

“Yes.”

I turned away from her, and for a brief moment, the clearing remained still.

Then the air shifted.

Three figures emerged from the edge of the forest directly in my path, moving quickly and with clear purpose, their predatory posture making their intentions unmistakable.

I almost smirked as I mentally punctured my rogue-attack punch card.

Catherine's voice drifted calmly behind me. "I was hoping we could talk a little longer."

"There's nothing else in this meeting for me," I called, eyes on the men.

She sighed. "I so wanted to do this without any violence."

As if that were a cue, the first man lunged forward.

I half-shifted before he could even finish the movement.

The transition rippled through my body in a surge of power as claws slid from my fingertips and my senses sharpened instantly.

The world snapped into vivid clarity as Alina's strength flooded my muscles.

'Alina!' I gasped internally. 'What are you doing? You must stay hidden!'

'I'm not only useful for training!' she retorted. 'I will protect you in the face of true danger, dammit!'

'But—'

The attacker never reached me.

Instinctively, my claws slashed across his forearm in a swift arc, forcing him backward with a startled shout.

The second rushed in from the left.

I pivoted smoothly and drove my elbow into his ribs hard enough to knock the breath from his lungs before raking my claws across his chest.

He collapsed with a cry.

The third hesitated for only a fraction of a second before charging.

That hesitation cost him.

I caught his wrist, twisted sharply, and drove him into the ground with enough force to leave him gasping in the grass.

Behind me, Catherine remained perfectly still.

“Well,” she murmured. “That was...efficient.”

I did not bother looking back as I moved quickly toward the treeline, the metallic scent of blood lingering in the air.

Half-shifted, Alina’s presence pulsed beneath my skin, eager and alert.

I could feel the others approaching through the forest now.

Almost there.

Behind me, Catherine spoke, her voice carrying over the clearing. “How interesting.”

Against my better judgment, I glanced over my shoulder.

Her gaze was fixed not on my face but on my arms, where the silver sheen of Alina's fur had spread along my skin.

Her eyes gleamed with unmistakable fascination.

"That fur," she said, awe dripping from her voice.

A chill slid down my spine.

"Extraordinary." There was something almost reverent in the way she said it. "You really are a rare gem."

Shit.

'I'm not sorry,' Alina huffed.

I did not slow as I ran toward the forest, the trees rushing closer with every stride.

Before I could reach the cover of the tree line, however, movement erupted from the clearing ahead.

Four wolves burst from concealment and lunged directly into my path, their jaws bared and their bodies coiled with violent intent.

I braced instinctively as the first wolf came at me head-on.

Dropping low, I slipped beneath the snap of his jaws and drove my claws deep into his shoulder before shoving him aside with enough force to stagger him across the grass.

Another wolf slammed into me from the right, the impact knocking me backward into the ground. I rolled immediately and lashed out with a burst of psychic force that struck him squarely and sent him staggering several feet away.

Behind me, Catherine's voice cut sharply through the clash of movement.

"Careful. Don't hurt her."

The wolves adjusted at once, abandoning their reckless lunges and shifting into a tighter circle around me as they began to pace with deliberate caution, testing my reactions and probing for weakness rather than attacking outright.

Each time I launched another psychic strike, I felt Catherine's presence brush against my mind.

Her interference was subtle and measured, her counterforce arriving just a fraction stronger than my own, never overwhelming enough to crush the attack completely yet always powerful enough to neutralize its full impact.

The realization settled coldly in my mind.

She was controlling the battle.

Worse, she was studying me.

The wolves lunged again. I slashed at one while sending a psychic shockwave rippling through the ground beneath us, forcing two of them backward as the grass flattened beneath the sudden burst of force.

Catherine's laugh was so gleeful, you'd think she was at an amusement park.

"Impressive!"

I ignored her completely and shifted my stance again, keeping my weight balanced as the wolves continued circling.

“Why don’t you finish the Shift?” she taunted. “I’d love to see your wolf.”

My teeth clenched.

The wolves paced closer, their eyes fixed on me as Catherine’s voice drifted across the clearing once more.

“Go on,” she added with clear anticipation. “Transform. I’ve heard so many fascinating rumors.”

Alina stirred restlessly beneath my skin, her power coiling through my muscles as the urge to shift fully surged up from deep inside me.

Another wolf lunged, and I drove him back with a sharp burst of psychic force before resetting my stance.

Behind him, Catherine’s voice rang out again. “Show me.”

The urge to release Alina entirely surged through my body. Letting her take control would end the fight quickly, and the thought of unleashing her strength against the wolves surrounding me was dangerously tempting.

But the half-shift was already dangerous enough; I couldn't let Catherine behold the full silver wolf.

Before I could even be tempted any further, a thunderous snarl split the clearing with the force of an explosion.

The sound struck like a shockwave, so powerful that every wolf froze instantly.

Even Catherine's expression flickered with surprise as a massive golden form burst from the forest at terrifying speed.

Ashar.

He landed between the circling wolves and me with lethal grace, his enormous form bristling with restrained fury as a deep, vibrating growl rolled from his chest.

The ground itself seemed to tremble beneath the sheer force of his presence.

And in that instant, the balance of the fight changed.