

My Sister 392

Chapter 392 DIFFICULT TARGETS

KIERAN'S POV

The moment Seraphina's distress brushed the edge of my awareness, every nerve in me went on high alert.

According to our plan, her message was supposed to go to Ethan, since he was the only one she could mind-link.

I wasn't supposed to feel the pulse of urgency she had sent through the link directed toward her brother.

But I did anyway.

Not as words. Not even as a clear thought.

Just a jolt, like the sudden tug of a wire pulled too hard.

Retreat.

Ashar reacted before I consciously understood what I had sensed.

A low growl rolled up from deep in my chest as my body stiffened where I stood within the concealment field Corin had woven around us.

The forest clearing ahead lay partially visible through the thin veil of psychic distortion. The barrier Catherine had placed around the meeting site shimmered faintly at its edges like heat rising from sun-scorched asphalt.

It was clever work.

After Sera stepped through, Catherine had constructed the perimeter specifically to keep werewolves out.

The barrier did not physically exist, yet its psychic pressure pressed against my instincts like an invisible wall, warning Ashar and me that forcing our way through would not go unnoticed—or unpunished.

Under normal circumstances, it would have worked perfectly.

But Catherine had made one mistake.

She had not known Corin existed.

Beside me, the Dominator stood motionless among the trees, his eyes half-closed as faint currents of psychic energy coiled around our bodies like drifting threads of smoke.

“This is as far as the concealment will hold,” Corin had murmured earlier.

I could feel the strain in the psychic field surrounding us. Catherine’s barrier pushed against it constantly, probing for weaknesses, testing the boundaries of Corin’s interference.

He could only shield three—himself, Ethan, and me. Maya, Brett, and Maris had retreated further back, out of the field, securing the perimeter just as we planned.

The pressure of the concealment tightened even now, pulling inward like a cloak drawn closer around our bodies.

I rolled my shoulders, tension gathering in every muscle as Ashar prowled beneath my skin.

The plan was to wait as Sera retreated, not to show our hand until the absolute last minute. Until it was necessary.

But then the sensation pulsed again—clearer this time. Sharp, violent

She was fighting.

The realization burned through my chest like wildfire, igniting instinct so powerful it nearly drowned out rational thought.

A deep, furious roar rolled through my mind as my wolf surged forward against my restraint, his rage rising like a storm breaking against a cliff.

'Protect.'

The command did not form in words. It came from somewhere deeper than language, rising straight from my core.

My jaw tightened as the instinct settled into certainty.

"We're going in," I said.

Corin's eyes opened fully.

"You can't rush," he warned in a fierce whisper. "If she's in danger, she'll let Ethan know. If you charge in, you'll break the concealment prematurely—"

“I don’t give a fuck.”

My answer was sharper than intended, but my patience was unraveling.

Through the thin veil of psychic distortion, I could feel the battle unfolding in the clearing beyond the barrier.

Their movements stirred the ground with violent bursts that carried easily across the forest floor.

I could feel Sera, too.

The energy radiating from her presence flickered through me in uneven pulses—Alina pressing close beneath the surface, her power coiling against Sera’s restraint.

The decision settled in my bones before my mind had fully caught up with it.

Ashar snarled as I charged.

Invisible pressure slammed against my instincts, the psychic wall pushing against Ashar’s dominance like a challenge.

Behind me, Ethan inhaled sharply.

“Kieran—”

Too late.

Ashar exploded out of me, the transformation ripping through my body like lightning.

Muscle expanded violently beneath my skin as my spine and bones reshaped with a series of brutal pops. Heat surged through every nerve as golden fur erupted across my shoulders and down my back.

My vision sharpened as the world fractured into scent, motion, vibration.

The barrier shattered.

The moment Ashar forced himself fully into existence, the concealment field Corin had wrapped around us collapsed like a thread snapped under tension.

I heard Corin curse softly behind me.

But I was already moving.

The clearing burst into view ahead as I lunged through the last line of trees.

The smell hit me first.

Blood. Adrenaline. Rogue.

Four of them circled a familiar figure at the center of the clearing.

Seraphina.

Even half-shifted, she was unmistakable.

Silver fur shimmered on her arms where Alina pressed through her skin, catching the sky's pale light like threads of moonlight woven into her flesh.

The roar that tore from Ashar's throat shook the clearing like thunder; even the air seemed to vibrate.

The sound carried the full weight of an Alpha's command, raw dominance crashing outward in a wave that froze every wolf.

I landed between the rogues and Sera in a spray of dirt and crushed grass.

Ashar's massive paws dug into the ground as a deep growl rolled from my chest, the sound vibrating through the earth beneath us.

The wolves hesitated.

Behind me, I heard Sera's breath catch.

"Kieran?"

I didn't turn.

Every instinct Ashar possessed focused on the wolves surrounding us.

Protect.

Kill.

The four rogues shifted uneasily, their earlier confidence evaporating under the sheer weight of Ashar's presence.

Behind me, the forest rustled again.

Logan burst from the treeline a heartbeat later, Ethan's enormous grey wolf crashing into the clearing with a snarl.

He skidded to a halt beside me.

Two Alphas now stood between Sera and the circling wolves.

The tension in the clearing thickened.

Behind the line of wolves, Catherine remained where she had been standing.

Watching. Studying.

Her expression held no fear.

Only a hint of surprise—and morbid fascination.

Somewhere behind us, hidden deep within the forest, Corin remained invisible beneath the careful veil of his now-personal psychic concealment.

On land, his mer form held no advantage, especially in a confrontation with wolves.

Even without seeing him, I could sense the faint brush of his presence lingering at the outer edge of my awareness, distant and restrained, like a blade held patiently in reserve while the battlefield unfolded.

Hidden beyond sight, watching every movement, ready to strike at the exact moment the balance shifted from physical to psionic—that was where Corin was most dangerous.

Ashar lowered his massive head slightly, eyes fixed on the wolves circling the clearing.

A slow rumble began to build in my chest, deep and resonant, the sound vibrating through the ground beneath my paws as the challenge rolled outward like distant thunder.

Behind me, Seraphina's voice drifted through the tense air.

“Nice timing.”

CATHERINE’S POV

The moment the golden wolf burst into the clearing, I knew exactly what it was.

Ashar.

Even if I had never seen him before, the identity would have been obvious.

No other wolf carried that kind of presence.

No other Alpha radiated dominance like a force of nature itself.

My gaze shifted briefly from the towering golden form to the young woman standing behind him.

Her silver fur still shimmered faintly along her arms, the half-shift leaving her caught somewhere between human and wolf.

Seeing Ashar arrive the instant danger threatened her made realization settle into place with sudden, undeniable clarity.

Seraphina and Kieran had found their way back to each other.

A disappointed sigh slipped from my lips.

Marcus would not like this development.

Neither did I.

The entire situation had been so much cleaner when Seraphina and Kieran had remained divided.

One was a legendary silver wolf and a powerful psychic; the other was the most formidable Alpha of his generation.

Separately, they were already difficult targets, but together...

Fuck.

Logan and Ashar moved through the clearing with the brutal coordination of predators who had fought too many battles to waste motion.

The golden wolf held the center with overwhelming dominance, his massive frame radiating a pressure that forced the other wolves to hesitate, while Logan circled with colder precision, slipping through the gaps beside him like a blade searching for the exact moment to strike.

Together they pressed the attackers backward step by careful step, turning the clearing into a tightening trap.

What was worse, backup didn't look like it would be arriving any time soon. There should have been at least a dozen wolves in this fight—which meant Sera and her team had been more prepared than I anticipated.

If I did nothing, the battle would be swift. And I would not emerge victorious.

My gaze lifted to the sky.

The moon hung pale above the clearing, its cold light spilling across the treetops and the wolves below.

I grit my teeth against the sharp pain behind my ribs as I released a pulse of energy.

But the agony was worth it.

Almost immediately, a shadow began to creep across the moon's surface.

A small smile tugged at the corner of my mouth.

The lunar eclipse had begun.