

My Sister 393

Chapter 393 LUNAR ECLIPSE

SERAPHINA'S POV

The change was so subtle and gradual, my mind resisted accepting it as real.

The moon's bright silver surface dimmed along one edge, as if a shadow were sliding across it, devouring its light inch by inch.

But that was impossible. There should not have been a lunar eclipse tonight.

My mind struggled to grasp the contradiction even as my body reacted.

The half-shift Alina and I had been maintaining dissolved. Silver fur receded. The claws that had begun to form along my fingers retracted painfully as bone and muscle settled into human form.

The change happened so suddenly that I staggered a half-step before catching my balance.

The loss of the shift felt like someone had slammed a door inside my body.

A low rumble vibrated through the clearing.

Ashar's massive shoulders stiffened in front of me as the same pressure descended on him.

Logan reacted similarly a heartbeat later, the enormous grey wolf lifting his head toward the sky as a frustrated snarl curled from between his teeth.

The four wolves surrounding us noticed the change immediately. But the eclipse seemed to have the opposite effect on them.

Their movements shifted. The careful hesitation and fear that Ashar's arrival had forced upon them began to loosen as the shadow deepened across the moon.

A slow chill crept down my spine.

I looked upward again.

The moon now sat half-covered in darkness.

It looked real.

But my instincts screamed that something about it was wrong.

“That’s not right,” I murmured.

Ashar’s ears flicked at the sound of my voice behind him, but he did not turn.

His attention remained locked on the wolves circling the clearing, his body positioned squarely between them and me.

Ashar’s dominance and prowess were still there.

But the eclipse was interfering with it.

My gaze shifted toward Catherine.

She stood exactly where she had earlier, watching the scene unfold with a gleam in her eyes that set my teeth on edge.

Her posture remained relaxed, arms loosely folded. Her eyes drifted toward the darkening moon before returning to us.

And suddenly the answer clicked into place.

The eclipse wasn't real, not in the natural sense.

It existed only inside the barrier she had created.

A psychic illusion powerful enough to manipulate the lunar resonance that wolves relied on.

The scale of that ability placed a cold weight on my chest.

Influencing perception was one thing.

Altering the fundamental forces that shaped a wolf's power was something else entirely.

That was the kind of manipulation only the most dangerous psychics could achieve.

Sovereign-level.

Catherine's voice drifted across the clearing. "A fascinating effect, isn't it?"

Ashar's growl deepened in response.

"The moon governs our kind in ways no other species ever truly understands," Catherine continued, her tone thoughtful with a hint of derision. "I've often wondered what might happen if that influence were...interrupted."

Her gaze slid upward again, lips curved. "Now we know."

One of the circling wolves lunged forward suddenly.

Ashar moved to intercept, but there was a delay—a heartbeat too slow, a fraction too late.

His massive paw struck the attacker's shoulder, yet the force fell short of the crushing power it should have carried, sending the wolf reeling instead of breaking it outright.

The opening was immediate and dangerous. The rogue twisted back toward him, and Logan lunged in to cover the gap, his grey form slamming into the attacker with a snap of his jaws—but even that strike lacked its usual force.

The impact drove the wolf back, but not nearly far enough, not with the overwhelming strength and speed that should have ended the fight in a single motion.

The growing eclipse pressed down on Ashar and Logan like an invisible weight, slowing them down. Weakening them.

Another wolf darted forward from the opposite side.

Logan intercepted a fraction too late. His jaws missed the throat as he forced the attacker back with effort rather than a clean takedown.

Ashar shifted his stance, and for the first time since he had entered the clearing, he took a step back.

Logan mirrored the movement, the two wolves tightening their defensive formation as they continued forcing the attackers away from me.

But the circling wolves were beginning to sense the shift in balance. They moved closer, more confident now.

However Catherine caused the eclipse, she was simultaneously protecting our attackers from its effects.

I clenched my fists as my thoughts raced.

Ashar and Logan were still stronger than the other wolves—for now.

But the longer we remained inside Catherine's barrier, the worse our position grew.

Once the eclipse was complete, the balance would tip, and we would all be at the rogues' mercy.

A brush of awareness touched the edge of my mind.

Corin.

His presence lingered just beyond the treeline, concealed beneath the psychic veil he had woven around himself.

And suddenly a memory was pushed into my mind, along with Corin's voice.

'Instead of holding your power inward, try directing some of it outward.'

My breath slowed.

Ashar drove another wolf back, forcing it to stumble several steps away from the defensive line.

Logan struck immediately afterward, his body slamming into a second wolf and pushing it aside with more effort than usual.

Yet they continued to give ground, gradually retreating toward the forest.

I closed my eyes, allowing my awareness to sink deeper into the connection that existed beneath the surface of my thoughts.

Alina stirred.

Her presence flickered faintly within me, muted and weak but not extinguished by the eclipse.

I reached outward.

The psychic energy answered, but unevenly—flickering through my mind in unstable surges.

Without the moon to anchor it, the power resisted me, slipping and straining against my control.

I pushed past it, forcing the energy to expand beyond my body.

The first connection formed with Ashar.

The moment our minds brushed, the effect was immediate.

Ashar's shoulders lifted and broadened as renewed power flowed into him, the golden wolf's growl deepening as his dominance pushed outward again.

Logan was next.

When my psychic field touched him, his ears twitched sharply, and he stood straighter.

The energy flowed outward through both of them, strengthening their instincts, sharpening their movements, reinforcing the natural coordination that already existed between the two Alphas.

Ashar lunged forward again.

This time, his strike sent one of the wolves skidding violently across the clearing.

Logan followed immediately, driving another attacker backward with renewed force.

Catherine was not pleased with the shift in momentum.

Her eyes narrowed as she studied me.

“That ability of yours,” she said slowly, her voice hard. “Very unusual.”

I didn’t bother with an answer.

Ashar stepped backward again, forcing another wolf away from the defensive line as Logan mirrored the movement beside him.

They were retreating deliberately now.

Guiding the confrontation closer to the forest.

Closer to the barrier’s edge.

I channeled strength into them, sustaining the psychic bridge as steadily as I could while we moved.

The barrier shimmered behind us now.

Just a little farther.

Catherine took several steps forward.

“Leaving already?” she asked casually.

Ashar ignored her.

Logan shoved another wolf aside.

We were almost there. We had to make it before the eclipse was complete, and Ashar and Logan lost all power.

Catherine’s attention shifted briefly toward the trees behind us.

Toward the place where Corin remained hidden.

She cocked her head, her expression changing.

“Oh.” For the first time, she sounded genuinely surprised. “You brought your own—”

In that moment of distraction, Corin moved.

His psychic presence surged outward from the forest like a blade drawn silently from its sheath.

Our awarenesses aligned instantly.

No words were necessary; the attack formed between us with frightening speed.

Corin’s precision guided the strike. My power fueled it.

The psychic impact slammed into Catherine’s mind like a sudden thunderclap.

Her composure shattered.

Her eyes widened in genuine surprise as the force of the strike rippled through the barrier she had constructed.

The ground beneath her feet cracked as the psychic backlash disrupted her control.

She staggered.

Only for a moment.

But it was enough.

The shadow covering the moon began to dissipate.

“Go!” I shouted.

The two Alphas reacted instantly, surging backward through the shimmering edge of the barrier.

The moment their bodies crossed the boundary, the pressure vanished.

The eclipse collapsed like a broken illusion, and moonlight flooded the forest once more.

Alina surged within me again, her presence returning in a rush of silver warmth beneath my skin.

Strength rushed back into Ashar and Logan at once, their forms steadying as the moon reclaimed them.

I followed them into the trees, relief flooding me as I passed through the remnants of the barrier. The psychic bridge I had been holding between Ashar, Logan, Corin, and me collapsed all at once.

Behind us, Catherine recovered her balance, her expression smoothing as the fractured barrier dissolved around the clearing.

Corin stepped out into view. "Come on," he urged. "We need to—"

But I couldn't hear him. I couldn't hear anything.

Pain crashed through my head, sharp and overwhelming, blurring my vision.

The ground tilted beneath my feet.

"Sera?"

I barely registered the grass rushing up to meet me before everything went dark.