

My Sister 394

Chapter 394 THE AFTERMATH

MAYA'S POV

By the fifth body, I stopped counting.

The first rogue lunged at us low and fast from the left flank, all snapping jaws and ferocity—the kind that didn't think past its next bite.

Brett had intercepted before I could fully turn, his blade flashing once in the dim silver wash of moonlight before the wolf dropped with a strangled yelp.

The second had followed barely a minute later.

The third came from behind.

After that, they blurred together into a pattern I didn't like.

Too frequent. Too coordinated.

Between the three of us, we took them all down, but it didn't feel like a victory.

In the aftermath, I wiped the back of my hand across my shirt, smearing something dark I didn't bother identifying. Turning in a slow circle, I scanned the tree line again, waiting for the next wave of attacks.

The neutral zone stretched around us in uneasy quiet, the kind that never truly meant peace.

Wind swept the branches overhead, carrying the sharp scent of blood, damp earth, and something rancid beneath it.

Wrong.

Everything about tonight felt wrong.

"Any chance they're stopping?" Maris muttered from somewhere to my right, her voice tight but controlled.

I could hear the faint rustle of her shifting stance, the subtle repositioning of weight that meant she was ready for the next attack even before it came.

"They're not supposed to be this organized," Brett added.

He nudged one of the fallen wolves with his boot, eyes narrowing as he studied it. "Rogues don't attack like this."

No, they didn't.

Rogues were chaos. Hunger. Instinct stripped raw.

What we were seeing tonight had direction. Coordination.

I exhaled slowly, forcing my pulse to steady even as unease coiled tighter in my chest.

My fingers flexed at my sides, itching with the need to move, to act, to do something other than stand here waiting for another unseen threat to lunge out of the dark.

"They're like Marcus' rogues," I pointed out.

"And if they're here..." Maris began.

"...that could mean Catherine and Marcus are working together," Brett finished.

The realization settled around us as we struggled to come to terms with it.

We had all seen enough in the past weeks to understand what each of them was capable of and what they were willing to do to get whatever it was they wanted.

If Catherine and Marcus had joined forces...

My gaze darted to where Sera, Ethan, Kieran, and Corin had gone earlier, toward the coastal clearing where the meeting had been set.

The memory of Sera walking away, back straight, expression calm in that way that never meant calm at all, pressed against my mind.

A sharp vibration buzzed against Brett's wrist, snapping Maris' and my attention to him.

His expression shifted as he glanced down at the device, his shoulder tensing before he looked up at us.

"It's Ethan."

My heart skipped a beat.

“What is it?” I asked, stepping closer.

Why would Ethan send him a message instead of mind-linking me?

Brett’s jaw set as he read, eyes scanning before lifting again. “Rendezvous point changed. Coordinates just updated.”

Maris frowned. “Why?”

“He didn’t say.”

The three of us exchanged a look.

Something had gone wrong.

“Move,” I said, already turning.

We didn’t waste another second.

The car tore through the narrow forest path, tires crunching over gravel and loose dirt as Brett pushed it faster than he probably should have. Not that any of us were complaining.

I kept my gaze fixed ahead, one hand braced against the dashboard as we took a turn too sharply.

Sera. Ethan. Kieran. Corin.

Two Alphas and two powerful psychics.

They were fine. They had to be.

“Up ahead,” Maris said suddenly.

The trees began to thin.

Brett slowed just enough to maneuver through the last stretch before bringing the car to a sharp stop.

I was out before it fully settled.

Instantly, all my senses and instincts zeroed in on Ethan.

Relief flared sharp and immediate in my chest, and my feet were already moving before my mind caught up.

“Ethan!”

He turned at the sound, and his face softened. “Maya.”

I reached him quickly, my hands already moving over him in a quick assessment—shoulders, arms, chest—searching for injuries.

“I’m fine,” he said, catching my wrist gently before I could continue.

“You don’t look fine,” I shot back, my voice sharper than I intended.

Up close, I could see it more clearly: the faint sheen of sweat across his skin, the slight pallor beneath it, the way his breathing was just a fraction too shallow.

“I said I’m fine,” he repeated. “Just...a little weak.”

My eyes narrowed. “From what?”

His gaze flicked upward, toward the sky, before returning to me.

“Catherine,” he said simply. “She created some kind of artificial lunar eclipse inside a barrier.”

For a moment, I just stared at him. “A what?”

“It suppressed us,” he continued, his tone steady despite the strain beneath it. “Our wolves. The connection to the moon. It—” He exhaled, shaking his head slightly. “Doesn’t matter. We’re out of it now.”

A chill slid down my spine.

That shouldn’t have been possible.

And yet, looking at him, at the lingering weakness in his stance, I knew he wasn’t exaggerating.

My grip tightened around his arm.

“Where’s Sera?” I asked.

Ethan didn't answer immediately.

"Ethan?" I pressed, dread coiling in my stomach.

He lifted his hand slowly and pointed past me.

I turned, and my heart dropped.

Kieran sat on the ground a short distance away, one knee bent, the other leg stretched out as if he had dropped there without bothering to steady himself first.

And in his lap—

Sera.

Her skin glistened with sweat, damp strands of hair stuck to her temples and neck. Her face was ashen, lips parted as if she strained to breathe even in unconsciousness.

Kieran's arms were wrapped around her, one hand braced at her back, the other gripping her shoulder tightly.

Corin knelt beside them, his usual composure stripped down to something sharper, more urgent. His hand hovered just above Sera's temple, not quite touching, his focus absolute.

"—Sera," he was saying, his voice low but firm. "You need to come back. Do you hear me?"

The distance between us disappeared in a blur.

"What happened?" I demanded as I dropped to my knees beside them, scanning Sera's form.

Kieran didn't look up.

"Psychic overload. She pushed herself too hard to save us," he said, his voice rough, edged with something I had rarely heard from him before: Fear.

"As a silver wolf, and coupled with the fact that she was Catherine's main target—not to mention that her anchor is the moon—she bore the brunt of the effects of the eclipse," Corin added without looking away from Sera.

My chest tightened.

“Sera,” I said, reaching out instinctively before stopping myself just short of touching her, uncertain if I would make things worse.

Her breathing hitched.

All of us froze.

For a split second, nothing happened.

Then—

She gasped.

Her body jerked as air rushed back into her lungs, her eyes snapping open.

“Sera,” Kieran exhaled, his grip tightening around her as he pulled her closer. “Easy. You’re okay. You’re safe.”

Her gaze flicked wildly at first, unfocused, searching.

“No,” she rasped, her voice raw.

Corin leaned in. “Don’t try to move yet.”

But she was already trying.

Her hand fisted Kieran’s shirt weakly as she struggled to push herself upright, urgency overriding her frailty.

“We don’t have time,” she said, the words coming faster now despite the strain evident in every syllable. “We have to go back.”

Kieran’s brow furrowed. “Sera—”

“Nightfang and Frostbane,” she cut in, her gaze locking onto his with an urgency that sent a jolt through me. “They’re in danger.”