

My Sister 407

Chapter 407 THE LETTER

SERAPHINA'S POV

Jack Draven.

Even after Maya pulled into the Nightfang compound and killed the engine, the name sat in my chest like a serrated knife, pressing harder and harder against my ribs with every inhale.

Marcus Draven's son.

Catherine's partner's son.

"If Jack's involved," Maya said quietly beside me, her earlier agitation now sharpened into something colder, more focused, "then this wasn't just some opportunistic acquisition."

"No," I agreed, my voice distant even to my own ears. "It wasn't."

My stomach tightened.

Reclaiming OTS wasn't just going to be difficult; it was going to be impossible.

Not when the entire thing had been pulled into Marcus and Catherine's network.

And Lucian...

My fingers curled against my thigh.

How did he get pulled into this? It just didn't make sense.

Lucian didn't carry the same prejudice toward rogues that most Alphas did—hell, he'd opened OTS to many, many rogues and outcasts.

But this?

Rogues like Jack didn't just operate outside the system—they corrupted it. Poisoned it.

Lucian would never—

I cut that thought off with a sharp exhale.

Would never what? Make a mistake? Get trapped? Be forced?

Did I truly know him to begin with?

My jaw tightened.

No.

Something had happened.

Something we still weren't seeing.

"I don't buy it," I said.

Maya glanced at me. "What part?"

"Any of it," I said, pushing the car door open and stepping out into the cool evening air. "Lucian doesn't just...hand over OTS. Not willingly. Not to someone like Jack."

Maya followed, closing her door with a muted thud. “Which means we’re missing something big.”

And whatever it was, it had to be enough to force Lucian into aligning himself—at least on the surface—with filth like the Dravens and Catherine.

The thought left a bitter taste in my mouth.

We didn’t speak again as we crossed into the packhouse.

The familiar scents of Nightfang wrapped around me—cedarwood, smoke, the faint metallic edge of the training grounds—but even that comfort couldn’t touch the cold, spiraling unease knotting tighter and tighter beneath my skin.

I had just stepped into the main hall when my phone rang.

Unknown number.

I hesitated for half a second before answering.

“Hello?”

“Sera?”

The voice on the other end was tight. Controlled. But there was something beneath it—something frayed at the edges.

“Who’s this?”

“Sabrina.”

I straightened instinctively.

“Sabrina? Do you know where Lucian is? Is—”

“I can’t talk for long,” she cut me off. “Lucian left me instructions.”

Every muscle in my body locked.

“What kind of instructions?”

Her exhale came through the line, shaky. "He said...if anything happened to OTS, I was supposed to send something to you."

My grip tightened around the phone.

"To me?"

"Yes. I didn't understand it at the time. I thought it was just...one of his contingencies. But then I heard what happened to say and I—"

She cut herself off with a deep, shuddering breath, as if struggling to steady herself before she could continue.

"I mailed it as soon as I could. Express. It should've already arrived at Nightfang."

My heart skipped.

"Sabrina," I said, my voice steadying, "did your brother say anything else? Anything at all?"

Silence stretched for a beat too long.

Then: "He told me not to try to contact him."

"Sab—"

The line went dead.

For a moment, I just stood there, phone pressed so hard to my ear it hurt, the weight of the conversation sinking into my bones, heavy and suffocating.

Then—

"Sera?"

Maya's voice pulled me back.

I lowered the phone slowly. "There's a package."

Her brows knit together. "From?"

"Lucian."

The box was medium-sized. Plain brown. No markings beyond standard shipping labels.

Ordinary.

“That’s a little...anticlimactic,” Kieran muttered, eyeing the box.

Maya scoffed in agreement.

I reached for it, lifting it carefully, feeling the weight settle into my hands.

Nothing about it felt unusual.

No energy. No pulse. No immediate sign of—

Alois stepped forward. “Don’t open it yet.”

I glanced at him.

He was watching the box, his expression sharpened in a way I had come to recognize.

“Give it to me,” he said.

I hesitated for a fraction of a second before handing it over.

He turned it slightly, fingers brushing along the surface like he was feeling for something beneath it rather than on it.

Then, after a moment, his lips curved.

“Clever.”

Maya shifted beside me. “What?”

“There’s an illusion layered over it,” Alois said. “Not for concealment. For misdirection. In case this fell into the wrong hands.”

My chest tightened.

“Meaning?”

“Meaning what you’re seeing isn’t what’s actually there.”

I let out an incredulous breath.

Alois adjusted his grip, then pressed two fingers lightly against the side of the box.

A faint crack sounded beneath his touch, barely audible.

The air shifted—not visibly, but enough to be felt. The box in his hands seemed to settle into itself, its edges sharpening as whatever illusion masked it fell away.

The surface darkened. The faint, almost imperceptible distortion that I hadn’t even realized was there...disappeared.

“Now,” Alois said, handing it back to me, “you can open it.”

I set the box down on the counter and peeled it open.

Inside were stacks of paper—documents, bound loosely together.

And on top, a single envelope with my name written across it in a hand I knew too well.

I didn't realize I'd stopped breathing until Kieran nudged me lightly.

“Sera.”

I reached for it.

My fingers brushed the paper, tracing the familiar strokes of Lucian's handwriting for just a second before I broke the seal.

The letter unfolded easily.

And I began to read.

Sera,

If you're reading this, then something has gone wrong.

I suppose I should start with the part I should have told you from the beginning.

I've been working with Marcus Draven for some time now.

Not by choice—not entirely—but also not by force.

By now, you might have come in contact with the wolves he and Catherine have...revived.

My Zara is one of them.

I know it makes me weak. I know it makes me a coward. But I lost her once, and it devastated me. The opportunity to have a second chance with her came up, and I just couldn't pass it up.

The cost for having Zara back was to work for Marcus, which I've done for long enough to understand that whatever he's planning goes far beyond revenge against Kieran.

From the moment he asked for OTS data, I knew something was off. Marcus is many things, but he's not careless. He doesn't ask for information he doesn't understand the value of.

The revived Zara is a leash he has hung around my neck to ensure I stay obedient; I can't refuse him anything for fear of her getting hurt.

So I have been playing along.

The OTS data I gave him wasn't clean. I altered it. Fragmented it. Introduced enough inconsistencies to slow down anything he tries to build from it.

It won't stop him, but it will buy time.

Leaving the seal with you was intentional. You are the only person I trust to protect what OTS actually is beneath all the surface-level structures.

As if my treachery isn't enough, I have one more confession to make.

I knew who and what you were from the very beginning.

I know you think I fell for you because of your resemblance to Zara, but it is much more than that. You and Zara share the same bloodline.

Sera, Zara is your cousin.

On your maternal side, for that matter, which means all the sealed powers that you're only growing into now, Zara had them too.

It shames me to admit that was why I first sought you out. I wanted a Luna strong enough to match the ghost I lost.

But what I didn't anticipate was...you.

You exceeded every expectation I had. Not because of what you are—but because of who you chose to become.

More than the power your bloodline gave you, you are extraordinary, Sera. If I began to write your praises, the world would run out of ink and paper.

I never intended to hurt you. But I know my dishonesty has done that, and I won't insult you by pretending otherwise.

In the end, I lost you.

I accept it. I deserve it.

My only regret is that I won't get to explain all of this to you in person. Because something changed.

Something went wrong with Zara, and I didn't have the luxury of waiting.

So I took the risk.

If you're reading this, it means that risk didn't go the way I planned.

Sera, do not come after me. Do not try to contact me.

Whatever this turns into, whatever you think you understand—it won't be enough.

And if somehow, someday, I ever stand in front of you again...

Do not trust me.

—Lucian.