

My Sister 429

Chapter 429 WORTHLESS OMEGA

SERAPHINA'S POV

We didn't waste another second in the inn.

We hadn't unpacked, so there was nothing to pack.

Once the Omega's restraints were off and the purchase was completed, we were out of there.

When we stepped out of the inn, the night air hit differently.

It wasn't just the coolness or damp earth on the breeze—it was an underlying shift. Subtle. Tense.

Or maybe it was just the urgency pumping adrenaline into my veins.

"Straight to the tree line," I whispered, not breaking stride.

The Omega walked between Kieran and me, but I could still feel his presence—razor-edged and vigilant, his head on a swivel.

"I don't like how quiet it is," he murmured.

"Neither do I."

Behind us, the inn loomed, its windows dim, its structure deceptively ordinary. If I hadn't known what lay beneath, I'd have believed it was just another stop along the road.

Between us, the Omega kept pace with ours. She hadn't said a single word since we left the inn. Hadn't even looked me in the eye.

Despite her stoicism and silence, a charged energy radiated from her, like a quiet storm sealed beneath glass.

Ahead of us, the path curved toward the outer boundary. We were halfway there when the night's silence broke.

We stopped.

Kieran was instantly at my side, his body angling forward, already positioning himself between me and the direction the threat was coming from.

“Well,” he said under his breath, almost dry, “there it is.”

Figures emerged from the shadows ahead, then from the sides, cutting off the path.

Thick builds. Scarred faces. Eyes blazing with the promise of violence.

From between them, Kristine stepped forward, looking calm and composed, like she had expected this exact moment to unfold.

The manager’s gaze slid over us, pausing briefly on me before shifting—calculating, assessing—toward the Omega.

“There’s no need to rush,” she said smoothly.

I didn’t respond.

Neither did Kieran, but despite the scent-masking perfume, the familiar scent of cedar and rain filtered into the air, and I knew Ashar was ready.

The thugs spread out behind Kristine, forming a loose semicircle.

“You’ve made quite an impression tonight,” she continued. “The owner...noticed.”

Of course they did.

“You crossed a line most wouldn’t even dare to look at,” she added, tilting her head. “Bold. Reckless. Interesting.”

“Get to the point,” I snapped.

Her cold smile didn’t falter. “Very well.”

Her gaze shifted to the Omega. I stepped to the side, blocking her from view.

“If you’re willing to leave the girl behind,” Kristine said, her voice deceptively light, “the owner is prepared to offer you something...valuable in return.”

“And what is that?”

“A special deal,” she answered. “Help finding your missing brother.”

A pause.

Then, softer: “Or if you’re ready to drop the pretense, you could ask for what you really came here for, and it will be granted.”

Honestly, I wasn’t even surprised we’d been found out. This place traded in secrets the way others traded in currency.

My silence stretched.

Kristine watched me carefully, as if measuring the exact moment I might bend.

“Lena,” she said gently, “or whatever your real name is. Surely, your goal is more valuable than a worthless Omega.”

Kieran scoffed. “Quite an entourage for a ‘worthless Omega’.”

In a movement that was so tiny it was almost imperceptible, I felt a tug on my cloak.

And then, so soft, I might not have heard it if all my senses weren’t on high alert: “Please.”

Her posture was the same. Her empty expression unchanged.

But I felt it nonetheless—her despair. It wafted off her like a bad smell.

That did it.

My resolution hardened.

I exhaled slowly. “No.”

The word didn’t need volume; it carried anyway.

Kristine’s expression didn’t change.

“You should think carefully,” she said, her tone still calm. “Opportunities like this don’t come twice.”

“You should listen carefully,” I replied. “I’m not trading her for anything.”

Kristine studied me for a long moment.

Then her smile thinned as she took a pointed step backward. “That’s unfortunate.”

The shift came instantly.

The wolves moved in coordination, closing in from multiple angles, cutting off retreat, forcing engagement.

Kieran stepped in front of me, his hand briefly brushing mine. Then he shifted, dropping into a ready, defensive stance, every muscle tense for action.

The first wolf lunged.

I didn’t even need to think.

The power within me responded instantly—a precise pulse that spread outward from me in a sharp, focused wave.

It slipped into their awareness, into the fragile space where thought met instinct, and pressed.

The effect was immediate.

The wolf mid-lunge faltered. His movement stuttered, his body locking as confusion flooded in, and his senses misfired.

Kieran blurred into motion, intercepting and redirecting the attack with ruthless precision, slamming the wolf into the ground before he could recover.

Around us, the others staggered. Their coordination fractured, the clean formation breaking into confusion.

“What—” one of them started, his voice rough with confusion.

I didn’t give them time to recover. I released another pulse, sharper this time.

It sank into their minds like ice water, numbing and dulling their reaction, blurring aggression into something sluggish and unfocused.

Kieran glanced back at me, something like approval flickering in his eyes. “You know, if I didn’t have such a high sense of self, I would feel emasculated.”

The chuckle I let out was so inappropriate for the situation. “Move.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

We darted through the opening in their ranks, dragging the Omega with us by her wrist before the attackers could block our escape.

Footsteps thundered behind us as some of them recovered.

But—

Not just theirs.

From the tree line ahead, figures emerged.

At their head was arguably the most beautiful woman I’d ever seen.

She had beautiful dark skin that caught the low light like polished bronze. Her features were striking: high cheekbones, a straight, elegant nose, and full lips set in a calm, unreadable line.

Her eyes were dark and steady, sharp with awareness, framed by thick lashes that only intensified her gaze.

I didn't need an introduction to know that she was the infamous Willow.

Maxwell was right behind her, his expression sharp and focused.

"We've got your exit!" he called.

Behind us, their team spread out, intercepting the pursuing wolves, creating a moving barrier between us and the inn.

"Go!" Willow shouted.

We pushed past the tree line, deeper into the forest's cover, the sounds of conflict fading behind us with each step.

We didn't stop or slow down.

Not until the inn was no longer visible.

Not until its scent faded completely.

Not until the pressure in the air eased.

Only then did we finally halt.

Silence settled around us, broken only by our breathing and the distant echo of night creatures resuming their rhythms.

Kieran exhaled, running a hand through his hair.

“Well,” he said, his voice lighter now, though the tension hadn’t fully left him. “That could have gone worse.”

“That’s one way to put it.”

Kieran straightened, his gaze flicking behind me. "Are you okay?"

I turned.

The Omega stood a few steps away.

One moment, she was blank and expressionless.

The next—

The numbness cracked.

Her shoulders lowered in something closer to release. And for the first time, emotion flashed across her face—too much to name.

“We-we escaped.”

“Yeah,” I said softly. “You never have to go back there.”

Her eyes glistened.

“You don’t even know me,” she said, her lower lip wobbling. “Why would you do all that...for me?”

I stepped closer.

“What’s your name?” I asked.

She hesitated.

“It’s okay,” I said gently. “You’re safe, I promise. Whatever was done to you is over.”

A single tear slid down her cheek.

Then, quietly: “Mireya.”