

My Sister 441

Chapter 441 SUCCESS

SERAPHINA'S POV

We didn't move as a pack.

A full Nightfang presence moving through the outer territories would draw attention, and attention was the last thing we needed.

Not when we were still trying to understand how deep this network ran or who, exactly, sat at its center.

So we split.

Small units. Different routes. Enough distance between us that no single failure would collapse the whole operation.

And just enough chaos to make it look like something else entirely.

Something messier. Less predictable.

Rogues.

“Remind me again why I have to look like I haven’t showered in three days,” Maya muttered beside me, tugging at the rough jacket she’d thrown over her usual clothes.

I didn’t look at her, my attention fixed on the narrow trade route below where the convoy was expected to pass.

“Because,” I said calmly, adjusting the dirty hood over my head, “you’re not supposed to look like yourself.”

“But myself is so hot,” she sighed, picking a twig out of her tangled curls.

I snorted, amusement breaking through my tension.

“And you really think they’ll look at Marcus instead?” she asked.

My lips twitched. “If we do it right.”

Below us, the road cut through a stretch of dry woodland, the late afternoon light filtering through the trees in fractured patterns.

From a distance, it looked like any other supply route—quiet, unremarkable.

Below us, three transport trucks rolled steadily along the dirt path, their engines low. No markings. No escorts.

No obvious signs that anything valuable was being moved.

Which was exactly why it mattered.

Legitimate shipments didn't bother hiding.

"Left flank is in position," Gavin's voice murmured through the comm.

"Right side ready," Maya replied.

I exhaled slowly, letting the rhythm of the moment settle into place, my focus narrowing.

"On my mark," I said quietly.

The trucks drew closer.

Closer.

Closer.

“Now.”

Maya dropped first, landing in front of the first truck. The driver must have slammed the brakes hard because the truck skidded to a screeching halt. The other trucks followed suit.

Gavin landed behind the last one, his hand already reaching for the latch at the rear.

I hit the ground moments later, the impact softened by the shift in my stance as I straightened and pulled the hood lower over my face.

The driver of the first truck barely had time to react before I reached the door, wrenching it open.

“What the—”

I didn't give him time to finish. I grabbed his collar and dragged him out. He hit the ground hard, a startled curse leaving his mouth before it cut off abruptly as Maya's blade pressed lightly against his throat.

"Don't move," she said pleasantly. "Or do"—she shrugged—"I'm good either way."

Wisely, he froze.

Behind us, the rest of the convoy unraveled quickly. Doors opened. Men were pulled out. Weapons never made it fully into their hands.

Efficient. Clean.

No unnecessary damage. No unnecessary noise.

We didn't kill them—that was critical to the plan.

Because dead men didn't talk. Dead men couldn't spread the story we wanted them to.

I stepped back, letting the others secure the drivers as my gaze swept over the cargo.

Unmarked sealed crates.

I crouched beside the nearest one, running my fingers over the surface.

I pulled a knife from my boot and pried the lid loose with a quick twist. The seal broke with a dull crack.

I reached into the crate and pushed aside the top layer of packing material.

At first glance, it looked like nothing of worth.

Rough, pale pieces of stone layered beneath protective wrapping, their surfaces dull enough to pass as low-grade material to anyone not paying attention.

But I was paying attention.

I reached in and picked one up.

When I turned the stone in my hands, light caught it, revealing a faint, clean shimmer beneath the surface.

“Is that—” Maya began.

“Yep,” I murmured.

Moonstone—in its purest, rawest form. Uncut. High-grade. Deliberately downgraded in appearance so no one would think twice if it was discovered.

I stood slowly, my gaze sweeping across the other crates being opened by the team.

Same contents, every single one. Smuggled stones nestled in each crate.

My mind raced as I connected this to everything we knew.

It went straight in one direction: Astrid.

Her voice echoed in my head as clearly as if she were standing beside me.

‘A few weeks ago, I was to receive a shipment of Moonstones...and they were hijacked.’

My jaw tightened.

“Check the markings,” I said.

Gavin flipped one of the packages over, frowning.

“There’s a stamp here. Faint, but it’s there.”

I stepped closer, taking it from him.

There it was.

Small. Nearly worn down, but recognizable.

New Moon Trade Alliance.

My pulse quickened. “Just as I thought.”

I hadn’t even properly had time to look for Astrid’s missing shipment, but it had landed in my lap anyway.

“So what now?” Maya asked.

“I have a call to make.”

“This is a pleasant surprise,” Astrid’s silky voice floated over the line. “I’ve been sitting by the phone, holding my breath.”

“I’m sure you have.”

She chuckled. “Something tells me this isn’t a social call. Do you finally have results for me?”

I snorted. “Oh, was I too slow for you?”

“Nonsense. I have endless patience.”

“Well,” I said. “It paid off.”

Her breath hitched, so softly I might have missed it. “You found it?”

“Yes.”

“Where?” she asked.

“Outer routes. Unmarked convoy. Distributed across multiple trucks, disguised as low-grade material.”

“Describe it.”

I glanced down at the stone still in my hand.

“Pale. Rough cut. Dull finish on the exterior, but it reflects under direct light. Subtle markings—Trade Alliance stamp, partially worn.”

I could practically hear her thinking. Calculating.

“How many crates?” she asked.

“At least six,” I said. “And this is just one shipment.”

A quiet exhale came through the line.

“Let’s meet up,” she said. “I can—”

“Ah-ah,” I cut her off. “Do you remember what I said when we made the deal?”

There was silence on the line and then: “You said if my missing moonstones connected to something larger—if they were fueling harm beyond financial loss—you would prioritize that.”

“Your moonstones are definitely fueling harm.”

I didn’t know what Catherine was doing with them, but it was definitely not jewelry making.

“Surely you don’t mean to keep them,” Astrid said.

“Of course not,” I replied. “I have no use for them. But I can’t have them falling into the wrong hands. And right now, they’re evidence in an investigation of my own.”

“So what happens now?”

“I keep them...for now. I’ll analyze them, see if they turn up any more leads. Once I have everything I need and I’m sure the danger has passed, I’ll send them to you.”

“Promise?”

“Pinky swear.”

She laughed softly. “Oh, dealing with you is always a delight.”

I felt my lips lifting at the corners. “You too, Astrid. I’ll be in touch.”

When I hung up, I returned to the clearing where the team still held the drivers at knife point.

I climbed into the driver’s seat of the first truck.

“Let them go,” I commanded. “We gotta go.”

Maya pouted. “Oh boo. I thought I’d at least get to have some fun.”

“Hey, that’s not what Marcus sent us to do,” I said to her, sending her a discreet wink.

She grumbled, "What’s the point of going rogue if I still have to follow some asshole Alpha’s orders?"

I rolled my eyes. “Let’s go, smartass.”

She shoved the driver to the ground, kicking up dirt in his face before she turned and entered the middle truck.

Gavin climbed into the third.

The rest of the team slipped off into the surrounding forest.

And we were off.

I watched the drivers in my rearview mirror as we sped away.

They stood shakily, brushing themselves off and probably cursing their bad luck.

They had no idea how good they had it. If they had crossed paths with real rogues, they'd surely be dead by now.

My phone buzzed with a message from Kieran.

One word: Success.

A part of me that had still been wound tight relaxed as I typed back.

Success.

Our mission had been a success. We'd stolen shipments of equipment and resources Catherine needed.

We would steal more in the future. I had all the routes and dates memorized.

If this worked according to plan, Catherine and Marcus' entire operation would be crippled.

And by the time the drivers reported what happened, by the time word spread, the story would have twisted into something more convoluted, and it wouldn't be us they were looking for.

They would be looking for a team of skilled rogues, who may or may not have mentioned Marcus—who had a whole network of skilled rogues at his beck and call—in their presence. Talk about confusion in the camp of the enemy.

We had just pulled on a thread.

I couldn't wait to see what was at the end when it all unraveled.