

My Sister 443

Chapter 443 FORESHADOWING

SERAPHINA'S POV

Sleep had become...unreliable.

Not absent—my body still gave in to exhaustion when it had to—but fractured in a way that left me more uneasy than rested, anxiety constantly humming beneath my skin.

It made me miss the bracelet Lucian had given me. And missing the bracelet made me think of Lucian.

And thinking of Lucian added to the restlessness I was already feeling with everything else.

Because it wasn't bad enough that the days were long and arduous, filled with planning and strategy meetings, my nights were also plagued by dreams that refused to be ignored.

Tonight's own might have been the worst.

I was standing in a corridor I did not recognize.

White walls rose on both sides, and it had the kind of sterile brightness that swallowed shadows instead of casting them, making everything feel flat and disorienting.

A stifling blend of salt and metal filled the air, forcing me to breathe shallowly.

I moved forward slowly, my footsteps making no sound against the smooth floor. Doors lined the hallway on either side, identical in shape and size, each one closed.

There were no windows along the corridor, just smooth, uninterrupted surfaces that reflected a distorted version of me when I passed.

Except—

It wasn't always me.

I stopped.

The reflection in the nearest door lagged half a second behind my movement.

Then it...shifted.

My posture—slightly different.

My expression—blank where mine was uncertain.

And then, her hand lifted.

I froze.

The reflection didn't.

Fingers pressed flat against the surface from the other side, as if there was glass between us. As if she were trapped behind a barrier.

My pulse sharpened.

"Hello?" I called out.

My voice didn't echo. Didn't carry at all—like it was swallowed the moment it left my lips.

The reflection's mouth moved, but no sound came out.

I understood anyway with a sharp, intrusive clarity that cut straight through thought and lodged itself somewhere deeper.

'Help me.'

The corridor flickered—and suddenly, the doors weren't closed anymore.

Darkness yawned from within each room, thick and heavy, like something that wasn't just an absence of light but an ominous presence of its own.

A sound echoed faintly from somewhere ahead.

"Sera."

My breath caught.

"Kieran?" I called, turning toward the sound.

No response.

But the voice came again, closer this time.

“Don’t—”

The corridor changed, darkness creeping down to consume the white walls until they turned to cold, cracked stone.

And then—

Blood.

Smearred across the floor in uneven streaks that led forward.

My instincts screamed at me to stop.

To wake the fuck up.

But my body didn't listen.

I moved, following the gory trail.

The air grew heavier with each step, thicker, harder to breathe, until it felt like something was pressing against my chest from the inside out.

Then I saw a figure at the end of the corridor.

Kneeling in a pool of blood. Head bowed. Scraggy blonde hair falling forward to obscure her face.

My stomach churned.

"Hey," I called out, my voice a hesitant whisper.

She didn't move.

I took another step. Then another.

“Are you—”

Her head snapped up.

And I saw my own face staring back at me.

I stumbled backward, a scream building up in the back of my throat.

It was me—if I had been dragged through hell and back.

Several bruises bloomed on my—her—face. Cuts slashed across her cheeks, and one of her blood-red eyes was swollen shut. Her hair was a dirty, clumpy curtain down her back.

The churning in my stomach twisted into full-blown nausea, panic, and revulsion gripping me as bile rose in my throat.

Her cracked lips parted, and her scream pierced my ears.

“Run!”

I woke up with a sharp inhale, my body jerking upright like an uncoiled spring.

At first, I was met with darkness.

As my eyes adjusted to the room, helped by the faint light of the moon filtering in through the windows, I got my bearings back.

The familiar environment slowly settled around me, grounding me as my breathing evened out. But even then, the remnants of the dream clung to me like cobwebs.

I reached out beside me instinctively, searching for comfort.

But I found emptiness.

My gaze shifted to the other side of the bed, fingers brushing over cool sheets that told me Kieran hadn't come to bed at all.

I sighed, running my hand through my tangled hair.

He'd been swamped with meetings and preparations for the upcoming ally meeting for the last three days and had been coming to bed later and later.

My eyes flicked to the clock on the nightstand.

12:43 a.m.

A quiet exhale left me as I swung my legs over the side of the bed, pressing my feet against the floor.

The dream lingered, the image of my own bruised and battered face flashing in my mind.

A wave of nausea and deep unease stirred in my stomach, an aftershock of terror joining the anxiety lingering beneath the surface.

I pressed my fingers briefly to my temple.

"Get a grip," I muttered.

It was just a dream.

I snorted at the thought.

I, more than anybody, knew that dreams were never just dreams—not mine at least.

So what was this? A warning? Foreshadowing?

“Fuck,” I swore softly.

Considering everything we were planning, all the delicate things we had held in balance, this kind of premonition was not welcome.

I pushed myself to my feet, pulling on a light jacket before stepping out into the hallway.

The packhouse was quiet at this hour, the usual hum of activity reduced to a low, distant murmur.

As I moved toward the main wing, I caught the sound of low voices.

I slowed as I approached the partially open door to the study, the warm light spilling into the hallway.

“...arrival schedules are staggered,” Gavin was saying. “First group lands just before noon. Second wave by early afternoon.”

“And the perimeter?” Kieran asked.

“Already reinforced. Patrol rotations doubled.”

“Not enough,” Kieran replied, his tone even but firm. “We’re hosting multiple Alphas under one roof. If anything happens—”

“It won’t,” Gavin cut in. “Not on our turf.”

Kieran exhaled. “It better not.”

I leaned against the wall outside, listening for a moment longer as they continued to discuss logistics, contingencies, and security layers.

The alliance meeting—the first of its kind.

A gathering that would bring together power that usually preferred to remain...separate.

It was necessary, but it also painted a large target on Nightfang for anyone paying attention to take a shot.

My chest tightened.

Between that, the shipments, Catherine, Marcus, and whatever the hell my dreams were trying to tell me, rest was the last thing my body was going to give me anytime soon.

I pushed off the wall quietly and turned away.

I needed air.

The rooftop was cool and quiet.

The night stretched wide around me, and the sky was clear enough that the stars felt close enough to touch—sharp points of light scattered across a dark canvas.

The moon hung high and full, bright enough to cast soft silver across the edges of the packhouse.

I stepped out onto the open space, inhaling deeply as the cool air brushed against my skin.

It helped.

Not enough to erase the lingering unease, but enough to dull its edges.

I moved toward the far side, resting my hands against the low ledge as I tilted my head back, letting the moonlight wash over me.

For a moment, I let myself be still.

I let myself pretend that under the vast sky, my problems were tiny little flecks of light.

“You’re not supposed to be up here.”

My body reacted before my thoughts caught up, muscles tightening, senses snapping sharply into place as I turned toward the source of the voice.

I blinked, an incredulous laugh falling from my lips.

“Funny,” I said dryly. “I could say the same about you.”