

My Sister 446

Chapter 446 HERE GOES NOTHING

SERAPHINA'S POV

It was afternoon by the time we took our seats.

The warmth of Kieran's declaration lingered beneath my skin like an ember he'd lit within me.

I stood at his right at the head of the long table as the last of the Alphas settled into their seats. The low murmur of voices faded into a tense, expectant quiet.

Kieran didn't rush into it. He let the silence stretch just long enough to gather everyone fully into the moment, his presence alone anchoring the room.

His gaze swept deliberately across the table, lingering just long enough on each Alpha to ensure they felt acknowledged.

Then he spoke. "We'll begin."

Here goes nothing.

“This meeting was called because something has been happening across our territories for years—and we’ve all been dealing with pieces of it in isolation.”

Kieran rested one hand against the table.

“Mysterious disappearances,” he said simply. “Mysterious returns.”

But there was nothing simple about those words.

I saw it in the way Alpha Idris leaned forward, his sharp eyes narrowing. In the way Alpha Mirek’s massive arms folded tighter across his chest. In the stillness that settled over Alpha Thomas, his attention unwavering.

Alpha Rowan let out a harsh breath, dragging a hand over his jaw. “We’ve lost six over the last three years. Trackers found nothing. No bodies. No scent trails past a certain point.”

“Eight,” Alpha Lionel of Briarwood pack, added from further down the table. “All strong wolves. All vanished without a trace.”

“Two months ago, an Omega that had been captured by rogues returned after four years, seemingly unharmed and without his memory,” Idris supplied, his brows furrowed.

A murmur rose—quieter, threaded with something darker. Recognition. Shared frustration.

Kieran let it stew for a moment, then cut cleanly through it.

“We believe we know who is responsible.”

Silence snapped back into place.

“Marcus Draven and Catherine Hargreeve.”

The name dropped like a stone into still water, causing ripples across the room. Tightening of jaws, widening of eyes—a flicker of recognition in some, confusion in others.

“Rogues,” Idris said, leaning forward. “Our investigation led us to rogues.”

Kieran nodded. “Rogues led by Jack Draven, who is being sponsored by his father.”

A heavier pause followed.

Callister broke it, tone measured but not dismissive. “That’s a serious accusation.”

His gaze flicked to Maxwell by his side before returning to Kieran. “It’s one thing to accuse a rogue, and another thing to accuse an Alpha. Especially without proof.”

“And without proof,” Helen interjected lightly, her eyes far sharper than her tone, “the cooperation you’re no doubt asking for becomes a risk.”

Kieran shifted slightly—just enough that his arm brushed mine beneath the table.

A signal.

My breath steadied.

This was it.

“We didn’t have proof,” Kieran said finally. “Until recently.”

His gaze turned toward me.

Every eye followed.

The room sharpened again, attention tightening like a drawn bowstring.

My pulse picked up, but it didn't falter as I rose slowly from my seat.

For a brief second, the memory of who I used to be flickered at the edges of my mind.

That girl would have shrunk under this kind of attention. She would have second-guessed every movement, every word.

She was no more.

"I believe I can provide the clarity you're asking for," I said, my voice steady and even.

I stepped forward, resting my fingertips against the polished surface of the table.

"You're right to question," I continued, meeting Helen's gaze for a fraction of a second before letting it move across the room. "What we're asking isn't small. It isn't simple. And it isn't without risk."

A beat.

“So I won’t ask you to trust us blindly. I’ll show you.”

“What exactly are you proposing, Luna?” Idris asked, his eyes narrowing.

I nodded to Gavin, who stood at Kieran’s left side.

He inclined his head once and stepped forward, moving around the table toward the side entrance.

A few seconds later, the door opened, and Aaron was led in.

The confusion increased as the attention shifted from me to the newcomer. Aaron stopped a few paces into the room.

He looked whole, his posture upright and his eyes clear, as he scanned the room and met the stares of those assembled.

Since the night Celeste volunteered herself, I’d taken more trips into Aaron’s mind. Slowly, carefully, I’d chipped away at that barrier, pulling more and more memories to the surface.

He’d been able to handle it. Gradually, he became more himself. Now, he looked more coherent than he’d ever been.

“He was one of ours,” Kieran said. “Five years ago, he was killed in a rogue attack.”

The air tightened as indignation stirred through the crowd.

“Is this a fucking joke?” Mirek spat.

“I assure you,” Kieran said, “I didn’t invite you all the way here for laughs.”

“I was indeed killed,” Aaron stated, his voice steady but carrying an edge that cut through the room more effectively than any raised tone could have.

“Then how are you standing here?” Rowan demanded.

That was Alois’ cue.

When the director of the New Moon Institute rose, respectful silence fell over the room.

Everyone listened as he explained, just as he had to us, how Catherine was resuscitating dead werewolves, moving their souls into vessels, and using them as puppets.

When he was done, no one spoke for a long moment.

I broke the tense silence.

“I realize how it all sounds. Even though we ourselves are creatures that half of the world still believes are mythical, there are still some things that are simply too fantastical to exist. But every word uttered here is true.”

Thomas eyed Aaron warily. “So...is he a revived puppet?”

I shook my head. “Aaron managed to escape after the resuscitation, before the transference.”

“I lost most of my memory,” he explained, “but I was able to find my way back home.”

“And how are you sure he isn’t lying?” Callister challenged. “That he isn’t a spy for Catherine and Marcus?”

I took a deep breath, my hand brushing Kieran’s under the table briefly.

“Because...I’ve been inside his head.”

The room stilled.

Helen raised a brow. “You’re a neurosurgeon now?”

I almost laughed—I would’ve if my heart wasn’t beating in my throat.

“No,” I said. “I’m a psychic.”

The words settled into the room with a different kind of weight than Kieran’s earlier declaration. Not explosive. Unsettling.

Because this was rarer. Less understood.

I watched it unfold across their faces—the skepticism, the intrigue, the quiet recalculation.

“That’s...a bold claim,” Thomas said carefully.

“It is,” I agreed.

And then, before doubt could root itself, I extended my psychic senses forward, reaching out toward Aaron's consciousness.

Carefully, I brushed against the edge of his mind—not pushing, not forcing, just enough to draw forward a fragment of memory.

I let it bleed outward, let it filter into the minds of the Alphas in the room.

A flicker of darkness. A chill.

Voices that didn't belong to the living.

Movement from things that should have been still.

At the simultaneous intake of breath, I pulled back.

"What the hell was that?" Mirek demanded.

"A projection," Alois replied. The pride shining in his eyes made my spine straighten, and my chin lift.
"The work of a powerful psychic."

"And a bad bitch," Maya added with a smirk.

If I didn't ignore her, I would burst into laughter in this incredibly inappropriate moment.

"That was a piece of his restored memory," I clarified. "A shard of what he'd endured."

Aaron steadied himself, breathing hard. "Some of us were brought in dead. Others were alive and...killed."

Heavy, horrified silence filled the room.

"They're raising the dead," I said, my voice steady despite the chill that ran down my spine every time I spoke the truth aloud. "Controlling them. Weaponizing them. They've been working on this for years."

Idris swore under his breath.

Mirek sank back into his seat, his expression darkening into something lethal.

"And you can...reverse this?" Callister asked, his gaze returning to me, sharper than before.

I held his gaze. "I don't know what can be done for the puppets. But for those still in their original bodies, I can help restore what's been taken—memories, identity, control."

The shift in the room was tangible.

Not just shock or fear or anger.

Hope—careful, cautious, but real.

But the revelations weren't over.

If we wanted these people to trust us, then we had to trust them too. We had to be completely honest and transparent.

"There's more," I said.

I felt Kieran stiffen, but I didn't turn to him. He knew why I had to do this—but he wasn't too happy about it.

The breath I drew in was slow, controlled.

Then I let it happen.

The change started beneath my skin—a ripple of energy that spread outward, threading through muscle and bone. Silver fur crept along my arm in a slow, unmistakable bloom, catching the light like polished metal.

The Shift stopped at my shoulder, but it was more than enough.

We were at great risk of literally blowing the Alphas' minds.

Resurrected dead. Psychics. Silver wolves.

Folktales. Myths. Legends.

Yet.

I flexed my fingers, my silver claws glinting under the overhead lights.

"I am a silver wolf," I stated the obvious.

No one said a word. They all stared at my arm, their faces identical masks of disbelief.

“We don’t expect blind allegiance,” I continued, letting Alina’s amethyst eyes sweep across the room. “We want a partnership. What Catherine and Marcus are building is much bigger than one pack can take on.”

I paused, letting my words sink into the room.

“Help us,” I said, “let us work together to defeat this evil in our midst, and after this is over—after we dismantle what they have built—I will help you.”

I let the words settle.

“I will find your people. And where it’s possible...” My voice softened. “I will bring them back. Fix what they’ve broken.”

Impulsive, yes, but not a promise made lightly. I meant every word.

The silence stretched, heavy with the weight of everything they had just witnessed.

The shock gave way to something deeper as thoughts turned, connections formed, and loyalties quietly recalibrated.

And beneath it, unmistakable and growing, awe.

Helen leaned back in her chair. Even she was unable to mask her stunned expression.

“Well,” she said softly, almost to herself, “this just got interesting.”

Across the table, Alpha Callister inclined his head. Beside him, Alpha Mirek did the same thing.

Across the room, all the Alphas inclined their heads—not a sign of deference.

Of acknowledgment. Acceptance.