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I treated myself and mother to a \$1,000 dinner at the most expensive restaurant in our territory. For once, she didn't look at the prices or try to order the cheapest thing on the menu.

"Are you sure, Sierra?" she whispered, fingers trembling on the leather-bound menu.

I covered her hand with mine. "Order whatever you want, Mom. Without ungrateful family members to feed, we have money to burn!"

We savored every bite of our wagyu steaks, sharing quiet smiles across the candlelit table. For the first time in years, mother's shoulders weren't hunched with tension.

We stayed out until the moon was high before returning home. The night air was crisp with autumn's bite, and mother actually laughed when I told her stories from my training days.

The house was lit up when we arrived. The moment I stepped inside, my wolf recoiled so violently I nearly shifted right there.

Sarah's cheap perfume saturated the air - that sickly sweet vanilla that tried to mask her natural scent. Mixed with something that made my stomach turn - their scents all over our home, marking their presence in every room.

My house. My territory. My family space. All invaded by the women who'd torn our family apart.

When I reached my bedroom door, I heard giggling inside. Young, carefree laughter that had no right to be in my private space.

I threw the door open so hard it cracked the wall. There was Emily, sprawled across my bed like she owned it, her designer clothes scattered across my furniture.

My bed. Where my scent should be strongest. Where I'd spent countless nights training to become Gamma, practicing forms until my muscles screamed.

My blood didn't just boil - my wolf howled for vengeance. All my careful control as Gamma shattered like glass.

Before I could think, I'd grabbed Emily's monogrammed Louis Vuitton suitcase and hurled it through the window. The glass exploded outward in a satisfying crash.

Emily burst into tears as her expensive clothes scattered across the front lawn. "My Gucci dress! My Prada shoes!"

Father came running, positioning himself in front of Sarah and Emily like they were the ones who needed protection. "What are you doing? They needed a place to stay for the night! Stop acting like a feral wolf!"

I bared my fangs, letting him see just how feral I could be. "Really? And my room was the only option? In our whole house? The house I PAY FOR?"

"You were out so late! We couldn't just leave them without proper accommodations. Emily was tired, and your room has the best moon view-"

His voice trembled as I let my Gamma power fill the room. The air grew thick with dominance, making Emily whimper.

"Then why not give them your room? Too busy playing happy family with your ex to think about your real daughter? The one who actually supports this family?"

Father's eyes flashed angrily, but I noticed he didn't step closer. "Sierra, you're being completely unreasonable! They're guests-"

"They're parasites," I snarled. I could smell their scents all over my space - my books, my clothes, even my childhood stuffed wolf. My careful control as Gamma shattered completely.

I turned to Sarah and Emily, letting them see my wolf's rage. "Get. Out. Now."

Sarah clutched Emily protectively, playing the victim as always. "You can't throw us out in the middle of the night!"

I grabbed their remaining luggage - three more designer suitcases - and tossed them onto the street. "Watch me."

When father and grandmother tried to stop me, I shoved them out too. My Gamma strength sent them stumbling down the front steps.

Jason started yelling, puffing up his chest like he was still the warrior-in-training I'd raised. "You can't do this! They're family- they're better family than you!"

I rounded on him, letting him see my wolf's rage in full. My eyes blazed gold as I towered over him. "Want to join them on the street, little brother? Keep talking."

He fell silent, backing away. All his bravado vanished when faced with real dominance.

I dragged him to the basement and locked the door. "A night down here might remind you who really cares about you. Who paid for your training. Who raised you when father was too busy chasing his ex."

Mother wrung her hands, her maternal instincts warring with years of abuse. "Sierra, maybe we should-"

"He needs this lesson, Mom. They all do. Sometimes pack bonds need to break before they can heal properly."

I activated every security measure in the house - \$10,000 worth of protection well spent. Mountain ash barriers, reinforced locks, and warning wards sealed us in safely.

We slept peacefully that night, just mother and me in our secured home. For once, no one could hurt us.

The next morning, father arrived with a locksmith. Sarah and Emily trailed behind him, playing the victims perfectly in their rumpled designer clothes.

Emily rushed to the basement the moment it was opened. "Jason! Oh my god, are you okay? How could she lock you up like this? What kind of monster treats her brother this way? You poor thing!"

Jason fell into her arms, trembling for maximum effect. "She's crazy! She and mom both are! Look what they've done to our family!"

Grandmother stepped forward, her aging face twisted with disgust. "See what you've done? Your mother raised you to be violent and unreasonable. Just like her! No proper wolf female acts this way!"

Sarah dabbed at her eyes with a silk handkerchief, careful not to smudge her perfect makeup. "Please, let's not fight. We can all share the house. I feel terrible about causing such discord. I only want us to be one big happy family!"

"Look how generous Sarah is," father growled, wrapping an arm around her waist. "Unlike you two ungrateful females! After everything we've done for you!"

He gestured at the ruined designer clothes still scattered across our lawn. "You'll clean every piece and deliver them to the cruise ship. Maybe that will teach you some respect! Sarah and Emily shouldn't suffer because you can't control your temper."

I smiled sweetly, channeling all my years of training into appearing calm. "Of course. You all go ahead - Mom and I will handle everything. We wouldn't want to delay your perfect family vacation."

Father narrowed his eyes, clearly suspicious of my sudden cooperation. "Don't be late. And pack properly this time! I won't have you embarrassing us in front of the other passengers."