

My Sister 154

Chapter 154 SOMETHING

KIERAN'S POV

The first glimpse of her nearly undid me.

Just like the teams had no idea what Gatekeeper Boss they would encounter, I had no idea what teams I would have to obstruct.

And as Seraphina and her team came out into view, I almost didn't recognize her.

I'd watched her progress through the LST, watched the way she led. Not perfectly, not without mistakes—but with heart, and with a firm resolution that had earned her teammates' trust.

This wasn't the girl who used to slip through the Lockwood manor's hallways with her head lowered, nor the withdrawn woman I once dismissed as too fragile to bear the weight of a pack.

No—what stood before me now was a warrior forged in frost and fire. She carried herself with a conviction that I had no hand in shaping.

Her gaze was sharp, her chin lifted, her voice steady as she gave orders to the ragged band of Omegas at her side.

Ashar stirred uneasily, the weight of him coiled and restless. 'She's different,' he rumbled.

I let out a growl that rolled over the field. To them, it was a warning. To me, it was agreement.

Different—and still the same.

Because one thing was becoming clearer to me: This has always been Sera.

But I'd been a blind, arrogant bastard, too consumed by my flawed perspective to see who she'd always been.

The quiet resilience I'd overlooked in our years together had sharpened into edge, into steel. Something fierce enough that it could no longer be ignored.

But this was no time for reflection.

I had come here armored in the authority of the Gatekeeper Boss, the Trial's final wall between her team and advancement. My wolf's power was meant to daunt them, my dominance to crush their will before they even attempted the first blow.

That role left no room for indulgence. So when the group spread out at her quiet command and took attack positions, I braced myself.

If there ever was an underdog story in the LST, it would be Sera's team. All of them Omegas, their very birthright a weakness. But they'd persevered, fought through all obstacles to get here.

I almost felt bad for them. If they'd faced anyone else, they might have stood a chance. But against Ashar? Against Nightfang's Alpha?

Well...I looked forward to watching them try.

Ashar surged with me. His golden paws hit stone, and we met their attack head-on.

I was prepared for the usual: students lunging wild, blades flashing without strategy, egos and desperation drowning out discipline. But this—this was different.

The seamlessness of their movements shocked me. Omegas weren't trained for this level of coordination, but under OTS' teaching, under Seraphina's hand, they were more than their rank.

Of course, none of it was enough. Against Ashar, they were snowflakes striking fire. My wolf was born for battle, for conquest.

Every strike they made, every desperate push, met only with my counter.

My claws shredded their defenses; my fangs snapped inches from flesh.

I kept my blows clean—no killing strikes, no claws raked deep. But I did not hold back strength. They needed to understand what it meant to face an Alpha.

And yet...even as I threw them into the snow, battered and broken, as their endurance waned and their breathing grew ragged, they pressed forward, driven by whatever determination had brought them this far.

Ashar rumbled his approval in my mind. 'They fight like a pack.'

'Yes,' I admitted silently. 'Because she leads them like one.'

What would Nightfang be today, I wondered, if I'd let Sera lead at my side?

Like he was searching for the answer from her, Ashar lunged, and his paws pinned Sera to the ground.

I looked into her eyes.

Defiance burned there, tangled with fear, but unbroken. For an instant, something inside me cracked wide open before I forced it shut.

Ashar's snarl faltered. Instead of striking, he stepped back, growl simmering low, daring her to rise again.

And beautifully, magnificently, she did.

The second assault began quicker than I expected.

Smoke hissed from Judy's bombs, cloaking the air in gray. Finn and Talia pressed from the sides. Roxy thundered forward, reckless fury embodied.

Seraphina broke from the haze, sprinting straight toward Ashar, and our eyes locked again.

For a heartbeat, I expected the girl I had once known. Hesitant. Unsure. Too human to survive among wolves.

But she wasn't that girl anymore.

And suddenly—she was on me.

The world stopped.

The moment her palms sank into my fur, fire exploded inside me, searing every nerve. Sparks burst through me— hot, violent, impossible to ignore.

Ashar froze mid-snarl. His senses sharpened, narrowed, searching for something just out of reach.

‘There it is again,’ he growled. ‘That pull.’

It wasn’t the first time.

During our earlier clashes, I’d felt flickers of it—heat where there should’ve been none, a strange charge in the air whenever her eyes locked with mine.

I’d dismissed it then, buried it under focus.

But this—this was undeniable.

Seraphina clung to me like she belonged there. And Ashar, damn him, leaned into it, straining toward her instead of bucking her off.

‘Closer,’ Ashar urged, restless, almost...hungry. ‘Don’t let her slip. There’s something—’

Something sweet and burning all at once. Not just her scent, not just the physical contact. Something deeper, more elusive. Something that made my wolf howl in recognition he couldn’t name.

Then—she wrenched the talisman from my throat.

A second later, she leapt clear, retreating to her team with the token clutched tight.

Ashar roared in outrage, and I staggered, disoriented—not from the blow, but from the loss. The sudden absence of her touch left me raw, exposed, as if someone had torn a piece of me away.

I would have been furious if I weren’t too busy reeling.

The Gatekeeper Boss was supposed to crush them, and yet, Sera had done the impossible.

Wolfless, underestimated, cornered—and she’d seized victory from right under my nose. Literally.

Pride surged hot and relentless, so fierce it ached. And with it, regret, sharp as the bite of the winter air.

Both collided until I could scarcely tell them apart.

I had spent years convincing myself that Seraphina was too meek, that she lacked the power to shoulder the title of Luna. That she was incapable of leadership simply because she lacked claws and fangs.

I told myself it was better to let my mother keep the title. That Sera would crumble under scrutiny. That she was better hidden, silent, out of the way.

And now, she'd made a liar of every cruel, ignorant assumption I had ever uttered, even in silence. Wolfless or not, she was stronger than I had ever allowed myself to believe.

Ashar growled again, impatient as her team made a furious dash for the exit zone just a few feet away.

'Pursue her,' he urged, his voice guttural in my skull. 'She has something we need.'

I knew he didn't mean the talisman.

There was something else gnawing at him, some need he couldn't articulate. And damn me, I felt it too.

The echo of her touch still burned along my spine. My body was alive with sparks that refused to fade.

But I forced myself still. I was the Boss. Bound by the trial. I couldn't abandon my post, no matter how Ashar clawed at the edges of my mind, desperate to follow the trail Seraphina had left behind.

And before disobedient longing could further drive me mad, I heard rustling, the tell-tale crunch of more boots in snow.

I turned towards the tree line opposite where Sera's team had first emerged.

Shadows spilled out first—and those shadows formed into another team.

My jaw tightened.

I should have known. Should have recognized that the precarious, maddening dance I'd been forced to endure in the real world would mirror itself in the Trials.

Because the next team I had to face was Celeste's.