

My Sister 217

Chapter 217 HALF-SHIFT ANOMALY

SERAPHINA'S POV

I hadn't realized how much I'd missed the rhythm of training until I was back on the mats again. The solid thud of my boots against the ground, the sharp crack of air every time my strikes met Lucian's blocks.

The OTS compound buzzed with its usual controlled chaos. Early morning light slanted through the wide windows, spilling gold across the floor where Maya had set up a series of new obstacles designed specifically for me.

I no longer trained in the private practice rooms, and my sessions were no longer generic drills. Now, they were tailored for someone caught between human and wolf. The "half-shift anomaly," Lucian called it.

I think he meant it as a compliment.

"Again," Lucian said, his voice smooth but commanding.

I wiped the sweat from my forehead and reset my stance. My lungs burned, my muscles trembling from exertion, but more than anything, I felt a stubborn determination hardening inside me. I refused to stop.

He circled me slowly, like a predator gauging when to strike. “You’re faster now,” he observed. “Sharper. But your focus still wavers when pressure rises.”

“I’m not wavering,” I shot back, tightening my fists. I was a fucking tree.

Maya, who stood off to the side with her tablet, chuckled softly. “You say that, but your heart rate just spiked, Sera.”

I rolled my eyes. “Because I’m frustrated, not scared.”

Lucian smiled faintly. “Then use it. Frustration is a useful emotion when properly channeled.”

He stepped closer, and the subtle wave of his Alpha aura rolled over me—dense and suffocating, pressing down like invisible gravity.

My knees nearly buckled. Every nerve screamed at me to submit. But I clenched my jaw and held my ground, refusing to bow.

“Push back,” he said quietly.

“I’m trying.”

“Try harder.”

I reached for Alina, who stirred faintly inside me.

Her energy flickered—eager, restless—but despite her renewed strength, something still blocked her, a wall I couldn’t quite break through.

My chest constricted as Lucian released more of his power, his eyes burning silver.

Then Maya joined in, her Beta aura blending with his—less crushing, but sharper, like invisible blades cutting through the air. Together, their combined dominance filled the room until the air felt heavy enough to choke on.

“Okay!” I gasped, doubling over. “Fuck, I hate you two.”

I took a deep breath as the pressure lifted, and it no longer felt like my skin was tightening over my bones.

Lucian chuckled softly. “Maybe we should take a—”

“No.” I straightened. “No breaks.”

Maya shifted. “Sera, we don’t want you—”

“Just come on,” I exhaled, getting into the fighting stance.

They exchanged a long look before sighing.

“Fine,” Maya gritted out, adjusting the strap on her gauntlet. “You take the left flank,” she told Lucian. “I’ll push her right.”

Lucian’s answering nod was slight. “Remember—adaptation over defense.”

I barely had time to process before they came at me.

Lucian’s attacks were fluid, controlled—every movement a calculated strike meant to test, not destroy.

Maya, on the other hand, was a storm. She came at me in bursts, her Beta energy flaring hot and fast, her kicks whistling through the air.

I ducked under her spin, rolled across the mat, and sprang up behind Lucian. My fist shot out, grazing his jaw before he caught my wrist mid-swing. The impact vibrated through my bones.

“Better,” he said, his tone annoyingly calm.

“Not if you’re still standing,” I muttered.

He twisted, and I felt the shift in the air an instant before he released it—a wave of Alpha pressure crashing into me like a tidal force.

My knees nearly hit the ground. The air thickened, every breath a fight.

“Stay up,” he commanded quietly.

I gritted my teeth. “No shit.”

Maya added her own energy to the mix, her Beta dominance intertwining with his—denser, more constricting. The combination pressed down on me until my lungs screamed.

Alina thrashed beneath my skin, claws scraping, desperate to push back.

I braced myself, channeling the energy building in my chest. A heartbeat later, I lunged. My speed caught Maya off guard; I slipped under her guard, feinted left, and swept her legs out from under her.

She hit the ground with a surprised grunt.

Lucian was next. I went for his center, but he deflected with inhuman precision, spinning me off balance. My foot slipped, but I managed to regain my stance before falling.

He arched a brow. "Your recovery's improved."

"So has your smugness," I shot back, panting.

He smiled faintly, that infuriating calm never cracking. "Again."

We collided once more, the clash of energy echoing in the chamber. This time, I didn't just react—I anticipated.

My reflexes felt honed, sharper than I remembered. I caught his strike midair, spun behind him, and locked my arm across his chest.

For a heartbeat, victory sparked in my chest.

Then he exhaled—and the full weight of his Alpha aura exploded outward.

The world tilted. Every muscle in my body screamed in submission. The invisible pressure forced me to release him, and I stumbled back, gasping.

It didn't matter how strong or fast I'd become—his dominance could still crush me without a single touch.

Lucian stepped forward, voice low. "That's the difference between strength and power, Seraphina. You can train your body. But this..."

He gestured to the air still thrumming between us. "This comes from what's inside. From the part of you that still hesitates to command."

Maya, wiping sweat from her brow, added gently, "You've made real progress, Sera. Your speed, your reflexes, even your endurance—it's all evolved. But until you stop flinching under power, you'll never access what's buried in you."

I swallowed hard, my pulse still racing. The truth in her words stung, but it also burned with challenge.

Because I wasn't afraid of their pressure. I was furious at it.

And somewhere beneath the frustration, Alina stirred again, indignant.

'Let them push,' she growled. 'We'll push back harder.'

The following days fell into the same punishing pattern—training, failure, recovery, repeat.

Each time I tried to push past that unseen barrier, Alina would surge forward, her growl echoing in my mind, only for the same crushing resistance to force her back.

I could feel her frustration, a primal rhythm beneath my skin. She wanted to fight, to protect, to break free. But something—that fucking mental block that had kept her away for so long—refused to relent.

On the third day, I finally snapped.

Lucian had just sent me sprawling again, a fluid strike that left me gasping on the floor. "Enough," he said, his tone firm. "You're pushing too hard, Sera. Rest."

"No." I staggered up, blood pounding in my ears. "I'm not stopping until I get it right."

Maya sighed, watching from her position at the edge. "Sera—"

“I’m not weak!” My voice broke, raw and sharp. “I will not fucking take it slow. I’m tired of waiting for things to fall into place. I’ll make it happen myself!”

Lucian moved towards me. “You need to—”

“Don’t tell me what to do!”

Something inside me cracked open. I felt it like a pulse—a surge of heat racing through my veins.

Lucian froze mid-step, his body suddenly rigid, eyes widening in shock. His arm twitched as if trying to move...but couldn’t.

The floor trembled. My breath hitched.

For a moment, the air itself seemed to shatter.

Then everything went black.

When my eyes fluttered open a few seconds later, I was flat on my back, squinting up at the ceiling lights.

The first thing I heard was Lucian's voice—low, steady, but threaded with excitement. "Well," he murmured, "that was unexpected."

I blinked, disoriented. The ceiling above me swam in and out of focus. My throat felt dry. "Did I...pass out again?"

"In a manner of speaking," he said.

I pushed myself up on shaky elbows. "Then I failed."

"Quite the opposite." His eyes gleamed as he crouched before me. "Do you remember what happened before you blacked out?"

I frowned, trying to recall. "I yelled at you. And then..." My mind stuttered. "You stopped moving."

"Correct." His tone held something almost reverent. "You didn't just yell. You commanded. And I couldn't move. Not even a fraction."

I blinked at him. "That's impossible."

"Nothing's impossible."

Maya stepped closer, her expression torn between fascination and disbelief. “You froze him, Sera. I felt the shift in energy—it wasn’t just shock or intimidation. It was control.”

Control. The word sank in, heavy and electric.

“I don’t understand,” I whispered. I was supposed to resist, not enforce.

Lucian’s gaze softened. “You shouldn’t. Not yet.”

I turned inward, reaching for Alina. ‘What was that?’

Her voice came faintly, a little hoarse. ‘It didn’t feel like control,’ she said. ‘It felt like we broke something open. Like we finally reached the edge—and pushed past it.’

Lucian stood, his posture thoughtful. “You’ve barely scratched the surface of what you’re capable of. Whatever that surge was—it disrupted my Alpha command. That should be impossible. Which means your wolf...” He trailed off, his jaw flexing like he was debating his next words. “...isn’t ordinary.”

I exhaled shakily. “That’s not news.”

He almost smiled. "Perhaps. But now we have proof."

I waited for him to elaborate, but he didn't. Instead, he crossed his arms, glancing toward the windows where the light had turned to amber dusk. "You should rest, Sera. Your body needs time to adjust."

"Rest?" I echoed. "After that?"

"Especially after that."

There was something in his tone. Something hesitant. Like he was holding back.

"Lucian," I said, standing unsteadily. "You know more than you're telling me."

He met my gaze, and I saw it there: the flicker of conflict, of words he wanted to speak but couldn't.

"Some truths," he said finally, "are not mine to reveal."

I frowned. What the hell? "Whose, then?"

"Maybe...ask your family," he said simply. "Start there."

My pulse tripped. "My family?"

His eyes lingered on me as if he were making mental calculations and I was the variable. Then he turned away. "That will be all for today."

Stunned, I watched him go, my mind spinning.