

## My Sister 234

### Chapter 234: THE HEIR CEREMONY

#### KIERAN'S POV

Dinner was a blur.

Roasted lamb, golden brown and dripping with juices, filled my plate. Charred vegetables tossed in herbs added color and smoke. Laughter rose from every table and rang out, vibrant and wild.

Wine poured freely as the pack toasted Daniel's name with the kind of roaring pride only wolves knew how to show.

Sera sat two seats away from me—close enough that the bond buzzed like a live wire beneath my skin, far enough that she didn't have to look at me unless absolutely necessary.

I tried not to stare.

I failed. Miserably.

Every time she leaned in to laugh at something Maya whispered, every time the light caught in her hair, every time Daniel turned to her with a story or a grin, my gaze dragged back to her like a tide obeying the moon.

And she didn't look at me once.

Not intentionally, anyway.

But I was blessed with accidental flicks of her gaze. And each one sent Ashar pacing behind my ribs, restless, agitated, wanting.

When the sun dipped behind the hill, sinking the courtyard in shades of gold and violet, the mood shifted like a held breath.

The ceremonial torches were lit. Their flames stretched tall and steady, bathing the courtyard in amber light.

The birthday crowd dispersed quickly—humans rounded up sugar-drunk kids, non-pack families waved goodbyes.

And thankfully—mercifully—Lucian and Maxwell were gone.

I had no shame in admitting the relief. I was already hanging by a thread; the last thing I needed was another Alpha circling Sera like she was a flame and he a starving moth.

As for Maxwell... I still didn't know how I felt about him, but he had no place in my son's heir ceremony.

Only the core remained: Nightfang wolves, Sera, Ethan, Maya, and Margaret as family.

The atmosphere shifted from festive to reverent.

Gone were the shrieking pups, games, and sugar-fueled chaos. Gone were the streamers and balloons and bouncy houses.

In their place came quiet.

Noble. Ancient. Purposeful.

This was no longer a tenth birthday party.

This was an heir ceremony.

Every breath in the courtyard seemed to still in anticipation as Daniel was guided to the center.

The boy who had earlier launched himself at a cupcake tower now walked with measured steps, guided by instinct older than any of us.

He wore a fitted navy vest embroidered in silver that curled over his chest in the shape of the Nightfang crest. It was paired with a crisp, high-collared white shirt and dark slacks tucked neatly into polished boots. A ceremonial sash draped over his shoulder—shifting from midnight to pale blue—marking him unmistakably as a rising Alpha.

Each detail of the ceremonial attire had been expertly designed and crafted by Henry Whitlow.

My heir ring glinted on his ring finger, and his thumb unconsciously rested against it to keep it from slipping off.

He looked impossibly grown and impossibly small at the same time.

Pride swelled in my chest, fierce and overwhelming.

My son.

My heir.

He would be greater than me. He would never make any of the mistakes I made.

I stepped forward beside him—his father, his Alpha—taking my place as naturally as drawing breath.

And then my gaze caught on something that punched the breath right out of me.

Sera.

She stepped into the circle behind Daniel, torchlight illuminating the soft shimmer of her dress.

I had seen her in thousands of outfits.

I had seen her dressed in elegance, in sparring gear, and dressed in nothing at all.

But nothing before now held me quite so spellbound.

She wore a flowing dove-gray gown that hugged her waist and fell in soft folds to her ankles. Silver embroidery traced faint patterns of vines along the sleeves and bodice. Subtle, intricate, utterly breathtaking.

The neckline dipped modestly, but the simplicity only highlighted the quiet power she carried.

At her throat nestled a silver pendant that glowed faintly with the Nightfang crest, and a slight pang shot through me when I realized I was yet to see her wear the necklace I'd made for her.

But that minor ache was overwhelmed with awe.

She looked—

Gods.

She looked like the Luna meant to stand beside an Alpha.

My Luna.

The bond reacted violently to her beauty.

To her nearness.

Ashar growled, reverent and restless at once, pressing so close to my consciousness I felt his heartbeat in my teeth.

She didn't glance at me. Didn't even flinch in my direction.

But the sight of her beside our son...

It undid me in ways I couldn't name.

My father stepped forward, his voice booming across the courtyard.

"Nightfang wolves. Tonight, we recognize Daniel Blackthorne as the future Alpha of this pack."

Wolves bowed their heads.

Daniel stood straighter.

Then came the first part of the ritual:

The pack's blessings.

They approached one by one.

Luna Leona placed a warm palm on his cheek. "Let compassion guide your strength, and grace shape your decisions."

Beta Gavin placed a firm hand on Daniel's shoulder, murmuring, "Protect before you conquer."

More and more pack members stepped forward.

"You will be courageous."

"You will be wise."

"You will honor the past and shape the future."

"You will be loved by your pack."

Each blessing layered upon the next, building something sacred and heavy in the air.

And then came the next part of the ceremony: The parental blessing.

My father's voice rolled through the courtyard like thunder.

"Mother. Father. Step forward."

My chest tightened.

This was the moment every heir lived or suffered by.

The moment where both parents placed their hands over their child's heart—together.

Where unity, warmth, and protection wrapped around the young wolf like spiritual armor.

A child who received this blessing with fractured or hostile parental energy grew with the cracks inside them.

A child who received it with love flourished like nothing else.

Sera moved before I did.

She stepped beside Daniel and smiled at him, her eyes glinting with unshed tears before placing her hand gently over his heart.

Her hand was steady.

Mine...wasn't.

I swallowed, slowly lifted my hand, and placed it over hers, our palms aligning perfectly.

Instantly, heat and longing surged—hers, mine, the bond's.

Our pulses collided.

Ashar thrashed—loud, fierce, desperate.

'Mate! Mate! Mate!'

He wanted her.

He wanted us.

Sera's breath hitched. Her fingers trembled beneath mine.

She looked stunned, lashes fluttering, lips parting as if the bond slammed into her like a tidal wave.

“Sera...” I breathed before I could stop myself.

Her eyes flicked up to mine, and the warning in them was sharp and clear: Don’t.

I froze.

Forced myself still.

Forced Ashar back.

Forced my hand to remain exactly where the ceremony demanded—no lower, no firmer, no closer than absolutely necessary.

When the blessing ended, I ripped my hand away first.

Sera’s relief was visible.

My loss was immediate.

Ashar snarled inside my head, agitated, pacing, claws scraping against his cage of skin and bone.

‘She’s ours!’

‘We haven’t made it right yet,’ I reminded him. ‘We don’t get to claim anything.’

He growled again, but he didn’t argue.



My father stepped forward again and nodded to me. “Alpha.”

It was time.

My final role.

This part of the ceremony required Shifting—displaying pure Alpha power so Daniel could feel Ashar’s dominance, understand the weight of the position he’d one day inherit, and learn to anchor his own nature against it.

I inhaled deeply as I shed my clothes, letting my mind sink into the familiar burn of the transformation.

Bones cracked. Muscles tore and reformed. Fur erupted along my arms and spine. My jaw stretched, reshaped, teeth lengthening into fangs.

Ashar roared free in a burst of power that rippled through the courtyard like thunder.

Gasps echoed.

He was huge—larger than any Alpha in our recorded lineage. Gold fur that shimmered under the moonlight, eyes that burned like liquid fire. He was every inch the monster and protector an Alpha wolf should be.

I meant for him to circle the grounds.

Meant for him to do exactly what the ritual required.

But Ashar?

Ashar had his own agenda.

He turned toward Sera.

She stood at the edge of the courtyard, hands curled tightly at her sides, chest rising in shallow, shaky breaths.

Her eyes were wide and glowing.

Not with fear.

With awareness. Recognition.

The bone-deep echo of a mate bond awakened after a decade of silence.

Ashar's roar blasted through the courtyard with even more ferocity.

I tried to pull him back.

'Ashar, STOP. This isn't the time—'

He ignored me.

And headed straight for Sera.