

My Sister 235

Chapter 235: ASHAR'S BLESSING

SERAPHINA'S POV

The moment Ashar's gold-ringed obsidian eyes locked on me, my lungs forgot how to perform the simple task of inhaling and expelling air.

And then he began to move. Towards me.

He took slow, deliberate steps, each one heavy enough to vibrate through the ground. The Nightfang members parted before him like the Red Sea, sucking in breaths as the Alpha wolf moved with singular purpose.

Me.

I'd seen Ashar's form before.

I'd felt his dominance before; hell, I'd fought against it.

But this—this was something else entirely.

His presence crashed over me, a tidal wave of heat and primal instinct. The torches wavered as he neared, the flames bending toward him as if even fire knew to submit.

The mate pull hit like lightning, and I staggered back a half-step before I could stop myself.

Inside me, Alina whimpered.

'Mate,' she breathed, wary and aching all at once.

I gritted my teeth. 'Not now, Alina. Not like this.'

But Ashar's gaze held mine, direct and unyielding, a silent command reverberating through the bond.

My pulse raced.

His power radiated in thick waves, shuddering through my bones, threading up my spine.

My breaths came short and shallow. I could barely think around the pounding in my head.

His words, the last time we spoke, echoed in my mind.

'I should have fought harder...I should have taken control, marked you the moment fate tied our names together.'

'I'll be here. Waiting. Fighting.'

It would be so easy to give in. To stop fighting. To find out what it would feel like to sate this growing hunger driving me crazy.

But this was Daniel's ceremony. And I'd fucking warned Kieran. If he dared ruin this, if he dared make this moment about us instead of our son, I would never forgive him.

My fists curled at my sides, nails biting into my palms as Ashar closed the last few feet between us.

Just when I felt the pressure inch too close to overwhelming, a gentle but steady voice cut through the tense silence.

“Sera, dear,” Leona called warmly, stepping forward with the calm authority only a Luna could possess in the presence of an Alpha. “I believe Ashar is inviting you to join the ritual.”

My head jerked toward her.

What?

Her smile didn’t falter, her eyes flicking subtly between Ashar’s stance and my trembling hands.

She had seen it.

She understood exactly what was happening, and she’d intervened before the pack noticed.

“Parental collaboration strengthens the heir’s spirit,” she continued smoothly. “Your presence will help guide Daniel through the final step.”

Someone exhaled in relief. It might have been me.

Someone else murmured “Oh,” as if that explained everything.

It didn’t.

But it was the lifeline I needed.

I forced my feet to move.

One step. Then another.

Until I stood beside Ashar’s massive body, the heat of him blistering against my skin.

The moment I came close enough, the bond surged, slamming into me like a physical force. My knees weakened.

Ashar lowered his head slightly—an invitation, a demand, a plea all at once.

My hand trembled as I lifted it.

“Behave yourself,” I warned under my breath, unsure if I was talking to him or myself.

Then I placed my palm against the side of his neck.

And gods, everything reeled for a second.

His fur was hot beneath my fingers, thick and impossibly soft. Power thrummed through him—through me—pulsing in rhythm with our synced heartbeats.

Ashar exhaled, a deep rumbling sound that vibrated through my arm and straight into my chest.

The courtyard went silent.

And then we began to move.

With every step we took, circling Daniel, the earth itself seemed to hold its breath.

Together, we walked around our son. Our shared presence formed a cocoon of authority, protection, and something deeper I didn’t want to name.

Daniel’s eyes glowed faintly, his slumbering wolf responding instinctively.

He wasn't afraid.

He wasn't overwhelmed.

He stood tall, chest out, chin up, absorbing every drop of the blessing.

When we completed the circle, Ashar lowered himself slightly, nudging me forward with a gentleness that nearly broke me.

I swallowed hard and placed my hand on Daniel's forehead.

Heat rushed beneath my palm—Ashar's blessing, the Alpha's dominance, filtering through me.

Daniel closed his eyes, breathing slow and steady.

The moment was perfect.

And it shattered me.

Because this was what we were supposed to be.

A family.

A mother. A father. A son.

United.

And yet...we weren't.

The ritual ended, and Ashar finally—with so much effort it almost looked painful—stepped back.

Taking my hand off his coat felt like tearing off a limb. I forced myself to retreat too, one unsteady step at a time, until I reached the edge of the circle.

The moment my heel hit the imaginary boundary line, my balance faltered.

I staggered—

But Maya's arm slid around my waist just in time.

"Whoa! Sera, easy." Her voice was soft but urgent. "You okay?"

I gripped her forearm, grounding myself. "I-I'm fine."

She narrowed her eyes. "You don't look fine."

Ethan appeared beside her, a scowl forming.

"Are you okay?" he demanded. "Did Ashar intimidate you? Dammit, Kieran can be so reckless—"

"No," I said quickly, shaking my head. "It's not that."

"Well, it sure looked like it," Ethan muttered. "He blasted enough Alpha power to flatten a damn truck. He should have let you know beforehand if he wanted to modify the ritual. It's one thing for a normal wolf to witness that much power, but you don't even have a wolf, and—"

"It's okay," I cut him off.

Maya and I exchanged a knowing glance. It really was a testament to her character that, for all her love for gossip, she'd kept Alina a secret from her mate.

Ethan didn't look appeased. "He should've been more careful," he grumbled.

I shook my head harder. "It wasn't...the power."

They both paused.

Maya's brows knit. "Then what?"

I looked away.

I couldn't tell them. Not yet. Not when even I didn't know how to begin explaining it.

But inside, the truth hummed under my skin, undeniable: It wasn't just Ashar's power that rattled me. It was Ashar's emotions.

The yearning. Longing. Desperation. Fear. Hope. They were similar to Kieran's but amplified a hundredfold.

All of it—raw, unfiltered, poured into me like floodwater through a broken dam.

It wasn't just overwhelming. It was dangerous.

In the space between the moment the mate bond snapped in place and now, I'd deluded myself that I could stay immune. Ignore it. Fight it. Outthink it.

Whatever I needed to do to have a clear head while I figured out my life.

But now?

Now, all it took was being in the same space as Kieran, and all my resolve vanished.

If I let Kieran—or Ashar—stay this close...

If I let myself feel this often...

This deeply...

The bond wouldn't just complicate my choices. It would influence them. Rewrite them.

A chill ran through me.

I needed to leave sooner than planned.

Before the bond made the choice for me.

"Sera?" Maya's soft voice broke through the fog of my thoughts. "You're shaking."

"I'm fine," I lied. "Really."

Ethan frowned, watching me closely. "You look like you need bed rest, soup, and possibly an exorcism."

I shot him a flat look. "Thank you for your professional medical opinion."

He shrugged. "Just saying."

Maya squeezed my waist. “We’ll talk later. Just breathe, okay? Try to get through the rest of the ceremony.”

I nodded, though the ground still felt unsteady beneath my feet.

Christian’s voice rose across the courtyard.

“It is time for the final ritual.”

Everyone shifted, forming a wide torch-lit path leading toward the forest’s edge. Flames flickered, casting long shadows on Daniel’s small, steady figure.

Kieran had Shifted back, and, hand in hand, he led Daniel to the beginning of the path.

My heart clenched.

This part symbolized the heir stepping into his future—walking through light and shadow, strength and uncertainty, carrying the blessings he’d received. Alone.

“Kieran,” Christian called quietly. “Let him go.”

Kieran nodded once, jaw tight, eyes locked on Daniel with a mixture of pride and fear only a parent understood.

Then he stepped back into the crowd.

Daniel inhaled, his gaze locked on the other end of the path.

He straightened, rolling back his little shoulders.

And took his first step.

The torches flared as if recognizing him.

He walked with steady purpose, each step carrying a weight that belonged not to a child, but to the Alpha he would one day become.

My grip on Maya's arm was probably painful, but she didn't complain.

When Daniel reached the end of the path, he turned.

Moonlight washed over him, and my breath caught.

Just like that, he wasn't just a boy anymore.

He was an heir.

He was ready for his future.

And now...

I had to start preparing for mine.