

My Sister 304

Chapter 304 LITTLE SILVER

KIERAN'S POV

As soon as Sera completed her Shift, I let go of the last threads of restraint. My own transformation swept through me, a grounding wave that sharpened the world and brought Ashar surging to the surface.

He went utterly still as soon as his eyes landed on Sera's wolf. She stood at the heart of the clearing, moonlight gliding across her fur as if it recognized her, claimed her.

Ashar had waited a long time for this moment, and I could feel his awe like a held note reverberating through my bones.

'Silver,' he breathed.

She was not pale, not merely grey—she was silver in its purest form. Luminous, layered with a depth that seemed to shimmer from within.

Silver wolves were rare.

The kind of rare that faded into stories and half-remembered legends, never solid records. Enigmas whispered about in hushed tones, if they were spoken of at all.

Most wolves would live and die without ever glimpsing one, and fewer still could say they'd stood under the same moon, drawn the same breath.

'Of course,' Ashar murmured, reverent. 'That explains everything. What is most valuable is often buried deepest.'

Sera's wolf turned then, padding toward the lake with a grace so effortless it stole the breath from my lungs.

The grass whispered beneath her paws, every step unhurried and sure, as if she had always known how to move this way and was merely reclaiming the knowledge.

Ashar followed, his awareness unfurling, curious and cautious, as he drew up beside her. He kept just enough distance to honor her space but stayed close enough that his presence was felt.

Together they reached the water's edge, where moonlight shattered across the surface, and ripples caught silver and gold in perfect harmony.

She lifted her head, her gaze flicking to Ashar—to us—and then she froze.

I braced myself for the worst.

But there was no hostility in her stance. No bristling hackles, no bared teeth, no warning growl. Instead, there was something else: recognition.

‘Little silver,’ Ashar ventured gently through the temporary mind-link that formed when a new wolf emerged. ‘What’s your name?’

Her answer was not words, but motion.

Sera’s wolf leapt forward, a flash of silver slicing across the field like an arrow loosed from a bow.

Ashar barked a startled laugh.

‘Catch me,’ her voice rang clear in my mind, bright with mischief and promise. ‘Then you may earn it.’

SERAPHINA’S POV

I barely had time to register what was happening before the world sped up.

Wind whipped past us, sharp and exhilarating as Alina surged forward. Grass blurred beneath her paws as the field opened wide, and for the first time in my life, I understood what freedom truly meant.

Running on four legs was nothing like I had imagined. It was a world apart from riding another wolf astride.

It wasn't clumsy. It wasn't strange.

It was right. This was how I was born to move.

Every stride found its mark. Muscles stretched and coiled in perfect harmony. Breath and movement synced into a rhythm so seamless it felt like flying just above the ground.

Joy surged through me—through us—brilliant and wild and bright, impossible to contain.

'This,' Alina exulted, 'this is what we were made for.'

I laughed, though it escaped as a breathy huff, swept away by the wind.

Behind us, something powerful closed the distance.

Ashar.

I sensed him before I saw him—the weight of his presence, the confident cadence of his stride. He was fast. Faster than anything I'd ever known.

But Alina only scoffed lightly, the sound more playful than dismissive, and lengthened her stride.

‘Try harder,’ she teased.

‘Challenge accepted, little silver,’ he replied, his amusement rippling through us like a caress.

The field stretched and curved, moonlight chasing us in silver ribbons. We looped back to where the fight had ended, where trampled grass still bore the imprint of violence now eclipsed by renewal.

Suddenly—

Nothing.

Ashar’s presence vanished.

I skidded to a halt, confusion flickering through me as Alina slowed, head swiveling. She glanced back, ears twitching, senses flaring.

A flicker of disappointment brushed through us.

Had he left?

Then—

Ashar materialized from the shadows, tackling Alina with gentle force, and we tumbled through the grass together.

Laughter erupted, pure and unguarded, as fur and limbs tangling without threat.

Ashar pinned Alina easily, his weight solid and careful, his posture protective rather than dominating.

Then he lowered his head, breath warm on her neck, his voice turning soft and smooth as velvet.

‘Mate.’

The word struck like a grenade dropped into still water, sending shockwaves through us.

Alina froze.

The joy ebbed away, replaced by wariness.

She slipped free in a single, fluid motion, retreating as her form shimmered and folded inward, silver light drawing close around her.

‘Alina,’ she said simply, her name offered like a boundary rather than an invitation.

The world tilted again, and the pain flared through my body, though less agonizing than before.

Bones shrank, weight shifted, and breath snagged in my throat as I crumpled to my knees, human again, grass cool beneath my hands.

For a long moment, I lay trembling, sweat slicking my bare skin despite the night’s chill.

I reeled from the aftershocks of the Shift—skin hypersensitive, nerves singing, my body trying to remember where it ended and the world began.

Then I heard a low whimper.

I looked up. Ashar still stood there, golden fur muted by moonlight, his eyes gentled.

A flicker of hurt passed through them.

Just for a moment.

Then it was gone.

He stepped closer and lowered his head, nuzzling my neck with gentle reverence—no claim, no pressure.

‘Thank you,’ he murmured, voice carrying through the fading link. ‘For letting me see her.’

Emotion too big to process clogged my throat.

Before I could respond—before I could even find the words—the world shifted again.

Ashar stepped back, form flowing seamlessly into Kieran’s, golden fur giving way to skin and muscle and the man I knew.