

My Sister 307

Chapter 307 WHAT IT MEANS

SERAPHINA'S POV

Lydia, bless her heart, quickly arranged new clothes for me that fit.

I was deeply grateful for that. And deeply ashamed of the instinct that rose in me when she asked for Kieran's clothes so she could launder and return them to him.

It wasn't rational. It wasn't dignified. It was visceral, primitive, and embarrassingly similar to a rabid squirrel guarding its hoard for the winter.

Mine.

The force of my reaction startled me. It was a struggle to school my expression, arms tightening around the jacket as I shook my head and said through clenched teeth, "You don't need to worry about that, thank you."

Alina stirred at the back of my mind, amused and understanding, as if she felt it too—that feral, possessive tug that had nothing to do with logic and everything to do with newly awakened instinct.

If Lydia sensed it, she was polite enough to hide her reaction behind a soft smile as she bid me goodnight.

The guest room was warm and softly lit, a lamp glowing on the bedside table. After the night I'd endured, the bed's crisp sheets and plumped pillows promised a rest that felt almost too decadent.

"Go take a bath and change," Daniel ordered solemnly, planting himself on the edge of the bed. "Then you have to tell me everything."

I let out an exaggerated groan. "Haven't I told you enough?"

He'd fired off a dozen questions per minute during the short trip to the room, ranging from Alina's color to how the Shift felt to whether it was true that my senses were so keen I could count the blades of grass in the field.

"Not enough," he answered. "I need more."

I chuckled, heading towards the adjoining bathroom. "Yes, sir."

I took a bath that felt like stepping back into my own body. Steam curled around me, peeling back the night's layers until I felt almost new. I scrubbed gently, my skin tingling as if it still remembered another shape, another self.

When I stepped out in Lydia's borrowed clothes, Daniel was cocooned under the covers, nearly asleep—until he spotted me and his eyes snapped wide with alertness.

“Mom,” he whispered, tapping the space beside him. “Come on, I have more questions.”

I smiled and slid under the covers, pulling them up around us both. “You sure you don’t want to go to bed, hon? You’ve had a long night.”

He stared at me like I had grown horns. “I’ve had a long night?”

I chuckled and lightly flicked his nose. “Exactly. You heard Grandpa—first Shifts take a lot.” I pulled him to me. “I’m exhausted; let me rest.”

He snuggled into me, eyes still wide. “I just can’t believe Alina came out tonight.” He sighed. “I wish I’d been there.”

“I know,” I said softly. “I wish you had been too.”

He pulled back and propped himself up on one elbow, excitement crackling through him. “Was it amazing?”

A laugh escaped me. “It was...everything. Scary and incredible and beautiful all at once.”

“Did you run?” he asked.

“Yes,” I said, unable to keep the smile from my voice. “I ran faster than I ever have.”

“With Dad?”

Gold and silver tumbling through green flashed in my mind, and my heart fluttered.

“Yeah,” I breathed, “with your dad.”

Daniel’s grin stretched impossibly wide. “We’re going to run together, too, right? You promised.”

I nodded, kissing his temple. “Of course, my love.”

A yawn caught him off guard before he settled against me again.

“I can’t wait to see Alina,” he murmured.

I rested my chin on his crown. “She can’t wait to see you, too, pup.”

His breathing slowed, words blurring at the edges. "Next time...I have to...be..."

As sleep claimed him, a bittersweet ache of gratitude and weariness settled in my chest.

I pressed a kiss to his temple and burrowed closer, surrendering to the pull of sleep myself.

The knock came almost immediately.

Suppressing a groan, I slipped from the bed, moving with care so Daniel wouldn't stir.

The haze of fatigue gave way to confusion when I saw who was standing on the other side of the door.

"Leona?" I whispered, rubbing the rest of the grogginess out of my eyes.

She gave me an apologetic smile. "I know you've had a long night, and I'm sorry to bother you, but...may we speak? It's concerning your wolf."

I was alert instantly.

“Of course,” I said, quietly closing the door behind me.

She pivoted, her dressing gown trailing behind her. I followed as she led me down the stairs, past the warmer light of the upper floors, and into the lower level of the house.

We stopped in front of a large oak door at the far end of the hallway, and Leona did not hesitate before pushing it open.

The Alpha’s study.

The room exuded dark wood and subtle sovereignty, shelves groaning with old records and worn spines, a broad desk scarred by decades of use, and the faint scent of cedar, ink, and wolf lingering in the air.

Moonlight filtered through the high windows, catching on the carved arms of the Alpha’s chair—where Christian sat.

I stopped short, tilting my head.

That seat was meant for the Alpha of the pack, but Kieran stood near the window, arms crossed, brows drawn together.

Gavin leaned against a bookshelf, looking equally perplexed.

The atmosphere was unsettling in a way I couldn't immediately articulate.

“What’s going on?” I asked carefully.

Christian turned to me, his expression solemn in a way I had only ever seen during crises.

“Please, Sera,” he said, gesturing to the seat opposite him. “Sit.”

My body moved on its own, carrying me to the seat on the left.

“Kieran, you too.”

Kieran’s presence radiated warmth as he settled into the chair beside me.

“Father,” he started, leaning forward. “What’s going on?”

Christian ignored his son and kept his gaze unnervingly fixed on me.

“I failed you,” he said.

I blinked. Never in a million years did I expect him to start like that.

“For years,” he continued, voice steady but weighted, “you lived among us. You served this pack. You raised your son here. And you endured slights, dismissals, cruelties—some subtle, most not—while I told myself it was not my place to intervene.”

My hands trembled at my sides, and I had to press them to my thighs to still them.

“Tonight,” he said, “I learned that your wolf is silver.”

My breath caught.

“I heard you tell Daniel,” he went on. “You spoke the word without knowing what it means to us.”

“What does it...” I swallowed; my throat was suddenly dry. “What does it mean?”

Christian drew a slow breath. “Two hundred years ago, a silver wolf saved the life of a Blackthorne Alpha. My ancestor was grievously wounded, hunted, and alone. The silver wolf defended him, hid him, aided him, and guided him back to his people. To repay that debt, the Blackthornes swore an oath: Any silver wolf, should one ever walk this land again, would be protected and guarded, their safety and well-being prioritized above all else.”

The room was pin-drop silent. I didn't think any of us were breathing.

He cleared his throat before continuing. "No silver wolf has appeared since then. The vow faded into legend. Most forgot it entirely."

His gaze lifted to his son. "Only my line remembered."

Kieran went still.

"I never intended to burden my son with a duty that might never be fulfilled," Christian said quietly. "I planned to pass it to him on my deathbed. A simple formality."

A bitter smile touched his lips. "I never imagined the silver wolf had been standing beside us all along."

A sharp ache twisted through my chest.

"I...I don't know what to say."

In response, Christian rose to his feet, circled the desk, and stood in front of me.

I tilted my head back, every hair on my neck standing on end.

And then Christian Blackthorne, the former Alpha of Nightfang pack, sank to one knee before me.