

## My Sister 309

### Chapter 309 COMING HOME

#### KIERAN'S POV

Nightfang had always been full of secrets—passageways behind walls, rooms sealed for decades, archives even Alphas rarely opened. A pack this old couldn't exist without layers buried beneath it.

Still, as the hidden door sealed behind us and the stone swallowed the last spill of lamplight from the study above, I realized with a faint jolt of unease just how deep those secrets truly reached.

The stairway curved downward in a slow spiral, the air cooling with each step. Embedded lights glimmered faintly along the walls, runes worked into the stone itself, glowing with amber warmth and shadows that stretched and danced as we descended.

My father led the way, one hand brushing the wall as if following a memory rather than a path.

Sera walked just ahead of me, her hand still in mine. Her fingers, warm and steady, no longer trembled.

Despite whatever doubts lingered, she pressed on. The echo of her resolve reverberated through me, and the simple connection meant more than she could ever guess.

When she'd asked me—'Will you come with me?'—something in me had gone utterly still.

Disbelief, yes. Surprise, definitely. But beneath it, something fiercer and deeper.

Relief.

Because despite everything—the mistakes, the years of pain I could never erase, the severed bond—she still chose me.

She trusted me to stand beside her in the dark.

That knowledge settled in my chest, heavy and humbling, as the stairs finally leveled out.

The hidden room unfolded before us, and I halted, breath caught.

It was small, but every detail was meticulously preserved.

Shelves hugged the stone walls from floor to ceiling, crowded with cracked leather ledgers, wax-sealed scrolls, and carved boxes marked with the Blackthorne sigil in its oldest forms.

Glass cases stood in careful rows, each displaying objects that seemed to hum with ancient magic.

It felt less like an archive and more like a shrine—a place built for remembrance and honor.

Father turned, his expression unreadable in the soft glow. “This room was sealed to most,” he said quietly. “Even heirs.”

His words landed like a boundary, and I couldn’t ignore the surge of bitterness that rose in me.

All the years I’d spent training to lead. All the histories I’d memorized. All the oaths I’d sworn.

And something of this magnitude had been kept from me.

“I never expected it to matter again,” he continued as if by way of explanation. “Until tonight.”

Sera’s grip tightened in mine. My pulse tripped.

Father moved to one of the central cases and rested his palm on the glass. “Eric Blackthorne was not a great Alpha,” he said, and there was something almost fond in the admission. “Not at first.”

I frowned slightly, trying to sort through my memories for what I knew about my ancestor.

I knew him as one of Nightfang's greatest Alphas, famed for many victories and conquests, but his early years were a blank in my memory.

"He was young. Impulsive. Brave in ways that bordered on foolishness." A faint smile tugged at Father's mouth. "He led a scouting party into contested territory two centuries ago, chasing rumors of hunters moving through the high passes. He was immediately ambushed."

He lifted his hand, and the glass slid aside soundlessly. The object inside caught the light—a dagger.

The blade was narrow and elegant, forged from an unfamiliar metal, its surface etched with sigils so fine they looked like veins beneath the surface. The hilt was wrapped in dark leather, worn smooth by hands long gone.

"He should have died," Father continued. "He was wounded. Outnumbered. Bleeding out in the snow. It was then that Aria came to his rescue."

Father's voice softened.

"She was silver," he said simply, turning to Sera. "Like you."

Sera leaned in, drawn irresistibly closer.

“She saved him,” Father went on. “Made quick work of his enemies, fighting in forms Eric had never seen before, untethered from any known style or schooling. Some of his records say it was as though the battle itself bent to her will. And then she hid him, guarded him, took care of him while he healed. Taught him to survive when his strength failed.”

I watched Sera’s face—she seemed to have forgotten to breathe, her gaze locked, unblinking, on my father.

“She was...unconventional. Clever. Curious. She mocked him endlessly for his recklessness. And when he swore eternal gratitude,”—he shook his head fondly—“she laughed.

“She told him to repay her by living better. Leading better. And when he insisted on a vow, she merely humored him.”

My father looked up, eyes steady.

“She told him that if another silver wolf ever crossed his path, he’d better protect them. ‘Or I’ll come back and haunt you,’ she’d said.”

A breath escaped Sera, barely audible.

“But Eric,” Father said, voice firming, “did not treat it as a joke.”

He gestured to the shelves. “He recorded it. Etched it into our lineage. Bound it with blood and intent.”

I swallowed, feeling the weight of the vow settle over me.

“This dagger,” he continued, “was forged by Aria herself. A gift. And a reminder.”

He offered it to Sera with reverence, as if passing a crown to a monarch.

Slowly, her hand slipped from mine as she reached for the dagger—and froze.

#### SERAPHINA’S POV

The instant my fingers touched the dagger, the world opened wide, and memories flooded through unseen gates.

The room, the shelves, the men beside me—all faded as the dagger’s glow steadied, soft and welcoming, like a hearth fire banked but never truly extinguished.

Snow beneath bare feet. Laughter, bright and sharp, cutting through mountain wind. A young man—earnest, despite his wounds—stumbling through drifts, swearing under his breath.

'You're an idiot,' a cheerful voice called out ahead. 'But I think I can change that.'

The vision changed, and silver flashed.

Aria.

Her wolf was smaller than Alina, leaner, her movements quick and precise. Her eyes sparkled with humor as Eric's wolf limped after, stubbornly trying to match her stride even in his injured state.

The images blurred and reformed: Eric healing under Aria's vigilance. Eric training in quiet clearings, learning balance where brute strength failed and patience where instinct once ruled.

And then Eric standing straighter each time he returned to his pack, his movements steadier, his presence unmistakably changed.

The vow surfaced next, not solemn, not ritualized.

A joke.

'A promise,' Eric insisted.

‘Fine,’ Aria said, rolling her eyes. ‘You Alphas can be so dramatic.’

A faint but unmistakable warmth pulsed through the dagger—a bond, alive and present.

Alina rose within me, clear and certain.

‘He speaks truth,’ she murmured. ‘Those bound by this vow cannot harm us.’

“Sera.”

Kieran’s voice cut through gently, but firmly enough to anchor.

I blinked.

The room snapped back into focus. My grip loosened on the hilt, breath rushing into my lungs as if I’d been holding it for ages.

“How long was I—”



“A while,” he said quietly, concern threading his tone.

Christian watched me with something like reverence—and hope.

I turned to him, heart still racing. “You weren’t lying.”

“No,” he said simply.

I drew a slow breath, steadying myself.

“Alright, I’ll accept your invitation,” I said, meeting his gaze squarely. “With conditions.”

Christian inclined his head. “Name them.”

I glanced at Kieran, then back at Christian.

“My autonomy remains mine,” I said. “Always. I train because I choose to. I stay because I decide to.”

Christian nodded without hesitation.

“And Daniel,” I continued, voice firming. “He comes first. Above vows. Above me. Above everything.”

“Agreed.”

I exhaled.

The dagger’s warmth lingered in my palm, a quiet reassurance rather than a claim.

Since fate began unraveling my life thread by thread, each new turn felt steeper, deeper, more tangled than the last.

But this felt like finding solid ground at last. Like putting down roots. A piece of my history untainted by others’ fears or choices.

To Christian, maybe even Kieran, it might have seemed like a legend coming to life.

To me, it felt like coming home.

And that—more than any vow etched in blood or legend—mattered most of all.