

My Sister 316

Chapter 316 LIKE MAGNETS

DANIEL'S POV

I had the best sleep of my life.

And the best dream.

In it, the forest was endless and bright. The moon loomed, so big it felt close enough to touch. Mom and Dad were there—but not like usual.

They were huge. Towering. Their wolves moved through the trees as if they belonged to the night itself, silver and gold weaving together.

And I was there too.

Not me-me. The version I couldn't wait to be—a little wolf with clumsy paws and too-big ears.

Alina slowed just enough so I could keep up, and Ashar stayed close behind, gaze shifting between us and our surroundings as if he was bracing for threats.

We burst out of the trees into a wide, moonlit clearing, grass cool beneath our paws. I tripped over a root and went tumbling, laughing even as I rolled.

Mom sprawled out next to me and bumped her head against mine, and Dad huffed something that sounded like amusement before lowering himself beside us.

I wriggled between them, small and safe, their bodies warm and solid on either side.

Alina tucked her head close, Ashar's tail curled around us like a promise, and for a while we just lay there together, breathing under the moon like that was exactly where we belonged.

When I woke up, sunlight was pouring through my window, warm and bright, and my chest felt full in a way I didn't have a word for.

I sat up fast, heart still thumping, and rubbed my eyes.

My first instinct was disappointment—that bittersweet ache you get after an amazing dream fades—especially since I knew I'd have to wait to get my wolf for real. But memories of last night surfaced, shifting that sadness into something fizzing and bright until I was grinning alone in my room like an idiot.

I didn't bother changing out of my pajamas. I only brushed my teeth and washed my face because I knew Mom would send me back upstairs to do it before I could eat.

Once I was done, I sprinted down the hallway barefoot, skidding slightly on the polished floor as I turned the corner toward the stairs.

I smelled toast.

And something sweet. Honey, maybe.

I slowed at the bottom of the stairs.

Mom and Dad were in the kitchen.

Alone. Together.

Dad stood at the counter, sleeves rolled up, focused like he was negotiating a peace treaty with a bowl of batter.

Mom stood a little to his left, hair pulled loosely back, barefoot like me, passing him ingredients and stealing glances when she thought he wasn't looking.

But he was looking—just when he thought she wasn't.

They weren't touching, but they were close, like magnets, one tiny push away from snapping together.

I felt something like a lump rise in my throat.

I remembered the essay that one of the elders had me write a few weeks ago during my theoretical lessons to "hone my emotional awareness."

He said an Alpha had to be all-rounded, so he'd asked me to describe my life like a puzzle and write about which pieces I thought were missing.

I'd been stumped. I wasn't a hundred percent sure what the full picture of my life was supposed to be, so how could I know what pieces were missing?

But after last night, and standing here now, I felt a new sense of understanding rising along with a tentative hope.

For the first time, I could see what that perfect picture looked like.

I was about to retreat up the stairs and give them space, but Mom must have sensed me.

She turned, and her face lit up. "Good morning, baby."

Dad looked over, too, and his mouth curved into a soft smile. “Morning, champ.”

I walked in slowly, afraid that if I moved too fast, the moment would shatter.

“Morning!” I greeted.

“You sleep okay?” Mom asked, coming over to kiss my hair.

I nodded. “Best sleep ever.”

Dad raised a brow. “That so?”

“I dreamed I was a wolf,” I said. “And you guys were there too—Alina and Ashar. And we were running.”

They exchanged a look—quick, private, unreadable—and then Mom smiled again, gentler this time.

“That sounds like an amazing dream, baby,” she said.

I climbed onto my chair and watched them finish making breakfast like it was my favorite show I never wanted to end.

Dad slid a plate of French toast toward me, golden and warm. Mom added sliced fruit and a drizzle of honey.

I took a big bite.

Yep.

Best breakfast too.

SERAPHINA'S POV

The kitchen in the Alpha wing was spacious—too spacious, really, with its wide counters, tall windows, and open lines of sight that made every movement feel too visible. Exposed.

And it was absolutely ridiculous that despite all that damn space, Kieran's presence pressed in on me as intimately as if we were packed in a closet.

"Sera, could you pass the eggs?" he asked, his voice calm and casual. As it should be, because all we were doing was making breakfast.

I handed him the crate of eggs without looking at him, and our fingers brushed.

Barely.

Still, my pulse stumbled, that fleeting touch sending a sudden rush of heat up my neck and making my composure slip.

‘Control yourself,’ I told my traitorous heart.

“This should be enough,” he said, showing me the bowl where he’d broken four eggs into.

“For Daniel?” I asked. “His stomach is a bottomless pit these days.”

The corner of Kieran’s mouth lifted. “True.”

I reached for the honey, stretching a little too far. He stepped in at the same time, and suddenly his chest was warm at my back, close enough that I could feel his breath shift.

I froze.

“Sorry,” he said immediately, stepping back.

“It’s fine,” I said too quickly, turning around and nearly colliding with him again.

We both stilled.

For a heartbeat, the kitchen seemed to hush around us. The steady hum of the refrigerator, the faint morning sounds of the house waking up—all faded beneath the sudden, charged awareness between us.

So much for space.

Alina stirred.

‘Look at you,’ she teased. ‘You’re a living legend—fighting rogues, shattering seals—yet one man in a kitchen has you unravelling.’

‘Shut it,’ I muttered back.

‘First loves are persistent things,’ she added, an unmistakable smugness in her voice. ‘Even when you pretend you’re over them.’

“Seriously, shut up.”

Kieran frowned and took a step back. “I didn’t—”

My cheeks instantly reddened. “Oh, no—I wasn’t...” I sighed. “I was talking to Alina.” I bit my lip, glancing away. “She doesn’t know when to shut up sometimes.”

He let out a small, amused breath. “I know what you mean. Ashar’s the same.”

I fought the urge to ask whether Ashar constantly yapped about the same things Alina did.

We didn’t touch again, yet the closeness was unmistakable, a quiet pull neither of us acknowledged aloud.

It was strange how something so simple—shared space, shared purpose—could make every nerve in my body stand on edge as if...anticipating.

What, I had no idea.

A subtle shift in the air and a rush of a familiar scent snapped my attention to the stairs.

A smile spread across my face, and some of my nerves dissolved at the sight of Daniel. “Good morning, baby.”

He stepped into view, eyes bright, cheeks flushed with sleep and excitement.

“Morning!”

“You sleep okay?” I asked, placing a kiss on his hair.

He nodded. “Best sleep ever.”

Kieran raised a brow. “That so?”

“I dreamed I was a wolf,” Daniel said. “And you guys were there too—Alina and Ashar. And we were running.”

I glanced at Kieran just as he looked at me, and memories of last night surfaced—the wild and bright and exhilarating feeling of running with Daniel on my back and Kieran by my side.

My heart clenched as I tore my gaze away.

"That sounds like an amazing dream, baby," I said, my voice suddenly tight.

The morning settled into something pleasant after that. Conversation drifted easily—Daniel talking about training, Kieran offering advice, me chiming in when I could.

Every so often, Kieran's gaze would flick to me, brief and searching, like he was checking that I was still there.

Once, when I laughed at something Daniel said, I felt his eyes linger a moment longer.

Another time, I passed him a cup, and our hands met again, eliciting yet another flush creeping up my neck.

Alina hummed contentedly. 'This is nice.'

'Shut u—' I sighed. 'Yeah, it is.'

She smiled into my thoughts.