

My Sister 317

Chapter 317 HUMAN REASON AND WOLF DRIVE

SERAPHINA'S POV

After breakfast, it was time for Daniel's training.

"Come watch, Mom," he begged, practically vibrating with excitement.

I didn't hesitate. "Of course."

Nightfang's training ground was nothing like the OTS facilities I'd grown accustomed to.

There were no clean white lines painted on the ground, no neatly labeled stations or observation decks with glass partitions.

Instead, the space was rough and alive—packed earth, tree stumps worn smooth, climbing rigs lashed with rope and iron.

The air carried a faint metallic tang of old blood, the resin of pine, and something feral that settled in my lungs and lingered.

Daniel stepped into the center, having changed into a pair of dark pants and a matching vest.

He was still so small, all sharp elbows and narrow shoulders, but his forearms had been noticeably toned by training, muscle standing out when he flexed his hands.

The moment he moved, though, size stopped mattering. He tore through the course with restless, yet contained force—vaulting low barriers, ducking under weighted chains, rolling to absorb impact instead of stopping short. A compact hurricane held together by skin and bone

At OTS, training was always about refinement: unlocking human potential, strengthening neural pathways, sharpening strategy until control overrode instincts.

Every movement had a reason, every strike a goal beyond the immediate.

Nightfang didn't polish control; it honed instincts.

Daniel wasn't thinking three steps ahead; he was reacting in the moment, adapting on the fly, letting his body decide faster than thought ever could.

His footwork wasn't precise in the way OTS drilled into its trainees, but it was sharp. Reactive. Alive.

His sparring partner—a boy three years older—lunged, and Daniel slipped aside with a fluid pivot that would've made a full wolf proud.

'Look at our pup go,' Alina murmured.

Pride swelled in my chest, so raw and sharp, it hurt. I had to look away, blinking furiously to hold back sudden, burning tears.

That was when I caught Kieran watching me from the edge of the grounds.

His expression softened when our eyes met, and I realized he'd been waiting to see my reaction. To see if I approved.

I did more than approve.

I believed.

Every fear I'd had—that Daniel was too young or too little for this—evaporated.

This was what he was born for. He would be the greatest Alpha Nightfang had ever seen.

By the time Daniel was called away for afternoon theoretical lessons with the elders—pack law, history, territorial ethics—I was still buzzing with energy I didn't quite know what to do with.

That was when Kieran came up to me.

“Your turn,” he said.

We were back at Daniel’s treehouse.

The land around it was quiet in a way that felt intentional. No footpaths cut through the underbrush. No patrol routes crossed its perimeter.

I’d purchased it under Daniel’s name, but Kieran had gone the extra mile to make it a truly private space—protected and respected.

Memories of last night’s run filled me with joy like a shaken fizzy drink. But today wasn’t about fun; today was for work.

Christian was already there, and when I got closer, he handed me an old journal, its leather cover cracked and darkened with age.

A thrill shot through me as I read the name engraved on it: Eric Blackthorne.

“He documented early silver wolf adaptations here. Failures, too.”

I swallowed. “Comforting.”

Christian nodded. “I promised tailored guidance.”

I nodded. “Well then, let’s get on with it.”

The training began gently.

It was only the third time, but as Kieran promised, the Shift was easier now. It still hurt like a bitch, but Alina and I moved without friction.

My silver wolf stepped into the clearing, muscles rolling smoothly beneath her coat, senses sharp and balanced.

Then we began.

They pushed conditions, not force—uneven terrain, sensory overload, restricted movement.

Christian tested my reactions, throwing sudden commands, dragging branches to disrupt scent, forcing me to balance my control with Alina's instincts.

At first, I thrived. As I said, my time at OTS had made me no stranger to control.

'We've got this,' Alina purred.

But the journal didn't stop there.

The next phase demanded extended partial shifts—holding the wolf close without fully yielding. Switching back and forth in rapid succession.

The strain crept in quietly, like cold through bone.

My breaths came sharper. The world blurred at the edges.

"Maybe we should take a break," Kieran said after a while, voice steady but eyes dark with concern.

The sun was already dipping in the sky, painting the world around us in orange and pink. I didn't realize how long we'd been out here.

I thought of Daniel, effortlessly going through his drills, getting stronger day by day.

The stronger he got, the stronger I needed to be, so I would never be on the long list of liabilities he would one day inherit.

I shook my head, panting. "No."

"Today's only your first day. We should—"

A growl ripped out of my throat, catching even me by surprise. "I said no!"

Kieran's jaw clamped, and he nodded. "Again," he said lowly.

I nodded and pushed.

The world narrowed to breath and balance—inhale, ground, release.

I shifted, feeling fur sprout along my arms. I pulled back, skin tightening, then surged forward once more, balancing between the urge to transform fully and my struggle to stay human.

Alina hovered just beneath my skin, just as I hovered beneath hers, and I could constantly feel the flex of phantom muscles, the echo of claws that disappeared and reappeared.

“Steady,” Christian murmured.

I forced my hands to unclench. Forced my heartbeat to slow.

Again.

The ground tilted as my weight redistributed, bones humming with the threat of change. My vision sharpened too much. Every sound snapped into painful clarity. The scrape of bark. The rustle of leaves. The cadence of Kieran’s breathing somewhere behind me.

Again.

Heat flooded my veins. Alina pressed harder, impatient now, territorial, bristling at the proximity of others.

I tasted copper at the back of my throat and didn’t know when I’d bitten down.

“Enough, Sera,” Kieran said quietly. Not a command. Plea.

I locked my gaze forward and dragged in another breath, forcing the Shift back by sheer will. My limbs trembled, sweat slicking my palms despite the cool air.

‘One more,’ Alina growled.

I hesitated.

‘Maybe we should take a b—’

She coiled.

The pressure built too fast. Too deep. It threaded through muscle and marrow alike. For a heartbeat, my control wavered, and something slipped past.

The last reversion tore through me.

My human form returned—but everything stayed sharp.

The world didn't soften the way it was supposed to. My senses remained flayed open, raw and oversensitive, every sound scraping along my nerves.

I swayed slightly and caught myself, fingers digging into the dirt as if the ground itself needed to be claimed.

"Sera?"

I lifted my head slowly.

Christian stood a few paces away, posture deliberately open, hands loose at his sides as my instincts catalogued him. Not a threat. An elder. Ally.

My gaze found Kieran next.

His presence seemed to fill the entire space, solid and unmistakable, Alpha weight pressing in without effort.

My chest tightened, breath hitching—not fear, not comfort, but a surge of something possessive and volatile that had no place in a human body.

'Mine,' a treacherous part of me growled.

I clenched my jaw hard enough that it ached, forcing the thought down. Forcing my shoulders to lower. Forcing my claws to retreat into my hands.

Then the air shifted.

A new scent threaded through the clearing, sharp enough to cut through pine and earth. Saffron. Eucalyptus.

Not pack.

Not kin.

Intruder.

My head snapped toward the tree line as the scent grew stronger, my body already angling between the men behind me and the intrusion I couldn't yet name.

A low sound rumbled in my chest before I realized it was coming from me.

The scent grew stronger.

“Sera? What the hell is going—”

I lunged.

My half-formed claws sank into flesh with a sickening squelch, amplified by my heightened senses.

“Maya!” someone shouted.

The sound hit me a heartbeat too late.

Horror flared, hot and choking, but panic surged faster, swallowing it whole.

Guilt followed close behind, sharp and searing. A scream lodged in my chest with nowhere to go.

‘I hurt Maya.’

The thought barely formed before instinct crushed it flat.

Run.

I bolted.

The forest swallowed me whole as I ran, branches whipping past, lungs burning, mind splintered between human reason and wolf drive.

Shame burned alongside adrenaline, heavy and corrosive, each step driven by the same terrible certainty: something had broken loose, and I was about to find out how dangerous I could be.