

My Sister 319

Chapter 319 THE IRONY

SERAPHINA'S POV

Let's see—déjà vu checklist.

Waking up in a bed to the sound of my own ragged breathing. Check.

The soft whisper of Lunewing butterflies around me. Check.

Bone deep, soul-crushing, all-consuming guilt. Hmm...That was new.

For a moment, I kept still. With my eyes closed, I deliberately catalogued each sensation the way Corin had taught me—feeling the weight of blankets pressing against my legs, noticing a faint ache behind my eyes, listening to the low, steady thrum of the world continuing on the other side of the walls.

Nightfang.

My temporary room.

The realization settled gently, then sharpened.

I shifted my arm.

Cold metal circled my wrist.

My eyes snapped open.

The bracelet was slim, unobtrusive, etched with sigils so fine they almost disappeared against the silver alloy.

Transformation-restricting.

I'd seen them used once or twice on young wolves who lost control during their first Shifts. I'd felt a bitter, absurd kind of envy that they would never be used on me because I would never have a wolf.

Oh, the irony.

Memory surged back in a sickening rush—training, pressure, the way the world hadn't softened when it should have.

The scent that hadn't registered as Maya until it was too late.

My breath caught in my chest like it didn't quite remember how to settle.

Suddenly, the guilt made sense.

"Oh gods," I whispered hoarsely.

"You're awake," a measured voice said.

I turned my head and found Christian seated in the chair near the window, hands folded, expression grave but not unkind.

"I—" My voice cracked. I swallowed and tried again. "I lost control."

A part of me hoped against hope that it had been a dream, a cruel trick of my mind. That there was another explanation for why I was wearing the bracelet and why Christian looked at me like I'd razed an orphanage.

But he didn't contradict me.

"You experienced a post-reversion feral overlap," he explained. "It happens. Rarely. More often with...unique lineages."

I reached out for Alina's presence, but found nothing. The bracelet must have cut me off from her entirely.

My first instinct was panic; I'd only just started hearing her voice a couple of months ago, but the idea of losing it now felt like losing my limbs.

Then a small, gentle warmth pooled around me, and I let out a heavy breath.

I couldn't hear Alina. But she was still here. She promised she'd never leave me again.

"I'm sorry," Christian said, "I know you can feel the absence of your wolf's voice, but that's only temporary. So you can both rest and recover."

I swallowed back the panic and lay on the bed. A Lunewing butterfly fluttered down and perched on my nose, its delicate legs tickling my skin.

The sight brought forth a memory: another bed, another person sitting in a chair waiting for me to wake.

"Maya," I breathed.

Her name tasted like ash.

I couldn't even picture her face in the moment I lashed out; it was all a red-hazed blur.

Christian inclined his head. "She's alive. The wound was severe, but she made it."

A jagged breath escaped—half-sob, half-laugh. Relief and remorse crashed together.

The butterfly fluttered away as I dragged my hands over my face, fingers trembling. The bracelet glinted in the light, and my next breath caught in my throat.

"I hurt her," I whispered. "I actually hurt her."

"You didn't choose to," he said.

"But I did it anyway."

Silence stretched between us, thick and heavy.

“Why her?” I asked, looking up at Christian. “Why didn’t I attack any of you?”

He crossed his arms. “My guess is that Alina sensed Ethan as kin, and she recognized the vow between her kind and the Blackthornes, so Kieran and I were safe. She was already primed to strike; Maya was just the easiest target.”

My throat constricted as my eyes burned. Dammit.

“I should have warned you properly of the risks before we started,” Christian added, voice soft.

I shook my head. “No, I was too impatient—”

“So was I,” he admitted. “I was too eager to see the silver wolf in action, to live the same legend as my ancestor.”

He sighed. “There is a reason the elders train in theoretics, and the youths take the field aspect.”

“None of it would have mattered if I—”

“That’s enough,” Christian said firmly, and I flinched at the sudden switch to Alpha hardness in his tone.

"You are not a danger," he went on, voice steady. "You are a silver wolf whose instincts activated under extreme strain. That response is ancient, innate. It's not a moral failing."

I laughed weakly. "Try telling Maya that."

"She already knows," he said. "And she's not angry with you."

Somehow, that twisted the guilt sharper.

Christian stood then and approached the bed, stopping at a respectful distance. "Both of us can stay here all day and lament about the mistakes we made, or we can learn from them and move forward, making sure they are never repeated."

Maybe it was the weight of his Alpha aura, but as he spoke, the heavy pressure of guilt eased—just slightly—letting in a fragile hope.

He was right. I'd hurt Maya and couldn't undo it. All I could do was ensure I never hurt anyone else.

"So..." I inhaled and squared my shoulders. "Where do we go from here?"

"First," Christian started. "There is something else we need to discuss."

I waited.

"I was sure that Nightfang had all the help you needed, but...I may have been overconfident."

My eyes widened. "You're going back on your word after one—"

He shook his head. "Absolutely not. But I do believe that we could use a little more help."

"What do you mean?"

"The silver wolf lineage is matrilineal—passed from grandmothers to mothers to daughters. There's a high chance one of your kinswomen was a silver wolf."

My heart stuttered.

"If you want proper guidance," he continued carefully, "someone from that line should be present."

"But the only female member of my family I know is—" My mouth went dry.

“You mean...my mother. I need my mother here.”

Christian inclined his head. “Yes.”