

## **My Sister 412**

Chapter 412 KINDA SCREAMS ROGUE

AVA'S POV

I didn't like how quiet my room was.

It was a nice room. Too nice.

The bed was soft, swallowing movement rather than creaking beneath it.

The window let in light that wasn't filtered through cracks or dirt, and the air didn't smell like damp stone or medicine or something slowly dying.

It wasn't just the room that was quiet; everything was.

No footsteps outside the door. No muttered voices through thin walls. No constant awareness that someone might come in without knocking and throw me out for not having the measly rent.

No reason to stay alert.

My body didn't know what to do with that. It didn't know how to survive in any mode but high alert.

I swung my legs once, twice, staring at the floor.

They'd brought food earlier. Warm. Fresh. Enough for three people, not one.

I'd eaten it because not eating would've been stupid, but the whole time I'd kept expecting someone to take it away halfway through, or tell me I'd had enough.

I exhaled slowly and pushed myself off the bed.

Sera had said I could go to her if I needed anything.

But I didn't technically need anything.

And she was busy.

Every time she came to check up on me, I felt her urgency, like she couldn't wait to get to the next thing.

She had big things to deal with, and I wasn't going to be the kid who tugged on her sleeve because I didn't know what to do with a quiet room.

"I'm not a baby," I muttered under my breath.

The words sounded stupid in the quiet space.

I opened the door.

The hallway outside was wide and bright, nothing like Moonlight Alley's narrow passages.

My footsteps barely made a sound against the floor as I stepped out, closing the door behind me with a soft click.

No one stopped me.

No one even noticed.

I moved slowly at first, then faster, following the faint sounds of movement drifting in from somewhere deeper in the packhouse.

Voices. Shouts. Impact.

Physical activity.

That, at least, sounded familiar.

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The training grounds weren't what I expected.

They were bigger. Open. Structured.

There were marked areas, weapons laid out neatly, groups moving in patterns that looked like chaos until you watched long enough to see the rhythm underneath it.

I stayed near the edge at first, leaning against the wooden barrier, watching.

From pups my age to full adults, wolves moved in pairs, sparring with controlled strikes, their movements sharp but restrained, like they were holding something back even when they hit.

I tilted my head.

Weird.

If you were going to hit someone, you hit them. What was the point of pulling back?

A pair closer to me broke apart, one of them laughing as he rolled his shoulder.

“You’re getting slow,” he said.

“Or you’re getting predictable,” the other shot back.

They were relaxed.

Too relaxed.

I pushed off the barrier and stepped a little closer.

I drifted along the edge, watching different groups, unconsciously studying their movements.

That one telegraphed his strike.

That one left his side open.

That one—

“You gonna keep staring, or you actually got something to say?”

The voice cut across my thoughts, sharp enough to make me stop.

I turned.

A boy stood a few feet away, maybe a couple of years older than me, arms crossed, chin tilted just enough to make it clear he thought he owned the ground he was standing on.

Behind him, a few others lingered, watching.

I shrugged. “Just looking.”

He snorted. "Yeah, well, you're doing it weird."

I raised a brow. "Didn't know there was a rulebook for looking. May I please have your copy?"

A couple of the others snickered.

His eyes narrowed. "You're not from here."

It wasn't a question, so I didn't answer.

"That's what I thought," he went on, pushing off from where he stood and stepping closer. "So what are you doing on our training grounds?"

"Walking," I said flatly. "If you have that rulebook edition too, I'd love to get a look at it."

More snickering.

He sneered. "Funny."

I shrugged. "I try."

His gaze sharpened, irritation flickering into something more pointed.

“Who brought you in?”

I shrugged again. “Does it matter?”

“It does if you’re sneaking around where you don’t belong.”

My nerves rattled, but it wasn’t fear; it felt hotter, like anger bubbling up—something I knew too well.

“I’m not sneaking,” I said, my voice going a little colder. “I walked in through the front like everyone else.”

He snorted, eyeing me from head to toe, taking in my clothes and posture.

“You sure you didn’t crawl up through the sewer?”

I stiffened. “Excuse me?”

He shrugged, casual in a way that wasn't casual at all. "No pack mark. No recognizable scent." His sneer widened. "Kinda screams rogue."

The word hit like a spark in dry grass.

Everything in me snapped tight.

"Don't," I snarled.

He blinked once, like he hadn't expected that tone.

"Don't what?"

The edge in my voice sharpened, something dangerous threading through it before I could stop it. "Don't call me that."

His smile widened.

"Oh?" he chuckled. "Did I hit a nerve?"

I took a step forward before I could think better of it.

“I said don’t.”

“Awwn, is the little rogue touchy?”

That was it. I snapped.

I moved.

Faster than he expected.

My hand shot out, grabbing the front of his shirt and yanking him forward just as my knee drove up into his stomach.

The air whooshed out of him in a sharp grunt, his body folding instinctively.

Gasps and shouts erupted around us.

I shoved him back, letting go just long enough to swing when he tried to straighten.

He barely got his arms up in time, the impact jarring through both of us.

“Crazy little—!”

He lunged.

I ducked under his swing, drove my shoulder into his side, and took us both down hard, the ground slamming into my back for half a second before I twisted and came up on top.

Hands grabbed at me from the side.

“Hey—break it up—!”

I shrugged them off with a sharp elbow, barely registering who I hit.

The boy bucked under me, managing to shove me sideways just enough to scramble up.

We circled each other now, breaths sharp, the space around us widening as the others backed up just enough to give us room.

Or maybe just to watch.

“Stay down,” he snapped, wiping at his mouth.

I bared my teeth, fully aware that one of my incisors was still growing in. “Make me.”

He charged again.

This time, he was ready for me.

His strike came faster, cleaner.

Because he had real training—I felt it in the way he moved.

I couldn't meet it head-on.

Instead, I slipped to the side, letting the momentum carry him just past me before I grabbed his arm and twisted.

He hissed, but instead of pulling away, he pivoted into it, using the turn to swing his other arm toward my head.

I dropped low. My foot swept out, catching his ankle.

He went down hard.

Cheers broke out.

“Get him—!”

“Don’t let her—!”

Noise filled the space, loud and messy and feeding the fight in a way that made everything sharper and hotter.

I didn’t hear words anymore.

Just sound.

Just pressure.

He rolled, came up again, faster this time, anger burning through whatever control he'd had before.

Good.

I knew how to fight that.

We collided again, rougher now, less controlled, more instinct than technique.

He was stronger.

I was faster.

He had training.

I had experience.

I took a hit to the shoulder that made my arm go numb for a second, but I used the closeness to drive my head forward, cracking it against his.

He swore, staggering back.

I didn't give him time.

I lunged—

“Enough.”

Something in the air shifted.

I froze.

Not because I wanted to.

Because I couldn't not.

The boy stilled too, chest heaving, eyes flicking past me.

I turned.

A boy about my age stood at the edge of the circle.

There was nothing flashy about him, nothing loud or aggressive, but the space around him felt...different.

Like everything had instinctively tilted slightly in his direction.

His gaze moved from me to the other boy, then to the crowd.

And when it landed on me again, all the breath whooshed out of my lungs.