

## **My Sister 114**

Chapter 114 TOO LITTLE TOO LATE

SERAPHINA'S POV

The moment my gaze landed on him, the good mood I'd fought so hard for scattered like startled birds.

It was almost cruel, how quickly the lightness in my chest dimmed.

One second, I'd been clutching Daniel's memory close, imagining the way his laughter might sound if he were here with me, and the next—there was Kieran.

Other than that ridiculous drunken phone call and the brief clash in Celeste's hospital room, I'd been doing really well with avoiding Kieran, and I wasn't interested in breaking that streak anytime soon.

I pivoted slightly, intent on leaving and vanishing back into the quiet of the trees. That was when his voice carried across the park.

"Sera."

I froze. Something in his tone—steady, gentle, almost...careful—made my stomach turn. I should have kept walking, but against my better judgment, I looked back.

He had stood from the bench, his hands shoved into the pockets of his jacket, shoulders slightly hunched.

He looked...off. Nothing like the arrogant Alpha who bent the very air around him to his will. He looked tired. Weary.

I raised my brows, feigning indifference. "What is it now, Kieran? I don't have the energy for theatrics today."

His jaw tightened, but instead of snapping back, he exhaled. "It's not theatrics. I just... I want to talk. About Celeste. About everything."

My arms folded across my chest instinctively, a shield between us. "You'll forgive me if I don't jump for joy at the idea."

He stepped closer, not enough to invade, but near enough that I could see the faint shadows under his eyes.

Although it manifested itself externally, his exhaustion didn't seem physical.

"Celeste's out of the hospital now. Your family doctor has been by her side twenty-four seven. She's recovering quickly."

His words hit like a stone skipping across water, surface ripples that never reached the depth of my anger.

I arched a brow. "And I'm supposed to care because...?"

"Because," he said carefully, "I don't believe you pushed her."

The certainty in his voice made my heart stutter. For a moment, I wasn't sure I'd heard him right. My mouth went dry. "Excuse me?"

He met my eyes then, and for once, there was no accusation, no bitterness, no presumption. Just honesty.

"I said, I don't believe you pushed her. I've thought about it a lot, and it doesn't make sense. You wouldn't do something like that."

For a second, I simply stared at him. This man—my ex-husband, who had doubted me at every turn, who had never once stood on my side even when we were married—was now standing here saying he believed me.

What the hell had he and Ethan been smoking?

The déjà vu and irony almost made me laugh.

I tilted my head, letting sarcasm curl around the words. “Well, that’s a refreshing change of heart. What prompted this revelation, Kieran? Did the moon rise differently last night? Or, more likely, is this another ruse? Celeste put you up to this?”

His lips pressed into a thin line, but he didn’t lash back.

Instead, he shook his head faintly, as though chastising himself. “Believe what you want. But I mean it.”

I let the silence stretch. A small, dangerous part of me wanted to feel relief, vindication. But I refused to give him that satisfaction. I wasn’t foolish enough to lean on his words.

Besides, just like Ethan, this change of heart was too little too late.

“Well,” I said, turning away again. “If there’s nothing else—”

“The rogue case,” he said, halting my steps. His shoulders straightened slightly, as though bracing. “There’s been progress.”

Something inside me jerked upright at once.

“What kind of progress?” My voice came out sharper than intended, betraying the thin thread of hope that suddenly coiled in my chest.

If the rogue case was solved quickly, that meant I was safe—and Daniel could come home.

Kieran softened, just barely. “I’m sorry it’s taken this long. I know how much it’s cost you. But we’re close now—closer than ever. I think I’ll be able to resolve it fully soon. When that happens, Daniel can come home.”

For a heartbeat, the world tilted. My knees nearly gave beneath me, but I locked them, swallowing hard.

The very thought of my baby coming home was enough to send light flooding into the cracks of my heart.

“Thank you,” I whispered, the words slipping out before I could stop them. Then louder, steadier: “Truly, thank you for that—for everything you’ve done for him.”

Kieran frowned, looking offended at my gratitude. “Sera, he’s my son. I would do anything to keep him safe.”

He paused, and my heart clenched when he added softly, “You too.”

And with those words, I forced myself to step back emotionally, forcing logic over the ridiculous hope that swelled in my chest.

My smile was faint, restrained. "But that doesn't change anything else between us."

His brows furrowed. "Nothing changes? Sera, I'm trying—"

"That's exactly it," I cut in, voice firm. "You're trying to blur the lines again. But there have to be boundaries, Kieran. Clear ones. For both our sakes."

A muscle in his jaw twitched. His temper, always so quick to rise, flickered in his eyes. "Boundaries? When we share a child?"

"Yes." My chin lifted. "Especially because we share a child. Everything happened too fast after we got divorced that we never had a chance to iron out those factors."

I took a deep breath. The timing and place weren't exactly ideal, but there was no time like the present.

"You'll have visitation rights—I won't interfere with that. I would never dream of keeping Daniel from you. But don't expect him to spend too much time around Celeste. Not after...everything."

His jaw clenched. "She's going to be his stepmother."

“Like hell she’ll be.”

“Sera—”

“You say you believe I didn’t push her, right?” I pressed. “So how did she end up in the street? I can promise you she didn’t trip and fall in front of that car.”

The way his face darkened told me he hated admitting I had a point.

His silence stretched, taut and tense, before he finally ground out, “Celeste has been... different lately. Erratic. I can’t deny it.”

For a brief moment, he seemed almost lost, almost human. Then his gaze shifted, searching mine. “Maybe Ethan was right all along—I hurt you both. If I hadn’t been caught between you two, if I’d done things differently...maybe you could’ve been good sisters.”

A bitter laugh tore out from me. “Don’t flatter yourself, Kieran. You’re not the tragic centerpiece of our story. Celeste and I weren’t exactly painting each other’s nails and borrowing each other’s clothes before you came into the picture.”

I’d known a long time ago that Celeste and I weren’t and would never be normal sisters. I’d made peace with it, no matter how much it stung.

“Even now, despite what she might think, I am not fighting with her over you. She wants you. I don’t. Simple.”

He flinched, as though my words had struck deeper than intended. Good.

“I’ve moved on, Kieran,” I went on, softer but sharper. “I have a new life. And if you can accept that and stop meddling, maybe we can actually co-parent Daniel and give him some semblance of stability without tearing each other apart.”

The calm in my own voice startled me. Months ago, I never could have spoken to him this way—steady, unwavering, not begging for scraps of his belief or affection.

But now... Now I could.

He studied me, long and hard, as though searching for cracks in my armor, scraps of the Sera he thought he’d known.

Then, his voice dropped low, and his question came out of nowhere. “Is Lucian really that great? Is he the reason you’ve changed?”

The question made my lips twitch despite myself. He sounded almost...jealous.



I let the smile spread, slow and deliberate, meeting his gaze without hesitation.

Lucian wasn't the reason I'd changed, but the answer to his first question was easy. "Yes. He's that great."

And with that, I walked away, unflinching, letting my words hang heavy between us.