

## **My Sister 165**

Chapter 165 BEAUTIFULLY POETIC

SERAPHINA'S POV

My hand froze where it was stroking Daniel's hair.

For a moment, I thought I'd misheard him.

My son's voice was soft, heavy with sleep, but the words were clear enough to steal the air right out of my lungs.

"Congratulations on finally getting your wolf," he'd said.

The room seemed to still around us—the moonlight pooling faintly through the curtains, the steady rhythm of his small breaths, the echo of everything that had happened today.

My heart stuttered, a fragile, startled thing.

"How...how did you know?" I whispered, barely trusting my voice.

Daniel blinked up at me, smiling sleepily. “I just do.”

Before I could say anything more, Alina’s voice stirred softly inside my mind—warm, delighted. Proud.

‘He sensed me, Sera,’ she said. ‘That’s no ordinary intuition. Our pup is very special.’

I could almost see her smile in my mind’s eye.

The idea that Daniel could sense her, too—that he’d somehow recognized what even three powerful Alphas hadn’t—left me shaken in the best way.

“Mom?” Daniel murmured, half-yawning. “Don’t worry. I won’t tell anyone. I know you have your reasons for keeping it a secret.”

My throat constricted. He was only nine, yet his emotional intelligence never failed to surprise me.

There was a depth in his gaze sometimes that reminded me too much of Kieran—steady, intense, resolute.

But that glint in his eyes, that keenness well beyond his years—that was all Daniel.

“Thank you, sweetheart,” I said softly, brushing a strand of hair from his forehead. “You’re right. She doesn’t want anyone else knowing about her just yet.”

He nodded solemnly. “I won’t say anything. You can trust me, Mom.”

I smiled. “I know I can.”

After a pause, he whispered, “Can I know her name? Your wolf.”

I hesitated. I had said her name aloud before, but saying it to someone else felt strangely reverent—like breathing life into something sacred.

“Alina,” I told him finally. “Her name is Alina.”

He smiled faintly. “It sounds kind.”

A laugh caught in my throat. “She is. She’s super cool, too. I couldn’t have passed the Trials without her.”

“Really?” Daniel said, his eyes drifting shut. “Tell her I said thank you.”

'I should be the one thanking him for giving you strength where I was unable,' Alina said.

My smile widened. "She's happy to meet you," I murmured. "And she's thankful to you, too."

Daniel's eyes fluttered open again. "Can she hear me?"

"Yes, love."

He smiled wider at that, eyes hazy with sleep but shining with curiosity. "Tell her I said hi. And that she has a pretty name."

Alina's voice softened like velvet in my head. 'He's going to be formidable one day. But gentle and kind, too. That's rarer than strength itself.'

I swallowed against the lump of emotion rising in my throat.

Daniel yawned, curling closer until his head rested under my chin. "Do you think...when you can Shift, we could go running together? You and your wolf—and me?"

The image bloomed vivid and tender in my mind: moonlight spilling across the forest floor, Daniel running ahead, laughing, while Alina and I followed close behind, paws hitting the earth in rhythm with his heartbeat.

And then, when he was older and he got his own wolf, we would race through the forest, leaving all our cares behind.

I smiled, pressing a kiss to his hair. "Yes, baby. I'd like that very much."

"Me too," he murmured, and for a few quiet seconds, I thought he'd fallen asleep.

Then his voice came again, small but clear. "Mom... do you think Lucian's gonna join our family someday?"

My chest tightened. I'd guessed it was only a matter of time till that question dropped.

I smoothed my hand down Daniel's arm, buying myself time to think. "Why do you ask, honey?"

He shrugged lightly against me. "You like him, don't you?"

I hesitated too long, and he must have taken that the wrong way, because he said, "It's okay, Mom. I don't mind. He's nice."

“He is nice,” I agreed carefully. “But you don’t have to worry about things like that right now. You don’t need to force yourself to like him just because I—”

He cut me off with a firm tone that again, annoyingly, reminded me of Kieran. “Mom.”

I blinked. “Yes?”

“You always put me first, but it’s okay if you don’t this time. You should do what makes you happy. I’m happiest when you’re happy.”

His words undid me.

I stared at him, at the little boy who had once clung to my legs with trepidation on his first day of kindergarten, who had refused to leave my side in the days after—and now here he was, all grown up, telling me to choose myself.

I could barely breathe. “Daniel...”

He smiled, sleepy but sure. “Besides, I think Lucian’s cool. At least he’s great at video games. I wouldn’t mind playing with him again.”

That made me laugh softly, even as tears pricked behind my eyes. “Oh, would you now?”

“Yeah,” he mumbled. “He helped me beat Dad and Uncle Ethan.”

“Well,” I whispered, “that practically makes him a superstar.”

He laughed weakly, a small sound that soon faded into the rhythm of his slow, even breaths. He’d finally drifted off.

I lay there for a long while, just holding him, tracing tiny circles over his back.

Even now, after all that had happened, I still couldn’t quite believe this moment was real—my baby, back in my arms. My wolf, alive inside me.

And there was something beautifully poetic about Daniel being the one to sense Alina first.

Though I’d accepted her decision, it had bummed me out a little that I couldn’t share her existence with anyone.

But tonight, as my son’s words echoed in my head, I realized I didn’t need to share her with the world. It was enough that Daniel knew. After all, he was my world.

'...do you think Lucian's gonna join our family someday?'

His words rang in my mind. My world was expanding. Maya, Judy, Roxy, Finn, Talia...Lucian.

I'd caught the end of their video game tournament earlier. It had filled me with warmth to see Daniel and Lucian getting along great.

I didn't think synergy with my son was going to be a problem. But...

'Lucian once had a mate he actually loved...'

I'd pushed the revelation out of my mind when Roxy first mentioned it, brushed it away as a tactic to unsettle me.

But now that I was no longer in survival mode, I was free to worry and overthink and fret.

Luckily, this time, I didn't have to do it alone.

"Alina," I whispered into the dark, "what do you think of him?"

'Him?' she echoed.

I exhaled softly. "Lucian."

There was a pause—long enough that I began to think she might not answer. Then, slowly, her tone shifted into thoughtful caution.

'He carries an enigmatic aura,' she said. 'Something mysterious. But not tainted. I sense no malice in him. Only shadows that haven't decided what they want to be yet.'

"Shadows," I repeated softly. That seemed to be the running theme when it came to Lucian.  
"That's...comforting."

'You're disappointed,' she observed gently.

"I don't know," I admitted.

Truthfully, I'd expected a different answer. I wanted her to say she felt a connection between me and Lucian. Something...more.

'Alina,' I started hesitantly, 'If...if we came in contact with our destined mate, would you be able to sense him?'

Another long silence. The kind that fills with too much meaning.

When she finally spoke, her voice was softer than ever. 'Tell me, Sera. Do you still want a destined mate?'

The question hit deeper than I expected. I looked down at Daniel, his face peaceful in sleep, his hand still gripping the edge of my sleeve.

'I used to,' I answered honestly. 'When I was younger, I used to dream about it. About what it would feel like to belong to someone completely. To be loved so deeply and unconditionally.'

'And now?'

'Now...' I sighed. 'After everything that's happened—after being bound to someone who wasn't truly mine—I think I've learned to be okay without it.'

'You don't sound like you're okay with it,' she murmured. 'You sound sad.'

'I'm...not.'

Was I?

'I've made peace with it,' I continued quietly. 'I'm not that girl anymore—the one who kept trying to earn her worth by being perfect. If I don't have a destined mate, it doesn't mean I'm incomplete.'

There was warmth in this silence. Then: 'You've grown stronger, Sera.'

'I have,' I agreed. I'd overcome the Trials. The world had seen me not as the ex-wife of an Alpha or the stigmatized, discarded daughter of the Lockwoods—but as a leader. A champion.

'I've come this far already. I'll be fine.'

Alina was quiet for a moment longer before she said, almost hesitantly, 'You can't feel the bond yet because you can't Shift. When the time comes—when your body and my soul are one again—you'll see what fate has in store. The truth doesn't hide forever.'

Her words should have soothed, but they only elicited an ache in my chest.

I smiled faintly anyway. 'That sounds like something you'd say to make me feel better.'

'Maybe it is,' she admitted, amusement flickering. 'But that doesn't make it untrue.'

I closed my eyes; the room was silent except for Daniel's soft breathing and the faint hum of night beyond the window. I let my scattered thoughts still, let the steady rhythm of his heartbeat calm me.

I must have dozed off for a moment because the sudden vibration of my phone on the nightstand startled me.

I reached over, blinking against the glow of the screen. Kieran.

I hesitated, thumb hovering above the answer button as my insides knotted. Why would he be calling me this late at night? What could he possibly want?

'Well, you won't know until you answer,' Alina nudged, her tone indecipherable.

The phone kept buzzing, and somewhere inside me, a pulse of old, familiar electricity responded.

I exhaled slowly, trying to steady my heart before pressing accept.