

My Sister 170

Chapter 170 SO MANY QUESTIONS

SERAPHINA'S POV

The short drive home felt endless.

The city lights blurred through the car window, gold and silver against the dark glass; the hum of the tires was steady but distant. My thoughts, however, were anything but steady.

I couldn't stop thinking about my conversation with Lucian. About how every man I'd ever loved seemed to have loved someone else first.

My ex-husband loved my sister.

And now, my boyfriend's heart still belonged to another woman.

It felt like fate was mocking me. The same cruel story, woven again and again—different characters, same ending.

Kieran, with Celeste.

Lucian, with Zara.

Sera, left on the outside, longing for hearts that would never wholly be hers.

My grip tightened on the steering wheel. Was that all I was destined for? To live in the shadows of women men couldn't forget?

'You're stronger than that,' Alina's voice murmured in the quiet of my mind. Her tone wasn't soft exactly; it was the kind of firmness that steadied rather than scolded. 'Don't you dare let their ghosts define you.'

"I'm tired of being strong," I whispered, voice cracking. "I just want to be enough for someone. Just once."

'You already are,' she said, her voice like a low, familiar hum in the back of my skull. 'You've carried yourself through fire, Sera. You survived where others would've fallen apart. You don't need anyone's love to make you whole.'

I knew that. I knew deep down, I didn't need anybody's love to survive—not after everything I'd endured and overcome.

But Gods, I wanted it.

I ached for it.

Was that so bad? Wasn't I worthy of at least that?

'You are worthy of the kind of love that moves mountains, Sera. Do not settle until you get it.'

A shaky breath left me. 'Does that even exist?'

Alina was silent, and I could feel her uncertainty like it was mine. The kind of love that moves mountains? Yeah, right.

'Either way,' she finally said, 'I'll always be here, Sera. Me, and that little wolf who calls you Mom.'

That pulled a reluctant smile out of me. "You mean Daniel?"

'Exactly.' There was a warmth in her tone now. 'Between the two of us, you've already got all the love you need.'

I didn't answer. But the ache in my chest eased just a little.

That night, I lay awake in the dark, listening to the steady rhythm of my son's breathing against me.

The silence stretched long, pulling me into old memories—nights spent in a house that never felt like home, Kieran's indifference cutting sharper than words, Celeste's presence shadowing every move I made, even when she wasn't around.

The cold indifference in Kieran's eyes when he'd said, 'I want a divorce.'

And then Lucian's: 'More than anything in the world.'

He'd loved Zara more than anything in the world. How could I possibly compare to that?

Gods, I despised this—no matter how deeply I buried my insecurities, they clawed their way back to the surface at the slightest provocation.

I thought I was more than this. I thought I'd built something stronger out of my scars.

But maybe, deep, deep down, I was still the same girl—waiting to be chosen by someone who couldn't quite let go of someone else.

And that was the cruelest part. That even after everything, I still wanted to be chosen.

The next morning dawned gray and cool, matching my mood.

If I had my way, I would have spent the whole day curled up in bed feeling sorry for myself.

But Daniel had asked me, quietly, carefully, “Mom, can we go see Grandpa Edward?”

I had no idea where that request had come from. I hadn’t visited my father’s grave since the nightmare that was his funeral, and quite frankly, I would rather dive back into the Snowfield Arena butt naked than sit in front of Edward Lockwood’s gravestone.

But he was Daniel’s grandfather, and we’ve already established that I would find a way to shrink the moon and hang it on a necklace if my son asked.

So I kissed his head gently and whispered, “We’ll go after breakfast.”

Daniel and I stopped by the florist on the way, and he picked out a small bouquet of white lilies.

“Grandpa’s favorite,” he told me. I had no idea.

By the time we arrived at the cemetery, the morning fog had lifted, leaving the air clear and crisp.

The stone paths were slick with dew, the grass freshly trimmed. The cemetery was as beautiful as it was silent, its stillness broken only by rustling leaves and the distant call of birds.

Edward Lockwood’s grave sat at the top of a hill—an elevated, pristine plot overlooking the valley below. Typical of him, even in death, to want to be exalted above others.

I stopped a few paces away, my heart twisting.

Maybe I should have been angry—angry at him for being so pitiless to me. Angry that his legacy and family image were all that mattered to him. Angry that he’d died before I ever got a chance to prove my worth.

Instead, hollow, heavy sadness washed over me.

I stared at the photograph inset in the gravestone. A man who’d once seemed larger than life—and yet now was reduced to this cold, weatherworn slab.

My eyes locked on the engraved name.

Edward Lockwood, Visionary Alpha, Beloved Husband and Father.

Beloved. The irony was almost as funny as it was cruel.

“Hi, Grandpa,” Daniel said softly, stepping forward. His little hand set the flowers neatly at the base of the headstone. “Mom and I came to visit you.”

His voice was steady, and there was a touch of reverence in it that made my chest tighten.

“Sorry I haven’t come often,” he continued. “I spent some time on Dad’s private island.”

He plopped down on the slightly damp earth and crossed his legs. “You’ll never believe what’s been happening,” he said, excitement creeping into his voice. “Mom won a really huge competition. She was really amazing! You should’ve seen her.”

“Daniel,” I murmured, but he only smiled up at me.

“He should know,” he said. “I want him to be proud of you, too.”

I pressed my lips tightly, looking away as tears pricked my eyes.

Pride.

Would my father be proud of me if he were alive to witness the LST? Would he have mocked me for daring such an impossible-seeming dream? Or would he have just carried on ignoring me, indifferent to my efforts and achievements?

I thought back to the dream I'd had. How he'd declared I was meant for greatness and was going to be some kind of hero.

'Remember, little wolf. You were always meant for more.'

I still didn't know if that had been real or desperate wistfulness.

Had he really once believed in me so fiercely? Or had I always been an embarrassing disappointment?

So many questions; no way of getting answers.

We stayed for a while, Daniel chatting freely to the photograph as if his grandfather could hear him.

I didn't interrupt. I let him gloat about me to his heart's content, knowing his grandfather couldn't hear him.

Part of me wanted to let him believe it—that the dead could listen. Maybe I wanted to believe it too. That maybe, somewhere in the ether, my father could hear this. That he could be proud.

When Daniel finished, he rose to his feet and looked at me expectantly.

I crouched beside him, pressing a hand against the cool gravestone. "Goodbye, Father," I murmured. "Wherever you are, I hope..."

I didn't know what I hoped. All my hopes and dreams concerning my father died when he did.

"I hope you're at peace," I finished softly.

Just as I rose, a voice broke the quiet.

"Sera."

The voice was soft, tremulous, familiar.

I turned.

Margaret Lockwood stood a few meters away, a thin veil drawn loosely over her hair. She wore black and held a single white lily in her gloved hands.

No attendants followed her. I couldn't see a car idling at the gate. Just her—small and solitary against the vast expanse of gray stone and green grass.

The Lockwood estate wasn't far from here. Had she walked? How often did she come here? Had this become routine?

For a second, neither of us spoke. I thought of the last time I'd seen her, holding pie on my porch like a cruel trick of the mind.

Every time I saw her, she looked older. Deeper lines on her face, heavier shadows under her eyes, more silver threading through her hair. She looked like her very bones bore exhaustion.

It was like she was withering away before our eyes.

"You're here alone?" I asked finally.

She gave a small smile. "I prefer it that way. Your father's company is all I need."

Her voice was calm, almost gentle, but the faint tremor in it didn't escape me. The sharpness I'd always associated with her seemed blunted, worn down by time and grief.

Daniel looked up at her and gave her his signature warm smile. "Hi, Grandma."

Margaret's face lit up. "Hello, my love."

She spread her arms expectantly, and Daniel looked up at me in question.

I nudged him gently. "Go on, hug your grandmother."

He shot off towards her, but he was careful not to slam into her as he wrapped his arms around her thin waist.

She bent—slowly, like every motion cost her—and gathered him into her arms. The years seemed to fall away from her as she held him, her voice thick with tenderness. "Oh, look at you. You've grown taller, haven't you?"

"I think so," Daniel said proudly. "Mom says I might be taller than her soon."

My mother laughed softly, brushing his hair back. “You have strong Lockwood genes. Of course you’ll be tall. Strong, too.”

A strange pang went through me—not quite envy, not quite regret. That foolish longing again.

Daniel beamed. “I missed you, Grandma.”

Her eyes went glassy. “Oh, I missed you too, love.”

She pulled him back in, tucking him into her side as her gaze lifted to me again.

“Congratulations on winning the LST,” she said softly. “I’m so proud of you, dear.”

I wanted to tell her that I didn’t need her congratulations. I didn’t need her pride.

But my traitorous heart lurched, and I gave a stiff nod. “Thanks.”

“Would you...come by the estate? For a little while. It’s been so long since we were under the same roof.”

Her request was unlike the last time she'd asked. No entitlement, just...earnest longing. Like my presence in her home was the one thing she wanted most in the world.

I hesitated. The last thing I wanted was to walk those halls again, to breathe in that air that had reeked of stigma and judgment.

But when I looked at my mother—really looked—I saw something fragile there. Not manipulation, not guilt. Just...loneliness.

That huge house, those vast halls. Sure, there were a ton of servants, but where it counted, she was all alone.

“Alright,” I said quietly. “Just for a bit.”