

## **My Sister 175**

Chapter 175 YOU FEEL IT

SERAPHINA'S POV

For a moment, everything went still. The night. My pulse. My breath.

There was a ringing in my ears, high and shrill. It drowned out all else—except two words, repeating themselves over and over again in the span of a breath. The bond.

The bond. The bond. The bond.

“Fuck this.”

I turned on my heels, but I only took one step before Kieran reached for me, his hand catching my wrist—not rough, but firm enough to stop me.

The contact sent a violent spark of electricity up my arm, supercharging every cell in my body. Just like at the park. And the island. And the yacht. And the car wreck. And—

Fuck!

“You feel it,” he declared, every word soaked in desperation. “Sera, tell me you feel it.”

The anger came roaring back—fierce, burning. Stronger than any stupid fucking feeling.

“Is that what this is?” I whispered, rage shaking my entire being. “Your regret is your wolf tugging at you? You think I might be your mate, so suddenly I’m worth the trouble?”

He shook his head, stepping closer, but I backed away even as his hand stayed wrapped around my wrist. Gods, the sensation was dizzying.

“And what happens when you find out I’m not?” I demanded. “When some other woman’s touch stirs your precious bond, do I get discarded again?”

My vision blurred slightly, and I hated the quiver in my voice when I added, “That’s your MO, isn’t it?”

“Sera—”

“Save it.” I turned from him, fury thrumming in every nerve. “If that’s your reason for regret, it’s weak and pathetic. Whatever epiphany you’re having, I want no part of it. And I don’t want your atonement. I. Don’t. Want. You.”

There was that stupid pain flashing across his face again. “I know you may not believe me,” he said through clenched teeth. “But, Sera—whatever this is, it’s real. And I’m not walking away from it.”

For a moment, the sincerity in his gaze almost broke through my defenses. I nearly gave in.

But then memory crashed over me—vivid, biting. I remembered everything with sickening clarity: the humiliation of that morning after the Blood Moon Hunt, the icy silence of our marriage, the ruthless finality of our divorce. The pain swept aside the flicker of weakness, solidifying my resolve.

I yanked my hand free. An instant chill washed over me. “You already walked away, Kieran,” I said, my voice as cold as I felt. “You just didn’t expect me to walk too.”

His jaw tightened. “Sera—”

“Do you know what I wish for you, Kieran?”

His brows drew together as he waited.

I stepped closer. Close enough that I could hear the thunderous roar of his heart. Or maybe that was mine.

“I wish for you to get back together with Celeste.”

He froze, a deer in headlights.

“I wish for you two to get married, have many, many pups.” I stepped closer still, craned my neck so he could see the pure loathing in my eyes—at least I hoped that was the emotion I felt burning through me with icy intensity.

“I wish for you to spend the rest of your life trapped in a loveless marriage. I wish for your nights to be cold, empty. For you to long for a love you will never have. My throat tightened, but I forced out the rest of the sentence. The very love you threw away.”

I didn’t wait to see the effect of my words. I spun around and stalked up the stairs. Each step felt like I was fighting my way through a blizzard, equal parts numb and raw.

By the time I stopped in front of my door, my legs could barely hold me up.

“Don’t come to me again with half-truths and pretty regrets,” I said quietly. I didn’t look back. I couldn’t.

“Even if by some impossible twist of fate, we were bound by the Moon Goddess herself, that wouldn’t change anything. Some wounds aren’t meant to heal.”

I heard him exhale, long and broken, as I opened and closed the door behind me.

It shut with a heavy finality that echoed through the foyer like thunder rolling away.

I leaned back against it, my pulse still racing, my fingers trembling slightly as I pressed them against the cool wood.

For a long moment, I didn't move. Didn't breathe. The air in the house felt too thick, too full of everything I wanted to ignore—his scent, his voice, the look in his eyes when he said 'you.'

"Mom?" Daniel's voice floated faintly from the kitchen.

I swallowed hard, straightening. "I'm fine, sweetheart," I called back, my voice unsteady. "Go wash up for dinner, okay?"

"Is Dad...gone?"

My throat constricted. "Yeah, hon."

There was silence, and then: "Are you okay, Mom?"

A lump formed, blocking what little space was left in my airway. "I'm okay, baby," I choked out, wishing it was true.

Silence stretched again, and I half expected him to appear in front of me and see that the very last thing I was was fine.

“I’m not that hungry, Mom. The cereal was enough. I’ll go get ready for bed.”

And then the sounds of him padding up the stairs filtered into my ears.

I sagged against the door.

Thank the Goddess. Guilt and relief tangled with the other chaotic emotions inside me. Of course, I wanted to make dinner for my son, but the mere thought of doing anything other than collapsing into a heap felt impossible.

And that was how, with my back pressed against the door, I sank to the floor, drawing my knees to me.

I let the word out in a harsh whisper. “Alina.”

Her presence stirred inside me like a ripple over water. ‘You heard all of it,’ I said inwardly. ‘Tell me I’m not losing my mind. Tell me he’s wrong.’

For a few seconds, there was silence. Then, gently, ‘You’re not losing your mind,’ she murmured, her voice a low hum threaded through my veins. ‘But...I don’t know if he’s wrong either.’

I threw my head back, my eyes squeezed so tight, little starbursts of light bloomed behind my lids.

“You don’t know?” I asked aloud, incredulous. “You’re supposed to know. You’re my wolf.”

Her tone softened. ‘I told you, Sera, I can’t know till I have my full strength. Till you can Shift.’

That hollow ache opened in my chest again—the same pain I’d felt every time the absence of my wolf grew too great to bear.

‘I can feel you and you can feel me,’ she continued gently, ‘But the threads that tie us to others—the pull of a mate, the hum of destiny—they’re faint, like echoes behind a locked door.’

“So you’re saying it could be possible.” The words sounded preposterous coming out of my mouth.  
“Kieran could actually be my mate.”

‘He could be,’ Alina admitted after a long silence. ‘But...does it matter?’

That question sliced straight through me.

It mattered. It mattered a fucking lot. Helplessness and disbelief collided within me. I couldn't imagine anything crueler than learning that the connection I'd longed for all my life was with the person who'd caused me the most pain in the world.

I pressed a hand to my chest, feeling the frantic beat beneath my ribs. Dread and longing pulsed in equal measure. "I don't want it to matter," I said quietly. "I don't want anything to tie me to him again."

'Then it doesn't have to,' she said simply. 'The Moon Goddess in her infinite wisdom might weave the fabric of fate, but she doesn't force us to wear them. Not anymore. You have the right to choose, Sera. You've earned it.'

Tears burned the back of my eyes before I could stop them. "I suffered for ten years, Alina. Ten years of being unloved, unseen, unchosen. If this is fate, then it's cruel."

'Fate can be cruel,' she agreed. 'But it can also be rewritten.'

I closed my eyes, breathing in the faint scent of sugar and milk from Daniel's cereal. I could hear him clanging around upstairs. The sound of water running. He must have been brushing his teeth. He was oddly meticulous about that ritual. Ten strokes up and down. Ten strokes side to side. Five strokes in each corner.

I felt myself relax at the thought of my son.

That was my anchor. My purpose. Not Kieran's regrets, not the tangled strings of some flawed divine bond.



“You’re right,” I whispered. “Even if the Moon Goddess herself carved our names into the stars, I would still say no.”

Alina didn’t argue. She just hummed quietly—proud, perhaps, or simply at peace with my decision.

Still, as I walked toward Daniel’s room to check on him, I couldn’t ignore the faint shimmer of electricity beneath my skin—the echo of Kieran’s touch on my wrist, the spark that shouldn’t have been there.

It pulsed like a secret heartbeat. And no matter how much I tried, I couldn’t quite silence it.