

## **My Sister 190**

Chapter 190 SHADOWVEIL

KIERAN'S POV

My phone buzzed just after I'd finished reviewing Daniel's training footage for the day.

My mind was still half-focused on the way my son had squared his shoulders after being knocked down, refusing to stay down even when he was exhausted, so I wasn't paying much attention.

Then I saw her name on the screen, and my heart kicked against my ribs.

Sera.

I opened the message, expecting something about Daniel—maybe a last-minute concern, a question, a reminder.

Instead...

Sera: I'm letting you know this in case something happens to Daniel and I'm unreachable. I'm heading out of town for a few days to visit Lucian's pack in the south. If anything comes up, contact Maya—she knows how to reach me.

I read it again. Three times. Ten times.

Each word sharpened in my chest until it felt like my lungs were working around a blade lodged somewhere inside them.

'Lucian's pack.'

She was going to Lucian Reed's pack.

It shouldn't have hit this hard.

I knew how close they were; it was only a matter of time. But knowing something and feeling it become real were entirely different.

She was going into his territory, into his world.

His people would see her. Unlike mine, they would not be blind and ignorant. They would welcome her. Accept her.

I forced a breath out slowly.

She didn't owe me anything. Not explanations, not reassurance, not permission.

And yet...

She sent this.

Matter-of-fact. Distant. For Daniel's sake. But still sent.

That had to mean something...right?

My fingers hovered over the screen, a dozen replies forming and dying at the tips of my fingers.

'Have a safe trip.'

'Is that really necessary?'

'I understand.'

'How well do you really know Lucian? Are you sure you can trust him?'

'Thank you for letting me know.'

'Please don't go.'

I locked the phone before I could send anything I'd regret.

My chest cinched tight, a slow, cold squeeze.

Ashar had barely spoken to me since that night in Sera's driveway. I didn't need his voice berating me, though; I could do it just fine on my own.

'You have no right to hold her back—you lost that years ago.'

'Let her go. Let her find what you couldn't give her.'

Daniel had already started the most intense part of his training and needed me present. He needed my guidance, my grounding. I couldn't leave. Couldn't hover around her like a shadow. Couldn't follow her south.

And in my bid to fix what I had broken, I wouldn't interfere with what she chose for herself.

I wouldn't sabotage it. Wouldn't challenge Lucian.

That didn't mean I trusted the bastard.

Not with how her life had been a beacon for danger. Not after how many close calls she'd had. Not after nearly losing her more times than I could handle remembering.

I unlocked my phone again—opened a different thread.

I forwarded Sera's message, then typed.

Kieran: Assemble a covert perimeter watch. Complete stealth. No pack insignia. Operate outside Shadowveil's borders. Do not interfere or report unless she is in danger. Handpick loyal and discreet personnel.

Gavin responded within seconds.

Gavin: On it

Gavin: ...you okay?

Kieran: Just get it done.

Gavin: Understood...Alpha Grumpy.

I rolled my eyes, ending the thread.

And then I opened Sera's message again.

Stared at it for a long moment.

This time, I typed my reply carefully—every word feeling measured against a silent storm inside me.

'Understood. Thank you for letting me know. You don't need to worry about Daniel while you're gone. Have a safe trip.'

My finger hovered over send.

It felt too formal. Too cold. Too distant.

But anything warmer would be selfish.

I hit send.

For a few seconds, I just sat there, still, silent, breathing through a grief that wasn't quite grief—but something much more painful.

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SERAPHINA'S POV

By the time we crossed the southern ridge and the forest canopy peeled open to reveal Shadowveil territory, my breath had already caught in my throat twice.

Not because the journey was long—which it was—or because I was nervous—which I was—but because nothing about this place was anything like I had imagined.

Lucian had spoken of his pack sparingly, and with the next-to-nothing information Maya and I had uncovered from our cyber stalking session, I'd expected cold stone fortresses buried deep in a mountain range shrouded in near-mythical isolation.

Something claustrophobic. Remote. Untouchable.

But as the car followed the winding stone path, I felt my shoulders slowly loosen.

Shadowveil was...alive.

Wild. Untamed. Thriving.

Thick evergreen forests sprawled over rugged cliffs. Streams cut silver ribbons through grassy slopes. Wildflowers pushed through moss-covered stones like they owned the earth.

The pack house rose from the landscape like it had grown there rather than been built—dark timber, obsidian brickwork, wide terraces overlooking the valley below.

And the people...

Almost immediately, I noticed how many of them were women. Not just present—but leading, commanding, training, working in pairs or squads.

I sensed an atmosphere of strength here. Something not derived from power displays or intimidation—but from confidence, unity, and shared resilience.



Alina hummed with quiet approval. 'This place remembers its storms—but it still blooms.'

When I stepped out of the vehicle, Lucian was there waiting.

The wind ruffled his hair slightly, making him look less composed than usual, but there was something in his eyes I'd never seen before—grounded, rooted, at ease.

He was home.

His voice was low, warm. "Welcome to Shadowveil, Sera."

For a moment, all I could do was nod and whisper in awe, "It's beautiful."

"I should sure hope so, considering what he gave up to build this place."

A surprised smile split my face as Alpha William stepped out from behind Lucian. "William!"

He winked, then extended a hand. "It's lovely to see you again, Sera." His smile widened. "Or should I say, Champion?"

My cheeks heated up. I would never get used to this.

Before I could respond, another voice cut in—bright, teasing, and unapologetically curious.

“Move, both of you—she’s mine first!”

A woman about my age, maybe slightly younger, with a cascade of raven-black hair and sharp amber eyes, practically bounced towards me with a grin so wide it was disarming.

Trailing her at a more composed pace was a tall man with sun-warmed skin and sharp gray eyes that missed nothing. His presence carried quiet authority—steady, grounded, and unmistakably Beta.

The woman stopped in front of me with a flourish. “Hi! I’m Sabrina.” She pointed at herself. “The best-looking sibling. Also Lucy and Willy’s favorite sister.”

Lucian gave her a long-suffering look. “You’re our only sister.”

“Yeah,” she said, waving that off. “But I’m still the favorite.”

Lucian rolled his eyes and gestured to the man behind Sabrina. “Sera, this is Reece—my Beta.”

Reece gave a small nod, his voice calm but firm. "Welcome to Shadowveil, Sera. It's nice to officially meet you."

"Thank you," I said, startled by the warmth and familiarity in his tone.

I'd seen him around OTS occasionally, a presence that lingered at the edges, but never fully registered. I never imagined that he was Lucian's Beta.

Sabrina elbowed him out of the way. "Good. Good. We've gotten the boring welcome out of the way."

She turned back to me without missing a beat. "I have waited months for this!" She reached out and grabbed my hands. "Are you ready for a tour and unfiltered sibling commentary?"

"I—uh—yes?" I answered, a little overwhelmed.

Sabrina beamed. "Perfect. Follow me."

She hooked her arm lightly through mine almost naturally, like we'd known each other for thirty years instead of thirty seconds.

Already moving, she called over her shoulder, "Don't worry, Lucy, I'll bring her back in one piece!"

"It's Lucian," he muttered with the exasperated sigh of someone who'd made the correction a hundred times. But I caught the way the corner of his mouth threatened a smile.

Within minutes, Sabrina had me weaving through the heart of the pack.

"This training yard," she said, pointing to a large area of packed earth and weathered stone, "is where Lucian tried to test a new formation during the rainy season. Forgot to account for the slick ground. Half the squad wiped out in a perfect synchronized fall. Very majestic."

"It was a tactical experiment." Lucian, having trailed behind us with silent vigilance, gave her a deadpan look. "You test these things and pick what works and what doesn't."

"Mm-hm," Sabrina said. "You proved that gravity works."

Lucian sighed. "This was a mistake."

I bit back a laugh.

As we continued, Sabrina shared stories—not just about Lucian, but about the pack's history.

She pointed to the stone bridge arching over a narrow stream and told me how, after a flood had swept it away two years ago, Lucian and his highest-ranking warriors had rebuilt it by hand, stone by stone, so the farmers on the other side wouldn't be cut off from the pack.

She told me how Shadowveil had nearly been invaded four years ago, and it was the women who led the counter-attack. How trust here wasn't granted through lineage, but through grit and heart.

Little by little, through Sabrina's candid storytelling, Lucian's past—which had once felt like a locked room—began forming in my mind like a mosaic.

Eventually, we stopped at a quiet garden carved against a cliffside. A single bench overlooked a sweeping view of the valley.

Sabrina sat first, patting the space beside her.

I joined her, and only then did I realize that at some point, Lucian had respectfully stepped back, giving us space.

Sabrina let the wind carry silence for a moment before she spoke again, softer this time.

"I know you know about Zara."

My breath hitched.

She continued, unflinching. “Most people get fidgety when the topic comes up. Some avoid it like it’s cursed. I don’t. She was a phenomenal Luna—for the brief period of her reign. But she’s gone now, and nothing can bring her back.”

I forced in a slow breath. “I’m not here to erase anyone.”

“I know,” she said gently. Then her eyes met mine—warm, steady. Like her brother’s. “Zara was fire, steel, a storm with purpose. You”—she smiled faintly—“are gentle. Steady. A quiet strength. That’s often the most powerful.”

A tightness formed in my chest.

She took a deep breath. “After Zara died, I was terrified Lucian would live trapped between grief and guilt forever. That everyone who tried to get close would just become a ghost he compared to her. That wasn’t what any of us wanted. Not even Zara.”

I swallowed hard, unable to form an answer.

“So I want you to know this,” Sabrina continued, voice carrying fierce conviction. “From the moment you stepped out of that car, I could already tell. You aren’t Zara. You don’t even remind me of her—not one bit. And Lucian is not blind. He’s not a man who confuses his past with his present.”

She winked at me, almost knowingly. “Or his future.”

I let out a huff of breath, remembering the question I asked him that day in the exhibition hall: ‘How can you face the future when the past still has such a strong hold on you?’

Sabrina leaned back, gaze drifting to the sky. “Shadowveil is a very amiable pack. Every bit of friendship you find while you’re here...every kindness, every admiration—it’s because of you, Sera. Not because you’re a shadow of someone we lost. If you don’t believe that, you might miss out on something beautiful.”

A soft breeze drifted through the trees.

Alina’s presence brushed against me, a quiet, acknowledging hum.

Slowly, I exhaled. “Thank you,” I murmured. “I’ll keep that in mind.”

Sabrina’s expression softened into something like relief.

“Good,” she said brightly, clapping her hands once. “Now—come on. Any more dallying and Lucy will come find us with a lecture about schedule structure.”

I stood, smiling faintly as she tugged me along again.

And as we walked back through the heart of Shadowveil, I found myself looking around with new eyes. Not as a stranger passing through, but as someone being invited—not chased, not claimed, not compared.

Simply...welcomed.