

## **My Sister 195**

Chapter 195 MOONLIT SPRING

SERAPHINA'S POV

I had no idea how long I just stayed there, staring at the Moonlit Spring.

The voices around me had faded completely now—no more soft laughter, no more whispered prayers.

Only the rustle of wind through trees, the distant hoot of an owl, and the delicate sound of water lapping at stone.

I should have left. This was borderline trespassing.

But something in me resisted the idea of turning away.

A faint tremor pulsed under my ribs, like a heartbeat that didn't belong to me. It still sometimes took me off guard when I felt her.

Alina.

She brushed the edges of my thoughts like a ghost. She didn't speak, didn't make a sound. But there was a...feeling—an attraction. Like a magnet buried in the spring was drawing me in.

I stood slowly, my bare feet pressing against the damp earth. The grass was cold, slick with dew.

Each breath I drew in seemed to deepen the pull between the water and me, as though the spring itself recognized something I didn't yet understand.

I wanted to feel it.

I wanted to know if the moon would reject me—or welcome me despite everything.

Before I could think better of it, my fingers crept to the rope of my robe as I took a step forward.

Then another.

I'd almost reached the water's edge when a familiar voice, low and calm, cut through the night.

"Sera."

Lucian's tone wasn't commanding, but it carried enough quiet authority to still me completely.

He stepped out from the shadows near the stone ring, moonlight painting his face in sharp relief. His dark hair caught silver at the edges, his expression unreadable.

He had shed his robe and was wearing long cotton pants, but his torso was bare, moonlight carving every muscle in exquisite detail. I noticed that his tattoo sleeve extended right over his chest, and an Alpha insignia encircled the space over his heart.

For a heartbeat, neither of us moved.

Then his eyes softened. "You can't," he said quietly.

"I—" I swallowed, fingers clutching at the robe's loose edge. "I didn't mean any disrespect."

He shook his head gently, already moving closer. "It's not that. You don't belong to Shadowveil."

The words weren't cruel, merely factual—but they struck harder than I expected.

Belong...

Gods, I'd never belonged to any pack. Not truly.

"I know," I whispered, lowering my gaze. "I just...I felt something calling. Like I was supposed to."

"I don't doubt that," Lucian murmured. "The spring calls to those who carry pain and longing. But entering it without the pack's blessing...it could invite backlash. Not just with the pack elders. The water recognizes allegiance. It can purify—or punish."

I looked down at the pool again. It seemed so calm, so harmless.

"I wasn't thinking," I admitted. My throat tightened with the words. "I just wanted..."

"What did you want?" he asked gently when I trailed off.

I hesitated. My voice came out barely above a whisper. "To feel the cleansing. The blessing."

I wanted to feel whatever inner peace I'd seen in the eyes of other pack members who dipped in the spring.

Something flickered in Lucian's eyes then—understanding, not pity.

He closed the distance between us, careful, unhurried. The scent of pine and woodsmoke clung to him, grounding in the heavy silence.

“Then let me guide you,” he said softly. “With me, the spring won’t turn you away.”

My breath hitched. “You’d do that?”

He smiled kindly. “You’ve been walking among my people, sharing our table. If the moon sees you through me, she will not reject you.”

“I don’t want to cause trouble,” I said, even as hope rose in me.

“You won’t,” he assured, holding out his hand. “Trust me.”

For a long moment, I just looked at that hand—broad, strong, waiting.

And then, slowly, I reached out and took it. Lucian led me the short remaining steps to the water’s edge.

Then his hand fell from mine, and I knew what came next.

With a deep exhale, I let my fingers fall from the rope of the robe. The fabric slipped from my shoulders, whispering against my skin, and pooled at my feet.

Despite our history, despite the brief pockets of intimacy throughout our relationship, standing there, completely exposed before Lucian made my stomach flutter with a quiet, shy panic.

His gaze never strayed from mine, though, calm, steady, unwavering.

There was no trace of desire in his eyes—only gentle guidance, a patience that soothed the tight coil of nerves in my chest.

The instinct to look away, to hide, was overshadowed by the pull of the spring and the moonlight anchoring me in place.

“It’s okay,” he said softly. “Just breathe.”

I swallowed and drew in a shaky breath, letting the cool night air brush over me, tickling my skin in a way that made me acutely aware of every curve and shadow of myself.

Lucian extended his hand again, and this time I took it without hesitation. His grip was warm, solid, grounding. The contrast between his touch and the chill in the air softened the edges of my anxiety.

He guided me forward, slow and sure. My bare toes touched the water first—cool, sharp. A shiver ran up my legs.

“It’s cold,” I whispered.

“Let it in,” he murmured, his thumb brushing reassuringly across my knuckles. “Don’t fight it.”

I swallowed, the tension in my shoulders easing as the water reached my calves, then my knees. Holding Lucian’s hand was like having a lifeline through the uncertainty.

When the water reached my waist, I gasped—the cold pressed against my ribs with a startling electric shock.

Lucian’s voice anchored me. “Breathe.”

I did. And as the air filled my lungs, the world beyond the spring faded: the trees, the wind, the light murmur of voices.

Only the moon above and the reflection below existed, enclosing me in a perfect circle of light and water that seemed to reach into every fractured part of me.

With every breath, the pull under my ribs—the pulse of Alina—grew stronger, clearer, sharp enough to leave me breathless.

The water felt alive, a conduit for something greater than pain or fear or doubt. My bare arms lifted slightly, tracing patterns over the surface, feeling the gentle resistance, the liquid silk brushing against my skin.

Lucian's hand remained steady in mine, his gaze focused somewhere far away, as if listening to something I couldn't hear.

"Now," he said quietly, "make your wish. Not in words. In your heart."

I closed my eyes.

What do I wish for?

The answer came almost immediately—To be whole. With my wolf. With my heart.

The water shifted around me, brushing against my skin like a sigh.

My eyes flew open. The moonlight seemed brighter now, almost blinding. The surface of the water rippled with threads of light weaving toward me. It seemed to pulse—alive, resonant.



Lucian's grip tightened as if he'd felt it too. "You're doing fine," he murmured.

The water hummed—low, deep, almost melodic.

And then, as suddenly as it had risen, the energy settled. I stood trembling, but no longer cold.

Lucian squeezed my hand once before releasing it slowly. "It's done."

When we stepped out of the spring, the night air clung warm against my soaked skin. My pulse was still racing with something I didn't yet understand.

He reached for a familiar folded blanket resting on one of the nearby stones.

"You had that ready," I said, managing a weak smile.

He lifted a brow, amusement ghosting across his face. "I had a feeling you wouldn't leave without touching the water."

I wrapped the blanket around myself. It was impossibly soft.

"Thank you," I murmured.

He nodded, his gaze tracing the silver path of moonlight over the spring. "The ceremony wasn't meant for outsiders, but I think...maybe the moon had other plans tonight."

I followed his gaze. "You really believe that?"

"I don't believe," he said softly. "I know."

Something in the certainty of his tone sent another shiver through me.

Lucian turned back toward me, expression thoughtful. "There's something else you should do. Tonight's moonlight is especially strong. And the spring will amplify its effects."

My brows furrowed. "Amplify what?"

He smiled softly. "One moment."

I watched in confusion as he stepped out of sight. But he wasn't gone for long.

And when he reappeared, he was holding a small crystal vial filled with a pale, silvery liquid that glimmered.

I blinked. "Is that..."

"The Moon Dew Nectar," he affirmed softly. "I had Sabrina retrieve it from your room. I apologize for violating your privacy."

A huff of air escaped me. "How did you know I would bring it?"

He smiled faintly. "I had a feeling."

I laughed, suddenly breathless.

"You've hesitated to drink it," he noted softly.

My throat tightened. "I know." I sighed. "What if I drink it and...nothing happens?"

He held the vial out to me, light refracting between us. "The effects of the Nectar are different for individuals, so I can't give you a definite outcome. But what I am certain of is that the moon and spring have already blessed you, Sera. There's no better time than now. You earned this; you deserve a chance to find out what it can do for you."

I hesitated, staring at the shimmering liquid.

I'd lived years without Alina. Years of silence where her voice should've been. Having echoes of her presence was one thing. But, the thought of what the Moon Dew Nectar would do...

It felt terrifying—hope always did.

But Lucian's gaze was sure. Patient. Unwavering.

"Trust me," he said again, softer this time. But just as confident.

I reached out and took the vial. The glass was cool against my palm, the liquid pulsing faintly as if it had a heartbeat.

"What will it feel like?" I asked quietly.

He tipped his chin, a faint smile touching his lips. "You tell me."

I chuckled softly. And then, before I could second-guess myself, I uncorked the vial, lifted it to my lips, and drank.

The Nectar was colder than I expected—sweet, sharp, metallic.

At first, nothing happened. Then—

Fire.

It wasn't pain exactly, but a spreading heat that raced through my veins, igniting every dormant part of me. The empty vial slipped out of my hand as my knees buckled.

Lucian caught me instantly, steadying me with both hands. "Breathe," he commanded, firm but gentle. "Just like the spring—let it in."

My vision swam. The trees shimmered at the edges. My heartbeat thundered against my ribs like a caged animal trying to break free.

"I—I can't—"

"You can," he said. "You've already faced worse. Feel it. Don't fight."

The heat surged again, climbing up my spine until it burst behind my eyes. For a heartbeat, everything went white, and I thought the world—or my skull—might crack open.

Every nerve in my body lit up like lightning. I trembled, half from shock, half from something visceral that gripped me fiercely.

And then I heard it.

A laugh. A wild, fierce, unrestrained laugh that echoed through my soul, my entire being.

‘That. Feels. Amazing!’