

My Sister 203

Chapter 203 A PIECE OF THE MOON

SERAPHINA'S POV

My fingers hovered over the ribbon on the box for what seemed like an eternity before finally pulling it loose and lifting the lid.

Inside, nestled against a pale velvet lining, was a necklace.

A slender silver chain held a pendant shaped like a crescent moon. Fixed in its hollow center was a single pearly blue stone. Moonstone.

My breath caught.

It wasn't expensive-looking. It wasn't meant to be. But...

The line came back to me—the one I'd woven at the end of *The Sound of Midnight Waves*: 'You deserve the world,' the hero told his love. 'If I could, I would take a piece of the moon and hang it on a necklace for you.'

It was a sweet, sentimental line. But it always had a deeper meaning—one I never explained to anyone, not even Elaine. It was for me, for the girl who waited for her husband to come home and give her the world.

And that's when I knew without a doubt—every detail from tonight, from the ocean view to the candles to the seat on the terrace, had been intentional.

And this...

This necklace was the final echo.

I ran my thumb slowly over the smooth surface of the moonstone, my heart stuttering with each pass.

"I had this made," Kieran said softly, his voice breaking into my reverie. "A piece of the moon...on a necklace."

I swallowed, trying to find my voice. "You...read it. My book."

"I did." He gave a small, self-effacing smile. "Every word."

I wanted to say something biting. I wanted to remind him that reading my books now wouldn't change what had happened. That this gift—no matter how thoughtful and sweet and heart-wrenching—couldn't rewrite the years we'd lost.

But I couldn't.

Because in that moment, with the warm amber glow of the dashboard light softening his features, I saw a flicker of the man I had once loved so fiercely—the man I used to imagine holding me beneath the same kind of moonlight that glinted off this pendant.

And my heart forgot everything that came after.

When he reached out a tentative hand, I didn't move away.

"Can I?" he asked quietly. "Help you put it on?"

My fingers tightened around the pendant. I should've said no. I should've made it clear that this—whatever this was—wasn't a second chance.

But all I did was nod.

He moved closer, the scent of him—fresh, faintly woody, so achingly familiar—curling through me like smoke.

A shiver ran down my spine as his fingers brushed the back of my neck, and he fastened the clasp, the metal cool against my skin.

And suddenly I wasn't sitting in a car.

I was back at that bar, standing in front of the audience while Kieran clasped Lillian's necklace around my neck. Except, this was...more.

This wasn't someone else's treasure or an heirloom passed through generations.

It was new—made for me, thought into being for me. The curve of silver, the subtle glow of the moonstone, whispered of intention. It wasn't someone else's memory. It was mine.

That realization hit with such force that I had to steady my breath.

"There," Kieran said finally, his voice low as he dropped his hands. "It suits you."

"Does it?" My words came out softer than I intended.

His gaze met mine through the reflection in the window—his expression open, vulnerable. "You look beautiful."

A part of me wanted to tear the necklace off, to shatter this fragile illusion before it took root.

But another part—the foolish, trembling part that still craved the warmth of his arms around me—just sat there.

It wasn't fair. It wasn't fucking fair.

This—dinner, the necklace, him—was all I ever wanted. But why now? After I'd cut my losses and was doing my hardest to move on?

A well of emotions rose in me, fierce and overwhelming. I don't know what I would have done in the next moment if Daniel hadn't stirred in the backseat.

"Mom?" he mumbled, breaking the fragile spell. "Are we home?"

I exhaled shakily, forced a smile onto my face, and unbuckled my seatbelt before speaking. "Yes, baby. We're home."

He yawned and sat up. "G'night, Dad. Thanks for dinner."

Kieran turned and ruffled his hair affectionately. "Goodnight, bud. Sleep well."

And then he turned to me and smiled, a small, wistful curve of his lips. "Goodnight, Sera."

"Goodnight." My voice was barely above a whisper. "And...thanks."

When Daniel and I stepped into the house, I couldn't help but peek through the foyer window. I watched the headlights get smaller and smaller.

And then he was gone.

"Mom?"

I turned to Daniel, my cheeks warm like I'd been caught doing something bad.

His lips curved slightly. "That's a pretty necklace."

I instinctively raised a hand to the necklace. "Thanks," I whispered. "It was a gift."

"From Dad?"

I hesitated, then nodded. "Yes."

He leaned forward, curiosity brightening his sleepy face. “And he got it from your book?”

My mouth fell open. “You need to stop pretending to be asleep.”

Daniel laughed. “You’ll only say what’s on your mind if you think I can’t hear.”

I shook my head, laughing softly as we walked into the house. “You’re getting cheekier and cheekier by the day.”

He grinned. “So, will you tell me about the book? Or can I read it?”

I froze.

My brain screamed ‘absolutely not!’ as images of steamy scenes and themes far too mature for a nine-year-old flashed through my mind.

“Uh, maybe not that one just yet,” I said quickly. “It’s a little...advanced.”

He frowned. “But you always tell me stories.”

“Yes,” I said, laughing nervously, “but those are different. This one’s a grown-up story.”

He tilted his head, his eyes sparkling. “Like...with kissing?”

My face went hot. “Among other things,” I muttered.

Daniel chuckled, far too pleased with himself. “Your face is red.”

“Okay, topic change,” I said, crouching to his level. I met his gaze with exaggerated seriousness. “Because I have a surprise for you.”

That got his attention immediately. “A surprise?”

I nodded, unable to stifle my grin. “Remember how I told you Alina was getting stronger?”

He nodded.

“Well...when I went visiting Lucian’s pack, I Shifted partially.”

Daniel's eyes widened to the size of saucers. "Really?!"

I nodded. "It was just my hands that formed into claws, and there was some fur, but—"

"Oh, Mom!" He threw his arms around my neck, and I wrapped my arms around him, squeezing tightly.

"That's so exciting!"

I laughed. "Yeah, it is."

He pulled back slightly, his little brows scrunching up. "Did it hurt? My trainers said first transformations are very painful, even for young wolves. For adults who Shift late, it could be"—his frown deepened—"agonizing."

My chest warmed at his very adult-like concern.

"Oh, baby." I cupped his face in my hands, using my thumb to smooth the crease between his brows.

He exhaled. "Was it bad?"

I hesitated, memories flickering—the fierce burning, Lucian’s calm voice guiding me, the steady strength of his hand grounding me as the sensations rolled through.

“It could’ve been,” I admitted softly. “But Lucian helped me. He made sure it wasn’t.”

Daniel nodded slowly. “Lucian’s really strong.”

“He is.”

“And kind,” Daniel added, looking up at me with thoughtful eyes. “He’s helped you a lot, hasn’t he?”

I smiled. “He has.”

There was a pause—long enough for me to notice the way Daniel’s expression shifted, curiosity shadowed by something else.

“Mom?” he said quietly.

“Yes, love?”

He hesitated, biting his lip. "Are you...gonna choose Lucian?"

The question hit like a pebble dropped into still water—small, but the ripples went deep.

"Choose?" I echoed.

"Like...as your mate," he clarified, his voice hesitant. "He's always there for you. And he's helped you a lot."

I exhaled slowly, sitting down on the couch. "Daniel..."

He came to sit beside me, watching me with those earnest eyes that made it impossible to lie.

I brushed a strand of hair from his forehead. "Lucian is very dear to me. He's been an amazing friend and mentor. But right now, I'm not looking for anything more than that."

His mouth formed into an adorable little pout. "Why?"

"Because," I said gently, "I need to focus on you. On us. You're turning ten soon, remember? That's a big deal. After the heir ceremony, you'll start feeling your wolf more strongly, and I want to be ready. I want to work on myself, get stronger and faster, so I can help when you Shift."

His face brightened immediately. "You will! I know you will, Mom."

I laughed softly. "You think so?"

"I know so," he said firmly. "You and Alina can do anything."

Warmth bloomed in my chest. "You have a lot of faith in us."

"And you don't disappoint," he said simply.

The fierce conviction in his tone made my throat tighten and my eyes sting with unshed tears.

"Thank you," I whispered, pulling him into a hug.

He wrapped his arms around me, his small body warm against mine. "Don't forget your promise," he said into my shoulder. "When I Shift, we'll go running together."

I smiled into his hair. "I could never forget. I look forward to it with my whole heart."

I felt his smile against my skin.

We sat like that for a long while, the house hushed around us. In that quiet moment, with Daniel's heartbeat pressed against mine, I remembered what mattered most.

Not the past.

Not the broken love I once mourned.

But the future I was still building—one day at a time.