

My Sister 209

Chapter 209 WRITER'S BLOCK

SERAPHINA'S POV

By the time we got home, the sky had already bruised into twilight. The air was cool and smelled faintly of rain—one of those soft, in-between evenings when everything felt calm.

Daniel trudged beside me, his hand warm in mine. He was quieter than usual, which wasn't entirely odd after a long day. But something about his silence tonight felt different.

"Quite a day, huh?" I said as we stepped into the foyer.

He gave a small shrug. "It was okay."

"Just okay?"

He nodded, eyes fixed on his sneakers. "Yeah."

I helped him out of his jacket and hung it on the rack. His shoulders slumped, and I noticed a faint scuff on the knee of his jeans—one that hadn't been there this morning.

“Did you and the twins have fun?” I asked, trying for lightness.

There was a pause. Then he mumbled, “They’re...fine.”

That tone—guarded, evasive—put me instantly on alert. Daniel was a talker. Vague answers weren’t like him.

I crouched so we were eye level. “Fine?”

He lifted his gaze reluctantly. “Yeah. They can be kinda annoying sometimes, though.”

I arched a brow. “Annoying how?”

He hesitated, shifting from foot to foot, clearly weighing whether to tell me the truth.

I recognized that look—it was the same one Kieran used to wear when he was younger, whenever he didn’t want to admit something had gotten under his skin. Hell, he still had that look now.

Finally, Daniel sighed, playing with the hem of his shirt. “Just...you know. They talk a lot. Say...things. And sometimes they act like they know everything. But it’s fine.”

That wasn't the whole story. I could feel it. But the last thing I wanted was to make him feel like he had to tattle.

Whatever happened with the twins, he clearly didn't want to make a fuss—and I didn't want to push. I trusted him enough to handle small storms on his own.

After all, he'd handled worse.

Look at me, easing off my worried mother hen nature.

"Mm," I said. "Twins can be a handful, and Noah and Zach are going through some things. You handled them pretty well today, though. I'm proud of you."

That earned me a small smile. "Yeah. I guess I'm lucky I don't have brothers like that."

I laughed softly. "You like being an only child, huh?"

He shrugged. "I guess."

He looked thoughtful for a moment, then said with an almost shy grin, "But...you know, if you ever decided to have another baby, I wouldn't mind a sister."

I blinked. "A sister?" Another baby??

"Yeah. Sisters are nicer. Probably."

I brushed a strand of hair from his forehead. "That's not always true, you know. Sisters can be quite a handful, too."

He tilted his head. "Like Aunt Celeste?"

That made me laugh outright. "Exactly like Aunt Celeste."

Daniel laughed too, and the shadow that had hung over him seemed to lift a little.

I placed a gentle hand on his shoulder. "Hey," I said softly.

He looked at me expectantly, eyes bright.

"You know you can tell me anything, right? If something—or someone—is bothering you. You don't need to shoulder everything just because you're going to be Alpha one day."

His lips pressed together, then softened. "I know, Mom."

"Good." I smiled. "And even when you're officially heir, that doesn't mean you have to do everything by yourself. You've got me. Always."

His throat bobbed as he nodded, and for a moment, he just looked at me, like he was studying my features, committing them to memory.

Then he stepped forward and hugged me, arms tight around my waist.

"Thanks, Mom," he mumbled against my sweater.

I held him close, my heart swelling. "Anytime, my little Alpha."

He chuckled at the nickname, the sound muffled by my chest. Then he pulled back and grinned. "I'm not afraid of them, you know."

I nodded. "I know."

He shrugged. "They're just jealous."

A twinge of sadness went through me, remembering how Noah's voice trembled when he talked about his mom.

I smiled softly, sadly. "You might be right about that."

The first thing Daniel did when he came home was move back into his own room.

"I'm going to be an Alpha one day," he'd said, his seriousness tempered by how tightly he clutched Wolfy as I made his bed, "I can't keep sleeping with my mommy."

I'd laughed and kissed his forehead. "Alpha or no, you'll always be my baby."

Later that night, after I tucked him in and listened to his breathing even out, I slipped into my own room.

I sat on the edge of my bed, and after months of neglect, I opened my laptop, its pale glow washing over me in the dark.

My most recent chat with Elaine was still there, the last message she'd sent hovering like an unanswered thought.

'Hey, Sera—just wanted to check in. Any thoughts about picking up the sequel again? No rush, I'm just curious where your head's at.'

I read and reread it over and over again.

So much had happened after I got shot in the park. I'd promised myself I'd start after the LST, but then came the visit to Shadowveil, and now there was Daniel's ceremony to prepare for.

Life just kept happening.

Or maybe I was just looking for excuses.

On a whim, I created a new blank document.

I stared at it for a long time, and the cursor blinked back at me, steady and patient, like it knew I wasn't ready to fill the silence yet.

With a frustrated huff, I closed the laptop. The click felt final, almost reproachful.

Lying back against the pillows, I stared at the ceiling, where the faint moonlight shining through the curtains painted shifting patterns.

My mind refused to settle. It jumped from Daniel's tight smile to my mother's bracelet, to Kieran's necklace. The ache of things unresolved lingered.

This wasn't the time to create something new. Not when my life held so much uncertainty. Not when I was still piecing myself together.

I reached for my laptop and opened it again.

My fingers flew across the keyboard as I typed out a message to Elaine.

'Honestly, Elaine? My head's a mess right now. There's too much uncertainty in my life, and I don't think I can pour from an empty cup. Writing feels impossible when everything else is so unsettled.'

Her reply came almost instantly.

'Whenever you're ready, Sera. The sequel can wait. You can't rush healing—or inspiration.'

I exhaled a relieved laugh.

'Thank you, Elaine. You're too good to me; I don't deserve you.'

'That is very correct ;)'

I laughed again, falling back on the bed.

I stared at the ceiling again and wondered if I would ever reach a moment of clarity. When all the floating pieces of my life clicked into the perfect picture.

'You will,' Alina's voice stirred softly, her familiar warmth brushing through me.

I exhaled, the tension in my chest easing just a little.

'You think so?' I asked silently.

Her presence hummed gently within me, steady and grounding.

'I know so. Besides, you've faced worse storms than writer's block.'

A faint smile tugged at my lips. "Yeah," I whispered aloud. "I guess I have."