

My Sister 210

Chapter 210 A PERSONAL TOUCH

SERAPHINA'S POV

The next morning, I took Daniel to be fitted for his ceremonial attire.

For generations, the Blackthorne family had trusted a single tailor—Henry Whitlow, an elderly craftsman whose hands, though lined with age, still carried the precision of decades spent dressing Nightfang Alphas.

These days, Henry mostly sent his apprentice to handle fittings, but for this occasion, Kieran had insisted on having the old man himself oversee every stitch of Daniel's outfit.

"It's tradition," Kieran had said when we spoke about it last night, his voice carrying a subtle stiffness and politeness. "Henry tailored my first ceremonial coat. And my father's. It's only right that he makes Daniel's, too."

Kieran had offered to take him, but Daniel insisted on going with me. I would have asked Kieran to come, but we'd had too many outings as a 'family' and I was still reeling from the last one.

Henry's shop sat on a quiet street near the edge of the city. The narrow, ivy-draped building looked more like a storybook cottage than a workplace.

The bell over the door chimed as we stepped in, releasing a faint whiff of pressed linen, old fabric, and the subtle tang of starch.

Bolts of cloth lined the walls, from silver-gray wolf pelts to soft cottons and shimmering velvets. It smelled like tradition, like years of heir ceremonies and pack banquets stitched into fabric.

“Ah,” came a warm, gravelly voice. “So this is the young Alpha Blackthorne.”

Henry emerged from behind a counter, stooped but steady, his white hair curling at the edges. His eyes, though clouded with age, held a spark that immediately brought a small smile to my face.

Daniel straightened instinctively. “Hello, sir.”

Henry’s grin deepened. “Polite, too. What a fine young man.”

Then he looked at me with a kind smile, stretching his hand out. “Hello.”

I returned the smile and shook his hand. His grip was warm and firm, despite his age. “It’s nice to meet you. I’m his mother, Seraphina.”

He froze, mid-motion, eyes widening slightly. “Of course. Seraphina Blackthorne. The LST champion?”

I blinked. “Uh...yes?”

Then he laughed, shaking his head in disbelief. “My granddaughter adores you. Has your posters plastered all over her room.”

I had posters?!

Heat rose to my cheeks. “That’s...very kind of her.”

“She’ll be thrilled to hear I met you,” Henry said warmly. “You and young Daniel are welcome here anytime. My doors are always open.”

Daniel smiled proudly, as though he was the one who had won the LST. “See, Mom? You’re famous!”

I laughed softly, ruffling his hair. “Apparently.”

Henry gestured toward a stool. “Up you go, lad. Let’s see what kind of Alpha we’re working with.”

As Daniel climbed onto the stool, Henry’s apprentice—a quiet young man who looked barely older than eighteen—bustled about with pins and measuring tape. But Henry waved him off.

“Not today, Walter. I’ll handle this one myself. The boy deserves a personal touch.”

Walter nodded and retreated respectfully.

I watched as Henry worked with surprising steadiness, looping the measuring tape around Daniel’s shoulders and arms.

“You’re taller than your father was at your age,” he mused.

Daniel’s eyes widened. “Really?”

“Oh, yes,” Henry said with a twinkle. “Your father was a wiry little thing. Always climbing where he shouldn’t, tearing every seam I stitched within a week.”

I raised an eyebrow, half amused, half incredulous. “That doesn’t sound like Kieran at all.”

Henry laughed. “Oh, it’s true, Seraphina. Mischievous as they come. Once, he climbed onto my cutting table to chase a moth. Knocked over an entire roll of silver-threaded silk. I nearly fainted.”

Daniel laughed so hard he nearly tipped off the stool. “Dad did that?”

Henry winked. “More than once. He didn’t start mellowing out until he met a special girl.”

My head tilted. “A special girl?”

He nodded. “I forget how old he was—definitely too young to know what love was—but instead of causing a ruckus, he would sit still on the stool and daydream all day about her ‘golden locks and big, beautiful blue eyes.’

An ache, unbidden, thudded in my chest. I planned a lot of things for today; hearing how smitten Kieran had been with Celeste when he was young was not on that list.

But I smiled faintly, wrestling with the dull throb under my ribs. “She must have made quite the impression.”

Henry nodded knowingly. “Indeed. Perhaps one day, your young Alpha here will meet someone like that—someone who steadies the fire inside him.”

Daniel wrinkled his nose. “You mean like a girlfriend? Gross.”

Henry laughed heartily, and even I couldn’t help it—I joined in.

“Not yet, pup,” I said, tousling his hair. “You’ve got plenty of time before that.”

I could only hope that, when he eventually fell for someone, she would handle his heart carefully and spare him all the hurt I’d gone through.

When the last measurements were taken and Henry noted the fabric choices in his leather-bound ledger, I reached for my bag. “Thank you for taking the time, Henry. We appreciate it.”

But he lifted a hand. “Hold on now. I’d like to make something for you, too.”

I blinked. “For me?”

“Yes,” he said simply. “Something tells me you’d wear it well.”

I hesitated. “That’s kind of you, but I’m no longer part of the Blackthorne family.”

His expression softened, his wrinkled face creasing like old parchment. “And what does that have to do with anything? My wish to make something for you has nothing to do with which family you belong to.”

Daniel’s eyes lit up. “Please, Mom? You could match me!”

I hesitated, protest catching in my throat. Daniel's hopeful gaze pressed against me, softening my resistance, while Henry's determined stare left me no room for retreat.

"All right, Henry," I conceded. "If you're sure."

"Quite sure," he said, already reaching for a measuring tape. "Daniel might be the honoree, but nobody will be able to take their eyes off you."

After we left Henry's shop, Daniel swung our joined hands as we walked down the street. "Can we get lunch? I'm starving."

"Already? Breakfast was less than two hours ago," I teased.

"I burned calories sitting still," he said solemnly.

I snorted. "Is that so?"

He raised a brow, looking entirely too much like his father. "Are you going to feed me or not?"

I laughed, ruffling his hair. “Come on, cheeky.”

We ended up at a family restaurant tucked between two glass-front boutiques. It had bright booths, warm décor, and a faint hum of easy chatter that made everything feel comfortably ordinary.

Daniel slid into the booth by the window, already launching into a detailed account of how cool Henry’s measuring tools were and how he was definitely going to learn to sew someday, “just to make Wolfy a cape.”

His energy was infectious—a bright spark that tugged a deep smile from me as I distractedly studied the menu, already knowing I’d end up ordering the same thing he would.

Then, all at once, the tone of the street outside shifted. A sharp bark, a raised voice—then the distant wail of a frightened child broke through the restaurant’s low hum.

Chairs scraped and murmurs rose as a few diners glanced toward the windows.

I frowned, a dart of unease tightening my chest as I glanced up, senses prickling.

“Is that...?” Daniel began, eyes wide.

“Yep,” I exhaled, my stomach sinking at the sight outside. “That looks like Maxwell and his twin hurricanes.”

