

## **My Sister 220**

Chapter 220 ORDINARY

MARGARET'S POV

I was halfway through my brunch—poached eggs, a slice of toasted brioche, and berries arranged neatly along the porcelain rim—when Paxton cleared his throat from a respectful distance.

“Luna Margaret,” he said, hands folded behind his back, “Shall I take Miss Seraphina some tea?”

My fork paused midway to my mouth.

“Seraphina?”

He nodded. “She has been in the pack library all morning.”

“The library?” I echoed, setting the fork down as nostalgia rippled through me.

He nodded again.

A small, wistful smile pulled at the corners of my lips. Sera had always been fond of the library. She had a habit of forgetting the world when she was in there.

I rose to my feet. “Prepare some tea and biscuits. I’ll take them to her myself.”

Paxton blinked in surprise but bowed again. “Of course, Luna.”

Minutes later, I was standing in front of the grand library, a porcelain tray resting in my hands—two cups of lemon tea, steam curling softly from the rims, and a plate of berry scones.

As I pushed the tall wooden door open with my shoulder, I expected to find Sera reading quietly at her usual spot in the bay window.

However, I found her kneeling on the floor amid scattered lineage books, scrolls, and dusty volumes that hadn’t been touched in decades.

Her fingers hovered over a thick leather-bound tome, her expression tight with frustration and curiosity.

An unbidden chill clawed down my spine.

“Seraphina?” I said gently.

Her head lifted at the sound of my voice, and her features lit up in surprise. “Mother.”

I stepped inside, letting the door close behind me with a soft click. “Paxton mentioned you’ve been in here all morning. I thought you might be hungry.” I held out the tray. “I brought you tea and a little something to eat.”

Sera stood slowly, brushing dust from her jeans. “Thanks,” she murmured.

I walked closer, setting the tray on a nearby table. As she reached for it, my gaze snagged on the messy sprawl of books at her feet. My throat tightened and dread prickled my skin.

“Doing some research?” I asked carefully.

Her fingers paused on the cup handle. “Something like that.”

A strange tension hung between us. It wasn’t like the distance that had festered between us over the last decade. This was different. New. I wasn’t sure how to qualify it.

When she looked at me fully, her eyes searched my face with an intensity that made my pulse trip.

“Mother,” she said, steady but cautious, “It’s actually great that you’re here. I...wanted to ask you something.”

My breath stilled.

My gaze darted back to the books and scrolls and tomes, and I knew the question before she spoke it.

“About your life,” she continued, “before you married Father.”

The dread rose so sharply that it constricted my breath, like a cold, invisible hand squeezing my throat.

The life I had sealed away, buried, hidden so thoroughly I had almost convinced myself it never existed.

I kept my smile intact and my voice steady as I answered. “That was a very long time ago, Sera. Why do you ask?”

She hesitated. Not nervously—purposefully. As if considering how best to soften the words.

“Because I need to understand something,” she said. “About our family. About where we—where I come from.”

A jolt shot through my chest; my heart lurched painfully.

I knew how to wear masks. I'd worn them my entire adult life. So I slipped into one now, effortlessly, like muscle memory.

"There isn't much to tell," I said lightly. "I was an orphan. No pack. I met your father unexpectedly. Fate, as they say." A small—heavy—shrug. "I joined Frostbane. The rest is history."

I'd recited that line so many times over the years that it had become second nature. A polished lie. A safe story.

But Sera didn't accept it.

She stepped forward, her eyes sharp with something fierce and...familiar. A determination that belonged to a Luna, not a child.

"You were an orphan?" Her eyes narrowed. "Then what about the bracelet you gave me? You know, the one with the carved initials? You said your mother gave it to you when you got married."

The cold hand tightened around my throat.

I rarely made mistakes when it came to keeping my past in the past, but I'd slipped up. I let the emotions of that moment with Sera cloud my sense of self-preservation.

"That is..." I cleared my throat. There was not enough oxygen in the library to keep me from going lightheaded. "I must have misspoken."

Sera let out an incredulous laugh. "Misspoken?"

"Sera—"

"I thought we were bridging the gap," she cut in, setting the cup down with an audible clang. "No more distance; no more enmity, remember?" Her mouth twisted. "Or was that a lie too?"

My heart thudded painfully. "Sera, dear. I can explain—"

"Good. Do then." She crossed her arms. "What pack were you from? Who were your parents? Why isn't there anything about you in the archives?"

My pulse stumbled.

"Sera—"

“Mother.” Her voice cracked, not from anger. From desperation. “Don’t do this, please. We’ve moved past lies and secrets, right? There are things I need to know about myself, and something tells me you’re the one most likely to have answers.”

A warning bell rang loudly in my mind. Panic soared, threatened to overpower me, and send me back to the past I tried so hard to forget.

I smoothed my expression, though my heart was racing. “Darling, whatever you’re looking for...I’m afraid you won’t find it in my past. I truly had nothing before Frostbane.”

She stared at me like she was seeing me for the first time.

I swallowed, trying to steady myself. “Why are you asking me these things, anyway?”

She scoffed. “You want me to unload myself when you won’t do the same? That’s a bit hypocritical, even for you, Mother.”

Her words pierced deeper than she could possibly understand. I shook my head. “Maybe...maybe I can help. Your answer might have nothing to do with my past.”

A beat of silence. A flicker of uncertainty.

Then, she told me.

Everything.

Her training bottlenecks. Her confusion. Lucian Reed's words. Her...abilities. The voice of her wolf after thirty years of silence.

And with each word, each revelation, my fear sharpened until it carved into a spear.

No.

No, no, no.

It was happening.

The very thing I'd tried to prevent from the day she was born.

"Mother?" she pressed when I didn't speak. "Say something."

I forced myself to breathe, reaching toward her, palms trembling. "Sera...you're overthinking this."



Her brows knit. "I'm not."

"You are." My voice wavered. I had to force steel into it. "Wolves emerge at puberty, and you're only just getting yours at thirty. In what world is that an advantageous occurrence? Even if you could Shift one day, you wouldn't be special. You wouldn't be different. You're...you're just like everyone else. Worse, if anything."

Pain flashed across her face, raw and stinging, and I hated myself for it.

"Why can't I be special?" she whispered, voice trembling in a way that gutted me. "Why is that such a ridiculous concept for you to consider?"

Oh Sera.

I wanted to tell her everything then.

About the prophecy.

The warning.

The reason I had chosen to erase myself from history.

The reason I had kept her small, quiet, ordinary.

But the words tangled in my throat like thorns.

“We had your fortunes read when you all were born,” I whispered instead, staring at the floor because I couldn’t bear the look in her eyes. “Among your siblings, you were destined to live an ordinary life. Mundane. Unremarkable.”

She recoiled as if I’d struck her.

“Ordinary,” she repeated, voice hollow. “Unremarkable. That’s how you saw me?”

“Sera—”

“That’s why you treated me that way when I was younger.” Her voice cracked again. “I was a disappointment from the moment I was born.”

“No—”

"I was never going to amount to anything, so you and Father never bothered to waste your precious time on me. You focused on the children who had bright futures." She let out a choked, bitter laugh. "It makes so much sense now."

"Sera—"

"I always wondered what was wrong with me. What I did to make you and Father not care like you did with Celeste and Ethan. Now I know. It wasn't what I did." She shook her head, and I saw it in her eyes—the moment her heart broke. "It's who I was."

Oh gods, what had I done?

I had meant to dissuade her, to maybe nudge her away from the path of discovery she was treading, not shatter any faith she had in herself.

"Sera, wait. Please—"

She stepped back.

Not angrily.

Not dramatically.

Just...quietly. As if distancing herself from me was instinctual.

Then she turned and walked past me, her footsteps soft but devastating.

“Seraphina!” I called, reaching out, but my hand faltered halfway.

She didn’t look back.

A spike of pain burst behind my eyes, vision swimming. My knees buckled; I clung to the edge of the table, pressing trembling fingers to my temple as everything spun.

The fortune teller’s words echoed through my mind like a dark whisper:

‘If the girl walks the path she was born for, she will be hunted. Danger will greet her at every curve of the road. If she remains ordinary, she will live.’

Had Edward and I made a terrible mistake?

By hiding our daughter’s truth, by keeping her safe, protected...had we broken her instead?

I closed my eyes, fighting the throb in my skull as regret swallowed me whole.

“My sweet girl,” I whispered to the empty library, “what have we done to you?”