

My Sister 226

Chapter 226 GO BACK

SERAPHINA'S POV

Alina stepped fully from the trees, and the world sharpened around her as though the forest itself bowed in reverence.

She was the most breathtaking creature I had ever seen.

Her coat shimmered like liquid silver, every strand capturing light as she moved, almost iridescent.

On her forehead, right between her eyes, a narrow golden mark glowed softly. It wasn't a symbol I recognized.

A sigil, perhaps. Or a blessing. Or a scar.

My breath caught in my chest, painfully tight.

"You're here." A half-gasp, half-sob tore out of me. "You're real."

Her ears twitched. 'I've always been real, Sera. You never needed eyes to see me.'

Then she padded forward, slow and reverent, until she stood directly in front of me. She was massive, only slightly smaller than Ashar and way more graceful.

There was power in her size, yes, but more in her presence—an unspoken certainty that she belonged here. That she belonged to me.

I fell to my knees like a worshipper before their deity.

My hands reached out before I even realized I'd moved. The moment my palms sank into her fur, I almost collapsed entirely. It was softer than anything I'd ever touched—lush, warm, impossibly comforting.

Heat seeped into my fingertips, crawling up my arms, encasing my chest. A sob tore out of me raw and unbidden.

"Gods," I choked, burying my face into the thick fur at her neck. "You're here. You're actually here."

Alina leaned into me, enormous head draping gently over my shoulder, like she was hugging me back. For a moment, I couldn't breathe—not because she was heavy, but because I had never felt so held.

The absence I'd lived with my entire life suddenly felt stark in contrast.

“You’re so beautiful,” I whispered, voice breaking.

Alina nudged her forehead against mine, the golden mark brushing my skin and sending a ripple of warmth down my spine.

I pulled back slightly, wiping my cheeks, though tears still clung to my lashes. My heart swelled with something fierce and desperate.

‘You are, too,’ she said, humor lining the rich timber of her voice. ‘Just not when you’re ugly crying.’

A watery laugh tore out of me as I rested my forehead against hers.

“Does this mean,” I gasped, breath trembling, “I can fully Shift now?” I looked from Alina to the Moon Goddess. “Can I finally become whole?”

The goddess’s face softened, something like sorrow flickering in her eyes.

“I’m afraid not, child,” she murmured.

My stomach dropped. “What? But you brought me to her. I—” I looked back at Alina. “She’s right here. I can feel her.”

“Yes,” she said, stepping closer. “And that is why I allowed this meeting. You needed to see what lies within you, not as fragments or instincts, but whole.”

Alina let out a soft rumble, brushing her muzzle against my palm, as if urging me to listen.

“But you cannot fully Shift,” the goddess continued, “because parts of your spirit remain fractured.”

I flinched. “Fractured how?”

Her gaze pierced me—not judgmental, simply knowing.

“You carry grief you have not forgiven. Hope you have not trusted. Strength you have not claimed. Love you have not allowed yourself to feel.”

Kieran’s face flashed in my mind unbidden—wet hair clinging to his forehead, eyes frantic as he held me in the rain.

Impossibly, I heard his voice, a low timbre like a caress on my heart. ‘I love you, Sera. Come back to me, please.’

I clenched my fists, fingers tangling in Alina's fur. There I went again, imagining things to comfort myself.

"And if I overcome all of that," I whispered, "you'll give me my wolf?"

A small, sad smile touched the Moon Goddess's lips.

"I do not 'give' wolves. They are born with you. I only bless the path to reach them." She touched a hand to her chest, then mine. "This choice lies within you, not me. When you believe you are whole, Alina will be yours fully."

Frustration burned hot beneath my ribs.

"So it's all on me. Again."

"Yes," she said softly. "Your path has been harder than many, but I do not allow my children to bear burdens they are not strong enough to overcome."

I almost scoffed at the Moon Goddess.

"No one is born wanting to suffer," I bit out. "I didn't ask for this."

She cupped my face, her touch featherlight. “No, child, you didn’t. But you will succeed. You will overcome.”

My throat tightened. The words should have comforted me, but instead, a heavier weight settled in my chest—a reminder that hope can sting as much as despair.

I wanted to ask more.

Why didn’t she help sooner? Why did she allow me to suffer? Why did my destiny seem like a riddle I wasn’t given the answer key to?

But before I could speak, she lifted her hand, palm warm with fading light.

“It’s time for you to return.”

Panic clawed up my chest. “No—wait. Please. I’m not ready. I still have questions.”

I tightened my hold on Alina. I wasn’t ready to say goodbye when I didn’t know when I’d see her again.

“I know,” the Moon Goddess said, voice somber. “And you will find your answers. But not here. Not from me.”

Her gaze deepened, revealing the centuries of power and knowledge within her.

“You have to go back now. There are people waiting for you; people who love you more fiercely than you realize.”

Daniel.

Maya.

Lucian.

My breath hitched.

Kieran.

The goddess stepped forward, resting her hand against my cheek again.

“I expect greatness from you, child,” she whispered. “But not because of your bloodline. Because of the choices your heart makes. Because of who you are. You rose where others would have broken. You loved where others would have hated. You believed in others long before you believed in yourself.”

Tears blurred my vision.

“But do not forget, Seraphina—your story is not just about survival. You are meant to live. To conquer. To thrive.”

Her thumb brushed a tear from my cheek with a tender swipe.

“And you are loved, child. Deeply. Never forget that.”

A bright light erupted behind the Moon Goddess, swallowing the glade in a wash of silver. Her outline blurred, dissolving into the radiance until she was nothing but a silhouette. Then a shimmer. Then gone.

Alina still stood before me, solid and breathtaking, her silver coat glowing faintly in the lingering haze.

But without the goddess’s presence anchoring the world, the air around my wolf felt thinner, looser, as if the dream itself were beginning to unravel.

I felt myself tugged backward, as if the world behind me had hooked invisible fingers into my spine.

“Alina?” I whispered.

She pressed her forehead to mine, warm and steady, grounding me even as the edges of her form began to waver—first subtly, like heat waves rising off asphalt, then more insistently, her outline flickering between sharp and translucent.

“No,” I breathed, fingers tightening in her fur. “Not yet. Please—not yet.”

Her amethyst eyes softened, infinite affection swirling as her voice echoed, steady and gentle, carrying a promise.

‘See you soon, Sera.’

Cold hit first.

Then texture. A blanket pressed against my bare skin, wet and thin, clinging to me like a second layer.

Then pressure. Arms around me, strong and possessive, as if they intended to hold onto me forever.

My eyelashes fluttered.

Someone was breathing fast, uneven, strained, each inhale catching like he was holding back a sob.

I opened my eyes and lifted my head.

Kieran.

His face hovered inches from mine, eyes wide, lips parted, damp hair falling over his forehead. His bare chest rose and fell against mine, muscles taut as though bracing for the world to end.

And the moment our eyes met—

Something detonated.

A force—violent, magnetic, primal—slammed into me, threading through my veins like lightning. My soul lurched forward, my heartbeat syncing to his with a fierce suddenness that spun the world violently.

I gasped.

Kieran froze.

His voice was barely a whisper, raw and splintered.

“Sera?”

The bond snapped awake between us. Not subtle, not gentle, not questioning.

Undeniable.

I felt him.

His terror.

His relief.

His love.

His arms tightened instinctively, as if his body recognized me before his mind fully caught up.

My lips parted, breath trembling.

His eyes glistened—shock, awe, and something deeper rising to the surface like dawn over storm clouds.

I couldn't tell whose voice carried the word—whether it slipped from my mouth, his, or fate itself whispering through us.

“Mate.”