

## My Sister 242

Chapter 242: ONE PIECE

SERAPHINA'S POV

The phone rang twice before I finally gathered the courage to flip it over.

My heart instantly softened, and all the trepidation disappeared at the sight of Daniel's face on the screen.

As soon as I answered, his excited voice burst through the speaker. "Mom!"

I sat upright on the bed, all my earlier exhaustion evaporating under my son's warmth. "Hey, baby."

He squinted at the camera, and his ready smile dimmed into a tiny frown.

"Mom...are you okay?"

The question caught me off guard. "Of course, why?"

He leaned closer until the camera caught only his eyes and a bit of messy hair flopping over his forehead. "You look...tired. And kinda jumpy. Did something happen?"

A pang hit my chest—an abrupt rush of warmth and sharp tenderness swelling at his concern.

This used to be my role: hovering, fussing, checking every detail to see if he was alright. Now here he was, studying me like I was the one who needed looking after.

I forced a smile. "I'm fine, sweetheart. Just a long day."

“You sure?” His eyebrows knitted. “You promise?”

“I promise,” I said softly.

Daniel was far too perceptive for his own good, and he didn’t fully believe me—I could see it in the way his shoulders stayed slightly tense.

But after a beat, he exhaled and crossed his arms in that miniature-Alpha way of his.

“Okay... but if anyone bothers you, you tell me.”

I snorted. “And you’ll what, fly here and beat them up?”

The corner of his lips quirked up. “Exactly.”

I chuckled. “I’ll keep that in mind.”

Satisfied—if only slightly—his grin returned, bright and wild. “So, how was your first day?”

His smile made mine widen. “Pretty eventful.”

“You have to go into details, Mom; you promised updates!”

I laughed. “Okay, okay. Let’s see...”

I told about the bustling Pike Place Market and the flying fish that nearly smacked a tourist, the pastries so buttery they made my eyes roll back, the soap artist carving tiny lavender dragons, and the harbor breeze whipping my hair into a ridiculous halo while Elaine insisted on taking photos.

And when I told him about walking past the bookstore and overhearing the women discussing Moonlit Pact, Daniel's mouth fell open.

"They were talking about you?! Like strangers? In the wild?"

I chuckled. "Yes, in the wild."

"That's so cool!" His earlier worry melted into a grin so wide it was almost blinding. "Mom, I wish I'd come with you. You're having so much fun without me!"

"Oh, sweetheart." My smile softened. "This is advance scouting."

His eyebrows shot up. "For what?"

"For our trip next year. So I know all the best places to take you."

Daniel gasped so loudly I was sure the whole pack house heard.

"You mean it?!"

"I wouldn't lie about that."

He threw his arms into the air and shouted, "YES! BEST MOM EVER!"

I laughed until my eyes watered.

We talked for almost half an hour—about Seattle, about his day, about how the pack warriors kept fussing over him now that he was officially heir.

I was so wrapped up in Daniel that I didn't hear the voice in the background until it spoke louder.

“Danny,” Kieran said, “bedtime.”

My breath froze.

I barely had time to prepare for the sight of him when—

There he was. On the screen behind our son.

His hair was damp like he’d just showered, and a strand flopped across his forehead almost boyishly.

His expression was gentle and fond as he looked at Daniel, but the moment his gaze flickered up and caught mine through the phone—

Heat shot through me so fast I nearly dropped the device.

For a moment, neither of us spoke.

The memory of that kiss slammed into me, overwhelming as a tidal wave.

My lips tingled; my stomach flipped. Deep and low, a coil of warmth tightened, traitorous and undeniable.

I swallowed hard and cleared my throat. “I-I should go. Um...g-goodnight, Danny.”

Kieran’s voice stopped me. “Sera.”

My pulse stuttered like someone had yanked the plug from my sanity.

Kieran leaned down, gently pressing his head against Daniel's. The picture they made was so tender and intimate, my chest clenched.

"I'm glad your travels are going smoothly," he said softly.

I blinked. "Oh. Yes. Thank you."

He'd said he'd keep surveillance on me. If he knew about the alley incident, he gave no indication of it.

"Goodnight," he murmured, the mundane greeting gentle and warm—affectionate in a way that hit far too close.

"Goodnight," I managed, then ended the call before I could combust.

As the screen went dark, I pressed the phone to my chest, cheeks burning.

Why did my body still react to him like this? Why did just hearing him short-circuit every piece of logic I had? Why did I...miss him?

It had to be the bond. It had to be. Maybe it didn't need distance to wreak havoc on my psyche.

There was no other explanation for why a single goodnight could feel like he'd touched me in the most intimate way possible.

Desperate to think about anything else, I exhaled, letting my mind drift back to the Omega in the alley.

The fear in his eyes. Those men.

That cursed word—specimen.

My mood dipped.

Before I knew it, my fingers were already scrolling through contacts.

I hovered over Lucian's name for a second longer than necessary, then tapped.

He answered on the first ring.

"Sera?" His voice was brisk, but bright. "I was just thinking about you."

My lips twitched. "Were you now?"

"Yes," he said, an unmistakable smile in his tone. "How's Seattle treating you? You sound tired."

"I am," I admitted. "A lot happened today."

"Yeah? Tell me."

And so I did.

Every detail—from Elaine's dramatic greeting, to the bookstore display, to the bizarre restaurant décor.

He chuckled in all the right places, teased me when I admitted posing for photos, and made a few good-natured remarks about humans' obsession with extravagant food.

But when I described the alley...the men...the Omega...

Lucian's tone changed instantly.

“Where exactly was this?” he asked quietly.

“A few blocks from my hotel.”

“That close...” He exhaled sharply. “OTS has tried to expand north for years. Seattle, Portland, even Vancouver. But every attempt we’ve made has met resistance—human, political, supernatural. It always felt like...someone didn’t want us there.”

“Someone?” I echoed.

“Or something,” he added. “If wolves are being hunted, tagged, or trafficked...” A pause. “We should’ve seen signs. But we didn’t. Which means we haven’t been trying hard enough.”

“Lucian.” My voice softened. “Don’t do that.”

“Do what?”

“Blame yourself for every injustice on the continent.” I sighed. “You’ve done more for vulnerable wolves than anyone else I know. If not for OTS, the world would be crawling with Omegas like the one I met. Judy, Finn, Talia, Roxy, Jessica...me. Our lives are all infinitely better because you refused to look away.”

Silence stretched for a heartbeat.

Then he said, very quietly, “Thank you. For saying that.”

“I meant it.”

Another pause. He cleared his throat.

“And Sera...are you safe? Those men weren’t normal hunters. Or normal humans.”

"I know," I said. "But I can handle myself."

"You shouldn't underestimate—"

"I'm not. Trust me. Maya trained me as if I were preparing to battle gods. And you—" I smiled faintly. "You made sure I didn't leave unprotected."

"Ah, yes. Everything delivered okay?"

"You mean the mini arsenal I found waiting for me in the hotel when I arrived?"

He huffed an amused breath. "That's the one."

"I'm curious, at what point did I tell you I was leaving to go start a small army in Seattle? I blame myself for giving Maya my itinerary and accomodation details."

Lucian laughed, an honest, warm sound that melted some of the cold lingering in my chest.

But then, after a moment, his tone sombered.

"...Sera?"

"Yes?"

"I miss you."

My breath caught. A gentle flutter of warmth spread through my chest.



It wasn't like what Kieran's voice had done to me earlier.

Not the punch to the ribs. Not the dizzy rush. Not the trembling heat curling low in my stomach.

Lucian's words didn't ignite anything chaotic. They just rested softly in my chest. Comfortable. Warm. Steady.

I exhaled slowly. "I...miss you too."

Lucian said something else—light, teasing, easing the moment—but I barely heard it. My mind drifted, absently, to two men on opposite sides of my heart.

One steady as a quiet dawn. One blazing as wildfire.

I wasn't ready for answers.

Not yet.

But as I lay back against the pillows, Lucian's quiet breathing on the other end of the line, I realized something:

Distance didn't simplify my heart. It only clarified the pieces.

And one piece—one dangerous, infuriating, irresistible piece—still pulsed like a second heartbeat.

Even hundreds of miles away.