

My Sister 244

Chapter 244: COSMIC LUCK

SERAPHINA'S POV

The next few days in Seattle passed far more peacefully than I'd expected.

Calm mornings. Soft rain. Long walks. Quiet nights.

After the turbulence of the night I arrived—the Omega, the hunters, the panic humming beneath my skin—the normalcy felt...strange. But very welcome.

Well...

Mostly normal.

Because for some inexplicable reason, I seemed to be drenched in good fortune.

It started with breakfast on Wednesday.

Elaine and I walked into a tiny café near the waterfront—one of those cozy, mismatched-chair places run by a middle-aged couple who knew every regular by name.

Before we even opened our menus, the server beamed at me.

"Your coffee and croissant are on the house today," she announced cheerfully.

"Oh—I didn't order yet," I said.

“You didn’t have to. Customer of the Day.” She shrugged. “Happens at random.”

Elaine narrowed her eyes at me. “I’ve come here at least twice a week for five years. That’s never happened to me. You’ve been here five minutes, Sera.”

I shrugged, cheeks heating. “Maybe today’s my lucky day.”

She made a dramatic noise of betrayal, eyeing the red-bricked walls as if they had personally wedged a knife in her back.

I tried not to smile as she pouted into the cappuccino she’d had to pay for.

But the universe was apparently only getting started.

That afternoon, when we were leaving a tiny artisan market after I picked up a locally made candle and a pair of hand-carved bookmarks, the vendor called out to us.

“Wait! You qualify for our weekly promo!”

I blinked. “Promo?”

“You get a second item of equal value for free.” She beamed. “Go on, pick something else.”

On Thursday, after grabbing a macaron from a little dessert shop, the cashier lit up.

“Oh! Awesome timing! You’re our Sweet Surprise recipient of the day!”

I froze. “I’m...what?”

“You get double your order. On the house.” She pushed a second box toward me.

Later, as we were checking out of a small clothing boutique—where I'd only meant to buy a pair of cozy socks—the cashier beamed.

"Congratulations! You just qualified for our midweek special!"

I raised a brow. "Special?"

"You get a second item free. Anything under the same price point."

On Friday morning, Elaine and I wandered into one of those cheesy souvenir shops—the kind overflowing with novelty mugs, fridge magnets, punny T-shirts, and stuffed animals wearing miniature costumes.

I wasn't planning to buy anything—until I saw a tiny plush wolf wearing a Seattle beanie.

Daniel would've loved it.

So I grabbed it, and a keychain shaped like the same wolf, and headed to the counter.

The cashier scanned the items, then paused.

"Oh wow," she said. "You've unlocked the 'Traveler's Perk.'"

Elaine's head whipped around so fast I thought she'd get whiplash.

"The what?"

The cashier smiled. "Every day we comp one customer's purchase. Today? That's you."

By now, surprise had faded. I could only marvel.

“You get both items free. And,” she added, pulling a small blind-bag toy from beneath the counter, “you get to choose a mystery souvenir.”

Elaine took it all as a personal affront.

“You’re a walking four-leaf clover,” she groaned that afternoon as we stepped out of a restaurant where the chef had insisted our dessert be complimentary “just because.”

“If a breeze touches you, it becomes a blessing. If it touches me, it messes up my hair.”

I laughed until my stomach hurt.

“You know what?” she suddenly declared. “I’m buying a lottery ticket.”

I snorted. “What?”

“Some of your cosmic luck has to rub off on me.”

“I hardly think free cheesecake translates to cosmic luck,” I said gently, trying to stifle my smile.

“Oh, hush, gifted child of fortune.” She grabbed my wrist. “We’re going. Now.”

So we went.

We stood at a tiny corner store while she tore through a display of scratchers.

She handed me one.

“Good luck,” she said solemnly.

I snorted, scratching it with my pinky.

Won nothing.

Elaine scratched hers.

Ten dollars.

She gaped at the ticket. “Oh my God. It worked! Your magic rubbed off on me.”

“It’s ten dollars,” I deadpanned.

“Ten dollars of PROOF.” She grabbed my wrist triumphantly. “We’re buying a hundred more.”

I bit my lower lip. “Or, I could treat you to dinner? How’s steak sound?”

She smirked. “Like my luck is finally turning around. Told you cosmic luck was contagious.”

Her logic was so absurd I couldn’t even argue.

So yes, I ended up treating Elaine to a fancy meal overlooking the water.

And honestly?

Laughing with her, eating overpriced steak, watching the lights reflect on the waves felt good.

Really good.

Like for a moment, I wasn't a woman taking a break from her past, her marriage, her bond, her pain.

I was just Sera.

A person living her life.

On the morning of my departure from Seattle, I found a bouquet waiting outside my hotel room door.

White lilies and pink carnations, wrapped in soft ivory paper and tied with pale blue ribbon. Beautiful. Understated. Thoughtful.

The card read: 'I hope these bring as much beauty to your day as you bring to my world.'

The card was unsigned, but the delivery label had a postmark.

Los Angeles.

My breath caught.

For one fragile heartbeat, images sparked in my mind: Kieran, standing in a flower shop, scowling at the choices. Kieran hunched over the card, scribbling and muttering under his breath as he crossed out line after line, searching for the perfect words.

But I shook the idea off instantly.

No.

Kieran had better things to do than loiter at flower shops for me.

And even if he did...

He wouldn't know my preferences. He never asked. Never noticed.

It was far more likely that Lucian or maybe even Maya sent them.

Still, I cradled the bouquet to me, inhaling the light, sweet scent as I made my way to my rental car.

I set it carefully in the passenger seat before loading the rest of my luggage.

"Vacation's over," I murmured to Alina as I shut the door and turned the key. "You ready?"

Her warm hum echoed within me.

And I drove.

The town housing the New Moon Institute looked like something out of an academic travel blog—a place where scholars, dreamers, and eccentric geniuses gathered to argue about philosophy over overpriced chai.

The town nestled at the base of sharp, snow-dusted mountains. Wide cobblestone walkways connected clusters of buildings in soft earth tones. Historic bookstores sat next to modern labs.

The air tasted crisp, as if winter were already leaning over the horizon.

I hadn't even stepped out of my car yet and I already felt invigorated.

With my permission, Lucian had shared my...peculiar state with the OTS analytics team.

After analyzing my abilities, they mentioned this place—a hub for werewolf historians, geneticists, archivists, and scholars trying to unravel the mysteries of Shifting, lineage, and powers once whispered about in old myths.

It was a given that this was a stop on my journey.

I wanted to learn from them. I wanted to understand what was happening to me.

I wanted answers that weren't colored by stigma or personal bias.

And this place—with its open lawns, ivy-twined archways, and students arguing about everything from metaphysics to ethics—felt like a good start.

I parked, grabbed my bag, and started toward the institute's stone archway.

The moment I stepped beneath it, a faint electric thrill shivered through me, as if the land itself hummed with old knowledge.

Then—

“Sera?”

I froze.

My head snapped toward the voice.

A familiar figure stood a few yards away, half-shadowed beneath a maple tree whose leaves had begun turning deep crimson.

I cocked my head as a breath whooshed out of me.

“Maxwell?”