

## My Sister 285

Chapter 285 MORE QUESTIONS

SERAPHINA'S POV

Whether it was the lingering magic of the fireworks, or the quiet grounding of Lucian's bracelet, or simply the fact that I was finally home—back in my own bed, beneath my own roof—after so long, I had the best night's sleep in forever.

Not the shallow, fractured drifting where dreams snagged and unraveled the moment I reached for them, but real sleep—the kind that wrapped around me gently and didn't let go until morning insisted.

When I woke, sunlight spilled across the sheets in pale gold bands, and for a lingering, peaceful moment, I just lay there, breathing.

My mind felt...still.

No buzzing at the edges. No restless tug beneath my ribs. The constant hum I'd grown accustomed to since my psychic abilities awakened had dimmed to something distant and manageable.

I rolled onto my side and glanced at my wrist. The bracelet sat there, unassuming and graceful, its beads cool against my skin. When I traced my thumb over them, a gentle warmth bloomed, like a silent reassurance.

I smiled to myself and finally got up.

I padded barefoot through the house, fingers gathering my hair, the echoes of last night still clinging to the air—laughter, warmth, voices weaving together like a fading song.

I opened windows, letting crisp air sweep through, then busied myself in the kitchen.

I missed cooking.

There was a comfort in the rhythm—cracking eggs, slicing fruit, the gentle sizzle of butter in the pan—that anchored me in the here and now.

I hummed as I worked, slipping back into the domestic, mundane pattern as if I'd never left.

Daniel padded in halfway through, hair a mess, eyes still heavy with sleep.

"Morning, Mom," he mumbled.

"Morning, baby," I said, leaning over to kiss his temple.

He gave me an adorable crooked smile. “I still can’t believe you’re actually home.”

I chuckled. “Maybe your favorite pancakes would help?”

His eyes lit up as he nodded emphatically. “Absolutely.”

I laughed, ruffling his hair. “Sit. It’ll be ready in a minute.”

Just then, the doorbell rang.

The sound startled me—not for its surprise, but for its sheer normalcy. A doorbell, ringing on a calm morning. No alarms. No emergencies. Just ordinary life.

I wiped my hands on a towel and headed for the door.

I wasn’t surprised to see Ethan standing on the other side.

He looked much the same as always—tall, broad-shouldered, posture radiating Alpha command—but there was a weariness around his eyes that hadn’t been there the last time I saw him.

“Hey,” I said, opening the door wider.

“Hey,” he replied, a small smile tugging at his mouth. “Merry Christmas. Or...day after.”

“Still counts,” I said, stepping aside. “Come in.”

He hesitated for half a second, glancing past me into the house. “I’m sorry I wasn’t around last night. With Mom away—”

“I understand,” I said, ignoring the way my chest tightened at the mention of our mother. “I remember what Frostbane Christmases are like. I wouldn’t have expected you to leave your responsibilities for me.”

Something in his eyes flickered, and he sighed before stepping in.

I frowned at the space behind him.

“Maya didn’t come with you?”

Out on the balcony, after receiving his gift, I’d given Lucian a summary of my travels and new abilities.

But I'd told Maya everything—about the Origin Archives and the Starlight Hallway, about the way the air had felt wrong long before the ambush, about the rogues and the silencer and the moment Seabreeze intervened.

And then there were the quieter things.

Corin's sessions. The anchor work. The way my powers felt less like a storm now and more like something listening back.

I'd talked until my throat went raw, tracing every choice I'd made, every instinct I'd trusted, every mistake I'd survived.

Maya hadn't interrupted once. She'd just sat there, knees pulled to her chest, eyes sharp and unblinking, absorbing it all like she was memorizing me.

When I finally ran out of words, she'd crossed her arms and declared she was staying the night—no arguments, no negotiations.

Getting her to leave had been a herculean task, requiring bribery, coercion, and the promise of a breakfast check-in.

So seeing her absent from Ethan's side now was genuinely puzzling.

Ethan's lips parted with a response to my query, but then—

“UNCLE ETHAN!”

Daniel appeared out of nowhere like a missile, launching himself forward with unrestrained enthusiasm.

Ethan barely had time to brace before Daniel wrapped himself around his waist, arms clinging tight.

Ethan laughed, startled. “Whoa—hey there!”

“You’re here!” Daniel grinned up at him. “You’ve never been here before!”

“I...haven’t,” Ethan admitted, glancing at me over Daniel’s head with something like surprise.

The realization hit me at the same time: this was the first time Ethan was visiting my new home since the divorce.

“Well, come on!” Daniel grabbed his hand without ceremony. “I’ll show you everything!”

And just like that, Ethan was being dragged inside as Daniel launched into an overly detailed tour.

“This is the living room—Mom’s favorite chair is over there, but don’t sit in it unless she says you can. That’s the bookshelf, we had to move it to make room for the tree—”

I watched them disappear, warm amusement curling in my chest.

Ethan Lockwood, the formidable Alpha of Frostbane, was being paraded through my house by a ten-year-old with the seriousness of a museum guide.

I shook my head, smiling, and returned to the kitchen.

By the time they returned, breakfast was ready. Ethan looked a little dazed, but more relaxed than when I’d first opened the door.

We sat down together at the table, the morning light slanting in through the windows. Ethan took a bite of his pancake and paused.

“This is...really good,” he said.

I raised a brow. “You sound surprised.”

He shrugged, smiling faintly. “I just...I don’t think I’ve ever eaten your cooking before.”

The implication caught briefly, but I let it pass.

As we ate, conversation flowed easily—Daniel recounting the party last night with dramatic flair, Ethan listening with genuine interest.

After breakfast, when Daniel went upstairs to wash up, Ethan reached for the bag he’d brought with him.

“I have something for you,” he said, setting it on the table between us.

The sight of it sent an unexpected ache through my chest.

My brows knit together before I even noticed the frown tugging at my face.

Ethan grimaced. “I’m sorry. I should’ve—”

“No,” I interrupted, forcing my face to relax. “It’s not that. It’s just...unexpected. You’ve never really given me a gift before.”



He nodded slowly, understanding dawning in his eyes—and with it, something darker. Regret.

“I didn’t come just to drop off a present,” he said. “There’s something we need to talk about.”

I set the gift aside. “I’m listening.”

“I just...I want you to be aware of what to expect.”

My brows drew tighter. “What do you mean?”

“Now that you’ve broken the seal,” he continued carefully, “memories are going to come with your unlocked power. Things that might...shock you.”

The words landed like a crack in ice.

“You know about that?” My voice came out as a hoarse tremor.

Ethan winced. “I do. But not like you think.”

My fingers curled against the edge of the table. “How long?”

“Not long,” he said quickly. “I swear. I only learned about it recently when...odd memories resurfaced. If I’d known back then, if I’d had any idea what our parents were planning, I would never have let it happen.”

A tightness gripped my chest, thoughts whirling as I tried to absorb what my brother was revealing.

I could feel the new bond Ethan and I had been tentatively forming over the last couple of months pull taut.

He saw it in my face.

“I didn’t keep this from you,” he said urgently as if in a panic. “I promise. I was kept in the dark, too.”

“But...you knew something was wrong,” I said quietly.

“I knew something,” he admitted. “Not what. Not why. Just that there were things that didn’t sit right. And I don’t know why, but I never felt the need to question them.”

I pushed back from the table slightly. “And now?”

I searched his eyes, looking for deflection, for evasion.

All I found was guilt. And anger. And something like grief.

He sighed, rubbing a hand over his face. "Some things can't be explained in a few sentences, Sera."

He reached for the bag again and pulled out a thick, leather-bound book.

"This," he said, setting it gently in front of me, "might help."

I looked down at it, pulse racing.

"What is it?"

"A diary," he said quietly. "Mom's."

My stomach dropped.

"She told me to give it to you before she left," Ethan continued. "Said...said it was time."

I stared at the book.

My mother's diary.

Answers.

Or more questions.