

My Sister 294

Chapter 294 YOU WILL PULL THROUGH

SERAPHINA'S POV

The moment I stepped out of the café, my legs gave out.

There was no spectacle, no dramatic swoon or collapse to draw curious eyes. Only a sudden, merciless absence of strength, as if the last thread holding me together had quietly snapped.

Maya was there in an instant.

I sensed her presence before I saw her, unwavering and strong, arms already circling me as my knees buckled.

She caught me easily, one arm braced around my back, the other anchoring my weight against her hip.

"Hey, hey," she murmured, low and steady, like she was talking to a frightened animal. "I've got you."

The world spun, colors smearing at the edges of my vision. A wave of heat crashed over me, fierce and stifling, my heartbeat pounding like a frantic drum.

I clutched at Maya's sleeve, fingers numb.

She swore under her breath. "Okay. That was...fast."

I tried to laugh, but all that escaped was a fractured breath, thin and unsteady.

"Guess I didn't...pace myself," I managed.

She tightened her hold, jaw flexing. "You rejected the bond and walked out like you were leaving a boring meeting. I was gearing up to storm the café and body-check a raging Alpha."

"It was...fine," I whispered, blinking hard against the sudden sting in my eyes. "He...he didn't fight me."

Her arms shifted, protective, as she guided me a few steps away from the door and onto the low stone bench beneath the café window.

Cold crept through my clothes in an instant, clashing harshly with the fever that raged beneath my skin.

Maya crouched before me, her grip steady on my knees. Her keen gaze searched my face, noting the flush on my skin and every tremor that shook me.

"You're shaking," she said quietly.

I forced my lips into a shape that might have been a smile, brittle and ready to shatter. "Look at you, Captain Obvious."

She didn't smile.

"I'm okay," I assured her. "I really am. It just...hurts."

Her gaze softened, pain flickering through it. "Of course it hurts."

"I'm okay, Maya," I insisted, even as my teeth began to chatter.

She didn't argue. Didn't tell me I didn't have to be brave. She just leaned in and pressed her forehead gently to mine.

"I know," she said. "And I'm proud of you."

That was when the fever hit full force.

The chill disappeared, swallowed by a heavy, smothering heat that made my skin itch and my thoughts sluggish and slippery.

My heart thundered, each beat sending a fresh jolt of pain through the raw edges of the broken bond, as if the wound inside me was splitting further open with every moment.

Maya pressed her fingers to my wrist, her frown deepening as she counted the frantic rhythm beneath my skin.

“Shit,” she muttered. “You’re burning up.”

“I’ll be fine,” I said automatically.

She shot me a look. “You just rejected a fated mate bond. No, you will not be ‘fine.’ Not without help.”

She pulled out her phone, already scrolling. “I’m calling Lucian.”

“No,” I croaked, grabbing weakly at her sleeve. The thought of seeing him like this made my stomach churn. “Please. Not him. Not right now.”

She hesitated, conflicted.

Before she could decide, her phone rang.

Ethan's name flashed across the screen.

Maya blinked, then answered, putting the phone on speaker. "Ethan?"

His voice came through brisk and tense. "Maya, is Sera with you?"

"Yes," Maya answered. "You're on speaker."

"Sera?" Ethan called out.

"Here," I replied, the sound scraping my throat.

There was a pause. Not long—but heavy.

"I've been looking into things," Ethan said finally. "Into our parents' decisions. I found the healer."

I frowned. "What healer?"

“Her name is Tallulah,” he answered. “She treated you as a child—and she remembers everything.”

My heart lurched. “Everything?”

Maya exhaled. “That’s great and all, but Sera really isn’t in the right state of mind for more debilitating revelations.”

Ethan’s voice tightened. “What happened?”

Maya glanced at me, and I gave her a short nod.

She sighed. “She just rejected her mate bond with Kieran.”

“She—”

I could practically hear the myriad of questions clamoring to be answered in Ethan’s mind.

But to his credit, my brother shelved them all and instead said, “She needs to come to Lockwood Manor,” urgency bleeding through his usually controlled tone.

“She needs to rest—”

“Tallulah will know exactly what she needs. It’s perfect timing.”

Maya raised a brow, and as if he could see her, he backtracked. “Okay, that was unfortunate wording, but you know what I mean.”

The world tilted once more, but now pain mingled with something else—a flicker of recognition, a pull toward something both comforting and terrifying.

I nodded weakly, though Ethan couldn’t see it.

“Okay,” I whispered.

Maya studied me for a long second, then relayed it. “We’ll come.”

“I’ll prepare everything,” Ethan said. “And Sera...I’m sorry.”

The call ended.

Maya slipped her phone away and turned back to me, already shifting into motion. "All right, babe. Lockwood Manor it is."

The pain ebbed and surged in waves as we traveled, my awareness drifting in and out, heat winding through my veins. When we arrived, the manor loomed familiar and alien all at once.

Ethan was already waiting at the steps.

He didn't hesitate when he saw me. No questions. No shock. Just action. He was at my side the moment the car door opened, one arm sliding beneath my shoulders, the other steadying my elbow as my legs threatened to betray me again.

"Easy," he murmured, voice tight with restraint. "I've got you."

The familiarity of his presence broke something loose in me, a sudden, bone-deep exhaustion that made leaning into him inevitable.

"I'm sorry," I whispered, "for not telling you."

"Don't," he said. "Not right now."

The world lurched and blurred as we moved, and suddenly I was lowered onto my childhood bed, the mattress sinking beneath me in a way that was both soothing and surreal.

I melted into the familiar softness, my fingers twisting in the sheets, searching for something to hold me steady.

A strange face hovered above me.

No, not strange.

I recognized those green eyes, sparkling like we were constantly sharing an inside joke. I recognized the dark hair pulled back in a smart bun, now threaded through with silver. I recognized the dimples at the edges of the smile, surrounded now by lines.

“Seraphina,”—gods, I recognized that soft, sweet voice—“you’ve grown.”

“Lula,” I whispered, a memory blooming at the back of my mind, fluttering like a bird I couldn’t quite get a grasp on.

The healer’s smile was fond and so achingly familiar. “That’s what you used to call me. You said Tallulah was a mouthful.”

I let out a weak breath that was supposed to be a laugh. “Hi.”

Tallulah moved immediately, efficient and calm.

She worked with methodical precision, setting wards, adjusting crystals, murmuring instructions to the assistants who appeared at her call.

Her touch was calm, grounding, anchoring me when the pain threatened to pull me under again.

Maya hovered near the foot of the bed, arms crossed tight over her chest. Ethan stood at my side, jaw clenched, eyes flicking between Tallulah and me like he was trying to catalog everything at once.

“This pain,” Tallulah said gently, adjusting a crystal at my collarbone, “is the echo of the bond unraveling. The deeper it ran, the louder the body protests when it’s severed.”

My throat tightened.

“But,” she added, glancing at me with something like pride, “you are far stronger now than you were as a child. Your body knows how to endure this. You will pull through.”

I believed her.

I had to.

ETHAN'S POV

I left Lockwood Manor with a knot in my chest that twisted tighter with each step.

My head ached under the weight of everything that had come to light in the last few days: my parents had sealed my memories; they had suppressed my sister's powers—and with them, her wolf; and that wolf had awakened long ago, had even formed a mate bond with my so-called best friend...only to reject it.

The worst revelation? Everyone in my life—my mother, sister, best friend, even my mate—had kept things from me.

It was a lot.

But now was not the time to dwell on that sentiment.

One skill every Alpha should possess is the ability to prioritize and compartmentalize.

And right now, the main priority was making sure Sera was well cared for, and had all she needed for a speedy recovery—which included her son.

Which is why I left her with Tallulah and Maya, and set out to bring Daniel home from Nightfang.

The instant my boots crunched on the gravel of Nightfang territory, my wolf tensed, every sense on edge.

Something was off in the air.

It pressed in—thick, sharp, electric. Power churned beneath the surface of the land like a storm trapped underground, pressing against my senses with barely contained violence.

A chill shot through my veins.

“Shit,” I muttered.

Kieran wasn’t taking the bond severance well.