

## **My Sister 300**

### Chapter 300 IMPOSSIBLE CHOICES

#### SERAPHINA'S POV

Lucian had been gone for days.

No messages. No replies. No half-assed reassurances. Only a silence so absolute it pressed in on all sides, intentional as a locked door.

Maya insisted it was normal.

"He does this," she said, leaning against the railing after training, arms folded as she watched me towel sweat from my neck. "Solo runs. He goes dark when he needs to. Comes back when he's ready. It's not a big deal, I promise."

I nodded as if I believed her.

I tried to believe her.

But the unease clung to me. It wedged itself between my ribs, a restless weight that grew denser with each sunrise he missed.

Training helped—testing new anchor landscapes, practicing breathing exercises, grounding myself in rhythm instead of force. The burn in my muscles and the steady cadence of my heart left no room for anything else.

But the moment I finished the last set, Lucian's absence slipped back into focus.

Something was off.

When I finally gave in in the locker room and called him for what felt like the hundredth time, the call rang long, and my chest tightened as I braced for it to go unanswered.

Then the screen flickered—and he was there.

Relief crashed through me so hard I almost choked on it.

"You're alive," I breathed, half-laughing, exhaling days of worry in one go.

Lucian's mouth curved faintly, but the smile didn't reach his eyes. "Last I checked."

I looked closer. The shadows under his eyes had darkened since I last saw him, and tension carved lines into his face, as if he was holding himself together by force of will alone.

"You look exhausted," I said softly.

He shifted, angling the camera just enough that I could see stone behind him, dim light catching the edge of his cheek. "I'm fine, Sera."

It was a bald-faced lie, but I chose not to prod.

"When are you coming back?" I asked.

"Soon."

I frowned. "That's not a date."

"It's a promise," he said, voice gentle but firm. "Don't worry about me."

I sighed. "Okay, if you say so."

"I'm sorry, though. About missing our date on Friday."

The implication of the sentence settled. I had not yet given Lucian my answer.

I hesitated, then let myself speak. “I...I ended the bond. With Kieran.”

His breath hitched.

I could almost see the implications unfolding behind his eyes—what it meant, what it cost.

Then, quietly, I added, “I also officially changed my name back to Lockwood.”

Lucian didn’t speak for a long time.

When he finally exhaled, it sounded like he’d been holding his breath for years.

“That’s...a lot,” he said.

“I know.” I tipped my head, offering him a small smile. “But it feels right.”

He nodded slowly. “That’s good.”

For a moment, silence stretched between us, the distance humming with things unsaid.

“How’s your training going?” he pivoted easily, though his voice was slightly tight.

“Really good,” I answered.

“I can feel Alina,” I added, softer now. “Her full transformation is close. It’s like standing at the edge of a rising tide, waiting to be swept away.”

His eyes warmed, something tender breaking through the weariness. “That’s incredible.”

“I was hoping,” I said, my voice dipping, “that maybe we could run together on the next full moon?”

The look he gave me then—raw, startled, almost undone—made the weight of unease increase.

“Remember?” I said with a nervous smile. “We promised that we’d one day run under the full moon without the confines of ‘boring human flesh’. I’m sure the presence of an Alpha with me will help immensely.”

He let out a small huff of breath, no doubt remembering the words he said to me before we went on our first run together.

“I—”

“Lucian?”

Lucian glanced away, towards the voice that had called him off-screen, then back at me. “Sera—”

“It’s okay,” I said quickly, before he could explain. “Go do what you need to. We’ll talk soon.”

He hesitated. “I’m sorry.”

“Don’t worry about it,” I replied, forcing a smile. “See you...soon.”

I ended the call before he could say anything else.

The screen faded to black, and I found myself staring at my own reflection—cheeks flushed, eyes too bright, hope flickering in a way that scared me a little.

But beneath the hope, the unease lingered.

And I couldn't shake the feeling that something, somewhere, had shifted beyond my sight.

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LUCIAN'S POV

The screen dimmed.

My reflection stared back—exhausted, splintered, barely stitched together. I stayed frozen, unable to move for a long, heavy moment.

Sera's words replayed in my head, each one echoing louder than the last.

'I ended the bond.'

'I was hoping that maybe we could run together.'

She hadn't said it outright. She didn't need to.

The hope in her eyes had been unmistakable.

She had chosen.

She had rejected Kieran.

This should have been the happiest moment in a long while.

Instead, my chest felt like it had been split cleanly down the middle.

Arms wrapped around me from behind.

Soft. Familiar.

All wrong.

“Luc?” Zara’s voice was soft, laced with concern. “You look upset.”



I closed my eyes.

Her presence was both comfort and torment. The weight of her arms, the warmth of her body—she was memory given flesh, and it hurt worse than any blade.

“I’m fine,” I said automatically.

She tightened her hold just a little. “You’re not.”

I turned slowly, forcing myself to look at her.

Zara.

Or...something wearing her shape.

First of all, she was too young. Unchanged. Frozen in time at the age she’d been when she died, untouched by years that should have reshaped her.

Her memories were fragmented—faces without context, moments without consequence. She spaced at the wrong times. Asked questions Zara would never have needed to ask.

And yet—

The essence was there, an unmistakable resonance that sang to something deep within me. Something even Rhegan recognized without hesitation.

'It's her,' he murmured, voice reverent and broken. 'Not whole. But real.'

'I know,' I replied, just as broken.

Zara tilted her head. "Who were you talking to?"

"Someone important," I said carefully.

Her brows knit. "More important than me?"

The question pierced straight through my ribs.

"No," I said too quickly. Then, softer, "Different."

She seemed to accept that, leaning into my chest, her ears pressed against my heart, just like Zara used to.

‘The sound of your heartbeat is my anchor,’ she used to say.

My chest clenched as this Zara shifted, pressing herself into me.

She felt so unbelievably real and...

Unstable.

Marcus’ warning echoed every time I looked at her too closely, every time her presence felt too fragile, too carefully held together.

Zara—this version of her—was not whole. She was an echo, sustained by forces I neither trusted nor fully understood, balanced on something precarious and conditional.

And as much as a part of me knew this was wrong on so many levels, borderline aberrant, there was still that part that longed for his other half, for his mate—or whatever half-baked compensation this was.

If I wanted her to remain, if I wanted her to become whole, then cooperation wasn’t optional.

My jaw tightened.

I didn't trust Marcus.

He was not a man who offered miracles without chains. Whatever tethered Zara to the present was bound up in his designs, his calculations. I didn't need to know the full mechanics to understand the price.

And yet, I was still here. Still standing in Silverpine territory. Still answering summons. Still allowing him to set the terms of engagement.

Because walking away might fracture her.

Because defiance could cost her existence altogether.

Marcus had an enemy, that much was obvious—a target he circled with theatrical patience.

I could see the outline of it even if the details remained obscured: Kieran Blackthorne.

The thought of Kieran's fall stirred nothing in me. No satisfaction. No fear. Barely even interest.

Until Sera's face surfaced in my mind, and suddenly the question wasn't whether I wanted to be involved.

It was whether I could afford to be, without dragging her into a war she never asked for.

The thought of her being caught in Marcus' web made my blood run cold.

Did I really want to be part of this?

Did I have a choice?

Zara shifted, looking up at me with those familiar eyes that were hers and not hers all at once.

"I'm the most important person to you, right?" she said, not quite a question.

Rhegan stirred uneasily.

I rested my forehead against hers, heart splintering all over again.

“Right,” I affirmed.

But the word tasted like a lie, getting more corrosive as I typed out a text to Sera.

Me: I’d love to go for a run with you under the full moon.

Her reply came almost instantly.

Sera: It’s a date.

The ache in my chest twisted tighter, sharpened by the cruel clarity of being stretched between two impossible choices.

Because somewhere out there, Sera was waiting.

And here, in my arms, was a ghost I couldn’t let die twice.