

My Sister 306

Chapter 306 ENOUGH

KIERAN'S POV

The phone only rang once before Daniel answered.

“Dad?”

His voice came through tight and thin, stripped of its usual brightness. Too alert for the hour. Too controlled in the way children get when they’re trying not to show their fear.

“I’m here, bud,” I said, turning my body slightly away from the tree line, lowering my voice.

There was a pause. I could hear his breathing on the other end, shallow, careful, like he was measuring each breath to keep himself steady.

“Did you—” He stopped. Swallowed. “Did you find her?”

“Yes. I’m with her right now.”

The sound he made wasn't quite a sob, not quite a sigh, just a rush of air escaping him, like he'd been holding his breath since the moment I left Nightfang.

"Is she hurt?"

"No," I said firmly. "She's shaken. Exhausted. But she's safe."

"Where is she? I want to talk to her."

"She's...changing."

Another pause. Longer this time.

"What happened?" he asked quietly.

"It's...a long story; we'll explain it all soon. But she's fine, I promise. Don't worry."

He was quiet again, and I pictured him exactly where I'd left him—sitting too straight on the edge of the couch at Nightfang, fists balled in his lap, trying to be brave because his mom had asked him to be.

“I was scared,” he whispered.

“I know,” I said. “So was I, but you did good, Danny. I’m proud of you.”

That seemed to loosen something deep inside him.

He let out a small, shaky breath. “I want to see her.”

“Soon, I promise.”

“Okay,” he said, like he was anchoring himself to the word. “Okay.”

A beat passed.

“Dad?”

“Yeah?”

“I’m glad you were with her.”

My throat constricted, and I shoved away the thought of what might have happened if I'd arrived even a minute too late.

“So am I.”

After a few more reassurances and a reluctant goodbye, I ended the call and let my arm drop, the phone still radiating warmth against my palm.

That was when the trees rustled.

I looked up—and forgot how to breathe.

Sera stepped out of the woods slowly, the moonlight catching on her hair, her posture careful but steady.

My clothes seemed to swallow her. The shirt drooped off one shoulder, sleeves hiding her hands, fabric hanging loose except where it clung to her chest, still damp with sweat.

The cold had drawn her nipples into unmissable sharp points beneath the cotton, and something primal twisted tight and fast inside my chest.

Memory slammed into me without warning—bare skin on bare skin, the jolt of her body beneath mine when I'd fallen, the heat of her, the way my instincts had surged forward like a wild animal, desperate to take, claim, mark.

I cursed under my breath.

Pulling away from her then had been one of the hardest things I'd ever managed. And maybe the most foolish.

Sera paused when she caught my expression, a flicker of uncertainty crossing her face, and that was enough to snap me back to myself.

Before my thoughts could spiral further, I closed the distance, slipped off my jacket, and settled it over her shoulders with deliberate care.

"There," I said, voice rougher than I intended. "It's cold."

She blinked, then nodded, fingers curling into the sleeves. My scent mingled with hers—cedar and lavender and something I couldn't quite name—and I forced myself to take a step back.

Control. Always control.

"I just spoke to Daniel," I added, softer. "He's worried, but he's fine. I assured him that you are too."

Her shoulders eased a fraction.

"Thank you," she said quietly. "For tonight." She waved a hand ambiguously around the field. "For the rogues. And...for before."

The words unlocked something I hadn't let myself feel yet.

While she cried earlier, I'd felt utterly useless and utterly necessary at the same time.

Each sob pierced straight through me, settling under my ribs, a reminder that I couldn't fix what had shattered.

All I could do was stay, holding her, breathing her in, anchoring us both to the quiet certainty that I had been here when it mattered.

That this time, I hadn't been absent.

I would never be absent again.

"Given the...events of tonight," I said, clearing my throat, "you should come back to Nightfang with me. Daniel's already there; he needs to see you. And...I'd rather not leave you alone."

She started to nod, but then she paused, her brows knitting together. "Speaking of which...I asked Daniel to call Ethan for help. How did you—"

"Daniel told me about the phone call instantly," I confessed. "I did try to contact Ethan because he was closer to you, but he's out of town. I didn't overthink it and just came."

I didn't tell her how recklessly I'd driven, how fear had shrunk my world down to a single point—her.

"I'm glad you came," she said softly. "You've saved me...more times than I can count."

I shook my head. "I've also been absent too many times."

She started to object, but I went on, voice steady.

"After you were shot, I made a promise to myself: That I wouldn't hesitate again. That if I could stop danger from reaching you, no matter what it cost, I would."

She met my gaze and offered me a small, wavering smile, a small flush spreading on her cheeks. "Tonight, you kept that promise."

My heart thudded hard in my chest, and I had to clench my fists tight to my side to keep from drawing her to me. "Yes, I did."

"Well," she said, hugging my jacket tighter around herself, and dropping her gaze, "shall we?"

There was so much left unsaid: the fantastic revelation of her wolf, what had shattered her in those few minutes I was gone, why she'd been hunted at all.

But none of that mattered right now. The only thing that counted was her safety.

The drive back to Nighthfang passed in a quiet that was companionable rather than awkward.

Sera leaned back in the seat, jacket pulled close, eyes heavy but alert enough to track the road. I kept my hands steady on the wheel, grounding myself in the familiar hum of motion.

Nighthfang was still awake when we arrived.

Warm light glowed behind the windows. Laughter floated from the common hall. The air carried smoke, pine, and the lingering scent of celebration.

The car doors barely closed behind us before Daniel barreled forward.

“Mom!”

Sera barely had time to steady herself before he flung himself at her, arms locked tight around her waist. She laughed, breathless and bright, and dropped to her knees to hug him back.

“Oh, my baby,” she whispered, cradling the back of his head.

“Are you okay?” he asked, pulling away to assess her with too-intelligent eyes.

She gently brushed his hair back. “I’m okay, baby.”

Behind Daniel, my father, mother, Gavin, and Lydia filed out into the open, their gazes identically wary and concerned.

Gavin’s eyes darted first to the jacket draped over Sera’s shoulders, then to the oversized pants cinched at her ankles and waist. His brows climbed with unrestrained curiosity.

My mother’s nose twitched, no doubt catching the blend of our scents.

“What...happened?” she asked carefully.

Sera turned to me, and an unspoken look passed between us: permission.

I cleared my throat.

“Sera completed her first full Shift tonight,” I announced.

For a second, there was stunned silence.

Then—

“What?!” Daniel shouted.

“That’s incredible,” Mother breathed.

Father’s face broke into a rare, unguarded smile. “That’s wonderful news.”

Daniel bounced in place. “Can I see your wolf? Is she big? Is she fast? Does she—”

"Later," Father said gently, resting a hand on his shoulder. "First Shifts take a lot out of you. Your mom needs rest."

Sera nodded, visibly relieved. "Kieran offered for me to stay here," she said hesitantly. "Is that okay?"

"Of course it is, dear," Mother said, already leading her into the house.

Daniel clung to Sera's hand, his excitement over the news washing away every trace of his earlier worry.

I lingered in the entryway, listening to Daniel's muffled excitement echo down the hall, Sera's softer replies threading through it like a calming melody, and something inside me finally settled.

Heavy. Hopeful. Unresolved.

But enough.

For tonight, enough.