

## My Sister 315

### Chapter 315 A PROMISE

#### KIERAN'S POV

I lingered in the sitting room a while longer after everyone filed out.

After what Sera revealed tonight—what had been done to her, hidden inside her, almost erased—I needed to process.

Psychic. Sealed.

The words still refused to settle into something manageable. Every memory I had of her rewrote itself under their weight—every moment I'd dismissed her silence as compliance, her restraint as weakness.

Every time I thought I'd reached the bottom of my guilt, it turned out there was more ground beneath me. The ache in my chest deepened, an insistent reminder of how much I'd failed her.

And then there was the issue of Lucian Reed.

For the first time since I met him, I regarded him as what he was—not a rival, but a threat. One I couldn't cleanly identify or categorize.

And that pissed me off like nothing else. Frustration surged in my chest, tightening my muscles and setting my teeth on edge.

He had seen something in Sera before the rest of us had. That fact alone wasn't a crime—if anything, it sold him as the good guy—but it sat wrong in my instincts, like an itch I couldn't find.

I didn't believe he'd orchestrated the attack. If he had, Sera wouldn't be standing here at all. He wasn't the kind of man who failed.

But that didn't mean he wasn't guilty of a hundred other sins. And gods help me, I would uncover all of them.

And if there were even a hint that he had plans to hurt Sera, I would rip his head off his body and hang it over my mantle.

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We chose to converge around Daniel's tree house.

The moon hung high and full above the treeline, its silver light spilling through the branches in soft, fractured ribbons.

The air smelled of pine and damp earth, and every breath, step, and heartbeat thudded louder in the stillness.

I stood just behind Sera, close enough to steady her if she faltered, yet not so close as to crowd her.

She shifted her weight slightly, fingers flexing at her sides. I felt the faint ripple of her nerves through the air, subtle but unmistakable.

“You’re overthinking,” I murmured, keeping my voice low so only she could hear. “You’ve already done the hardest part.”

She glanced back at me. “That’s easy coming from someone who’s done this a million times.”

I smiled softly. “There was a time when I’d only done it once before. Then twice. Then thrice.”

Throwing caution to the wind, I reached out and took her hand. She didn’t pull out of my grip.

“The first full Shift is the hardest part of your journey. You endured that. This will be easier.”

She searched my face, as if weighing whether to believe me.

I squeezed her hand. "I promise."

Something in her shoulders eased. I watched relief flicker across her face as her breathing slowed.

And then Daniel stepped forward and wrapped his arms around her waist.

"You can do it, Mom," he said, eyes bright, voice buzzing with barely-contained excitement.

Sera folded over him, hugging him tight. "Thank you, baby."

"I can't wait to see Alina," he said fervently.

Her hands slid into his hair, fingers combing through gently. "She can't wait to see you."

I watched them embrace with something heavy and warm blooming in my chest, taking in the way she drew strength from him just as surely as he drew it from her.

She straightened a moment later, breath steadier now, eyes clearer.

Maya stepped forward then and tipped her head toward the bushes. "Ready?"

Sera nodded.

Together, they disappeared into the undergrowth, leaves whispering as they passed. The clearing seemed to hold its breath.

Nyra emerged first.

Maya's wolf was a sleek, powerful thing, her dark coat catching the moonlight like polished onyx. She shook once, as if settling into herself, then lifted her head and let out a low, pleased sound that vibrated through the ground.

And then, Alina stepped into the clearing like something out of myth.

Her coat caught the moonlight and threw it back brighter, richer, as if she were woven from molten starlight rather than flesh and fur.

Every movement carried a quiet authority, a grace that made me catch my breath.

Ashar stirred within me, awe rolling through our shared consciousness.

‘There,’ he said, voice reverent. ‘Our mate.’

I felt it too—not the bond, long severed, but something deeper. Recognition. Reverence.

Daniel gasped.

“Oh,” he breathed. “She’s...she’s beautiful.”

Alina lowered her head, her gaze softening as she focused on him.

Daniel didn’t hesitate. He ran straight for her.

“Slo—” I started instinctively, then stopped.

Alina crouched, meeting him halfway, allowing him to throw his arms around her massive neck. He laughed, half-sobbing with joy, burying his face in her fur.

“You’re so big,” he said, voice muffled by her coat. “And shiny.”

Alina huffed, a sound that might have been laughter, and nudged him back gently with her muzzle. Then she lowered herself further onto her haunches—an unmistakable invitation.

Daniel's eyes went wide. "Can I really?"

Her answer was a gentle nuzzle, and she lowered herself further.

"Go on," I said softly. "You wanted to run with her, right?"

I stepped forward then, braced my hands around his torso, and lifted him, settling him between Alina's shoulders.

She waited until he was balanced, until his hands fisted securely in her fur.

Then she ran.

The clearing erupted into motion.

Nyra launched after them immediately, a dark streak chasing silver through the trees. Daniel's laughter rang out, wild and free, carried on the night air.

I didn't think.

I was already shedding clothes, Ashar surging forward eagerly as I shifted. Bones stretched, and the familiar rush of power flooded my limbs.

Ethan joined a heartbeat later, Logan breaking into stride beside me as we tore after them.

The forest opened around us.

Moonlight filtered through branches overhead, painting the ground in shifting patterns. Alina moved like she was born of this terrain, every stride effortless despite the precious weight she carried.

Daniel whooped as she leapt over fallen logs, his joy a living thing that tugged at every one of us.

I matched her pace, Ashar exultant within me.

Nyra barked once, playful, pushing herself faster as Logan sidled next to her.

I caught glimpses of my parents behind us. My father's wolf, Killian, was gold like Ashar, older but still swift and steady on his feet.

My mother's wolf, Lily, was close at his side, her auburn-threaded coat glimmering faintly in the moonlight. She ran with a freedom I hadn't seen in her in years.

Laughter. Howls. Breathless joy.

It filled the night.

I watched Sera from the corner of my vision as she ran, her silver wolf radiant.

I felt the echo of what we had lost, yes—but also the fierce, undeniable truth of what remained.

This.

This was real.

This was worth protecting.

As Alina slowed, looping back toward the clearing, Daniel leaned forward and pressed his cheek to her neck, eyes shining with unshed tears.

“I love you,” he told her.

She rumbled softly in response.

When we finally came to a stop, panting and laughing beneath the moon, something inside me settled into place—a promise.

That I would do everything in my power to ensure that this—this joyous, precious moment—would not be the last of its kind.