

My Sister 320

Chapter 320 GOOD LUCK

SERAPHINA'S POV

Oh, the ironies just kept piling up.

Margaret Lockwood, the woman who had sealed me, who had looked at my power and chosen fear, was now the one I needed to fully understand and control that power.

I remembered how evasive she'd been at the Frostbane library. Was it because of the silver wolf lineage?

Had she known back then what I was? Had that added fuel to the flame?

"I don't know if—" I stopped myself, pressing my lips together.

My fingers curled around the comforter. "I don't think that's a good idea. My mother is...busy."

With Celeste. With the only daughter who didn't cause her woe.

Calling her to my aid would only prove all the naysayers right: that I was more burden than daughter.

"Surely, we could ask," Christian continued, voice uncharacteristically soft. "A burned bridge can still be crossed if you know the right steps to take."

My snort caught me off guard. "You should meet Alois; you two would hit it off."

Christian didn't laugh. "You're here to learn, Sera. But I, too, am learning how to teach you. We wolves know better than anyone that that which lives in our blood cannot be learned from a book."

At the mention of blood, the image of Maya's blood coating my claws flashed behind my eyes. "I guess I need all the help I can get," I conceded, my voice tight. "I can't afford ever to lose control like that again."

Christian nodded once. "Good choice."

He rose to his feet and began to walk towards the door. "Well, I'll give you some priva—"

"Christian?"

He paused, looking at me expectantly.

“How did...I mean, I don’t remember how I came back to my senses.”

His lips twitched. “Kieran went after you. He brought you back.”

A lump formed in my throat, and moisture gathered in my eyes again. “Of course he did,” I said, my voice suddenly hoarse.

“And he was by your side all night, making sure you were okay.”

A tear slipped down my cheek. “Of course he was.”

“He’s with Daniel now.”

“Daniel!” I gasped. “Did he see what happened? Was he—”

Christian shook his head. “He believes you overtrained and passed out from exhaustion, and Maya got into a car accident on her way here.”

I exhaled. “Thank you.”

“Would you like me to let him and Kieran know—”

I shook my head. “No, not yet. I...I want to call my mother first.”

If I didn’t do it right away, I was afraid I would lose the courage.

He nodded. “As you wish.”

A tear slipped down my cheek. “Thank you, Christian. For everything.”

He offered me a smile that could be described as tender. “Anytime.”

After he left, I sat there for a long time, staring at my wrist, at the bracelet that was both a safeguard and an accusation.

‘Alina,’ I whispered. ‘I don’t know if you can hear me through the restriction, but I want you to know—I’m okay. I hope you are too. And I don’t blame you, okay? You’re as new to this as I am. We’ll figure it out together.’

It might have been my imagination, but I felt a tug of warmth in my belly, as if she was yanking on a weak chain.

That feeling was the push that made me reach for my phone.

Clumsy fingers pulled out the contact and clicked on it. My heart thudded loudly in rhythm to the long ringback tone.

My mother didn't answer.

I tried again.

Nothing.

It must have been the time difference—almost 6 pm here, 6 am in the Maldives. She was probably sleeping.

The image of her with Celeste playing on the beach flashed through my mind, and my stomach twisted.

She hadn't called back since then. Either Catherine hadn't delivered the message, or she just didn't care enough to hear from me.

The voicemail tone beeped, sharp and final.

I closed my eyes.

“Mom,” I said softly. “It’s me, Sera.”

I cleared my throat. “Of course you knew that; you have caller ID. Anyway, um... I just wanted to let you know that I...I’ve had my first full Shift.”

The words felt unreal in my mouth. My chest ached with a mix of pride and grief, realizing that I was telling my mother about the most monumental shift in my life over voicemail.

I was smart not to mention silver, though. Or psychics. Or...accidents.

Some truths needed to be faced in person.

“I’m fine, but...I need help. Guidance. One that only you can give...if you’re willing.” I sighed. “Please call me when you can.”

I hung up and leaned my head back against the wall just as the door opened, and Ethan stepped in.

He looked...wrecked.

Not physically, emotionally. Like someone had beaten the shit out of his psyche.

I straightened immediately, all thoughts of my mother taking a backseat. "Ethan."

His eyes lifted, relief flickering briefly before something darker took its place.

"How's Maya? Is she—"

"She's fine," he said quickly. "Stable. Healing."

I nodded, but the tension rolling off him didn't ease.

He took Christian's evacuated seat. "How are you?"

"You fought," I said, instead of answering. "You and Maya."

His jaw tightened. "You shouldn't be worrying about that."

"You're my brother; she's my best friend,"—at least I hoped she still was—"it's my right to worry."

For a long moment, he didn't speak. Then he exhaled harshly.

"I marked her."

My eyes bulged. "You—what?"

"Last night," he said, voice low. "She was bleeding out, Sera. I could feel her blood pumping out through my fucking fingers, and none of the healers could do anything about it. I didn't think. I just—" He ran a hand through his hair. "I did it to activate the mate bond. To heal her."

I pressed a hand to my mouth, shock rippling through me.

Maya. Marked. Without consent.

"And she's...angry," I said carefully.

"She's livid," he admitted. "And she has every right to be."

“But you don’t regret it,” I ventured.

He shook his head. “It worked, dammit. And I was going to propose anyway. She’s my mate, Sera. She’s it for me. I’ve never wanted anyone before I met her, and there’s no one after her.”

There was no doubt in his voice. No hesitation.

“I’ll make it right,” he added with that same firm conviction.

“I’m so sorry, Ethan. This is all my fault.”

He shook his head. “Nobody blames you, not even Maya.”

I sighed. “Do you think she’ll talk to me?”

He nodded. “She asked for you all night, even in the throes of her fever.”

I swallowed hard and threw the blanket off me. As I stood, I swayed slightly—part nerves, part exhaustion—before steadyng myself.

“Better late than never, right?”

Ethan exhaled, standing with me. “Good luck. There’s something I need to see to.”

I tilted my head. “Making it right?”

He hesitated, then nodded.

I reached out and took his hand, squeezing. “Good luck.”

I didn’t let go of his hand as we walked out of my room, but then we parted ways.

I watched him move down the hall, his shoulders hunched, and I sighed.

Mate bond or no, the dynamic between two people was one of the hardest mysteries to untangle.

And I had to go untangle mine.

When I got to the room Maya had been situated in, I didn’t give myself time to doubt or double back.

They all said she wasn't mad. And even if she was, surely I—

I stepped inside and barely had time to register the dimmed lights and the sharp scent of antiseptic before something whistled past my head and shattered against the wall.

Ceramic shards exploded across the floor.

"Get out!" Maya roared.