

My Sister 337

Chapter 337 THE QUIET AFTERMATH

SERAPHINA'S POV

Aaron was escorted out of the room without resistance, guided down a separate corridor, and placed under careful guard.

A guest and a threat, held in careful balance.

I'd received confirmation that Imani's son was safe with a fellow Omega colleague.

Kieran stood at the head of the table in the conference room, hands braced against the stone surface as if it were the only thing keeping him upright.

Gavin lingered to one side, arms crossed tight, tension coiled into every line of his posture.

Christian was seated, spine straight, expression carved from granite.

The wrongness lingered, thick and unsettling, like smoke in a room after the fire was put out.

Somewhere beyond the closed doors, night guards moved with quiet urgency, boots scuffing stone, voices kept low but strained.

I didn't need to reach outward to know what that meant.

By the time the sun rose, the whole of Nightfang would know something was wrong.

"In the morning," Kieran said, voice low and controlled, "we'll have Aaron moved to one of the housing units at the end of the estate. He's not a prisoner, but he will stay under watch. The truth stays within these four walls. Rumors will fly. Let them."

"And what about Imani and their son?" I asked.

He shook his head. "I don't think it's a good idea for them to be together."

"He's her mate," I said. "She thought he was dead for five years, and now that he's here, you want to keep them apart?"

He hesitated. "You said it yourself—a part of him is missing. For all we know, what's left is dangerous."

"Which is why he'll be under watch, right?" I pressed, my tone pleading. "Let Imani be with her mate. Let him meet his son. Who knows, their connection might trigger his memories. It might restore the parts of him that are gone—or at least show us how to."

Gavin let out a short, humorless breath. "It won't be easy. Whatever was done to Aaron was done with precision and intent. You don't carve pieces out of a soul by accident."

I met his eyes. "I know. But the mate bond is attached to the strongest part of the soul. If even the tiniest part of him remains, it will echo there."

Silence fell in the room as Kieran considered my words. I held my breath, stamping down the urge to reach out and sense his thoughts.

Had I overstepped? Was he regretting asking me to be here?

But then he exhaled and nodded. "Okay. Tomorrow morning, we move Imani and their son to be with Aaron."

I exhaled. "Thank you."

With that decision made, I left the men in the conference room and walked back through the hallways to Imani's room.

She was still asleep when I slipped inside, curled on her side with one arm wrapped protectively around the space beside her, as if her body never forgot that she'd once been part of a pair.

Her breathing remained shallow but even. Dreams flickered faintly at the edges of my senses.

I didn't touch her this time. Didn't reach outward.

She deserved rest. We both did.

Only after I closed the door behind me did the weight finally settle fully into my chest.

I found myself walking without thinking, my steps carrying me through familiar corridors until I stopped outside a small, quiet room in the Alpha wing.

Daniel's room.

I eased the door open slowly, careful not to let it creak.

Moonlight spilled across the bed in pale ribbons, illuminating the gentle rise and fall of my son's chest. He lay sprawled on his back, one arm thrown over his head, curls flattened on one side from sleep.

His face was peaceful in a way that felt almost unreal after everything that had happened.

I moved closer, stopping at the edge of the bed without sitting.

For a long moment, I just watched him.

This was the part no one talked about: the quiet aftermath. The space between crises where fear had room to bloom unchecked.

I knew I had grown stronger.

Breaking the seal had changed me—had returned things I hadn't even known I'd lost. My senses were sharper. My mind, more expansive.

I could feel the threads of the world in ways that would have terrified the woman I used to be.

And yet.

Every time I thought we were closer to the truth, something else surfaced. Another layer. Another conspiracy. Another life altered beyond recognition.

What good was power if it always arrived too late?

My fingers hovered just above Daniel's hair, afraid to touch and wake him. He stirred slightly in his sleep, murmuring something unintelligible, and my heart clenched painfully.

What if strength didn't matter if I wasn't fast enough?

The thought spiraled, dark and insidious.

I didn't hear Kieran enter, but I felt him when warmth pressed against my back, arms slipping around my waist, offering wordless reassurance.

I leaned back into him instinctively, my shoulders sagging as the tension finally found somewhere to go.

"You're spiraling," he murmured near my temple.

I huffed out a breath, half-laugh, half-sob. "Am I that obvious?"

"To anyone paying enough attention to you," he said simply.

A small smile pulled on my lips, remembering the last conversation we had under Daniel's tree house.

Kieran's lips brushed my temple, gentle and grounding.

"No harm will come to you," he said quietly. "Or Daniel. Not while I'm breathing."

The certainty in his voice steadied something inside me.

I closed my eyes, letting myself sink into the solid warmth of him, into the familiar rhythm of his heartbeat behind my ear. For a brief, stolen moment, the storm receded.

Then Daniel rolled over.

The movement was small—barely more than a shift of blankets—but instinct snapped me out of Kieran's arms so fast it startled us both.

I stepped away, cheeks burning.

Kieran blinked, surprise and hurt flickering across his face before they were quickly masked.

"I..." I whispered, glancing at Daniel, who remained blissfully asleep. "I'm sorry. I just—I don't want him to wake up and see us like that. It would be...awkward."

The word felt woefully inadequate.

Kieran studied me for a beat, then...shrugged.

"I suppose," he said lightly. "Though I was going to suggest we relocate."

My stomach flipped.

I recognized that look immediately. The softened gaze. The hint of heat beneath restraint. He wasn't pushing—but he was hoping.

Return to his room. Finish what had been interrupted earlier.

Desire stirred, unsettling and undeniable.

But so did exhaustion. And fear. And the heavy knot of unease still lodged firmly in my chest.

"It's too fast," I said softly. "It's only been a day since we got back together, and we promised slow."

I knew I was being a hypocrite. Nothing that happened in that cabin had been slow, and I had been more than okay with it.

But now, in light of everything that had happened, caution had been given room to creep back in.

Kieran nodded, his smile soft and understanding. “Slow,” he echoed. “Got it.”

“I want to stay here tonight,” I added. “With Daniel.”

Kieran nodded again. Try as he might, he couldn’t completely mask his disappointment, but I sensed no resentment.

He leaned in, stealing a brief kiss from my lips—warm, lingering just long enough to promise rather than demand—before stepping back.

“Goodnight, Sera,” he murmured.

“Goodnight, Kieran,” I replied.

I watched him leave with a dull ache in my chest, the door closing quietly behind him.

I returned to Daniel's bedside, settling carefully into space beside him. I rested my head against the pillow, letting the steady rhythm of my son's breathing anchor me.

Outside, Nightfang remained awake.

And somewhere within its walls, something broken waited to be understood.