

My Sister 338

Chapter 338: DEFINE WEIRD

SERAPHINA'S POV

The dream didn't begin with me.

That was the first thing that was off about it—not the content, not the intensity, but the angle.

I wasn't inside myself the way I usually was when my mind wandered in sleep.

I was drifting. Watching. Slipping in and out of others' skin like frequencies crossing on a crowded wavelength.

The first was Lucian.

Not the sharp, composed Alpha the world knew, nor the shrewd, half-smiling man who so often stood at my side with quiet calculations behind his eyes.

This Lucian stood alone at the edge of something vast and empty, shoulders bowed, gaze fixed on the ground as if he were afraid that looking up might break him.

There was no dialogue. No explanation.

Just the weight of regret and something...foul clinging to him like fog.

Then the scene shattered, and I was falling—

Into heat. Smoke. Blood.

Aaron.

I felt the battlefield before I saw it: the copper tang in the air, the ache in muscles pushed past exhaustion, the distant roar of wolves clashing in the dark.

His thoughts splintered, flashing through me in sharp bursts.

Imani.

Her name wasn't spoken aloud, but her presence echoed everywhere. In the tightening of his chest, in the memory of her laugh, in the half-formed image of her hands smoothing his hair the night before he left.

'I have to go back,' he thought, even as fangs sank into his shoulder. 'I have to see her again. I have to—'

Pain exploded.

The bond screamed.

And then—nothing.

I was wrenched sideways again.

Not into a moment this time, but a long, grinding stretch of time that pressed down on my chest until it was hard to breathe.

Imani.

Her perspective wasn't as vivid as Aaron's had been. It was duller. Heavier. Built of monotony and endurance.

I felt the ache of waking every morning to the same empty space beside her. The weight of holding a crying child through the night, while grief sat like a stone in her throat.

Five years, her mind whispered, not in words but in weariness.

Five years of longing. Five years of pain. Five years of choosing survival, not for her sake, but for her son, the only remnant of their bond, the only proof that it ever existed.

The image shifted again, folding in on itself—

And suddenly, I was warm.

Firelight flickered across wooden walls. A familiar cabin. Familiar arms.

Kieran.

But this wasn't memory exactly—it was distortion. A refracted version of something that had almost happened.

I felt his possessiveness first, sharp and instinctive, the Alpha in him coiling tight as he looked at me like I was something precious he'd unearthed after decades of excavation.

His hands framed my face, thumbs brushing my jaw, reverent and restrained all at once.

'Mine,' his thoughts murmured—not as a command, but as a hope he was afraid to voice.

This time, there was no ringing phone.

No interruption. No startling return to reality.

I saw myself lean forward, saw myself nod.

And then—another shift, and I felt myself give in.

The heat of him pressed against me, sudden and unyielding, as if whatever restraint he'd been holding onto had finally shattered.

His mouth crashed into mine—rough, hungry, claiming, the kind of kiss that stole breath and left no room for hesitation.

I barely had time to react before I was being backed into the wall, his body caging mine in with a low, possessive growl that vibrated straight through me.

His hands were everywhere—at my waist, my back, my thighs—stripping away layers of clothing with impatient precision. Fabric slid and fell, forgotten the moment it left my skin.

His touch was no longer careful; urgency replaced restraint. He'd reached the end of his control and had no intention of reclaiming it.

My name left his mouth like a vow and a warning all at once.

His kisses burned a path down my throat, over my collarbone, lingering just long enough to make me ache before moving on. Teeth grazed skin. Fingers dug in, holding me as if he was afraid I'd disappear if he loosened his grip even for a second.

I clutched at him just as desperately, nails scraping bare skin, anchoring myself to the solid reality of him—his weight, his heat, the fierce hunger behind every touch.

It wasn't the bond pulling us together. It wasn't instinct demanding its due.

It was choice colliding with desire, unchecked and uncontained.

I gave myself to him without fear, without reservation, without the careful brakes I'd clung to in waking life.

I let myself drown in the intensity, in the way he held me like he'd waited far too long and wasn't willing to wait another second.

And just as my body arched toward the sensation, surrendering completely—

“Mom?”

I jolted awake with a gasp.

Daniel stood beside the bed, brows furrowed, small hand resting uncertainly on my arm.

“You okay?” he asked. “You’re all red.”

I blinked, heart racing, the remnants of the dream clinging to my skin like heat trapped beneath blankets. My cheeks and throat burned.

“I—I’m fine,” I rasped, pushing myself upright. “I think I just...got too warm under the covers.”

He squinted at me, unconvinced. “You’re sure you don’t feel sick?”

“No,” I snapped, sharper than I intended.

Daniel's eyes widened slightly, and I reached out and ran a hand through his curls, bringing his head forward to kiss his temple. I softened my voice. "Really, baby. I'm okay."

He nodded slowly, still watching me like he wasn't entirely sure, before turning toward the door. "Dad made breakfast."

Something low in my belly twisted at the mention of Kieran. I ignored the residual heat simmering in my veins and forced a smile.

"That's nice."

I swung my legs over the side of the bed, forcing myself to breathe evenly as the last fragments of the dream dissolved—except they didn't entirely.

They lingered. Faint but insistent impressions pressed deep into memory.

We went downstairs together. Daniel chattered about his training schedule for the day, grounding me in the present, but my thoughts lagged, senses still trying to reorient.

Then I saw Kieran.

He stood at the counter, sleeves rolled up, casually plating pancakes. The morning light caught in his hair and softened the hard lines of his face.

And just like that, the final fragment slammed back into me.

Heat. Possession. His hands. His mouth—

I dropped my gaze immediately, focusing far too intently on the floor.

“Morning,” he said, voice warm.

I cleared my throat. “Good morning.”

I chanced a glance, and the smile he gave me was...knowing. As if he were the psychic one.

Daniel took his seat. “Dad, did you come to my room last night?”

I froze.

Kieran glanced at me before answering, the corner of his mouth lifting in a way that made my stomach flip.

“Just to say goodnight,” he said lightly. “Your mom was already there. Why? Did we...disturb you?”

My foot connected with his shin under the table before I could stop myself.

He only smiled wider.

Daniel’s eyes flicked between us, curiosity sharpening. “You guys are being weird.”

“We’re not,” I said at the same time Kieran said, “Define weird.”

Daniel’s eyes narrowed as he looked between us, and I waited for him to announce that he knew the truth about our new relationship.

But he just huffed and reached for the syrup. “Never mind.”

Across the table, I shot Kieran a warning look, but he just shrugged, offering me a coy smile in return.

It was innocent enough, but I felt my cheeks heat and had to duck my head, focusing extra hard on the pancakes before me.

After breakfast, we walked Daniel to training. The crisp morning air helped to clear my head and ease the residual heat in my veins.

However, once Daniel disappeared into the training yard, Kieran moved closer.

I stepped back.

His brows lifted slightly. "Sera."

"We talked about this," I said quietly. "Not here. Especially not now."

His gaze sharpened, but he nodded. "I understand your reservations, but I thought about it all last night, and I don't want to hide us anymore."

My heart skipped a beat at his mention of 'us.'

"I understand," I said. "But right now, we have a lot to deal with. I think it's best to keep things under wraps, at least until we can settle the current storm we're standing in."

Kieran nodded, almost as if he anticipated my answer. "You're right."

Then he took another step back. "I have to go. Let's suspend training for today."

I blinked. "What? Why?"

"Because I need to figure out what the fuck is going on and squash it." The corner of his lips twitched.
"And then I can scream from the rooftops that you're mine."

A surprised laugh fell out of me. Then I said, "Actually, I think there's a way I can help with that."