

## **My Sister 359**

Chapter 359 TOGETHER TOGETHER

SERAPHINA'S POV

Driving through the gates of Nightfang was feeling increasingly familiar. More and more like coming home.

Especially when my baby was waiting for me on the porch steps.

I was already unbuckling my seatbelt and opening the car door before Kieran had finished parking.

“Mom!”

Daniel dashed down the steps so fast my heart skipped, then crashed into me, all elbows and knees and growing-boy strength.

I caught him with a shaky laugh, my arms locking around him tightly.

“I missed you,” I murmured into the crown of his head.

"It's only been two days," he said, but his arms tightened around me anyway. "You're squeezing."

"Too bad," I chuckled.

Because I needed to feel him solid beneath my hands. Needed the reassurance that he was fine. Safe.

Daniel pulled back first, squinting up at me.

His nose twitched, brows drawing together.

His gaze flicked to Kieran, who had come to stand a few paces behind us.

Then back to me.

Then back to Kieran.

His confusion was almost comical.

"You smell..." Daniel began slowly. "Weird."

“Weird?”

“Not bad weird.” He stepped closer, sniffing like a curious bloodhound. “Just...mixed.”

My heart skipped.

Of course he would notice.

He tilted his head. “Why do you smell like Dad?”

Kieran made a small, strangled sound behind us.

I didn’t turn around, but I felt the tension spike through him like a pulled bowstring.

He didn’t say a word, and I knew I had a decision to make, right here and now.

I crouched so that Daniel and I were eye-level.

Oh, how I loved his beautiful eyes. I loved that they were Kieran's—same deep obsidian, sharp and perceptive beyond his years.

“Daniel,” I said gently, “there's something we need to tell you.”

His brows lifted.

Behind me, Kieran's breath hitched.

For a second—a small, cowardly second—I felt the temptation to soften it. To hedge. To say we were trying. To say we were figuring things out.

But that wasn't true.

The truth was fierce and serious and already carved into stone.

I reached back behind me, searching for Kieran's hand until I felt his fingers. He hesitated, then curled them around mine.

Daniel's eyes widened.

I smiled, though my throat felt tight.

“Your dad and I,” I said carefully, “are back together.”

Daniel didn’t react at first.

He just stared.

At me.

At our joined hands.

At Kieran.

Then back at me.

“Like...” His voice cracked slightly. “Like together together?”

I nodded, my smile widening. "Together together."

His jaw dropped.

“You’re not divorced anymore?”

“Technically, we still are. Right now, we’re dating.”

“But...you’re not going to break up again?”

That question sliced through me.

“No,” I answered, softer.

His gaze flicked to Kieran. “Dad?”

Kieran stepped forward then, no longer holding back, and crouched on Daniel’s other side.

His voice was low but steady. “Your mom and I love each other, Danny.”

Daniel searched his face with startling intensity.

He was searching for cracks. For doubt.

For the possibility that this might fracture again.

Kieran held his gaze and said firmly, "We're never breaking up again."

Shock melted first.

Then disbelief.

And then joy detonated.

His face lit up so suddenly it stole my breath.

"You're serious?" he demanded, as if daring us to retract it.

"Yes," I laughed, tears pricking my eyes. "We're serious."

Daniel made a sound somewhere between a whoop and a sob and launched himself at both of us at once.

We barely had time to brace before he wrapped his arms around our necks, smashing us together in a three-way collision of limbs.

“This is the best news ever!” he declared into my shoulder.

Kieran’s arm came around both of us, and for a moment, we were just three heartbeats. Perfectly aligned.

Daniel pulled back abruptly, eyes shining. “We have to celebrate!” he announced.

I glanced at Kieran.

He still looked stunned. “Yeah,” he murmured, “celebrations are in order.”

Daniel squealed. “I’m going to go tell the chef what to make!”

He bolted up the steps, nearly tripping in his haste.

“It’s official once we celebrate!” he shouted over his shoulder. “So you really can’t change your minds!”

The door slammed behind him.

Kieran rose slowly.

“So,” he said carefully, “we’re telling people now.”

I rose too. “Yes.”

I stepped closer to him, and his arms came around me automatically, like muscle memory.

I pressed my cheek against his chest, listening to the steady thud of his heart.

“Not that I mind at all,” he murmured, “but why the change of heart?”

“I can feel it,” I whispered. “The storm.”

It wasn't psychic exactly. It was instinct. The same instinct that had been humming since the rogue attacks. Since Aaron returned hollowed. Since Corin spoke of neutralization. Since the news of Celeste's wolf.

Something was converging.

"I don't want to waste time in falsehood," I continued. "I don't want to have any regrets. And Daniel deserves to know that we chose each other. He deserves to know his family is healing."

Kieran's hold tightened.

"We'll survive it," he said softly, "the storm. And we'll get our happily ever after."

I nodded against his chest. "We will."

I refused to imagine any other outcome.

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Daniel was delighted and disappointed all in the span of ten minutes.

“Awwn, why can’t we have a celebratory dinner?” he asked Kieran.

“I have to preside over the second night of the Hunting Festival,” Kieran explained apologetically.

Traditions and responsibility didn’t pause for personal joy.

“But it’s our reunion day,” Daniel protested.

Kieran crouched in front of him, hand on his shoulder. “I’ll make it up to you. We’ll have a proper celebratory dinner once the festival is over.”

“With steak?” Daniel asked, his face brightening.

Kieran nodded. “With steak.”

“And dessert?”

“Yes.”

Daniel narrowed his eyes. “Chocolate?”

“All the chocolate you can eat.”

Daniel considered this.

“Fine,” he sighed dramatically. “But hurry back.”

“Trust me,” Kieran said, looking up at me, “I’ll be counting the seconds till I’m back home.”

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When he left, I stood at the dining room window longer than necessary, watching his retreating figure disappear down the path toward the main grounds.

The thought of him going back into the world alone after the chaos of today made something twist in my stomach.

Maybe we should have insisted on the dinner.

“Mom?”

I turned. Daniel was already at the table, chin propped in his hands.

“So.”

“So?” I echoed.

He grinned.

And then it began.

“Why are you back together now?”

“Because we worked through things.”

“If you were going to get back together, why didn’t you stay together the first time?”

“Because loving someone,” I said slowly, “doesn’t automatically fix all the cracks in a foundation.”

“So what changed?”

“Well, finding out we were fated mates was the first step.”

He paused. “You’re...fated mates? Is it really true?”

“Yeah, honey,” I said, smiling softly. “We are.”

His gaze dropped, and when he spoke again, his voice was uncharacteristically small. “Does...does that mean I’m not a mistake?”

My breath caught.

“Baby...” My voice was suddenly thick, and I had to clear my throat before I could continue. “Why would you think that?”

The switch in his demeanor was whiplash-inducing. His hands curled inward on the table. His shoulders hunched over.

An ache opened in my chest, sharp and raw. “Daniel.”

He didn't look up.

"I know when you and Dad first got together, it wasn't...planned. I know I was an accident. I know I was the reason you were forced to marry in the first place."

"Where did you hear that?" I whispered, voice hoarse.

He shrugged, still not looking at me. "People talk. Really loudly."

The air left my lungs. Rage flared first—the feral urge to find every tongue that had wagged within his earshot and rip them out.

But heartbreak flooded in behind it.

Despite it lacking between Kieran and me, I'd done my best to shower Daniel with affection, to make sure he never once doubted that he was loved.

But I obviously wasn't good enough, and I'd been blind while he'd carried such a heavy burden all this time.

I moved around the table, knelt beside him, and gently cupped his face.

When his gaze lifted to mine, his eyes were red-rimmed and glassy. It felt like my heart was being put through a shredder.

“Listen to me, baby,” I said fiercely, “you were never a mistake.”

His red eyes blinked rapidly.

“You are not a byproduct of circumstance,” I continued. “You are not an accident.”

His lower lip trembled.

“You were born from a bond that existed long before either of us understood it. Even before your father and I knew, the connection was there. You were proof of it.”

“I always thought,” he whispered, “that it would be better if I was from love.”

I choked back a sob as I pressed my forehead to his.

“You are,” I said, voice thick. “Daniel, you are from love. Messy love. Complicated love. But love all the same.”

A tear slipped down his cheek.

I wiped it away with my thumb. "If you doubt anything in your life, never ever doubt that you are greatly, unconditionally loved."

His eyes slowly returned to their usual warmth.

"Okay," he whispered.

He leaned forward then, wrapping his arms around my neck. I held him so tight, I was sure he couldn't breathe. But he didn't complain.

"Wanna know a secret?" he mumbled, his breath warm against my skin.

I nodded, not trusting myself to speak.

"Even though I said I was okay with you dating other people, and I liked Uncle Lucian. I was secretly always rooting for you and Dad."

I choked out a half-laugh, half-sob.

“Me too, baby,” I whispered. “Me too.”