

## **My Sister 401**

### Chapter 401 PART OF THE JOB

#### SERAPHINA'S POV

I stayed in Daniel's room long after he fell asleep.

My hand rested over his, thumb brushing his skin as if I could anchor him there, in that moment, in that fragile stillness where he was only my son and not...something more.

Carefully, I eased my hand away, smoothing the blanket once more before rising from the bed. The room was quieter now, softer, but the weight I carried out with me did not lessen.

The hallway was dim when I stepped out, the low lighting casting long shadows along the walls.

Nightfang had settled into that strange, restless quiet that came after conflict, when the danger had not fully passed but exhaustion demanded its due anyway.

The door to our room was slightly ajar, warm light spilling into the hallway. I pushed it open and stepped inside.

Kieran sat on the edge of the bed, one arm braced against his knee, his head bowed as if lost in thought.

He looked up the moment I entered, his gaze finding mine instantly.

“How is he?”

I closed the door behind me. “Good. He fell asleep faster than I thought he would.”

Kieran nodded, a small, fond smile on his face.

Then his gaze sharpened, studying me in that way of his that felt like he could see through me.

I moved closer, exhaustion settling into my limbs now that the urgency had passed.

As soon as I was close enough, he reached for me. His hand closed around my wrist, warm and grounding, and with a gentle tug, he guided me closer until I stood between his knees.

His other hand came to rest at my waist.

“What is it?” he asked.

I let out a slow breath. "I understand now."

His brows furrowed. "Understand what?"

I hesitated, my gaze dropping briefly before lifting back to his.

"My parents," I murmured. "When my powers started manifesting...the fear, the uncertainty...the way everything must have felt like it was slipping out of their control."

I swallowed hard, my chest aching. "I used to think they handled it wrong, trying to contain it instead of helping me understand, but now..."

I shook my head. "Now I see it differently."

Kieran's hand at my waist tightened just enough to ground me further.

"You're afraid for him." It wasn't a question.

"Terrified," I whispered, my voice barely more than a croak, fear clutching at my ribs.

Kieran pulled me onto his lap, one arm still around my waist, the other resting on my thigh.

"Me too," he confessed. "Seeing him today...the way he commanded the room. It was like I was catapulted into the future, seeing him as an Alpha."

I lay my head against his with a heavy sigh. "He's going to be so powerful."

Kieran's thumb traced slow, absent circles at my side. "He's the best of both of us."

"I don't want to be like my parents," I whispered. "I don't want to make choices concerning him out of fear."

Kieran's hand lifted from my waist to my cheek, his touch gentle as he tilted my face toward him.

"We're not them," he said firmly. "We won't make the same mistakes."

I searched his gaze. "How do you know that?"

"Because we've seen what those mistakes cost," he replied, his thumb caressing my cheekbone. "We're learning from it."

I exhaled, tension loosening my shoulders as I leaned into him.

Kieran's voice was firm, unwavering. "We'll train him. Guide him. Protect him." His hand slid from my cheek to the back of my neck, drawing me closer. "Together."

I let my eyes close for a moment, resting my forehead against his.

The warmth of him, the steady rhythm of his breathing, the quiet strength in his presence—it anchored me in a way nothing else could.

"You make it sound simple," I murmured.

A faint huff of amusement brushed against my lips.

"It is simple," he said. "Not easy. But simple."

I let out a soft breath that might have been a laugh. "And here I thought those words were synonyms."

His chuckle reverberated through me as his hand slid from my neck to my back, pulling me closer until there was no space left between us.

I felt the steady beat of his heart beneath my palm, strong and sure.

I tilted my head, and his lips found mine.

The kiss was slow, unhurried, steady, a quiet reassurance passed between us without words.

His hand moved gently along my back, soothing, familiar, as if he was reminding me that I wasn't standing alone in this.

When we pulled apart, my forehead rested against his again, my breath mingling with his.

"Thank you," I whispered.

"For what?"

"For not letting me drown in my own thoughts."

He smiled. "That's part of the job."

I huffed. "I didn't realize being with me was a job."

He smirked. "If it makes you feel any better, it's the best job in the world."

I rolled my eyes, but the tension in me had eased enough that the gesture was fond.

Kieran shifted, guiding me with him as he leaned back onto the bed.

I settled beside him, my head on his chest, his arms wrapped securely around me.

The steady rise and fall of his chest was calming. Familiar. Safe.

Eventually, exhaustion caught up to me. My eyes grew heavy, my thoughts slowing, the tension finally loosening its grip enough to let me rest.

The last thing I felt before sleep took me was Kieran's hand brushing through my hair, warm and comforting.

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Morning came too soon.

Sleep had barely settled into my bones before it was pulled away again, replaced by the quiet stir of movement outside our room.

Voices carried faintly through the hallway, low and purposeful, enough to tell me something was going on.

I pushed myself up, half-wrapped in the lingering warmth of the night. Kieran's space was empty, but still warm, which told me he'd slipped out of bed not too long ago.

I climbed out of bed and reached for the first thing within arm's reach to throw on—Kieran's shirt.

I was about to find a pair of pants when the voices in the hallway grew clearer. When I opened the door, Kieran was there, speaking with one of the guards.

He turned as soon as he saw me.

"Alois is here," he said without preamble.

My eyes widened. "Already?"

He nodded.

“Where?” I asked.

“Main hall.”

I threw on pants in two seconds flat.

We moved quickly through the house, the early-morning light filtering through the tall windows, casting long shadows across the polished floors.

A few pack members paused as we passed, their attention following us, the tension from the previous day still lingering in the air.

When we reached the main hall, I slowed.

Alois stood near the center of the room, hands folded behind him as he studied a painting above the mantle.

He looked exactly as I remembered—composed, controlled, his presence calm in a way that seemed to settle the space around him without effort.

“Director Alois,” I panted.

He turned at the sound of my voice. “Seraphina.”

“You came,” I said, a giddy smile spreading on my face.

“Was that not the plan?” he replied, a small smile pulling at his lips, too.

There was something steady about Alois, something that made the chaos of the last twenty-four hours feel...manageable.

Like we were no longer standing at the edge of something we couldn't control.

I exhaled slowly, some of the weight easing from my shoulders.

Kieran stepped up beside me, his hand brushing against my back as he nodded in greeting. “It's an honor to have you here.”

Before Alois answered, there was a small shift behind him.

I barely registered it at first—just a flicker of movement at the edge of my vision.

Until a small figure peeked out from behind his side.

“Is it an honor to have me, too?”

I blinked, my mouth dropping open.

Alois glanced down, then back at me. His expression was blank, as if this new presence required no explanation at all.

“Ava?!”