

My Sister 420

Chapter 420 POSSESSIVE ALPHA NONSENSE

SERAPHINA'S POV

Morning came too quickly.

For a while, I lay still, savoring that fragile space between sleep and awareness, where everything felt quiet and contained, and nothing had yet demanded anything from me.

Kieran's arm was around me, heavy and warm, his breathing slow and steady against my back.

If I didn't move, I could pretend.

Pretend I didn't have somewhere to be.

Pretend the weight sitting quietly in my chest wasn't waiting for me to acknowledge it.

Pretend this morning was like any other.

It wasn't.

I exhaled slowly and shifted.

Kieran's arm tightened instinctively, his hold firming before his awareness caught up.

"You're leaving," he murmured, his voice still rough with sleep.

"No," I said softly, turning my head slightly toward him. "I'm getting ready to leave."

A pause.

Then, quieter, "Same thing."

He pressed his forehead against my shoulder, a silent moment that said more than anything else could have.

Then he let me go.

The absence of his warmth was immediate.

I didn't linger on it.

If I did, I might not move at all.

By the time I finished dressing, Kieran was up, leaning against the edge of the dresser, watching me in that quiet, assessing way that had become so natural I barely noticed it anymore.

"You're sure you don't want to wait a day?" he asked.

"No."

He nodded, like he'd expected that answer.

"I didn't think so."

I stepped closer and wrapped my arms around his waist. I placed a kiss on his jaw.

"I won't be long," I said. "And I'll be fine."

His gaze softened, but the tension lingered.

“I know,” he said.

That was as close to acceptance as I was going to get.

Daniel was already awake.

I found him exactly where I expected—on the training grounds, standing with a stillness that didn’t belong to someone his age, his attention fixed on something only he could see.

For a moment, I just watched him.

He held himself differently lately—quieter, stronger, as if the weight of who he was becoming had settled in him.

“Hi, baby.”

He turned.

“Mom.”

The shift in him was instant. The Alpha heir receded, replaced by my son.

I walked toward him, steady, even though something in my chest tightened with every step.

“I’m heading out for a few days,” I said.

Though his expression stayed still, I sensed his awareness sharpen.

“Where?” he asked.

“Somewhere I need to go.”

He arched a brow, looking so much like Kieran it was almost unsettling. “That’s not an answer.”

“No,” I admitted softly. “It’s not.”

I pulled him into my arms without warning. He was growing taller at an alarming rate, and soon, I wouldn't be able to rest my chin on his crown or kiss the top of his head.

I swallowed back the well of emotion that rose in me.

"I'll be back before you can miss me," I promised.

His arms came around me, and he gripped the back of my shirt. "Be safe," he whispered.

I nodded. "Take care of yourself, baby." I pulled back and cupped his cheek. "And do me a favor, take care of Ava for me, okay?"

Something flickered in his eyes, and I might have been imagining it, but his cheeks grew warmer under my touch.

"She's..." He frowned, as if searching for the right words. "Difficult," he settled on.

"She's been through a lot," I explained. "She finds it hard to trust new people. Be patient with her, okay?"

He shrugged. "Whatever."

I ruffled his hair. "That's my baby."

"Mom," he groaned, smoothening his hair. "You should stop calling me that. I'm not a baby anymore."

"Oh no, don't you dare grow up."

He huffed. "I thought you were leaving?"

I clutched my chest and groaned exaggeratedly. "You wound me."

Then I reached out and pulled him into another hug.

He stiffened for half a heartbeat—just long enough to pretend he wasn't a child anymore—before relaxing into it.

"I'm proud of you," I murmured. "And I love you so much."

His grip tightened.

“I love you too,” he said, his voice softer.

When I pulled back, I cupped his face, just to look at him one more time.

Then I stepped away.

If I lingered, I wouldn't leave.

My mission required discretion and secrecy, so my departure was quiet and without ceremony.

Corin was supposed to be waiting by a Kieran-approved vehicle and driver.

He wasn't.

Kieran was.

He leaned casually against the car, arms crossed, looking entirely too composed for someone who was disrupting a carefully planned arrangement.

I slowed to a stop.

“What are you doing here?”

“Waiting for you,” he answered.

I narrowed my eyes. “To say goodbye...right?”

He straightened, pushing off the car and stepping toward me.

“I’m coming with you.”

I blinked. “No, you’re not.”

“Yes, I am.”

“You’re supposed to stay here,” I said, incredulous. “That was the plan.”

“Plans change.”

“Not this one.”

“They do when they need to.”

I crossed my arms. “Where’s Corin?”

“Not coming.”

“That’s not your decision to make.”

“It wasn’t just mine.”

I arched a brow. “Explain.”

“I talked to Alois. And my father.”

My brows climbed higher. “And?”

“We agreed that the best course of action was for me to accompany you to the Origins Archives instead.”

I stared at him. “You’re serious.”

“Very.”

I exhaled, running a hand through my hair.

“You’re needed here, Kieran. The pack—”

“Is stable,” he cut in calmly. “My father is here. Gavin is here. Alois is here. They’ll manage.”

“That’s not the point.”

“It is to me.”

I stepped closer, lowering my voice.

“You can’t just decide to abandon your responsibilities because you’re worried about me.”

“I didn’t abandon anything,” he said evenly. “I adjusted.”

I threw my hands in the air in exasperation. “You’re unbelievable.”

He shrugged. “So I’ve been told.”

I shot him a look. “This isn’t funny.”

“Technically, this is all your fault.”

My head jerked back. “Excuse me?”

A flicker of amusement crossed his face.

“After last night, Ashar and I are unwilling to let you out of sight.”

I let out an incredulous scoff. “Tell me this isn’t some possessive Alpha nonsense.”

He shrugged again. “Call it what you want. I’m going with you, and that’s that.”

I tried to hold onto my irritation, I really did.

But as I imagined making the trip with Kieran, I couldn’t ignore the excitement stirring in my chest. The idea soothed my nerves, distracting me from my frustration and almost making me forget why I was protesting in the first place.

“Besides,” he added, “if I get the chance, I want to enter the Origins Archives Room myself.”

That made me pause. “You do?”

He nodded. “You’re not the only one who has...questions.”

“That’s not ominous at all.”

He pushed off the car and walked towards me.

“Come on,” he said, taking my bag off my shoulder. “We have a long trip ahead of us.”

I narrowed my eyes at his back, the gesture more about trying to hold my irritation than true anger.

The truth was, his steady presence had already begun to settle something inside me that had been taut since the moment I decided to leave.

I shook my head, a quiet breath slipping out as I followed him.

“You’re insufferable.”

“And yet,” he said, opening the passenger door for me with unnecessary flourish, “you’re still here.”

I rolled my eyes, a smile playing on my lips as I slid in.

Kieran wasted no time in sliding into the driver’s seat.

He turned to me with a smile, his hand coming to rest on my thigh. "Ready?"

The warmth of Nightfang lingered behind us, and ahead lay something colder, touched with the kind of uncertainty that always came before a threshold.

My hand covered his before I could help myself. "Ready."

The gates opened. The car rolled forward.

The road stretched ahead, long and uncertain, carrying us toward answers that didn't come without cost, toward a place that had already changed me once and would likely do so again.

But this time, I wasn't alone.