

## **My Sister 447**

Chapter 447 SO GODDAMN STUBBORN

SERAPHINA'S POV

The rest of the meeting went better than I expected.

There was still a long road ahead—one that would be defined by strategy, coordination, and the fragile balance of power—but this first step ended on a promising note.

A foundation we could build on. A partnership we could strengthen.

As the last of the Alphas filtered out, the adrenaline faded, stripping away the careful bravado and finesse I had worn like armor until all that remained was the weight of it—and the quiet exhaustion beneath it.

When the doors closed behind the final departing Alpha, and silence reclaimed the hall, my shoulders dropped before I could stop them, and a breath slipped out of me.

“Sera.”

I turned to find Kieran watching me.

Not as the Alpha who had just commanded a room full of powerful leaders.

But as...him.

And there was something in his gaze that made my chest clench.

“Walk with me,” he said.

It wasn't an order—but it wasn't quite a request either.

We left the hall together, the echoes of what had just happened still clinging faintly to the air behind us.

The corridors of Nightfang felt almost too quiet in comparison, the usual activity muted as the pack gave the visiting Alphas space.

We didn't stop until we reached our room and the door closed behind us with a soft, final click.

Kieran turned to me fully and didn't waste a second.

“You promised them too much.”

The softness of his voice clashed with the sharp tension on his face—jaw clenched, eyes stormy, shadows of anger eclipsed by the unmistakable glint of fear.

“We agreed we would show Aaron as proof,” he continued. “We agreed—even though I didn’t like it—to reveal your powers and identity to earn their trust. But we did not agree to rent out your services.”

“Kieran—”

“Finding them. Restoring them. Fixing what Marcus and Catherine have done?” he continued, his voice tightening, matching the set of his jaw and brows. “You don’t even know the full extent of what they’ve built yet.”

“I know enough,” I said quietly.

“That’s not the point!”

“It is exactly the point!” I met his gaze without flinching. “They needed something real, Kieran. Something to hold on to, not just fear.”

“And you decided that something should be you?” His voice sharpened enough to cut.

I felt a flicker of something heated in my chest, but I didn't let it rise.

He was angry because he was afraid. He was afraid because he cared for me.

"Why can't it be?" I whispered. "Am I not allowed to help?"

"Help?" he gasped incredulously, running a hand across his jaw.

"And what happens when they start depending on you? When every pack looks to you to fix what's been broken? When it starts taking more out of you than you can give?"

"I'm getting stronger," I said, softer now but no less certain. "Every time I go into someone's mind, every time I push past those barriers, I learn. I adapt. I know my limits, and I'm learning to push them without breaking."

I let out a slow breath and stepped closer.

"And we're not doing this alone. The potions we seized from the suppliers during the last raid are already being analyzed at the Institute. Alois thinks there's a chance—if we can understand how Catherine is stabilizing the process, we might be able to reverse it without my powers."



"I don't give a shit about fucking Helen," he hissed, his voice low and trembling.

"I didn't say that for anyone's benefit." He took a step closer, his presence pressing into mine with unmistakable intent. "And I sure as hell didn't say it as a strategy."

Each word landed fiercely, no hesitation, no room for doubt.

"I meant every word."

His gaze didn't waver from mine, and for a moment, it felt like the rest of the world had fallen away.

There was just him. Just us.

"I've meant it," he added, more quietly now, as if the words were being pulled from somewhere deeper than he was used to letting anyone see. "Long before I said it out loud."

My heart fluttered at his words.

He exhaled slowly, like he was reining himself in, but his eyes didn't soften.

He closed the remaining distance between us, wrapping his arm firmly around my waist to draw me even closer.

I braced my hand against his chest, and I could feel his heart pounding furiously under my palm.

“I want you by my side, Sera. Not just in that hall. Not just for this alliance.”

His gaze searched mine, as if making sure I understood what he was saying before he said the rest.

“Forever.”

My pulse stuttered so violently I could hear it thrumming in my ears, a tidal roar nearly drowning out the rest of his words.

“And when this is over,” he continued, his voice steady but just as fierce, “when we’ve slain our dragons and burnt down their kingdom, I’m not leaving it as words. I’ll make it official—the way it should have been from the start. I’ll put a fucking crown on your head if you want.”

A sound broke from me—a fragile, shaking breath with the sharp edge of a sob.

“You won’t just be standing beside me because of circumstances,” he added.

His hand came up to my face, roughened fingers brushing my cheek with a care that contrasted the strength of his grip on my waist. My breath caught at the contrast, at the way he held me like something both unbreakable and impossibly fragile at the same time.

“You’ll be there because I chose you. And because you chose me.”

I held his gaze, feeling the weight of his words settle into me, lingering, threading through everything—the room, the tension, the space between us.

This wasn’t strategy or politics.

This was him, standing in front of me, offering something—something I’d wanted since that day in the woods, looking up at the boy that would become the most important part of my life.

My arms wrapped around his neck as I drew a breath, slow and steady, trying to quell the horde of butterflies in my belly.

“Then let me,” I whispered.

His brow furrowed. “Let you what?”

I leaned forward, pressing my forehead against his, our breaths mingling.

"Let me share it," I continued. "The burden. The pressure. All of it. It's all I've ever wanted."

His grip on my waist tightened until it was almost painful.

"Sera—"

"If you mean what you just said," I cut in gently, not raising my voice but not letting him deflect either, "then you don't get to protect me by pushing me out of it. You don't get to decide that this is yours to carry alone. Not anymore."

Something flickered in his eyes again—conflict, the deeply ingrained protective instinct that didn't loosen easily.

"I'm not asking to take it from you," I said. "I'm asking to stand in it with you. To do what I can..." I drew a long, shaky breath. "As your Luna."

The word felt different when I said it now.

Not uncertain. Not borrowed.

Mine.

Kieran's jaw tightened, like he was holding back the instinct to argue again.

"You saw what they needed in that room," I went on. "You gave them strength. Direction. Something to rally behind. And I gave them hope. We need both."

I took a small breath.

"I don't want to be another burden," I whispered. "I want to be someone you rely on."

His eyes lingered on mine, intent and searching, as though he was weighing every word I'd said against something deeper, something instinctive. Fighting himself, maybe. Ashar, too, most likely.

The tension in him didn't disappear, but it changed—less rigid, less defensive—giving way to something quieter.

Not surrender.

But not resistance either.

“You already are someone I rely on,” he said, voice lower now, less guarded than before.

“I just...” He exhaled, the tension slipping through the breath. “I don’t like the idea of that costing you.”

“It will,” I said simply.

That made his eyes flick back to mine, sharper this time.

“I’m not naive,” I added, meeting him evenly. “This isn’t something we get through without paying for it. But I choose to pay that price.”

His jaw clenched again. “Sera—”

“And I choose it knowing exactly what I’m stepping into,” I continued, quieter now but unwavering. “I’m exactly where I want to be, Kieran.”

Silence settled again, but this time it felt different—not like a standoff, but like a turning point.

“You’re so goddamn stubborn,” he muttered.

A faint smile tugged at my lips. "I learned from the best."

That earned the smallest huff of breath from him—not quite a laugh, but close enough. There was still something in his eyes—something unresolved, something protective and restless—but it wasn't fighting me anymore.

"Come here," he muttered.

I didn't hesitate. The minuscule space between us closed as his fingers threaded into my hair, angling my head back while his lips sought mine.

His lips moved against mine with a fierce sort of certainty, like he was sealing the promise we'd just made to each other.

I melted into the kiss, my fingers curling into his shirt as I leaned closer, letting myself be pulled into the familiar rhythm of him.

"I'm never letting you go," he murmured against my lips, "you know that, right? I'm keeping you by my side forever."

He swallowed my response with a kiss so deep my toes curled, but my answer beat in rhythm with my racing heart.

'There's nowhere else I'd rather be.'