

My Sister 59

Chapter 59 MY FAMILY SUCKS

SERAPHINA'S POV

I should've hung up right there and then—as soon as I heard her voice.

I shouldn't have let her join the chorus of family members that simply wouldn't let me be.

But then her voice cracked as she said, "Sera, please don't hang up."

I exhaled, dropping onto one of the chairs in the foyer—the same one Kieran had sat on while I treated his injury.

"I'm not hanging up," I said, my voice tight. "What do you want?"

"I..." She took a shaky breath. "I just wanted to check up on you, dear. How are things? With your injury and training and—"

My incredulous snort cut her off, and I could hear the frown in her voice when she asked, "Is something funny, dear?"

I nodded, even though she couldn't see me. "Yeah. You are, Margaret. You're hilarious."

I heard her sharp intake of breath. "Mom," she corrected softly.

I snorted again. "Margaret," I insisted, "You spent ten years pretending I didn't exist, only calling me after that to tell me about dad's accident and to confirm my divorce, and now, what?" I chuckled bitterly. "You want to know how I am?"

"Sera, I care about you—"

"No, Margaret, you don't. Fuck, why are you and Ethan so hell bent on gaslighting me into thinking the last ten years didn't happen? You think cinnamon raspberry scones—which by the way, are Celeste's favorites, not mine—are going to heal decade-old wounds?"

There was a thick, guilty silence, and I braced for another weepy apology. But then, my mother said, "Speaking of Celeste..."

My jaw dropped. Slammed against the fucking floor.

"Are you kidding me right now?" I asked. "Please, tell me this is some fucking joke."

“Celeste is still your sister,” Margaret said softly, and the sound of that voice alone felt like nails dragged along the inside of my skull. “She’s reaching out, Sera. Inviting you to her party. Don’t you think that counts for something?”

I pinched the bridge of my nose. “You’re all the same, you and Ethan. You don’t really care about me. The only thing that truly matters to you is your precious fucking Celeste!”

“Sera—”

“Don’t ever call me again!”

“Sera, wait! There’s something else!”

I paused, my finger hovering over the red button. “What?” I hissed. “You want to plead Kieran’s case, too?”

Margaret sighed like she was the victim here, like she was the one constantly being disappointed and hurt by her so-called family. “Your father, before he passed... He asked me to try. To bring the family back together.”

I stiffen.

“My father,” I say slowly. “The man who declared that I was no daughter of his?”

“He made me promise. Said he didn’t want to leave the world with his daughters divided.”

Silence settles like dust between us. Heavy. Unwanted.

I didn’t trust her—wouldn’t ever forget how easily she let Celeste become the family’s golden girl while I was discarded like an inconvenient shadow.

But she said his name. And though he was the one who hurt me the most, somehow, his absence hurt even more.

“I’ll think about it,” I said finally, my voice flat.

It wasn’t a yes. But not a no either.

“Oh, Sera, that’s all I ask. Maybe we can all—”

I ended the call before she could start planning tea parties for me and Celeste.

I lay back in the seat, exhaling deeply.

I didn't know whether to feel angry that there was yet another person who'd wronged me and was pretending to be nice to me for Celeste's sake, or that I'd been basically guilt-tripped into actually considering patching things up with Celeste.

My family sucked.

A huff of exasperation slipped out of my mouth when I heard a knock on my door. Was it time for the third round?

Kieran or Ethan, who would my unlucky ass get now?

But I opened the door, and all my anger and ire faded away from me when Lucian smiled.

"Hey," I greeted.

He chuckled when he took in the surprise on my face. "You forgot, didn't you?"

I cocked my head. "Forgot what?"

He pointed up, and realization dawned on me at the sight of the full moon. "Oh."

After the first run together, Lucian had promised to run with me every full moon afterward until I got my wolf. Like our own little tradition.

The fact that he'd actually shown up warmed my heart.

"Go on," he said, leaning against the door frame. "Get dressed, I'll be waiting for you."

That evening, despite the full glowing moon, the forest felt darker than usual, the trees whispering with every breeze that slipped through the branches.

My body moved automatically, the rhythm of my run grounding me—a welcome distraction from the tangle of thoughts clawing through my skull.

Beside me, Lucian kept pace easily. His breath was steady, his strides fluid. He was always like this—calm but not complacent, quiet but always aware.

"You're distracted," he said without looking at me.

"I'm always distracted," I replied, ducking under a low branch.

"But this feels like more than just your usual brooding vibe."

I snorted. "I didn't realize I had a 'vibe.'"

"You do," he replied dryly. "It's tragic and solemn. With a hint of elegance and defiance."

I laughed despite myself, my breath catching in my chest. "My mother called."

He glanced at me. "First time in...?"

"A while." I finished. "She didn't call for me, of course. She was advocating for Celeste. Like everyone else."

Lucian's jaw tightened. "Of course."

"And apparently, it was my father's dying wish to see the family back together."

Lucian slowed slightly, just enough to let me set the pace. "That sounds manipulative."

"Oh, it is," I admitted. "But it's also...complicated."

We didn't speak for a few minutes. The only sounds were the crunch of pine needles beneath our feet and the hush of wind threading through the trees.

Then Lucian said, "If you do go to Kieran and Celeste's party... You don't have to go alone."

I blinked, caught off guard. "Are you offering to be my emotional support wolf?"

"I'm offering to be your sword, Sera. If you want to walk into the belly of that glitter-drenched beast, I'll be right there beside you. I'm pretty sure Maya will want a piece, too."

The sincerity in his voice rooted me in place.

Lucian constantly proved himself steadfast in ways I never asked for, loyal when I didn't think I deserved it.

But now, as I looked at him under the fractured light of dusk, I realized just how much I had come to rely on him.

"Thank you," I said, my voice quieter than before. "Really."

He shrugged, but there was warmth in his eyes. “Besides, someone needs to keep you from throwing a punch when Celeste inevitably tries to crown herself on the dance floor.”

I smiled, then burst into a full laugh. “Don’t tempt me.”

By the time we returned home, my muscles were warm, lungs clear, but my mind was still at war. I made tea, and Lucian helped himself to the fruit bowl like he lived here.

I didn’t mind how comfortable he was in my space.

“Do you think I’m making a mistake?” I asked, sitting on a stool opposite the island, hands curled around my mug.

Lucian peeled an orange with deliberate fingers. “For considering going?”

I nodded. A party where Celeste and Kieran celebrated their love. I was better off sticking my finger into an electrical outlet.

“No,” he said. “You’re not wrong to want to confront your past. Just make sure you’re doing it for you, not because of all the external voices.”

“That’s the thing...” I stared morosely at the dark liquid in my cup. “What if I’m not sure who I am without the external voices?”

Lucian looked up. "Then I'll stand next to you until you figure it out."

I closed my eyes, a smile on my face.

So maybe my family sucked, but with Lucian and Maya by my side...

It felt like I was making a new one.