

## **My Sister 78**

### Chapter 78 FAMILY VACATION

#### SERAPHINA'S POV

The gates of the Nightfang Packhouse loomed ahead the next day, their wrought-iron curves glinting under the bright morning light.

My hands tightened on the steering wheel, knuckles pale. I hadn't been here since before Kieran and I got divorced, but even when I occasionally had reason to visit, I was treated with disdain—cold stares and sharp barbs—by the pack members.

After all, I wasn't their Luna. I was just the woman who trapped their Alpha in marriage with my pregnancy.

But now, I was back.

For Daniel—nothing else. I forced myself to remember that.

The guards at the checkpoint stiffened as my car approached. They recognized me instantly, and one stepped forward, his hand lifted in a signal to halt.

I rolled down the window, my voice firm before he could say a word. "I'm here to see Alpha Kieran. It's urgent."

They exchanged glances. I caught the faint twitch at the corner of one guard's mouth—a trace of unease.

"The Alpha's in his office," the older one finally said. "But he's...occupied."

"Then unoccupy him," I said.

"Ma'am, we can't just—"

"It's about my son," I said sharply. "You know, your future Alpha?"

That shut him up.

After a beat, the older guard muttered into his comm, then waved me through.

The long driveway stretched ahead, the main Packhouse rising at the end like a fortress of stone and glass.

'I'm here for Daniel,' I told myself as I stepped out of my car, my resolve outweighing my hesitation. 'Nothing else matters.'

The place was buzzing softly—voices in rooms, footsteps in the distance—but the hallway leading to Kieran’s office was quiet.

The corridors of the Nightfang Pack’s main building always felt colder than I remembered—like the walls themselves had been built to keep out warmth, not just the weather.

Everything about this place screamed order and vigilance. I could almost feel the weight of invisible eyes following my every move, guards posted where I couldn’t see them.

My heels clicked on the polished stone floor, the sound sharp in the heavy silence that followed me. I ignored the glances from passing wolves, their whispers tucked behind wary expressions.

But after ten years, it all slid off my back like water off polyester.

Halfway down the hallway to Kieran’s office, my steps faltered, and my chest tightened.

Celeste stepped out from an adjoining hallway as if she’d been waiting for me, her heels clicking in a deliberate, mocking rhythm. She looked perfectly poised in a sapphire dress that set off her eyes like poisoned jewels.

Her lips curved in a smile that was all mockery. “Well, well. Didn’t we agree to be strangers, dear sister? Yet here you are, haunting these halls like an uninvited ghost.”

Ah, there it was. I didn't know who that show of faked penitence she'd put on yesterday was for, but at least, here with just us two, she was being herself.

Unfortunately for her, I was still in no mood to engage.

I didn't slow down. "Move, Celeste. I have no time for you today."

She pushed off the wall, falling into step beside me. "No time, or no courage to admit you're here because you can't stay away from him?"

Her voice dripped with false sweetness. "You make such a show of severing ties, yet here you are, running back when you need something. What is it this time, Sera? Another crisis only you can dramatize?"

I kept walking. My patience had been ground down to dust long before this conversation. "Believe what you like. I'm here for Daniel."

"Oh, of course," she drawled. "Always the dutiful mother. Convenient. But Kieran doesn't owe you anything—" She turned to the guards stationed outside Kieran's door.

"Remove her. She's trespassing."

The guards hesitated. I may not have been Luna, but I was once married to their Alpha. Celeste was a glorified stranger, and if what happened at her party was any indication, I doubted many of the pack members actually liked her.

Celeste's voice sharpened. "Now."

One of them took a step toward me—then stopped as the office door swung open.

Kieran stood there, tall and sharply cut in a dark shirt, his expression cool until his gaze landed on me.

Then—surprise, edged with something unreadable. "Sera?"

It was downright maddening the way just the mere sound of my name from those sensual lips of his brought back a rush of the memories I'd tried so hard to suppress.

I folded my arms across my chest like that would stop my heart's attempt to beat out of my chest. "We need to talk."

He studied me for a beat too long, as though weighing the risk of whatever I was about to say. "About what?"

“Daniel.”

His entire posture changed—shoulders squaring, jaw tightening, eyes sharpening like a blade honing its edge. “Inside,” he said.

Celeste made a sound of protest, but Kieran didn’t even glance her way. “Not now, Celeste.”

I stepped into his office, feeling Celeste’s glare on my back like a hot brand.

The office smelled faintly of leather and paper—orderly, controlled, with not a single thing out of place. It was very Kieran.

He closed the door behind us, shutting out the echo of Celeste’s irritation.

The last time I’d been in this room...

Had I ever been in this room? There had been so many parts of Kieran’s life I hadn’t been privy to.

“I didn’t think you’d seek me out,” Kieran said, leaning against the edge of his desk. “Especially after...” His jaw flexed, remembering. “...last time.”

A traitorous patch of heat bloomed in my chest, and it took all my willpower to slam a mental door on the emotions fighting to surface.

For a long moment, the silence between us felt almost tangible—layered with old resentments, tangled history, and something else I didn't want to acknowledge, let alone name.

Suddenly, Kieran's massive office seemed too small, like the walls were closing in on us.

"Like I said, I'm here for Daniel." My voice came out louder and sharper than I'd intended, and I fought back a cringe.

Kieran stared at me for one breathless, heated moment. And then he nodded.

"Sit," he said, moving around to the other side of his desk.

I didn't.

"Leona called me," I began. "She's worried about Daniel. She says he's been... withdrawn. Guarded. I called him myself. He..." My voice wavered for half a breath before I forced it steady. "The nutshell is that he misses home. Misses me."

Kieran leaned back in his chair, his gaze searching my face.

"I want to see my son," I said. No hesitation. "Not on a screen. Not over a call. I want to be there with him. And I don't care about the security risks or whatever; I'll do whatever it takes to—"

"I already know," he said finally. "My mother told me, too."

That admission startled me. "Then—"

"I've been making arrangements for you to visit the island," he cut in. "Security was the issue, but..." He tapped his fingers lightly against the desk. "Things have changed."

"How?"

"After the last kidnapping attempt, I followed some new leads. We've identified a rogue network operating on the outskirts. It's not the whole picture, but it's enough to tighten the borders and remove the immediate threat to you. For now."

I stood there for a moment, processing his words. I had expected resistance, another fight to justify my intention to visit my son. But instead, there was...agreement.

"You're letting me go to him," I said slowly, as if speaking it aloud might cause the offer to vanish.



“Yes.” His voice was quiet, but certain. “If that’s what you want, I’ll see it arranged. The sooner the better.”

Relief rushed through me so fast it felt almost dizzying. I lowered myself into the chair opposite him, my posture still guarded but my pulse easing. “Thank you.”

His eyes lingered on me, unreadable. “There’s one more thing.”

I looked up at him, instinctively bracing myself for what he would say.

“I’m going with you.”

For a moment, I thought I’d misheard him.

“You’re...what?”

“I’m going with you,” Kieran repeated, his voice like smooth granite—unyielding and final.

My first instinct was to push back, to tell him that this was my visit, my time with Daniel, and I didn’t need his looming, overbearing presence shadowing every interaction.

The last thing I needed was another altercation with him in front of Daniel.

“I don’t need—”

“This isn’t about need,” he said, his gaze locking with mine, unwavering. “It’s about making sure nothing happens to you. Or to Daniel. I’m not trusting anyone else with that.”

Heat crept up my neck, not from embarrassment but from the sheer nerve of him thinking I couldn’t handle myself.

But I also knew he wasn’t entirely wrong. After all, if it weren’t for him, gods know what would have happened to me.

Still, I couldn’t stop myself. “Do you think I can’t handle a trip without you?” I asked, arching a brow.

A faint, humorless smile tugged at his mouth. “I think it’s better if we don’t gamble with Daniel’s safety. And you forget, he’s my son too—I miss him. I’m not stopping you from seeing your son. Why should you stop me?”

Fuck. How could I argue with that logic?

I sat back, crossing one leg over the other, trying to look far more relaxed than I felt. “Fine,” I said, though the word was more a reluctant exhale than agreement.

Kieran’s eyes flickered, just barely—a flash of something I couldn’t read. Satisfaction? Relief? Triumph?

He nodded once. “I’ll finalize the arrangements by tonight. We leave in two days.”

Two days.

Two days to prepare myself—not for the island, not for Daniel, but for the reality of being in close proximity to Kieran with no mode of escape but the big blue ocean.

I was already imagining the salt-scented air, the low hum of waves against the dock, the quiet of a place far removed from the mainland.

And now, I’d have to imagine it with him there—his presence impossible to ignore, his voice carrying across the sound of the ocean, his eyes finding mine when I least expected it.

A private island. Me, my son...and my ex-husband. A nice family vacation.

What could possibly go wrong?