

## **My Sister 101**

### Chapter 101 CYBER STALKING

#### SERAPHINA'S POV

The warmth of Lucian's body still clung to me, his scent an intoxicating fog around me. For a heartbeat, I wished I could stay wrapped in him and let the world wait.

But reality—aka Maya freakin' Cartridge—was clawing its way back in.

"She's bound to find you sooner or later," Lucian murmured, and I shuddered as his lips brushed against the sensitive spot behind my ear.

He sounded both amused and faintly annoyed.

I sighed and turned to press a quick kiss to his temple before pulling away. "I should go. She probably panicked when she woke and found me gone."

His hand tightened around mine briefly, reluctant, then loosened. "Go. Before she barges in and rains hell on me for stealing you away." A wicked grin tugged at his lips. "Though I doubt that will make me feel much remorse."

I rolled my eyes, but I couldn't stop the smile that broke through. My pulse was still racing from the intensity of what had almost happened between us.

I touched his jaw one last time, memorizing the shape of it in the dark before I stood.

Snagging one last chocolate-covered strawberry for good measure, I slipped out into the dim hallway.

Maya stood halfway down, barefoot, hair tangled from sleep, hugging her blanket around herself like a child frightened of the dark. The moment she saw me, relief washed over her face.

“There you are! Goddess, Sera, I thought—” Her words halted when her eyes flicked past me to the glass door I’d come from.

I didn’t need to turn to know what she was seeing—Lucian by the hot spring, cleaning up after yet another interrupted date.

Her brows shot up, then a knowing smile crept across her lips.

I felt heat rush to my cheeks.

“Oh.” She let out an exaggerated breath, clutching her chest as if she’d walked in on something scandalous. “I see, I see. And here I was worried you were kidnapped or fell into a hot spring or something, but no. You were...occupied.”

I buried my face in my hands and sighed. “Maya.”

She laughed softly, biting her lip to keep from teasing more. “I’m sorry, I’m sorry! Truly, I didn’t mean to interrupt. I was just worried. But clearly, with Lucian, you’re safe.”

Her eyes twinkled mischievously. “You were being safe, right? Cause now might not be the right time to have another baby—”

“Maya!”

She cackled as I groaned. “You’re incorrigible.”

“Guilty.” She backed away a step, her smile lighting up the hallway. “I’ll leave you two to it then. Have fun.” She winked.

But as she started to retreat, guilt prickled through me. She had only been worried, and I didn’t want her going back alone in the dark, feeling dismissed.

Plus, the mood had kind of been ruined.

So I caught up quickly, slipping my arm through hers.

“Come on,” I said softly. “Let’s go back together.”

She blinked, surprised, and put a hand to her chest theatrically. “Really? You’re choosing plain old me over a sexy, brooding Alpha?”

I rolled my eyes. “Shut up.”

She laughed, then leaned into me as we walked.

The silence between us was comfortable at first, just the sound of our footsteps soft against the plush carpet and the distant bubbling of the hot springs.

But I could feel her practically vibrating with unasked questions.

By the time we reached our room, she couldn’t contain herself anymore.

“Okay,” she burst out as soon as the door clicked shut. “Spill. Everything.”

I rolled my eyes and collapsed onto the bed, pulling the blanket over my head. “There’s nothing to tell.”

“Liar,” she sing-songed, plopping down beside me and yanking the blanket away. Her grin was so wide it was ridiculous. “You have that post-sex glow all over your face. Don’t try to deny it. You’re practically shining.”

I gasped. “We did not have sex, Maya!”

“Maybe not, but you definitely made out hard enough that you look like you got lip fillers.”

I groaned and shoved a pillow at her, but she only hugged it like a prize.

“It’s not—” I started, then stopped. The truth was, it was.

Lucian had kissed me, touched me—and I’d loved it.

It wasn’t just the heat and intensity of it; it was the tenderness that slipped through, the gentle way he looked at me that filled me with a certainty: with Lucian, I never had to worry about getting burned.

Not like with...

I sighed. “Fine. We...kissed. That’s all.”

Maya squealed, smacking the mattress like a teenager. "And? And?"

"It was...it was better than before," I admitted, unable to stop the smile curling at my lips.

She leaned in closer. "Better than nice, sweet, gentle? You felt the spark?"

For some reason, I felt my lips tighten.

The spark...

"Well," I cleared my throat, "he's definitely not as restrained as before, and..." I bit my lip, the memory warm against my skin as I felt myself ease again. "Gods, Maya, I could kiss him all night. It was really, really good."

Her expression softened, the teasing falling away. "You deserve that, Sera. I'm so happy you've found someone who adores you and treasures you like the precious jewel you are."

The words sank further than I expected. Adored. Treasured. Two things I had never been in my marriage with Kieran. My throat tightened.

I needed to rein in my wayward mind. Tonight had absolutely nothing to do with him or my past, and I needed the door I'd slammed on it to stay locked and stop swinging open at the most irritating moments.

I snuggled into the pillows, turning to Maya.

She mirrored my position. "So," she urged excitedly. "Tell me more!"

There it was again—that giddy teenage exhilaration. I'd just come back from a date with my crush, and now I was telling my best friend about it.

But as I recounted the date and all the mundane, inconsequential things we talked about, the warmth ebbed, and a colder thought crept in.

I shifted uneasily, staring up at the ceiling.

"Maya..."

"Hm?"

"I just realized...I know Lucian's favorite color and that Rome is his favorite city and that he's an excellent swimmer. But, I don't really know...him."

The words felt heavy. “Not really, not in the ways that matter.”

I heard Maya’s frown in her voice. “What do you mean?”

I turned back to her. “Beyond OTS, I don’t know anything about his world. He’s an Alpha, and I don’t even know anything about his pack.”

She tilted her head thoughtfully. “That’s true. But Lucian... he’s always been private. Even with us at OTS. We know he runs everything flawlessly. We know he protects and cares for us. But...” She shook her head. “I’ve never even been to his pack. I literally only know its name—which now that I think about it is very apt.”

“Shadowveil,” I mumbled.

Silence stretched between us, broken only by the faint hum of the wind outside.

Then, with a sudden spark of mischief, Maya pulled out her phone. “Let’s see what we can find.”

I sat up quickly. “Maya—”



“What? It’s harmless,” she said with a grin. “A little late-night cyber stalking never hurt anyone.”

Despite myself, I laughed. “You sound like a teenager.”

“Pot, meet kettle,” she shot back. “You were sneaking out and making out in the dark like one just now.”

My cheeks flamed. She wasn’t wrong.

We huddled together over her screen, searching Lucian’s name, trying different combinations, keywords, anything that might lead us to the truth about his pack.

But everything that popped up was about OTS—his leadership, his influence, his partnerships. Nothing about a home territory. No lineage, no records, no whispers of where he came from.

And it seemed intentional.

That unsettled me more than I wanted to admit. An Alpha without a visible pack was strange enough, but one whose background was deliberately hidden? My gut twisted.

“That’s...weird,” Maya muttered, scrolling through another empty page of results. “Even the most obscure packs leave some kind of trail. Birth records, alliances, old disputes. But this?” She frowned deeply. “Super weird.”

The unease inside me grew sharper. I hugged my knees to my chest, staring at the dark window across the room.

"I'll talk to him tomorrow," I decided, more to myself than to Maya. "I need to know the truth. Especially about his pack."

If he was serious about making me his Luna, that meant I would eventually step into his world. I would be damned if I spent the rest of my life with another pack that hated me.

I refused to go through that torture again.

Maya reached over, squeezing my hand gently. "Good. He owes you that much, Sera. If he's serious about you, he'll tell you."

I nodded, but even as I tried to steady myself, my thoughts spun. What if he didn't? What if the shadows around him weren't just secrets but dangers?

I pressed my forehead to my knees, breathing slowly, forcing the fear down.

I couldn't afford to be naïve.

This time, if I gave my heart, it had to be with eyes wide open.