

My Sister 120

Chapter 120 PLAYGROUND BULLY

SERAPHINA'S POV

Dinner with Maya was the first true pause I'd had in days.

Both of us too exhausted to go home and bother with cooking, we sat tucked into a corner booth of the OTS dining hall, where the scent of roasting lamb mingled with garlic and rosemary.

A steady hum of voices filled the space—students, instructors, even a few of the early-arrived guests spilling over from the hotel's luxury dining rooms.

The table between us was scattered with dishes: Maya's plate piled high, mine half-picked through.

She had been just as swamped as I was, maybe more. But now, with both of us finally seated, there was something almost giddy about the release.

"Please tell me I'm not the only one who wants to strangle half the guests," Maya said, stabbing her fork through a hunk of lamb and pointing it at me like a weapon.

"Half?" I raised an eyebrow. "You're being generous."

Her laugh rang out, unapologetically loud, drawing a couple of glances our way. “Okay, fine. Three-quarters. Especially your friend Brynjar.”

“Don’t you dare call him my friend,” I muttered, swirling the remains of my stew. Just the memory of his sneer was enough to sour the food on my tongue.

“Oh, he’s a delight,” Maya went on, her sarcasm sharp. “The way he puffed his chest out in the lobby earlier—I thought for a second he was about to crow. Did you see the look on his wolves’ faces? Like they were both terrified and embarrassed.”

I couldn’t help the small smile tugging at my lips. “People like him thrive on humiliating others. Instead, he just made himself look like a child denied candy.”

Maya leaned forward, her smirk widening. “And you, standing there, cool as ice? Damn, Sera. I’ve been waiting years for someone to knock Shadow Claw down a peg. Didn’t think it would be you.”

Her words warmed me all the way to my toes. The sting of doubt had been my shadow for so long that victories, no matter how small, still felt surreal.

“It wasn’t just for me,” I admitted. “Judy was there. She would’ve taken the hit if I hadn’t said something.”

“Yeah, Judy,” Maya said, her tone softening. “That girl’s got more steel in her than people give her credit for.”

We ate in companionable silence for a moment, listening to the clink of cutlery and the occasional burst of laughter from a nearby table.

But soon enough, Maya was off again, recounting her own war stories from the past few days.

“Do you know what one of the Seabreeze wolves asked me?” she said, incredulous. “Whether we could install tide pools in their suite for ‘proper ambiance.’ Tide pools, Sera. With fish. As if the hotel staff could just whip up an ocean on demand.”

I choked on my drink, laughing. “Please tell me you said yes.”

“I told them sure, as long as they didn’t mind crabs crawling into bed with them at night.” Maya grinned wickedly. “The look on their faces—” She snort-laughed. “Oh, I wish I had a camera!”

I shook my head, amused. “You’re terrible.”

She tipped her head. “Thank you.”

We slipped into a rhythm: swapping ridiculous requests, snickering at Brynjar’s arrogance, venting about the endless stream of guests.

But somewhere between the jokes, the conversation deepened.

She leaned back, her expression sharpening. “You know why the turnout’s so huge this year, right?”

“Because it’s the anniversary?” I guessed.

“That’s part of it.” She lowered her voice, though the noise around us made it unnecessary. “But Lucian’s got something planned. A prize.”

I frowned. “A prize?”

“Mhmm. He hasn’t announced what, not even to me. But from what I’ve gathered, it’s big. Like, game-changing big. He wants the OTS on the map in a way no one can ignore.”

The words stirred something in me. “That’s why the hotels are bursting at the seams.”

“Exactly.” Maya ticked points off on her fingers. “Half the wolves here are curious observers—waiting to see if we sink or swim. Thirty percent are already behind us. And the last twenty?” Her mouth twisted. “Here to mock us, sabotage us, or just watch us fail.”

Her breakdown settled in my chest like a weight. Lucian had always spoken of building something that could stand against the old systems, but hearing the numbers laid out made me realize just how precarious his vision was.

I set my fork down, appetite gone. “He’s betting everything on this.”

“Yup.” Maya sipped her drink. “And if he doesn’t deliver, they’ll tear him apart.”

Her bluntness stung, but it was the truth. I leaned back, staring at the ceiling beams above us.

Resolve prickled through me like fire through dry kindling. I couldn’t let Lucian’s work—his dream—be mocked into oblivion. Not after everything he’d done for me. Not after he’d given me a place when I had none.

“I won’t let that happen,” I murmured.

Maya tilted her head, studying me. Then, her lips quirked into a soft smile. “Yeah, neither will I.”

It was almost midnight when we finally pushed our chairs back. My muscles ached with exhaustion, but a steadier fire burned in me. I was ready to carry my share.

We were just stepping into the cool night air outside the hall when my phone buzzed violently in my pocket.

Apprehension prickled through me when I saw the caller ID.

I answered immediately. "Judy? Is everything—"

Her voice was high, cracking with panic. "Sera—please—I didn't—I swear, I didn't take anything—"

My stomach dropped, my exhaustion vanished. "Slow down. What happened? Where are you?"

"The hotel lobby," she sobbed. "They—they're saying I stole from them. Brynjar's here. He—he won't—"
" Her words tangled in a rush of fear.

I didn't need to hear more. "I'm coming."

Maya's expression sharpened as I hung up. "What happened?"

"Shadow Claw," I bit out. "They're accusing Judy of theft."

Her curse split the night air. "Of course they are. Come on."

We didn't bother with a car. We ran, the night wind biting at our faces, our feet hammering the pavement all the way to the Grand Crest.

The lobby was chaos when we arrived.

Brynjar stood in the center like a conquering tyrant, his voice booming through the hall. Judy was backed against the reception desk, pale and trembling, eyes wide with fear and humiliation.

Around them, guests and staff circled like vultures, whispering, gawking.

It was like the blown-up version of what had happened at Celeste's party.

"Confess, you little shit," Brynjar was saying, each word a threatening dart. "Admit you took them. Save yourself the shame of us dragging this out."

"I didn't!" Judy cried, her hands shaking. "I would never—"

"You think anyone believes an Omega?" His laughter was cruel. "Pathetic."

"Enough!" My voice cracked across the lobby like a whip.

Every head turned.

I strode forward, Maya at my side, heat burning in my chest. "What's going on here?"

Brynjar sneered. "Perfect timing. Your little friend here decided to help herself to Shadow Claw property. Jewelry, documents, things of value. Of course, we caught her."

"That's a lie!" Judy gasped. Tears shimmered in her eyes, but her voice was steady. "I didn't touch anything!"

I stepped between them, planting myself like a wall. "You're accusing her without proof."

He smirked. "Proof? She's the only one with access and who's pathetic enough to stoop that low. Plus, we found all the stolen items with her belongings. What do you say to that?"

Fury clawed at my throat, but I forced my voice to stay even. "You can't accuse her like this without evidence."

His lips pulled back in a smug snarl. "The security footage was corrupted. Convenient, isn't it?"

My gut twisted. "Yeah," I gritted out. "Pretty damn convenient."

My mind whirred, desperately looking for a solution. Then I caught a familiar face in the crowd.

I didn't hesitate. "Leo!"

The wiry Moss Stone wolf broke off from the crowd, moving toward us with quick strides. His sharp eyes flicked between me, Judy, and Brynjar. "What can I do?"

"Shadow Claw says the footage was corrupted," I said. "Any way you can help?"

His lips quirked. "Actually, yes. I can."

He slipped behind the concierge desk, fingers flying across the keyboard of the hotel's system. The silence stretched, broken only by Judy's ragged breaths and Brynjar's heavy disdain.

Finally, Leo leaned back, triumphant. "Found it. Someone tried to delete the files, but not well enough." He turned the monitor outward. "Here's your thief."

I recognized the Shadow Claw wolves the screen showed, slipping into a corridor, passing items from one bag to another, deliberately planting them in Judy's workspace. Clear. Undeniable.

A murmur rippled through the lobby.

I turned back to Brynjar, my voice cold steel. “What do you have to say now?”

A snarl slipped out of him as he turned to his pack mates, who shrank under his glare. “Obviously,” he said darkly. “I’ve been deceived. My packmates must have gone behind my back to—”

“Oh, save it,” I snapped.

He clamped his mouth shut, taken aback by the bite in my tone.

“I don’t know what game you think you’re playing, but you accused an innocent Omega for what? To scratch an itch? To prove a point? Do you think what we’re doing here is a game?”

His face darkened, copper eyes blazing. “Watch your tongue—”

“No.” I stepped closer, forcing him back an inch. “You will apologize. Here. Now. To Judy. Or I will make sure every Alpha in this building sees that footage before sunrise.”

His eyes narrowed. “Do you think I give a fuck—”

“And then I’ll send a copy to your Luna,” I added sharply. “I’ve heard she has low tolerance for juvenile bullshit.”

I’d heard stories of their Luna’s ruthlessness, and they made Brynjar seem like a fluffy teddy bear. Obviously, I wasn’t in a million years going to poke a sleeping beast, but the bluff was more than enough to get the job done.

Gasps flared. The crowd pressed closer, waiting.

Brynjar’s jaw worked furiously. His pride warred with the undeniable evidence. At last, he spat the words out like poison. “Forgive me.”

Judy’s chin lifted, her fear burned away by something fiercer. “I don’t forgive you.”

Her voice rang clear, shocking even me. “You’re a playground bully and a coward. The only reason I’m letting this go is respect—for OTS. And for Sera. But on the tournament grounds?” Her eyes blazed. “I won’t hold back.”

The hush that followed was absolute.

Brynjar blinked, thrown off balance. The idea that a “lowly Omega” would stand her ground left him speechless.

Then his lips peeled back in a snarl. “Then I’ll be waiting. And I’ll crush you.”

Judy’s scoff cut through his bluster. “You’d better have the ability to back that up.”

And with that, she turned on her heel and walked out, head held high.

I turned to Maya. “Any chance you can stay back and—”

She nodded before I could even finish the request. “You got it, babe. I’ll settle everything.”

I shot her a grateful smile and turned to Leo. “Thank you.”

He smiled. “It was my immense pleasure.”

With that, I turned on my heel and followed Judy out.

Behind us, the crowd erupted—some in shock, some in admiration, some in barely contained glee at seeing Shadow Claw humbled twice in the same day.

But me? I felt something else.

Pride. Fierce, unshakable pride.

For Judy. For OTS. For the quiet tide of change that had begun to roll in, whether wolves like Brynjar wanted it or not.