My Sister 242



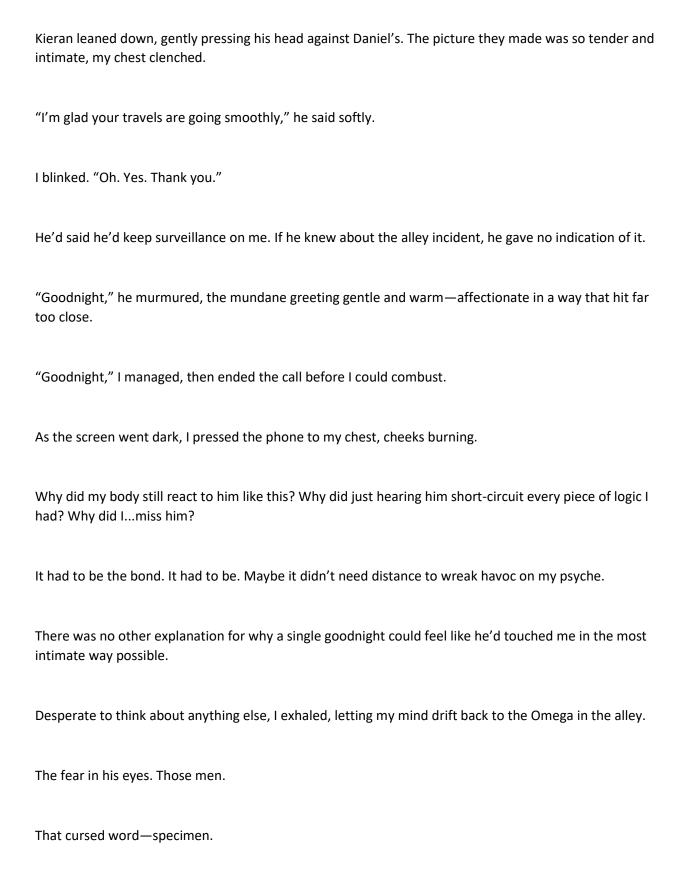
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"You sure?" His eyebrows knitted. "You promise?"
"I promise," I said softly.
Daniel was far too perceptive for his own good, and he didn't fully believe me—I could see it in the way
his shoulders stayed slightly tense.
But after a beat, he exhaled and crossed his arms in that miniature-Alpha way of his.
"Okay... but if anyone bothers you, you tell me."
I snorted. "And you'll what, fly here and beat them up?"
The corner of his lips quirked up. "Exactly."
I chuckled. "I'll keep that in mind."
Satisfied—if only slightly—his grin returned, bright and wild. "So, how was your first day?"
His smile made mine widen. "Pretty eventful."
"You have to go into details, Mom; you promised updates!"
I laughed. "Okay, okay. Let's see..."
I told about the bustling Pike Place Market and the flying fish that nearly smacked a tourist, the pastries
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so buttery they made my eyes roll back, the soap artist carving tiny lavender dragons, and the harbor

breeze whipping my hair into a ridiculous halo while Elaine insisted on taking photos.

And when I told him about walking past the bookstore and overhearing the women discussing Moonlit Pact, Daniel's mouth fell open.
"They were talking about you?! Like strangers? In the wild?"
I chuckled. "Yes, in the wild."
"That's so cool!" His earlier worry melted into a grin so wide it was almost blinding. "Mom, I wish I'd come with you. You're having so much fun without me!"
"Oh, sweetheart." My smile softened. "This is advance scouting."
His eyebrows shot up. "For what?"
"For our trip next year. So I know all the best places to take you."
Daniel gasped so loudly I was sure the whole pack house heard.
"You mean it?!"
"I wouldn't lie about that."
He threw his arms into the air and shouted, "YES! BEST MOM EVER!"
I laughed until my eyes watered.
We talked for almost half an hour—about Seattle, about his day, about how the pack warriors kept fussing over him now that he was officially heir.
I was so wrapped up in Daniel that I didn't hear the voice in the background until it spoke louder.







"Where exactly was this?" he asked quietly.
"A few blocks from my hotel."
"That close" He exhaled sharply. "OTS has tried to expand north for years. Seattle, Portland, even Vancouver. But every attempt we've made has met resistance—human, political, supernatural. It always felt likesomeone didn't want us there."
"Someone?" I echoed.
"Or something," he added. "If wolves are being hunted, tagged, or trafficked" A pause. "We should've seen signs. But we didn't. Which means we haven't been trying hard enough."
"Lucian." My voice softened. "Don't do that."
"Do what?"
"Blame yourself for every injustice on the continent." I sighed. "You've done more for vulnerable wolves than anyone else I know. If not for OTS, the world would be crawling with Omegas like the one I met. Judy, Finn, Talia, Roxy, Jessicame. Our lives are all infinitely better because you refused to look away."
Silence stretched for a heartbeat.
Then he said, very quietly, "Thank you. For saying that."
"I meant it."
Another pause. He cleared his throat.
"And Seraare you safe? Those men weren't normal hunters. Or normal humans."

