

My Sister 279

Chapter 279 THE UNDERCURRENT

LUCIAN'S POV

The LST internal platform rarely surprised me.

Most posts followed predictable rhythms: after-action reports polished to within an inch of their lives, congratulatory blurbs that said everything and nothing, the occasional clipped announcement—noise, curated and controlled.

So when Selene's post detonated across my feed, it wasn't the fact that it went viral that caught my attention.

It was who was in it.

I was mid-brief when the alert chimed—three short pulses, priority-coded. I dismissed the staff with a flick of my hand and glanced down at the tablet instead.

The thumbnail loaded.

Sand. Sun. Motion.

And Seraphina.

I stilled.

She was unmistakable, even in a fleeting glimpse, her posture loose in a way I'd never seen before, laughter tumbling out between quick breaths, so entirely at ease in her own skin it was difficult to look away.

I expanded the video.

Laughter spilled from the speakers. Children shouting. The rhythmic thud of a ball hitting sand. The sea roaring steadily in the background.

The video framed her in motion: agile, unguarded, hair swept back, skin glowing with exertion and life.

She was positively incandescent.

And she looked stronger.

Not just physically. The difference was subtler than that—an ease in the way she occupied space, a confidence that didn't posture or perform.

It sat in her shoulders, her timing, the way she trusted her body to catch itself when she stumbled.

A small, private satisfaction unfurled in my chest.

Good.

Alois had been right.

Letting her go—truly, without restrictions or watchful leashes—had been the correct decision.

Painful. Risk-laden. Uncomfortable in every way that mattered.

But correct.

Then a man stepped into frame.

I paused the video. Rewound.

Watched again, slower this time.

The way he anticipated her movement. The way he adjusted position without a word. The way his hand caught her at the waist when she slipped—not possessive, not dominating, but...natural.

Too natural.

His touch didn't seem romantic or possessive, but there was a resonance, a kind of trust between them I didn't know what to do with.

I leaned back in my chair, steepling my fingers.

I didn't like it. Not one bit.

Seabreeze had been on my radar the moment I learned it was Seraphina's final stop. I'd dispatched quiet feelers—nothing aggressive, nothing that would draw notice. Just enough to build a profile.

And what came back was...thin.

Uncomfortably so.

Despite Selene's high-profile presence in LST, despite her open invitation to curious parties, Seabreeze remained oddly opaque.

Records were clean but shallow. Historical conflicts neatly resolved. Power structures stable to the point of boredom.

Too neat.

Rumors existed, of course—hybrids, old bloodlines, strange alliances beneath the waves.

But nothing concrete. Nothing scandalous.

Luna Selene herself posed no threat. Neither did her mate. Their power was obvious, their priorities transparent.

But the man in the video...

I replayed the clip again, isolating his presence.

He moved with the quiet certainty of water, not force. His presence didn't declare itself; it settled. And beneath it all, woven through his movements, was something not quite wolf. Not entirely.

There was something else there, something that didn't quite align with the usual signatures my mind catalogued without effort.

Interesting.

And potentially dangerous.

Not to Seraphina directly—no, I didn't sense malice there. But to the careful calculation I'd been making since the Institute.

A variable outside the equation.

Still, I refused to panic.

Because Seraphina wouldn't linger.

She'd said as much herself, in the brief, candid check-ins she shared with Maya and me in our group chat.

Casual messages. Locations mentioned in passing. A photograph of the sea at dusk. A dry remark about sand getting everywhere.

Not as detailed as I would have liked, but enough for me to breathe—especially after my shadows lost her trail after the Institute.

It was just as Alois said: waiting required faith in Sera.

Whoever this new variable was, I had to trust in Sera, in her choices. And in myself.

I scrolled past the video to see the attention Selene's post had gathered—comments piling in from various factions, congratulations layered over speculation.

Most of them reoriented around the same question: Was Sera settling in Seabreeze?

The suggestion grated—not because I believed it possible, but because I refused to let the narrative exist at all.

I had no intention of letting that speculation take root, plausible or not.

I typed a comment, knowing my admin account would push it to the top of every feed that mattered.

'Good to see our LST Champion thriving, even off-duty. OTS looks good on her, wherever she goes.'

Neutral. Affirming. Redirective.

Within seconds, the likes and comments rolled in. The conversation reoriented just enough—Seraphina framed not as Seabreeze's guest, but as OTS' ambassador.

As someone passing through, not settling.

Then I sent her a private message.

'The sea breeze suits you. But I hope you don't forget that Christmas is fast approaching—and we're already preparing for your homecoming.'

I sent the message and leaned back, letting the hum of the room settle around me.

The video continued to play on a loop in the corner of my screen—Seraphina laughing, alive, lighter than I'd ever seen her. And always, beside that man.

I would allow it.

For now.

But I would not ignore the undercurrent.

Because threats didn't always announce themselves as threats.

Sometimes, they smiled. Sometimes, they caught you before you fell. Sometimes, they waited quietly beneath the surface, content to be overlooked.

And those were always the ones worth looking out for.