

## **My Sister 30**

### Chapter 30 NOT ON MY WATCH

#### LUCIAN'S POV

I could see it in his shoulders—the way they tensed like drawn wire. Kieran was barely holding himself together.

The infamous Alpha of NightFang, known for power that could shake battlefields, was now one step from breaking my neck in this very room.

But I didn't flinch. I couldn't afford to—not with Sera's future on the line.

"I'm not here to provoke you," I said evenly, eyeing the glass he had in a vice-like grip. "But there are truths you need to hear, whether you like them or not. This isn't even about you to begin with."

His eyes flared, sharp and wild like a cornered animal. "Careful, Lucian."

I nodded once. "For Sera's sake, I will be."

I wasn't rash or brute like Kieran; I knew how to play the long game, and that meant picking my fights wisely. "But I won't be silent."

I swiped across my phone screen, switching from the training footage to Sera's performance breakdown.

Her metrics were impressive. More than impressive—they were exceptional. She had raw talent, and she was relentless and determined. She took everything I and Maya threw at her, and she came back stronger. No matter how many times she went down, she always got back up.

And yet, I knew that this wasn't even her full potential.

There was still a burden she carried around—pain and guilt and shame knotted deep inside her. Weighing her down. Holding her back.

A burden given to her by the very people who claimed to be her 'family.'

They had clipped her wings before they ever had the chance to spread, dulled her instincts, ruined her self-worth, and punished her for mistakes she should never have borne alone.

I would not let them do it again. Not on my watch.

"She's thriving," I said quietly, not taking my eyes off Kieran, who couldn't take his eyes off the screen. "But she could be so much more. If she's ever going to reach her full potential, you need to stop dragging her back into the muck of your indecision."

He bristled, and his eyes snapped to me. "Indecision?"

I shrugged. "Even a blind person would see that you're swinging between Sera and her sister like a pendulum."

A muscle flexed in his jaw. "That's—"

"None of my business, yes, you've mentioned." I leaned in. "But as I've also mentioned, anything concerning Sera is my business."

Kieran scoffed, shaking his head like he didn't want to hear it. "You think you know her better than I do? You met her, what—a month ago? Two?"

"And you were married to her for ten years, and yet, I see her more clearly than you ever did," I replied, voice calm but firm.

"I don't know the dynamics of your relationship, but if any part of you ever loved her, if any part of you respects her, you'd stop making her relive the same wound over and over again. You'd let her heal."

He stood then, jaw clenched. I remained seated. Let him tower over me if that made him feel better.

"I don't care who you think you are or what you think you know," he hissed. "But my business with Sera is—"

"And what about Celeste?" I asked.

A vertical line formed between his brows. "What about Celeste?"

I flicked the display again, this time pulling up the two-month evaluation from our compound—Celeste's.

"It just seems to me like you're focusing on the wrong woman."

I let him read the data in silence. Celeste's numbers—despite having equal access to training, gear, and personnel—were abysmally low.

She was barely keeping pace with an average Omega recruit. Her form lacked discipline. Her drive lacked consistency. And her instincts? Nearly nonexistent.

"Maybe if you weren't so concerned about her sister—who isn't yours to be concerned with anymore—you would be able to help Celeste."

A low growl rolled through him. "That's my future Luna. Show her some damn respect," he said through gritted teeth.

"I'm not here to insult or disrespect her," I said, before he could erupt. "But facts are facts, and numbers don't lie."

Celeste and Sera were evidently not cut from the same cloth. Sera had what it took to be something great, something formidable.

Celeste did not.

I tapped my fingers against my glass. "I respect her reality, not your illusion of her. Both women need very different things, and you can't give them that or protect them by standing in the middle, Kieran. Your indecision will end up destroying both of them."

He didn't answer right away.

But I saw it in his face—the crack in his armor. He was starting to understand that the best thing he could do for Sera now was to get out of her way. Let OTS train her, guide her, and protect her.

While he did the same for the woman he had chosen.

He did not get to eat his cake and have it. I wouldn't allow it.

After a long pause, he gave a stiff nod, and I saw how much that concession cost him. "Fine."

He exhaled. "I will work with Celeste, help her improve, and you..." His throat worked, and I imagined the words clawing their way up his esophagus. "You handle Sera."

He leaned down, bracing his hand on the table as he looked me dead in the eye. If I were a lesser being, I would have shrunk under the weight of his menacing glare. "But if I ever find out OTS has any foul intentions toward her, if you even think about hurting her—"

"I'll be the first to answer for it," I said without hesitation. "But rest assured, Kieran, I didn't build this place to hurt her. I built it to give people like her a chance—one she was long overdue."

He gave me a long, loaded look. Then he left.

I watched his powerful strides eat up the distance between our table and the door. Once he was out of sight, I let out a slow breath I hadn't realized I was holding.

I finally took a gulp of my drink, letting the familiar burn ease the tension between my shoulders.

I hoped I had gotten through to Kieran. I hoped he would stay away from Sera from now on. He was hurting her, weighing her down, and worst of all, he was confusing her.

I couldn't have that. Not right now. Not when I was so close.

I raised my head as someone slid into Kieran's empty seat, and I arched a brow. "Reece."

My Beta gave a short, respectful nod.

"How did it go?" he asked.

I shrugged. "As well as can be expected."

He held out his phone to me. "It's the lab."

I tensed briefly before taking the phone from Reece. I put it to my ear.

"Alpha, good evening."

"Report," I said.

"We secured the DNA," one of the lab aides replied. "The sample you provided was adequate."

My lips twitched. By 'sample', he meant Sera's cake fork I'd swiped when I so graciously helped her with her empty plate.

"And?"

"Just as you predicted, the results are aligning, though additional samples are necessary for full confirmation."

"Fine," I said. "She sweats all over OTS; continue discreetly. But under no circumstances is her health to be compromised. Understood?"

"Understood, Alpha."

The line went dead.

I stared at the dim screen in front of me, a strange sensation coiling in my chest. Something... hopeful.

"So, have you decided?" Reece asked. "Or do you want to wait for the final results?"

I exhaled slowly, ruminating on the question.



The results weren't confirmed yet, not officially. But I didn't need paperwork to tell me what I already knew in my soul—Sera was the one I'd been searching for all this time. Not because fate said so, but because I did.

I nodded once. Solemn. Sure. "I've decided."

Sera was the one—my long-awaited Luna.