

My Sister 313

Chapter 313 YOU. HYPOCRITICAL. MOTHERFUCKER

SERAPHINA'S POV

I hadn't felt this awkward in a very long time.

Which, given the past twenty-four hours of my life, was saying something.

Kieran and I sat on opposite ends of the couch in the private Alpha sitting room. We kept a respectable distance, but we were close enough that I could feel his warmth on my side.

Across from us, Maya paced.

Fumed, really.

She stalked back and forth like a storm looking for something to strike, dark curls bouncing, hands perched on her hips.

Her aura crackled, sharp and electric, brushing my skin like static. I was reminded that my bright and warm and cuddly bestie was usually a force to be reckoned with.

“So,” she said, pivoting on her heel to glare at Kieran and me. “Let me get this straight.”

I winced internally. That tone never led anywhere good.

“You”—she pointed at me, finger trembling—“go completely off-grid. Miss our brunch date, my calls, my messages. Vanish. Disappear. Fall off the face of the damn earth—”

“I didn’t have my phone,” I tried weakly. “It was damaged during—”

“Oh, we’re getting there,” Maya snapped, holding up a hand. “Believe me. We are absolutely getting there.”

Kieran was silent beside me, posture straight, hands folded loosely in his lap. His jaw was set, eyes fixed ahead, and expression locked into careful neutrality as though he were facing a tribunal rather than my best friend.

Maya whirled on him next.

“And you,” she said, voice dropping into something lethal. “You had her. Here. All night.”

Kieran inclined his head a fraction. “Yes.”

“And you thought,” Maya turned back to me, incredulous, “that at no point—not one point—it might be a good idea to notify me? I had to call Daniel before I could find out the news?”

“We were dealing with matters of greater importance,” Kieran said evenly. “Her transformation—”

“Oh, don’t you dare,” Maya cut in, jabbing a finger at him. “Greater importance?” She scoffed. “I’m her best friend, and I missed her first Shift!”

Her voice cracked on the last words, and guilt bloomed, sharp and hot in my chest.

I curled my fingers together in my lap. “Maya, I—”

“You,” she snapped, spinning back to me, “are not allowed to talk yet.”

I shut my mouth.

“Do you know how long I’ve waited? How many times I imagined what Alina looked like, and how it would feel for her and Nyra to run together? And I missed it. First, you bonded with Logan, and now”—she waved a hand between Kieran and me”—were with him.”

I swallowed. "I didn't plan to," I said quietly. "Everything just...happened. The ambush. The Shift. I'm sorry, Maya."

She inhaled deeply. Exhaled.

"I want to see her."

I blinked. "What?"

She shot me a sharp look, but some of the edge had dulled.

"Shift," she commanded. "Now."

That finally got a reaction from Kieran. A muscle in his jaw ticked, and his brows drew together. "No."

She stopped in front of him. Crossed her arms and braced her legs like she was taking a fighting stance. "No?"

"For now, Sera can only Shift in front of family."

I closed my eyes, swearing under my breath. That was not a good answer.

Maya's voice dropped an octave, shaking with anger on the verge of exploding and taking out the entire building. "Excuse me?"

Kieran met her gaze without flinching. "Sera's wolf is newly awakened. She is still stabilizing. There are factors involved that are not public yet. Until we understand them fully, I will not allow her to be exposed unnecessarily."

"Unnecessarily," Maya repeated, eyes blazing. "I am her best friend."

"Not family."

"I've called Ethan," she said, her voice so low that each word came out as a growl.

Kieran simply inclined his head again. "That is your prerogative."

"When he gets here," she continued. "I will exercise my rights as future Luna of Frostbane and Sera's future sister-in-law."

"Future." Kieran echoed, tone respectful but firm. "Which means, at present, you are not family by blood or bond. My stance will not change whether or not Ethan is present."

The temperature in the room dropped.

“You. Hypocritical. Motherfucker.” Each word was a spine-chilling snarl.

I opened my mouth to intervene—he didn’t mean it like that, he was just trying to protect me—but Maya’s glare cut me off at the knees.

I clamped my mouth shut. And shifted away from Kieran.

He was already a dead man talking; no sense in making Daniel an orphan on the same day.

“The absolute fucking audacity! The nerve! I’m not family? Are you? After everything, you have the gall to sit here and call the shots because—what? Exactly what right do you think you have?”

Maya started pacing again, ranting with renewed vigor. Months of pent-up resentment poured out as she dissected every wrong I’d ever confided in her with surgical precision—Kieran’s indifference, his absence, his arrogance, his timing, his...everything.

And Kieran took it.

Didn't interrupt. Didn't snap. Didn't defend himself.

Watching the Alpha of Nightfang get verbally flayed by my best friend was surreal.

And...a little amusing.

The look of contrition on his face had me biting the inside of my cheek to keep from smiling.

But as the minutes wore on, Maya's rant lost cohesion. Points tangled. Timelines blurred. Her gestures grew wider, more dramatic.

"You are so smug for someone so clueless," she said, her arms pinwheeling. "Do you have any idea how many nights Sera spent bent over her desk trying to get the angle of your stupid fucking nose right—"

My head snapped up.

Oh no.

No no no no no.

“—working on that ridiculous portrait—”

I was on my feet in an instant.

I lunged across the space between us and clapped a hand over Maya’s mouth.

“Mmph!” she protested, muffled, trying to pry my fingers away.

Kieran blinked. “Portrait?”

“Nothing,” I said quickly, cheeks on fire. “She means—art. Abstract. Landscapes.”

Maya glared at me, then bit my finger.

I yelped and pulled away just as there was a knock at the door.

“Mom? Dad?” Daniel’s voice called brightly as he poked his head through the doorway. “Lunch is ready.”

I nearly dropped to the floor with relief.

Maya straightened, smoothed her clothes, and shot me a look that promised, 'This conversation is not over.'

Daniel's eyes darted between us, picking up on the tension with his uncanny intuition. "Did I interrupt something?"

"No," I said quickly. "Perfect timing, baby."

Kieran rose smoothly to his feet. "Thank you, Danny."

He turned to Maya. "You're welcome to join us for lunch."

She bared her teeth. "You bet your ass I'm welcome."

I slipped my hand into hers and squeezed. "Maya, please. That's enough."

She turned to me, and her expression softened, her ire fading away. "Since when do you keep things from me?"

I shook my head. "Since never. Kieran's just being overprotective."

She scoffed. "Since when is Kieran allowed to be overprotective of you?"

I bumped her shoulder. "It's a long story. A lot has happened over the last twelve hours, and once Ethan arrives, I promise I'll tell you everything."

She sighed. "Fine. But keep your Alpha away from me before I give in to all my intrusive thoughts and inadvertently start an interpack war."