

## **My Sister 334**

Chapter 334 SLOPPY DRUNK

MAYA'S POV

The term 'heat' was aptly coined.

Not the usual decadent warmth of desire, but an innate, biological shift—clinging, raising my temperature, blurring emotion with sensation, refusing to be ignored.

Dinner lasted barely an hour. We started composed—wine, quiet conversation, Ethan's knee brushing mine—but the closeness became unbearable quickly.

The heat coiled tighter with every passing minute, fed by the bond, by his proximity, by the way my body reacted faster than my mind could keep up with.

I couldn't focus on the food, couldn't sit still beneath the weight of it, and Ethan sensed it without a word.

One look passed between us, and tension shifted to urgency. Moments later, we stood, mumbling apologies to the waiter as we left behind unfinished plates.

We'd barely made it through the front door before we were tangled together, shoes kicked off somewhere behind us.

His mark burned faintly at the juncture of my neck and shoulder, a warm, steady, living presence beneath my skin.

Every night since he'd marked me, it had been like this: Frantic, reckless, irresistible.

We gravitated toward each other without thought, bodies attuned in a way that felt both new and ancient.

I was keenly aware of the changes in myself. How easily I flushed, how acutely I reacted to his touch, how my senses seemed perpetually tuned too high.

The healers had warned me gently: the next full moon would bring my heat. The knowledge sat low and heavy in my body, a countdown I felt with bated breath.

Ethan moved with a deliberate care that only stoked the fire further, as if he were trying to savor each moment before instinct took over completely.

But I was an impatient bitch, and I tugged him closer, fingers curling into his shirt, when—

My phone rang.

The sound steamed against the heat like an ice shower.

Ethan stilled, forehead against mine, breath warm and uneven. "Ignore it," he muttered, his voice rough.

"No shit," I murmured, tugging his shirt out of his pants.

But the ringing continued, insistent and annoying, until I couldn't ignore it any longer.

"Fuck!" I hissed, rifling through my back pocket.

The screen lit up, and my stomach dropped.

Lucian.

"He never calls this late," I said, pulling back despite Ethan's groan of protest. "Something's wrong."

Ethan's jaw tightened. His arms loosened reluctantly, one hand lingering at my waist. "You don't owe him—"

"I know," I said softly. "But he's been AWOL for weeks. I need to make sure he's fine."

The moment the call connected, Lucian's voice poured through the speaker.

"Maya," he said hoarsely. Not his usual clipped and composed drawl, but...frayed.

"Can you meet me?" A pause. "Please."

The vulnerability in that one word made my heart clench, jarring my focus from lingering heat to sudden, fierce concern.

"Where are you?" I asked, redoing the buttons on my blouse.

"Luna Noire."

"I'll be there in fifteen."

Ethan's displeasure was immediate and palpable, his aura flaring hot against my senses.

“You can’t be fucking serious,” he hissed, his pupils still blown wide, his grip tightening reflexively at my waist.

“I’m sorry,” I said, turning to face him fully. “But I need to go.”

His jaw flexed. “I don’t trust him.”

“I’m not asking you to,” I shot back, then softened, reaching up to cup his cheek. “But this isn’t normal for Lucian. He never sounds like that. And he never asks for help unless it’s dire.”

Ethan’s gaze was sharp and unyielding. “He’s an Alpha. If he needs help, he should be calling his Beta.”

“He should,” I agreed. “But he called me instead. Which means whatever’s going on, he’s not thinking straight.” I hesitated, then added quietly, “He saved my life, Ethan. He’s family to me. In every way that matters.”

That landed.

Ethan exhaled through his nose, his aura receding enough for reason to return.

“I don’t like this,” he said flatly.

“I know.”

A long beat passed.

“I’m taking you,” he said at last. “I wait outside, and you get twenty minutes. Not one more.”

The old Maya would have bristled at the audacity of a man telling me what to do.

But pre-heat Maya just leaned forward and pressed a kiss to the corner of his lips, my blood still singing.  
“Okay.”

And just like that, the night shifted, urgency and desire giving way to a heavier, uncertain anxiety.

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The atmosphere in Luna Noire’s private room hit me like a wall.

Alcohol, sharp and sour and heavy, coated the air so thickly my eyes stung. I wrinkled my nose as the door shut behind me.

Lucian slouched at the table, jacket discarded, glass half-full, and four empty bottles rolling across the floor. His hair was disheveled in a way I'd never seen before, his usual immaculate control cracked wide open.

It was worse than I'd imagined.

Lucian Reed did not get sloppy drunk.

And even if he did, why would he call me and not Reece?

I crossed the room slowly. "Did you go swimming in a distillery?"

He didn't bother to look up. A weak, humorless huff escaped him. "Feels about right."

I sat across from him, folding my hands together. "What happened?"

He stared at his glass for a long moment, then laughed quietly. "She chose him."

She. Him. It didn't take half a second for the names click into place.

My chest tightened. “Lucian—”

“Don’t,” he said, finally looking up at me. His eyes were bloodshot, rimmed with exhaustion and despair. “It’s fine. I always knew she would. I’m fine.”

“Yeah, getting wasted proves your point,” I deadpanned.

His mouth twisted. “I was patient. I held back; didn’t push or overpower her. I trusted stupid fucking choice over fate. I did everything right, and yet...”

He shook his head and swore softly. “I’m a fucking joke.”

I exhaled slowly. “Love isn’t an achievement,” I said, forcing my voice to be gentle. “It’s not something you can win by following some sort of formula, and it sure as hell isn’t something you’re owed.”

He flinched, then his gaze sharpened. “You knew.”

My shoulders sagged. “Lucian—”

“Why didn’t you warn me?” His voice stayed level, but there was accusation in it, pressing in on me. “Why didn’t you tell me sooner that I was fighting a losing battle?”

Indignation flared, overpowering the pity I felt earlier.

“Even if I wanted to, how could I?” I snapped. “You vanished. You went off-grid for days. No calls. No messages. You fucking stood her up and she—”

I stopped myself then. The events of that night were not mine to recount.

Lucian stared at me, mouth opening once, then closing again.

“I didn’t mean to,” he said finally, quieter. “Things just...got complicated.”

“Complicated how?” I asked gently. “You look like you’ve been keeping vigil in hell.”

His gaze slid away from mine.

“You’re keeping secrets,” I said.

His silence confirmed it. It stretched, thick and uncomfortable, and I fought the urge to check my watch.

Then Lucian spoke again.

“Do you know why?” he asked quietly.

I frowned. “Why what?”

“Why she went back to him,” he clarified.

I shook my head. “Lucian, I’m in no place to—”

“Just tell me why.”

My breath hitched, and I shifted in my seat, suddenly aware of the pressure in the room.

Lucian had always been careful with his Alpha presence. Outside of training sessions or controlled demonstrations, he kept it tightly leashed, more philosophy than force.

The people at OTS followed him because they believed in him, because he inspired loyalty, not fear.

But now his aura pressed at the edges of my awareness with an intensity that made the hairs on my skin rise.

“Stop that,” I ground out.

Lucian blinked, then drew a slow breath, his shoulders easing as the pressure receded.

“Sorry,” he said, rubbing a hand over his face. “I’ve been in back-to-back meetings all week. High-intensity ones. You get used to...letting it off the leash.”

There was truth in that. I’d seen Ethan come back from negotiations carrying that residual edge.

But something else lingered beneath his words, something he wasn’t naming.

Questions flickered through my mind. Where had he really been? Who had he been meeting with? And why did it feel like he was carrying more than professional stress?

Before I could decide which one to voice, my phone buzzed again.

Ethan.

The reminder jolted me back into my body, back into time. Twenty minutes didn't quite stretch as you'd think.

Lucian saw the screen and winced. "Right. Your mate's probably pissed."

I didn't deny it.

"I shouldn't have put you in this position tonight," he went on, voice steadier now. "I wasn't thinking."

"That's new," I said dryly.

The corner of his mouth twitched, but the humor didn't quite reach his eyes.

"Congratulations, by the way."

I blinked. "What?"

"Your engagement."

Some of my irritation melted away at that. "There's going to be a party... You should come."

He hesitated. "I don't think that's a good idea."

"Sera's my best friend, and she's about to become my family," I added softly. "But you're my family, too. I don't want to lose either of you."

Something in his expression shifted, and his smile was a little less empty. "You're a good person, Maya."

I snorted. "Debatable."

He chuckled weakly.

"Go home, Lucian," I urged. "Take a shower and a nap. You're less likely to tear yourself apart if you're thinking more clearly."

He nodded slowly. "I'll try."

I wished I could do more—reach in and mend what had fractured in him.

But whatever Lucian Reed was dealing with felt far beyond my reach.

