

## **My Sister 445**

Chapter 445 THE HOTTEST LUNA

SERAPHINA'S POV

Morning came too quickly.

The fragile stillness of the night before—the quiet warmth of Daniel asleep between us, Kieran's shoulder brushing mine, the soft, impossible wish to freeze time—felt like yet another dream.

Because by the time the sun rose over Nightfang, everything had shifted back into motion.

Responsibility. Strategy. Power.

War.

I stood before the full-length mirror, smoothing my dress for the umpteenth time.

It was simple by design—deep charcoal with silver threading along the seams, elegant without being ostentatious.

A Luna's attire.

Behind me, Kieran adjusted his cufflinks, his reflection tall and powerful, every inch the formidable Alpha.

"Ready?" he asked, his voice even.

I met his gaze in the mirror.

Over the ten years of our strained marriage, all I'd ever wanted was to stand by Kieran's side and share the weight of his burdens.

Now that I could, I wouldn't dare complain that it was too heavy.

"I'm ready."

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The main hall of Nightfang had been prepared before dawn.

By the time we entered, it was already alive with movement.

Omegas moved swiftly but silently along the edges, placing refreshments, adjusting seating, ensuring everything reflected the strength and order of the pack.

The long central table gleamed under the overhead lights, polished to a near mirror shine. Banners bearing Nightfang's crest hung from the high stone walls, their dark fabric catching the morning light streaming through the tall windows.

And underneath it all, power gathered.

One by one, the Alphas arrived.

Some entered with the quiet confidence of long-standing allies—men and women who had fought beside Nightfang before, their gazes steady, their nods respectful.

Others came more cautiously. Wary.

I could feel it in the air, in the subtle shifts of posture, in the way their eyes flicked not just to Kieran, but to me.

Measuring. Weighing. Judging.

I stood at Kieran's side as we welcomed them, my posture straight, my expression calm, every movement careful.

"Alpha Rowan," Kieran greeted one of the first arrivals, the Alpha of Shadowmoon, clasping forearms in a firm grip. "It's been a while."

"Too long," Rowan replied, his gaze sliding to me. There was no hostility there—only assessment.

He tilted his head. "Luna."

My heart skipped a beat, a blend of anxiety and fluttering pride tightening my chest.

That was the first time in my life I'd ever been referred to as Luna. I froze for a moment, wondering if I should correct him.

The grounding warmth of Kieran's hand on my lower back pulled my focus back, and I just inclined my head in return. "Welcome to Nightfang."

Rowan held my gaze for a second longer, then nodded once.

Others followed.

Alpha Idris of Duskbane, whose pack bordered the northern territories—sharp-eyed, observant.

Alpha Mirek of Bloodspire, broader, quieter, his presence heavy but not unfriendly.

Lunas, Betas, advisors.

And with each introduction, something became increasingly clear.

Most of them accepted me.

...by default.

Because Kieran stood beside me.

Because Nightfang presented me as Luna.

Still, I could feel the undercurrent—questions unasked, doubts unspoken.

Just when I thought I couldn't take the scrutiny anymore, a familiar presence gave me a reason to breathe easier.

"Holy shit, if you're not the hottest Luna I've ever seen."

I had to clamp my lips to keep from grinning wide and plant my feet to the floor so I didn't lurch forward and throw my arms around Maya and Ethan.

Maya, however, had no such reservations.

When they came closer, she threw her arms around me in a choking hug.

"You look amazing, babe," she whispered in my ear.

I exhaled, leaning into her familiar warmth. "I'm so glad you're here."

"Of course." She pulled back and grinned at Kieran.

"Your number one allies reporting for duty," she announced loud enough for heads to turn in our direction.

Kieran chuckled, pulling Ethan into a bro hug. "Welcome."

When they pulled back, Ethan turned to me, and his gaze softened.

"She's right, you know," he said.

I scrunched my nose up. "You did not just call me hot."

He rolled his eyes good-naturedly. "You know what I mean."

He took my hand and squeezed. "I'm proud of you, Sera."

My eyes misted, burning from the effort to keep tears from spilling as a surge of gratitude mixed with sudden vulnerability washed over me.

"I'm glad you're here," I whispered. "Both of you."

The weight pressing against my chest eased, replaced by the warm reassurance of their comforting energy.

After they went in, more Alphas filtered into the hall, their arrivals blending into the steady rhythm of greetings and shifting alliances.

Alpha Thomas of Cypress Vale came with Brett—apparently, they were close friends—at his side.

True to our word, we'd kept in communication with Maxwell and Willow, and true to his word, he'd brought his Alpha, Callister, with him as a potential ally.

Corin carried himself with his usual sharp awareness, coming not as a friend, but as a representative of Seabreeze in Selene's stead.

Alois, too, arrived not as a mentor but as the director of the New Moon Institute.

Still, it was good to have more familiar faces to focus on if I got too overwhelmed.

Presence layered upon presence until the space seemed to hum with the sheer amount of authority it held.

And then a voice broke through the careful equilibrium.

"Well," it drawled, sharp and amused, "this is a twisted kind of de ja vu."

It took me a long second before I recognized the owner of the voice.

Alpha Helen.

She stood near the far end of the hall, framed by the morning light spilling through the windows behind her.

Her presence was as striking as I remembered from the LST gala—tall, poised, every movement graceful.

Her jade-green eyes swept over me slowly, openly, without even the courtesy of concealment.

For a brief moment, the memory of the OTS gala flickered through my mind—the gleam of chandeliers, the tension of the archery line, the weight of her challenge hanging in the air.

‘If I win, you leave Lucian.’

My fingers curled at my sides.

She took a few steps forward, heels clicking sharply against the polished floor.

“Alpha Helen,” I greeted through clenched teeth. “It’s...good to see you.”

“Likewise,” she said, her tone light but edged with something sharper beneath. “Except the last time we saw you were standing next to a different Alpha.”

Her gaze cut to Kieran, then flicked back to me with a conspiratorial wink. “Impressive. You don’t seem like the type.”

A faint murmur rippled through the room.

I felt it—those watching eyes sharpening with curiosity.

I lifted my chin, meeting her gaze head-on.

“And what type exactly do I seem like, Alpha Helen?” I asked, my voice measured.

Her lips curved.

“Oh, I don’t know.” She shrugged. “Someone more suited to the sidelines. That is how you lived for the last ten years, isn’t it?”

For a heartbeat, the words struck where they were meant to, stabbing at old wounds, reminding me of the girl who stayed quiet. Who endured. Who stood in the background while others took what should have been hers.

But that girl was no more.

I had fought—against myself, against everything that tried to keep me small. I had earned every step that brought me here.

So I let the past settle where it belonged—behind me—and met Helen’s gaze without flinching.

Before I could respond and let her know just that, movement beside me shifted the air.

“Enough.”

The single word cut cleanly through the room, silencing the murmurs instantly.

Every gaze snapped to Kieran.

He stepped forward—not away from me, but slightly ahead, positioning himself in a way that was both subtle and unmistakable.

Protective. Claiming.

His presence expanded, his Alpha aura pressing outward—not aggressively, but firmly enough to remind everyone exactly who led this room.

And then, he spoke.

“Seraphina stands at my side, not just as Nightfang’s Luna,” he said, his voice steady, carrying effortlessly across the hall, “but also as my fated mate.”

The words landed like a shockwave.

I felt it as much as I heard it—the collective intake of breath, the sudden shift in energy as the weight of his declaration settled over everyone present.

My heart stuttered.

Fated mate.

I turned my head, looking at him with just as much shock as the rest of the room.

He didn't look at me. His gaze remained forward, unwavering, directed at the room. At anyone who dared question or object.

"Whoever has a problem with that," he continued, "may leave right away. You ally with me, you ally with her. We stand as one."

Something tightened in my chest—sharp and unfamiliar and achingly warm all at once.

No one made a move to question or object.

For Alphas, for packs, for alliances, this changed everything.

A fated bond was not just personal.

It meant stability. Strength.

An unbreakable connection that enhanced not only the individuals but also the entire pack structure surrounding them.

Helen's expression flickered, showing real, unguarded surprise.

Then it was gone, replaced by something more composed—but her edge had dulled.

"I see," she said after a beat, her voice smoother now. "Then it seems my concerns were...misplaced. Hopefully, you will prove to be a capable Luna."

I held her gaze.

"You're welcome to stay and see for yourself," I said softly, but my voice still carried through the silent room.

Her lips curved. "Oh, I intend to."