

My Sister 100

Chapter 100 SECOND DATE

SERAPHINA'S POV

Maya and I talked long into the night, our laughter muffled against pillows, our voices dipping low as we shared fragments of our lives.

She told about how she was the fastest runner in her pack and beat half the boys in combat. She told me of her goth phase when she was fifteen and all the ridiculous, inane ways she'd tried to dye her light brown wolf fur black as a result.

I told her about my writing, how it felt to have people—even if they were strangers—appreciate me when no one else did.

I told her how Daniel's laugh sounded like sunlight breaking through clouds, and how holding him was the best feeling in the world.

We compared heartbreaks and half-healed scars, dreams and hopes we hadn't dared to speak out loud.

Somewhere down the hall, muffled voices of other OTS members still carried, but here it was only us—two women wrapped in warmth, trust, and the rare kind of friendship that made the world feel bearable.

As the night went on, the hotel's quiet hum a cocoon around us, I could feel our connection click into place. I could feel her becoming more than just a friend, a sister.

Considering that, I felt mildly guilty at the jolt of excitement that went through me when Maya finally drifted off—wine glass tipped sideways, a blanket pulled up to her chin.

Wasting no time, I slipped quietly from the bed, my heart thudding loudly.

I tiptoed past the scattered soda and beer bottles and empty chip bags, eased the door open, and held my breath until it clicked shut behind me.

For a moment, I stood still in the dim corridor, ears straining.

The lodge had fallen quiet, save for the faint rush of the hot spring vents outside.

I felt a mix of exhilaration and guilt, like a teenager sneaking out to meet a forbidden crush—except I wasn't a teenager. And Lucian was more than a silly crush.

I didn't get more than two steps before strong arms wrapped around me.

I let out a soft gasp that melted instantly as warmth and oud enveloped me.

“Got you,” Lucian murmured against my ear, his voice low and amused.

My lips curved despite myself. “You scared me half to death.”

His chest vibrated with quiet laughter. “That wasn’t my intention. But I admit, seeing you sneak out like this...” He tilted his head, brushing his lips just below my ear, “...has a certain appeal.”

Heat bloomed under my skin. I turned in his hold, looking up into his eyes—sharp in the shadows, softened by the faint lantern glow. “Were you waiting here the whole time?”

“Of course,” he announced unashamedly, smiling boyishly. “Our second date is ready.”

A giddy laugh spilled out of me. “Second date?”

“I did promise you one, didn’t I?”

The flutter in my chest grew frantic. “Yeah, but you’ve done so much today already.”

“I don’t care, Seraphina,” he said, threading his fingers through mine. “I intend to take every chance with you I can.”

Something about the certainty in his tone tugged at places inside me I didn't even know existed.

For so long, love had meant compromise, sacrifice, being the afterthought.

And yet, here was a man who redefined it. Who made me feel chosen. Wanted.

"What if Maya wakes up and notices I'm gone?" I asked, my voice softer, though my body was already leaning toward him.

His thumb brushed slow circles over my knuckles. "She snoozes, she loses."

I threw my head back, soft laughter bouncing off the velvet-lined walls.

Lucian leaned closer, eyes glinting with mischief. "What do you say, Sera? Will you come with me?"

There was absolutely no hesitation as I nodded. "Lead the way, Alpha Reed."

He chuckled, clearly pleased, and guided me down the silent hallway.

We passed the terrace where OTS members had laughed and lounged earlier, now deserted.

Lanterns burned low, their golden light swaying with the night breeze. Lucian pushed open a side door, leading me out toward the edge of the springs.

The sight stole my breath.

A thick blanket had been spread across the stone floor, piled high with pillows that looked ridiculously plush. A tray of chocolate-dipped fruit gleamed, their dark coats glossy under the candlelight.

A bucket of wine sat chilling beside us, condensation dripping onto the rock. Dozens of small candles floated in bowls across the steaming water, their flames flickering, reflecting like stars scattered across the surface.

It was simple, but it was so unbelievably beautiful.

“You did all this?” I whispered, stunned.

Lucian shrugged, almost sheepish. “Do you like it?”

Emotion pricked hot behind my eyes.

I wrapped my arms around myself, not from cold but from the sharp ache of my emotions. “No one’s ever...done this for me before.”

He tilted his head, studying me like he was memorizing the moment. “What can I say? Every man you’ve met before me has been a fool. You deserve all the love and beauty in the world, Sera.”

My throat tightened, but I managed a shaky laugh. “Careful, Lucian. If you keep saying things like that, I might start believing them.”

“I hope you do.” He offered his hand again, palm open, steady. “Because every word is true.”

I slid my hand into his, letting him guide me down onto the blanket. The springs hissed and bubbled nearby, their rising steam curling around us, softening the night into something dreamlike.

Lucian poured the wine, handing me a glass. His fingers brushed mine—deliberate, lingering—and my pulse jumped.

“To our second date,” he said.

I lifted my glass, my lips trembling at the edges of a smile. “To second chances.”

Our glasses clinked, soft and intimate in the quiet.

We ate slowly, talking between bites of fruit. The chocolate melted on my tongue, the wine warm in my chest.

Lucian's voice wove around me, steady, confident, carrying stories from his travels, mundane memories, and quirks that made him even more endearing.

In return, I found myself giving him the same—pieces of myself I rarely offered because no one cared enough to hear them. My favorite color, movies and books I liked, all the places I wanted to see.

The way he listened unraveled me. He didn't just hear me—he absorbed every word as if I were saying something vital.

At one point, I laughed over a clumsy story about sneaking sweet treats from the Lockwood kitchen, and he caught me with such an intense gaze that my laughter faltered.

"What?" I asked, self-conscious.

His hand brushed mine beneath the tray, curling over it firmly. "You have the most beautiful laugh," he said simply.

My chest squeezed so hard I almost couldn't breathe.

I set down my glass before I spilled it, my fingers trembling. “You’re...dangerous, Lucian Reed.”

“Dangerous?” His smile crooked, teasing. “Because I tell you the truth?”

“Because you make me want to believe it,” I whispered.

His eyes softened. He shifted, abandoning his glass entirely to move closer until his knee pressed against mine. His hand didn’t let go of mine—if anything, he tightened the hold.

“Seraphina,” he said lowly, “you are everything I never knew I needed. And I will tell you all the ways you’re amazing, I will recount how beautiful you are—over and over again. Till you believe it.”

I swallowed hard, my heartbeat thundering. “Lucian...”

But he didn’t let me finish. His lips captured mine.

The kiss was soft at first, reverent—then deepening with a hunger that stole my breath.

I clung to his shoulders, my body trembling as I leaned into him. His hand cradled my face with surprising gentleness, while the other splayed against my lower back, anchoring me against him.

Heat surged through me, and with it, a wave of relief. I'd been scared that Lucian and I would never reach the intensity I'd always believed was essential.

But I didn't need to worry anymore.

I wanted him—fully, completely—and for once, I didn't care about past scars or future fears.

When he broke the kiss, his forehead rested against mine, his breath ragged. "You undo me, Sera. Every time."

"Then we're even," I whispered, my voice barely steady. "Because I don't recognize myself around you."

His answering groan was half-desperation, half-reverence, and he kissed me again, fiercer this time.

I tipped back onto the pillows, pulling him with me, the world narrowing to the press of his body, the rush of blood in my ears, the taste of wine and chocolate and him.

And then the world went black.

The lights cut out with a sharp snap, plunging everything into total darkness. The hum of the lodge dimmed to silence, leaving only the hiss of the springs and our ragged breathing.

“Damn it,” Lucian hissed, jerking back slightly.

“Of all the f—” He caught himself, jaw tightening as if he’d swallowed the curse halfway.

I blinked against the sudden dark, disoriented. Then I reached for him, my fingers finding his cheek, warm and taut under my touch.

“Hey,” I whispered, smiling even though he couldn’t see me. “It’s okay.”

I felt the heaviness of his sigh. “I just want one perfect date with you, Sera.”

“It doesn’t matter.” I leaned in close. “This is still perfect to me.”

His breath shuddered out. He dropped his forehead against mine, defeated but softened. “I mean it. You’re going to undo me, Seraphina.”

I kissed him again, hunger mingling with reassurance.

Darkness only made it easier to lose myself in him. The world was gone, and all I knew was his mouth, his hands, the safety and danger of his arms around me.

But then—

“Sera?” Maya’s voice floated faintly down the hall.

I froze.

“Sera!” Louder this time, threaded with worry.

Lucian groaned, his head falling onto my shoulder. “Of course,” he muttered, sounding half-murderous, half-resigned.

This time, I couldn’t bring myself to comfort him because I felt his frustrations.

Could I ever go all the way with a man without getting fucking interrupted?