

## **My Sister 102**

### Chapter 102 A CHANCE TO SHINE

#### SERAPHINA'S POV

The hotel dining room buzzed with the easy chatter of morning, sunlight spilling across plates stacked with eggs and toast.

Light conversation, in addition to the clinking of cutlery, floated together into one messy melody.

Most of the OTS members who had stayed overnight were slumped in their seats, bleary-eyed from staying up until ungodly hours celebrating or gossiping.

But oh, not Maya. She sat across from me at the small round table, bright-eyed and entirely too chipper, stirring cream into her coffee with a grin that was far too mischievous for so early in the day.

She hadn't even tasted her eggs yet, but she looked plenty satisfied.

"You know," she said, drawing the words out like she was stringing pearls, "since you two haven't checked out yet, there's still plenty of time to...enjoy the suite." She winked. "I promise I won't interrupt this time."

I nearly choked on my orange juice. Heat climbed into my cheeks so quickly it almost stung.

“Maya,” I hissed, setting the glass down before I spilled it everywhere, “stop it.”

Next to me, Lucian’s shoulders shook with a low laugh, not even bothering to hide his amusement.

Instead, he leaned close, brushing his lips across mine. It was quick and soft, but it still made my toes curl in my shoes.

“Tempting suggestion,” he murmured against my mouth, loud enough for Maya to hear, “but unfortunately, duty calls. I have several important meetings today. The LST isn’t going to organize itself.”

A jolt of nerves shot through me.

LST—The Latent Spark Trials.

The ultimate test: the measure of how far every trainee had come. Months of grueling work condensed into one chance to prove we weren’t just lucky beneficiaries—but fighters. Worthy of a future.

And I’d let Maya and Lucian convince me to sign up for it three months ago.

At that point, it seemed like light-years away, and I was too busy taking one day at a time to worry about it.

But now...

Fuck, how had three months flown by so fast?

Sure, I'd spent all that time training as hard as I could, being pushed to the brink by my psychotic trainer (\*cough\* Maya \*cough\*), but the knowledge of how close I was to being tested filled me with a cutting anxiety I hadn't felt in a long time.

Lucian noticed the change in my demeanor and pulled back slightly, a furrow between his brows. "You good?"

I nodded, smiling softly. "Yeah, I'm good."

He didn't look entirely convinced, but he didn't press. Instead, he leaned in again, lips brushing mine in a kiss so tender it made my chest ache. "Don't worry about a single thing. You're going to kill it, I know it."

"Damn," Maya said, drawing our attention to her. She was fanning herself dramatically with her napkin. "Here I was thinking the hottest thing on this table was my coffee."

I groaned and pressed my palm to my face. "I can't take you anywhere."

“Yes, you can,” Maya countered cheerfully. “We’re the perfect balance of chaotic and calm. We’re stuck together forever, I’m afraid.”

I snorted, unable to stop the wide smile on my face. Being stuck with Maya forever was probably one of the best things that could happen to me.

The rest of breakfast passed like that—Lucian sneaking in kisses and subtle touches that left me blushing, Maya teasing every chance she got until my cheeks were hot enough to fry a fresh batch of eggs.

When we were done, Lucian leaned in for one last lingering kiss.

“I’ll come find you after my meeting,” he said simply, like it was a vow.

And somehow, with Lucian, it felt like one.

Maya and I left the hotel not long after, wheeling our small bags back through the lobby.

She chattered beside me, filling the morning air with easy laughter, but my thoughts lingered on Lucian’s touch, the scent of his cologne still clinging faintly to my sweater from when he hugged me goodbye.

On the ride home, a screen bolted to the back of the cab's headrest flickered with morning broadcasts. I wasn't really watching until Lucian's face appeared, and suddenly, I couldn't look away.

"Over the past decade," he was saying, his deep voice carrying even through the tinny speakers, "OTS has given underprivileged wolves the chance to prove themselves. Omegas, outcasts, wolfless—many of them females who would otherwise never be given the chance to step onto a training field. I've always believed they deserve to be seen. To be recognized. Not hidden in shadows. Everyone has a spark inside them—all they need is a chance to shine."

Maya sighed dreamily beside me, clutching my arm. "Gods above. Does he rehearse these things in the mirror, or is it just natural?"

I didn't answer. I was too busy losing myself in the allure of Lucian Reed.

Watching him speak—not to me this time, but to the world—I melted.

It was glaringly obvious that the camera loved him. His sharp jaw, his steady posture, the unwavering certainty in his voice, the conviction in his eyes...

Lucian wasn't just handsome. He was captivating. Dangerous in a way that had nothing to do with claws or teeth, and everything to do with the way he made people believe. Hope.

At that point, it didn't matter that I knew nothing about his pack or past. What mattered was that I knew him.

He was good and kind and compassionate and noble—and I trusted him with a certainty that was sometimes scary.

That was enough.

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The days that followed blurred into one long, breathless stretch of preparation. With the trials drawing closer, OTS was a hive buzzing louder every day.

Contestants streamed in from the OTS branches all over the world—trainees, who, like me, carried stories of struggles and survival, now given a chance to prove how far they'd come, to show the strength OTS had given them.

If I'd known that my time with silly, playful Maya had an expiration date, I would have savored it more.

Alas, I took it for granted—but I didn't have the energy to regret anything because I was too busy trying not to die from the murderous training regimen she threw me into.

I ended every day aching in places I hadn't even known could ache, and coming up with new curse words for the deranged tormentor who had taken over my best friend's body.

Yet, every night, when I fell asleep to the scent of lavender massage oil and stiff limbs, I couldn't help but smile.

I was pushing harder than I ever thought was possible, and I wasn't breaking. I was getting stronger, faster, better.

And the feeling that gave me was worth every torn muscle.

One afternoon, as I was changing after drills, the hum of whispered voices reached me from the corner of the locker room.

"...can you believe she actually qualified? A woman without a wolf?"

"Barely three months of training, that's all it took? Could anyone really be that strong?"

"I mean Maya Cartridge trains her, and I heard her numbers in the sims are pretty high."

"Still, sounds pretty fucking unbelievable to me."

"Please. Either she's hiding something, or she got special treatment."

“Special treatment from who, though?” a third voice piped up, sly and knowing. “Lucian himself, maybe?”

“Who else? Talk about sleeping your way to the top.”

Laughter rippled like claws scratching glass.

I froze, my fingers stiff against the laces of my shoes.

Another voice cut in, sharper. “Doesn’t matter. Lucian’s influence won’t help her out in the field. Jessica’s going to wipe the floor with her—with all the contestants. After the Trial, even the Alphas will be lining up for Jessica. She won’t stay an Omega forever.”

Their snickers echoed against the tiled walls. I clenched my jaw and forced myself to breathe, to focus on the rhythm of tying my boots instead of the sting burrowing beneath my ribs.

I didn’t care. I couldn’t care. Words were cheap, and training—my work, my sweat, my determination—was what mattered.

Besides, I’d survived worse than whispers. In my pack, in Kieran’s pack—and now here. It was all the same.



I rose, ready to leave, but the moment I turned toward the exit, a shadow blocked my way.

Speak of the devil...

Jessica.