

My Sister 103

Chapter 103 AN IMMUNITY TO CATTY BITCHES

SERAPHINA'S POV

I'd spent most of my life doing it, so keeping to myself came naturally.

That's why, other than passing greetings, I never really related closely to any of the other OTS trainees, except for rare occasions of the parties or group drills.

But I knew who Jessica was—everyone did.

Up close, she wasn't what most people imagined when they thought of an Omega.

Her frame was lean but honed, every movement coiled with tension, with potential energy that could explode in an instant.

Her gaze was cool, assessing, her mouth curved in a smile that didn't reach her eyes. She almost reminded me of Maya—except that meeting Maya hadn't sent a foreboding chill down my spine.

"Well, well," she drawled, folding her arms. "The miracle trainee herself."

I kept my expression neutral, refusing to give her the satisfaction of seeing me bristle. “Excuse me,” I said, angling to step past her.

But she shifted with me, blocking the path like she’d been waiting for this exact moment.

Up close, I could feel it—the sharp edge of her presence.

Jessica might have been born an Omega, but strength radiated from her in waves, enough to raise goosebumps on my skin.

It wasn’t just gossip propping her up. She was good. Maybe even as good as they said.

“Tell me something, Seraphina,” she purred, tilting her head. “What’s it like, walking around here with everyone staring? Whispering? Do you ever feel like maybe you don’t belong?”

Her words hit something raw inside me. Memories flashed unbidden—of Lockwood Pack halls, of sneers and pity, of doors slammed in my face. Of being told over and over that I wasn’t enough.

But this time, I wasn’t going to flinch.

I clenched my fists at my sides, forcing my pulse to calm. I had trained too hard, pushed too far, to let intimidation—no matter how potent—break me before the LSTs even began.

Jessica, with her sleek movements and razor-sharp gaze, might have had the reputation of being untouchable, but I wasn't going to bow before it.

Plus, after ingesting Celeste's poison so often, I'd built an immunity to catty bitches.

"Excuse me, Jessica," I said evenly, trying to sidestep her. "I really don't have time for—"

She pivoted gracefully, stepping into my path again with a sly smile, her eyes glinting with the kind of amusement that only comes from someone who knows they have the upper hand.

She was reminding me less of Maya and more and more of Celeste.

"Don't tell me you're running," she said, voice smooth as silk, but carrying an edge that raised goosebumps along my arms. "Not after all the talk. Not after everyone's been whispering about you. I think it's only fair we see what you're made of."

I frowned. "What do you mean?"

She tilted her head, gaze locked on mine. "A one-on-one. Right here. Right now. I want to see if the 'miracle trainee' is all hype."

My frown deepened. OTS rules explicitly prohibited private battles outside the Trials themselves. "Jessica," I said firmly, "we both know that's not allowed. You can't just—"

She laughed, the sound sharp and cutting. "Scared, are we?" Her smile widened, but her eyes didn't waver. "If you can't even handle an Omega like me, the Shadowveil Pack will never accept you as Luna. No matter how much our Alpha fancies you."

The information hit me square in the chest, but realization took a little longer to unfold.

Our Alpha...

Jessica wasn't just some random trainee with an attitude problem—she was from Lucian's pack. Shadowveil.

A flicker of anger surged, but I swallowed it down. I had no idea why she was hostile. It was hard to believe that, as gentle and kind as Lucian was, someone from his pack could be so acerbic.

I met her gaze calmly. "Jessica, I'm not here to compete for anyone's approval. Not even Lucian's—and he wouldn't want me to. My purpose at OTS is the mission. I'm here to prove that Omegas, outcasts, underdogs—anyone deemed 'less than'—can rise, can be recognized, can show the world their worth. That's what matters."

Her smile twisted, disbelief and disdain mingling. "Hypocrite," she hissed. "You're Alpha-born. Your brother is an Alpha. Your ex-husband is an Alpha. You're fucking an Alpha. You've had advantages I'm

not even worthy to dream of. And you waltz in here and dare to act like you're one of us? Stealing chances from Omegas who actually need them?"

I tilted my head, studying her.

She wasn't just aggressive—she was wounded, defensive, and desperate to maintain a dominance she'd never experienced.

In a way, it humbled me. As shitty as my life was, there were others who had it worse.

"I'm sorry you feel that way, Jessica. But I haven't—"

She lunged, quick and precise, but I sidestepped with an instinctive grace I didn't know I had, the momentum carrying her forward harmlessly.

The sound of shuffling feet and whispered gasps drew my attention. More and more trainees were gathering around, forming a loose circle, eager to watch.

"Everyone here has suffered rejection," I said, raising my voice enough to carry over the murmurs. "Every single one of us. Whether we're Omegas, wolfless, packless, or... Alpha-born, we all know what it's like to be told we're not enough. We didn't come here to outshine each other. We didn't come here to prove our worth to anyone else but ourselves. We came to get stronger, to rise above the tides that tried to drown us. To become queens in our own right."

A hush fell. Eyes widened. Whispers stopped. For a moment, it felt like the room itself was holding its breath, waiting for her response.

The quiet was thick, heavy, and yet electric. I could see nods among a few Omegas, hesitant smiles, quiet acknowledgment in the eyes of trainees who had never imagined someone would give voice to their struggle so plainly.

Jessica blinked, expression flickering between irritation and surprise.

“Cheap words,” she said finally, voice dripping with scorn. “You think you can win hearts—or respect—with speeches? Don’t be naïve, Seraphina. On the tournament grounds, no one’s going to waste time listening to your rambling.”

I straightened, meeting her stare head-on, unwavering. “Maybe not. But you should be careful, Jessica. Because if you try to undermine OTS’ mission, if you let your petty jealousy and entitlement turn this noble cause into a joke...Lucian won’t let you off easy.”

The words hit her like a slap, and I could see the momentary falter, a spark of unease behind her steely facade.

She clenched her jaw, a muscle twitching there as her eyes narrowed. But she didn’t back down.

“You think you’re clever,” she hissed, her body coiled like a spring, “but words don’t win tournaments.”

I gave a small, controlled smile. “No, they don’t. But sometimes words remind people why they started, what matters. You seem like you need to be reminded of that, Jessica. You need to be reminded that here, there’s no such thing as hierarchy. We are unique in our problems, but equal in our worth.”

Her breath hitched slightly, a subtle acknowledgment that I had hit a nerve. She didn’t smile this time. She didn’t lunge. But I could feel the tension in her, the fire in her stance, the readiness for confrontation that hadn’t dissipated.

The murmurs of agreement, soft at first, began to ripple through the crowd. Some trainees clapped quietly, others whispered affirmations. It was subtle, but it mattered. Even if Jessica couldn’t see it yet, the effect of speaking my truth was already spreading.

Jessica’s nostrils flared, and she tilted her head, lips pressing into a line. “We’ll see, Seraphina,” she said, almost a growl. “We’ll see who comes out on top. And don’t think for a second Lucian’s approval—or your lineage—will save you.”

I nodded once, firmly, and allowed a small smirk. “I don’t expect it to. No one but me can fight my battles.”

Her eyes narrowed, and she finally stepped aside. The current of tension lingered, a live wire, but the crowd around us seemed to settle, whispers blending with the faint hum of the locker room.

As I walked past her, shoulders squared, pulse steady, I realized something vital. Strength wasn’t just about muscle, speed, or training.

Strength was conviction. Belief in your own purpose. And somewhere over the last three months, I'd gained a lot of that in abundance.

Jessica might have tried to intimidate me. She might have tested me with her gaze and her words. But in doing so, she had only reminded me why I was here—and why I could not be shaken.

Before I left the room, I glanced back at Jessica one last time. She was watching, lips pressed tight, and I allowed myself a small, private victory smile.

Let the Trials come. Let every eye be on us.

And let the world remember that sometimes, the quiet, overlooked ones are the fiercest of all.