

## **My Sister 105**

Chapter 105 THREE TIMES

SERAPHINA'S POV

When I asked Lucian if he wanted to come in after he dropped me off, my heart was pounding in my throat.

It didn't look like we would have any interruptions tonight, and the thought of what that meant—finishing what we started in the hotel—had me wiping sweaty palms against my jeans.

But then Lucian pulled out Uno cards, and the laugh that burst out of me carried away all the tension and anxiety.

An hour later, we were still sitting cross-legged on the carpet, a half-empty bottle of wine between us.

I leaned forward, hair tumbling loose over my shoulders as I smirked.

“Uno!” I flicked my last card onto the pile.

I giggled as Lucian groaned, dropping his cards down and accepting his sixteenth consecutive defeat.

“Your luck is terrible,” I teased. “Do you even know how to shuffle?”

He shook his head. “Those cards are cursed.”

I snorted. “They’re your cards. Awn, the big scary Alpha is shit at children’s games, that’s so adorable!”

His scowl was mock-serious. “Careful, Seraphina.”

I smirked. “Oh, what? You’ll pout me into silence?”

He narrowed his eyes, gathering the scattered cards with deliberate slowness. “You think you’re bold now...”

Before I could reply, he lunged, tackling me backward onto the rug. A startled squeal broke from my throat as he pinned my wrists to my sides, looming above me with theatrical menace.

“Lucian!” I gasped, wriggling, though laughter bubbled uncontrollably in my chest.

“This,” he intoned, voice low and dangerous, “is what happens when you mock the big scary Alpha.”

His hands tightened just enough to make me squirm, but his eyes shone with boyish mischief.

I kicked half-heartedly, laughing so hard my ribs ached.

“You’re a sore loser,” I wheezed.

“And you’re insufferable,” he countered, dipping close enough that his breath brushed my cheek.

I pouted, and I didn’t know if it was the wine or giddy happiness swirling in my veins, but the next words that came out of my mouth were: “Well, what are you going to do about it?”

Lucian’s eyes glittered down at me, heat and mischief tangled together like smoke curling into flame.

His weight held me pinned, wrists locked in his grip, but I knew I wasn’t in any danger—of being hurt, at least.

But the way his smile tilted, the way my pulse hammered because of it...

Yeah, that was the real danger.

“Well?” he murmured, leaning so close that every syllable brushed across my lips. “Is that a challenge, Sera? You want to see how I punish insubordination?”

My laughter faltered, caught in my throat.

The room seemed to shrink until it was only his dark hair falling loose around his face, tickling my cheek, the wine warming my blood, and the sharp, aching awareness of him pressing me into the rug.

I swallowed, defiant despite the way my body betrayed me.

“Yes.” The word was barely a whisper, but I forced my chin up. “Show me.”

Lucian’s grin widened, eyes glinting. “You’ll regret that challenge.”

I slowly bit my lips. “Somehow, I doubt that.”

For a suspended second, the world narrowed to his weight above me, his smile, the warmth of his body anchoring mine.

Then he released my wrists only to catch them again, pulling them above my head in one firm grip.

His free hand slid deliberately, unbearably slow, down my arm, my shoulder, my side. The trail of heat he left behind made my lungs stutter and my breaths shatter into uneven gasps.

“Lucian...” My voice broke, caught between warning and want.

“Still laughing?” he teased, his thumb grazing the curve of my hipbone.

I shook my head helplessly, though a smile tugged at my lips.

He leaned lower, until our noses nearly brushed, until I could feel the faint hitch in his breathing that betrayed his own restraint.

The playful menace had softened into something else entirely, something charged and intimate.

The air between us thickened. My body arched without thinking, tugged toward him like metal to a magnet.

His lips brushed my jaw. “Say it again,” he whispered.

My breath trembled out of me. “Uno?”

He huffed a laugh against my skin, the vibration sending shivers down my spine. “Not that,” he growled, mock-offended, nipping lightly at my shoulder, sharp enough to send a zing of electricity through me.

I gasped, then laughed, then gasped again when his mouth lingered—higher now, at the corner of my lips, hovering in a way that set my nerves on fire.

His control frayed. Mine snapped entirely.

“Lucian,” I whispered, and this time there was no contradiction—it was all need.

He shifted, as if he might finally close that agonizing gap and devour me whole, when—

My phone rang.

The sharp, tinny sound cut through the tension like slashing claws. I froze. Lucian groaned low in his throat, forehead pressing against mine in pure frustration.

What was that saying? Once is happenstance, twice is coincidence—three times is WHAT THE FUCK?!

“Don’t,” he muttered. “Let it die.”

But the sound pierced again, insistent. My chest tightened. “What if it’s Maya? Or Daniel?”

Lucian sighed, muscles taut, but rolled off me with obvious reluctance. I scrambled upright, hair ruffled, cheeks flaming, fumbling for the glowing screen.

The caller ID was an unknown number.

I hesitated, thumb hovering before I finally answered. “Hello?”

Static at first. Then a voice, rough and harried: “Hi, yeah. Uh...listen, your husband’s here at the bar. He’s drunk as hell, causing a scene. Can you come get him?”

My mind blanked. Husband? It took a beat too long to click. My stomach dropped.

“Kieran?” I blurted, pulse spiking.

“I dunno his name. I grabbed his phone, this number was number one on his speed dial, so I figured you must be—”

Before I could process, another voice cut in, slurred, but unmistakable.

“I’m fine,” Kieran snapped.

There was a shuffle, and then his voice sounded closer, sharp with irritation. “This is a misunderstanding; I don’t need anyone. I’m fine, so don’t bother, Serraa.”

But the way he drawled my name told me that he wasn’t, in fact, fine, and I needed to, in fact, bother.

My throat tightened. “Kieran—”

The phone was suddenly plucked from my hand.

Lucian pressed it to his ear, his face carved into a cold mask. “This is Lucian Reed,” he said smoothly, authority wrapping around each syllable. “If you’re in actual trouble, I’ll send someone immediately to assist you. If not, I expect there won’t be any further interruptions tonight.”

I stiffened, my mouth opening in alarm. “Lucian—”

But on the other end, a string of curses crackled, then the line went dead.

Lucian lowered the phone, jaw tight, and set it deliberately on the table.

The room buzzed with the silence that followed. My pulse thundered.

“Lucian,” I whispered, unsure whether I was pleading or scolding. “Why did you—”

His eyes softened when they found mine. “Because I’m done with interruptions of our time together—least of all from Kieran,” he said, voice quieter now, tinged with something raw.

“Because I needed to remind him that you’re not his to call anymore. He threw away that chance. You’re mine now.”

Mine.

The word caught in the air between us like a spark. My chest ached, caught between guilt and the undeniable warmth blooming in my ribs.

I bit my lip. “Lucian, I’m sorry. Things shouldn’t be like this. You shouldn’t have to tell my ex-husband off. Maybe I’m not...” My throat worked. “Maybe I’m not a good enough girlfriend if you have to—”

Lucian surged forward and cupped my cheek, forcing me to meet the fire in his gaze.

“Don’t you dare,” he murmured fiercely. “Don’t you dare blame yourself for another man’s inability to let go. Kieran didn’t cherish you when he had you. That’s his mistake. One I’ll never make.”

My breath hitched. His thumb traced my cheekbone, tender where his words were sharp.

There was that disarming conviction again, tugging tightly bound emotions loose in my chest.

I leaned into him, voice trembling. "You mean that?"

He smiled then, the edge softening, eyes warm. "I've never meant anything more."

Something hot pricked my eyes, and before I could stop myself, I threw my arms around him. His embrace folded around me instantly, strong and certain, like it belonged there.

For a long moment, I just breathed him in, letting his steadiness drown out the doubts gnawing at me.

When I finally pulled back, a teasing smile tugged at my lips, shaky but real. "So...do you still want to finish what we started?"

Lucian chuckled low, brushing a strand of hair from my face. "The Moon Goddess must be testing me," he said, mock-dramatic. "So many interruptions. Maybe she's warning us not to rush."

I frowned, but his grin was gentle as he went on. "I promise we will, Sera—just not yet. I want to wait. Until you've visited my pack. Until you've seen what it means to stand beside me. Until you're ready to be my Luna. Until everything is perfect."

The weight of his words settled deep in my chest. My lips parted, both moved and... hungry.

I narrowed my eyes playfully. "You better not regret that, Lucian Reed. Because I have no intention of hiding the charms you so confidently claim I have."

His answering smile was dazzling. "I wouldn't dream of asking you to." He placed a warm, soft kiss on my temple. "Trust me, I know a thing or two about restraint."

That night, we didn't make love.

Instead, we slipped beneath the covers, tangled together in the quiet warmth of shared breath.

His arms anchored me, his heartbeat steady beneath my cheek.

And for the first time in ten years, I went to bed with a man's arms around me. And I fell asleep easily, safe in the knowledge that morning wouldn't bring devastation.

\*\*\*

The morning light seeped soft and golden through the curtains when the sharp buzz of the doorbell startled me awake.

Lucian stirred beside me, groaning into my hair. "Ignore it," he mumbled, voice rough with sleep.

But the chime rang again—longer, more insistent.

I sighed, untangling myself from his embrace, padding downstairs with my hair disheveled and heart still heavy with warmth.

But that warmth was instantly swallowed by frost when I opened the door.

If you guessed Kieran, you would be...wrong.

If you guessed Celeste, you would be...also wrong.

But if you guessed my mother?

Ding ding ding!