

My Sister 11

Chapter 11 PISSING CONTEST

SERAPHINA'S POV

I felt the sting across my palm before I realized that I'd slapped Kieran.

His head jerked to the side, and for a heartbeat, neither of us moved—me, shocked that my ex-husband had tried to kiss me; him, stunned that I'd dared to slap him.

How could this happen after we had already divorced?

My chest heaved as I braced my hand against his chest and shoved him away from me. He didn't budge, both his arms caged me against the lockers, his body radiating heat like a furnace. The scent of him—cedar and something darker, wilder—flooded my senses, making it hard to think.

"Have you gone raving mad?" I hissed, my heart pounding wildly in my chest.

In all the years Kieran and I were married, he'd never once kissed me—not my lips, at least. When we had sex, it was clinical, functional, a way for Kieran to take care of his needs. If at all his lips touched me, it was my neck or my tits, never anything so intimate as kissing me on the lips.

So what the hell was this?

"Did you take a hit to the head?" I shoved him again, but he was immovable, his dark eyes burning into mine. Beneath my palm, his heartbeat raced as wildly as my own.

"Let me remind you of two things: One, we're divorced. Two, your precious Celeste is right outside!"

That finally broke through whatever madness had gripped him.

Kieran stepped back as if it pained him, his jaw clenched tight. For a moment, he just stared at me, his expression unreadable. Then, without a word, he turned and left.

I stood there long after the door shut behind him, my breath uneven, my skin still buzzing where he'd touched me. A traitorous warmth coiled low in my stomach—one I refused to acknowledge.

He's going back to her. The thought soured in my mind. I could still see them earlier, Celeste pressed against him like she belonged there. The perfect Luna. The perfect mate.

I yanked my shirt back on, my skin still humming. No way was I showering here—not with them just rooms away. I needed air. Space. Distance.

When I stepped into the hall, Lucian was there, rounding the corner with two water bottles in hand.

"Here." He offered me one, his grip steady.

"Thanks." Our fingers brushed, and I remembered his words from earlier: "I plan to court her."

I dismissed the thought. Lucian was a protector—he'd probably just said it to deflect the tension. And it had worked.

But as I twisted the cap off the bottle, I couldn't shake the feeling that something had shifted.

"Are you okay?" Lucian asked, glancing at the locker room door. "I thought you were taking a shower."

I took a long drink of water, letting the cold liquid soothe me. I wiped my mouth with the back of my hand when I was done.

"I'll do it at home," I said, refraining from saying why.

His lips pursed, and I thought he would protest, but he just nodded.

"Okay, I can take you if you like."

I shook my head, smiling. "I drove here, remember?"

He chuckled, a little self-deprecatingly. "Right. Well, if you need anything, Sera—and I mean absolutely anything—don't hesitate to reach out. I'm here for you."

My chest warmed. When was the last time I had someone in my corner the way Lucian was?

"I'll keep that in mind. Thank you, Lucian," I said.

He beamed. "I look forward to our next session."

I groaned, my whole body protesting with me. "Just kill me here and now."

Lucian laughed. "That would defeat the whole point, now, wouldn't it?"

I didn't let myself think about what happened in the locker room until I was home. But as soon as I stood under the shower, the hot sprays washing over my sore muscles, I couldn't keep the thoughts at bay anymore.

Kieran had never once exhibited any jealous or possessive traits—at least not when it came to me. Then again, it wasn't like I'd really garnered any male attention in the decade we were married.

He'd always been... mild with me, even when we had sex. I knew that all the extremes of his emotions—passionate love and fervent jealousy—were reserved for Celeste.

But today...

I closed my eyes, the water running down my face, and pictured the dark, murderous way with which Kieran looked at Lucian, at Lucian's hands on me.

The rage he exhibited seemed an awful lot like jealousy, but I couldn't understand why.

"Mine," he'd growled just before he tried to kiss me.

I brought my fingers up to my lips, the water sluicing between them. I hadn't let him kiss me, but I still felt the shadow of his lips, the warmth of his breath against me.

What would have happened if I'd let him?

"Get it together, Sera," I chastised myself sharply.

After all, there was a more likely explanation than jealousy and possessiveness: ego.

Kieran was a proud Alpha who probably had double the normal testosterone level of a normal man. And Lucian hadn't made things better by announcing to the room that he was interested in me, no matter how nice his intentions were.

Two Alphas had basically had a pissing contest, and it would have happened over a plot of land just as easily as it happened over me. I didn't need to read too much into it.

Not into the near-kiss or Lucian's declaration. Because the fact of the matter was the same—no one but Daniel truly wanted me.

I'd made my peace with that a long time ago.

When the hot water started to cool, I took that as my cue to step out of the shower.

I headed downstairs and began preparing dinner in anticipation of Daniel's return from school.

All the confusion and tension of the day faded away when I heard the front door open and close, followed by the sound of rushing feet heading for the kitchen.

"Mom!"

I turned in time to catch his hug but couldn't help wincing when he squeezed my middle, drawing a protest from my abused abs.

He froze and pulled back immediately, looking at me in horror. "Are you okay?" he asked in alarm. "Are you hurt?"

I shook my head vehemently. "No, baby, not hurt. Just sore."

He frowned. "Why?"

I shrugged. "Your mom had a training session today."

His eyes lit up. "Like the kind Dad does?"

I smiled. "Nothing that intense—not yet, at least, but... yes."

The pride that shone in his eyes made every sore muscle worth it.

"That's amazing, Mom. I'm proud of you." He beamed. "I wish I could grow up faster so we could train together and I could protect you."

"Oh, baby." I pulled him to me again, and this time, he was careful not to hold me too tightly.

He truly was the greatest thing that had ever happened to me. I swore then and there that no matter how hard it was, no matter how much my weak body ached afterward, I would keep training. I would grow stronger and be the kind of mother my son could be proud of.

A week later, the only thing keeping me from rescinding my vow was Daniel's proud smile every time I came home bruised and aching.

Every day after dropping Daniel off at school, I headed straight to OTS headquarters, where Lucian, the sadistic bastard, devised innovative new ways to make me hate my life.

When Leona and Christian asked to take Daniel camping on Sunday, I agreed wholeheartedly. I canceled training for the day and spent the morning giving my poor, abused body the rest it deserved.

So you can imagine how utterly pissed I was when the insistent ringing of the doorbell interrupted my precious, delicious sleep and forced me to drag myself out of bed.

"I'm coming, fuck!" I muttered angrily as I trudged to the door, tying my robe haphazardly around my waist.

My hair looked like an abandoned raccoon's nest, and my breath stank to high heaven. I was hunched over, wincing with every step. I didn't mind, though.

Whatever asshole at the other side of the door deserved to have their eyes assaulted by my gruesome appearance as punishment for desecrating the sanctity of my rest day.

When I opened the door, however, I immediately regretted my decision. I should have taken a shower, waxed, blow-dried my hair, and put on a full face of makeup.

Because even on my best days, I already paled in comparison to her. I didn't need to give her more of a leg up.

Celeste.