

My Sister 118

Chapter 118 UNSTOPPABLE FORCE

LUCIAN'S POV

I'd never been one for peace and quiet.

The clang of bodies hitting mats, the hiss of breath, the sharp bark of instructors ringing above the din—that was my happy place.

I lingered at the edge of the Arena, half-distracted by the countless emails and reports I had to sort through, half-attuned to the rhythms of the OTS.

Normally, nothing here surprised me. I had built this place from nothing, watched countless wolves arrive broken and claw their way toward something sharper.

But when Maya strode toward me, her grin practically splitting her face, I knew something unusual had happened.

Maya never smiled during training—smirks, maybe. Smug little twists of her lips when she dismantled an opponent. But this...this was different.

"You won't believe what just happened!" Her dark eyes gleamed, sweat glistening on her caramel skin.

I arched a brow. “Uh-oh. If you killed someone, I don’t want to hear it. Plausible deniability.”

She rolled her eyes. “Trust me, you want to hear this—Sera landed a clean hit. On me.”

For a heartbeat, I thought I misheard. “On you?”

Maya was the strongest Beta female I’d ever trained, perhaps the strongest I’d ever seen anywhere.

I’d watched her reduce males, Alphas and Betas alike, to quivering wrecks, her speed and instincts honed like a blade forged in fire. There were very few warriors I knew who could match Maya Cartridge at full strength.

“Yes.” She rubbed her jaw proudly. “Square hit. She didn’t hold back this time. Surprised the hell out of me. I’m going to bruise!” she declared happily.

I glanced instinctively toward the mats, where Sera stood off to the side, clutching a water bottle.

She looked flushed, sweat plastering strands of hair to her temples, her chest rising and falling in quick, unsteady breaths.

Her eyes lifted just then, catching mine, and she quickly looked away—as though uncertain she deserved any recognition.

Maya leaned closer. “Don’t let her fool you with that humble act. She tried to tell me it only happened because I was distracted.” Maya let out a sharp laugh. “I’ve never once lost focus in training, and she knows it. That strike was hers, fair and square.”

I swallowed down a flicker of astonishment.

It wasn’t the strike itself that caught me off guard. It was what it meant. I’d seen too many wolves stagnate, too many buckle under the weight of their missing halves, resigned to mediocrity. But Sera...

She was clawing her way upward.

“Interesting,” I murmured, my gaze remaining fixed on Sera.

“Interesting?” Maya barked out a laugh. “That woman’s going to eat Jessica alive if she keeps this up. And about damn time, too.”

She punched my arm lightly, her grin feral. “You were right to bring her here, Lucian. She’s one of us now.”

I didn't answer. Not aloud. But the thought circled in me like a hawk: One of us? She might very well surpass even that.

Sera didn't object when I walked up to her after training and asked her out to dinner.

The restaurant around us glowed with low amber lights, crystal glasses catching flickers of candlelight.

Soft music drifted from the corner, barely louder than the muted hum of conversation from other tables.

But for me, the world narrowed to the woman sitting across from me.

Sera.

Her posture was different tonight. Less guarded than usual.

She ate slowly, calmly, but with an ease I'd seen flicker once or twice since she first arrived at OTS.

But now, it settled around her like it had always been there, and she looked steady. Centered.

When her gaze lifted and brushed mine, I saw it—the glow of something I had feared she might never find. Confidence.

I waited until the server cleared our plates and replaced them with dessert. The nearby tables emptied, leaving only the soft clatter of cutlery in the distance.

A bottle of wine sweated between us, the scent of roasted garlic and herbs still lingering in the air.

“You’ve changed,” I said, studying her carefully.

Her fork paused midway to her lips. “Changed?”

“Yes.” I leaned back in my chair, steepling my fingers. “You carry yourself differently. Training doesn’t seem to weigh on you the way it did before.”

She set the fork down, tracing the rim of her glass with one finger.

For a long moment, I thought she might deflect—but then she smiled. A small, wry thing, as though the act itself surprised her.

“I suppose I have,” she admitted softly. “I spent so long mourning what I didn’t have, what I thought I was losing, that I forgot what I still had. Or what I could still build.”

There was something in her tone that pulled me closer, though I hadn’t moved an inch. “And what reminded you?”

She hesitated, as if debating whether to bare the truth. Then she sighed and lifted her gaze to mine. “Ironically, my past. I’ve carried it around like chains for so long. Every memory of rejection, of being overlooked, of everyone choosing Celeste—it used to feel like a weight I could never crawl out from under, and that was all I focused on. But when I thought of Daniel, and how he sees me...”

Her lips curved upward again, faint but unshaken. “For the first time, I could look back and not feel crushed. I could smile. Those days don’t own me anymore—I’ve grown past it.”

Something twisted in my chest—admiration, yes, but also a pang of sympathy so sharp it almost made me wince.

I wanted to reach across the linen-covered table, to tell her she had every right to still ache, that strength didn’t mean erasing scars.

But before I could speak, she cut me off, her eyes bright with fierce resolve.

“Don’t misunderstand, Lucian. I’m not telling you this because I want your pity. I’m telling you because I need you to know—I clawed my way out. That history can’t bury me anymore. I’ve built my own armor. And now I believe I can achieve anything I want.”

Her voice carried not arrogance, but certainty. The kind forged in fire, tempered by pain.

I reached across the table anyway, closing my hand around hers.

“You’re right,” I said quietly. “You can. More than you even realize. I knew it from the moment I met you, Sera: you embody what OTS was built for—wolves who refuse to be defined by what they lack. Wolves who carve out their worth with their own hands. You are exactly the kind of wolf the Moon Goddess meant to bless. Whether you Shift or not, your value is undeniable.”

Her lips parted slightly, as though my words startled her.

“And now,” I continued, my grip tightening just enough for emphasis, “we’re going to make sure everyone—at the LST, in every pack—sees that truth. No one will ever mistake you for weak again.”

Her eyes shone, a mixture of gratitude and determination, and in that moment, I wasn’t just looking at a survivor. I was looking at a woman who had the potential to be more than even she imagined.

Sera had the heart of a Luna.

Not the ornamental kind, draped on an Alpha's arm for show. No. She was the kind of Luna who inspired, who rose from ruin and made others believe they could too.

The kind of Luna who would stand shoulder to shoulder with her Alpha and command respect in her own right.

My perfect Luna.

Her hand was still in mine when her smile widened, free, unguarded.

And I thought, not for the first time, that if fate had been kinder, if I had met her under different stars...

Perhaps I would not only admire and respect her.

Perhaps I would truly love her. Maybe the way I had loved—

But I kept that thought locked away, deep in my chest. For now, it was enough to see her rise. Enough to stand at her side and ensure the world learned what I already knew.

Seraphina Blackthorne was no longer a shadow.

She was becoming an unstoppable force.