

## **My Sister 127**

Chapter 127 PRETTY FUCKING IMPRESSIVE

SERAPHINA'S POV

Maya hadn't even properly shut the car door before she burst into uncontrollable laughter.

The sound echoed around the enclosed space, wild and unrestrained, until tears streaked down her cheeks. She slapped the dashboard, gasping between wheezes.

"Oh my goddess, Sera, did you see her face?" she managed, choking on her giggles. "Like a fucking cat dropped in a bathtub."

I leaned back into the leather seat, a smirk tugging at my lips despite my best attempt to keep it subtle. "You're lucky Ethan had pack matters to attend to and can't ride with us. If he sees you laughing this hard at his sister, he might reconsider claiming you as his mate."

Maya twisted toward me, wide-eyed and mock-offended. "Excuse you! I am a gem of a mate." She puffed out her chest. "I'm dignified. Mature."

I arched a brow. "Mature? You nearly rolled under the table when the owner told Celeste to apologize or get blacklisted."

Her laughter renewed, a full-bodied eruption that had her clutching her stomach.

I couldn't resist anymore; a chuckle slipped from me, light and unguarded. And if smug satisfaction raced through me at the thought of Celeste's humiliation... Oh well.

As the laughter subsided, a calmer silence settled between us, punctuated only by the hum of the engine and the bustle of the city blurring past the windows.

My thoughts flickered back to the restaurant—the heavy tension, Kieran's sharp inhale, and his deep frown when Celeste slapped that poor server, the exact second the owner's voice cut through the commotion like a blade.

For once, it wasn't me standing at the center of mockery. It was them—Kieran and Celeste—leaving in disgrace, heads bowed, Celeste clutching at her juice-stained dress as though it were a wound.

Kieran hadn't said a word to her, hadn't even looked her way when he guided her out the door. That image lingered, vivid and utterly satisfying.

Maya broke the silence with a curious glance. "Can I just say how impressed I am?"

My brows knit slightly. "At what?"

"You, babe," she answered. "You really didn't flinch once. Not when she crashed our dinner, or threw those thinly-veiled jabs, or tried to worm her way between you and Ethan. You just stayed calm and completely unfazed."

I exhaled slowly, watching the neon blur of a sign disappear into the rearview mirror. "I don't give them the privilege anymore. Celeste, Kieran. For too long, I thought avoidance was the best line of action." I snorted. "But that proved virtually impossible. And I was tired of feeling like shit every time I clashed with them."

I shrugged, drumming my fingers lightly in my lap. "So I decided I was done letting them dictate how I feel."

Maya nodded in understanding. "So what then? You just...ignore her? Pretend none of it matters?"

I shook my head. "Not pretend. I acknowledge it, but I don't give it weight. Celeste can perform her theatrics until her throat goes hoarse, Kieran can glower as if the sun rises and sets with his approval. But I don't need to care about what either of them does. In the grand scheme of what now matters to me, they're hilariously inconsequential."

For a moment, she was quiet, absorbing my words. Then she let out a low whistle. "That's pretty fucking impressive, Sera, seriously. I envy that composure. Me? I'm one more Celeste stunt from ripping her hair out, strand by fucking strand."

The rough edge in her tone made me smile. "That's why you're my balance, Maya. If she pushes too far, maybe I'll just point her your way."

"Gladly," she muttered, a wicked gleam in her eyes.

By the time we reached my house, the night had cooled, the faint scent of rain clinging to the air.

Maya parked in my driveway, stretching as she stepped out. I followed, adjusting the strap of my bag across my shoulder—only to halt at the sight waiting by my door.

Lucian.

He leaned casually against the frame, arms crossed, dark hair catching the faint glint of the porch light.

Even in the shadows, his presence was unmistakable—an anchor, a steadying pull. My chest tightened in quiet surprise; he'd mentioned being busy these past days, unreachable even through calls.

To see him here, now, felt like an unexpected reprieve.

"Well, well," Maya sing-songed, elbowing me before I could speak. "And here I thought you were going to bed alone tonight. Guess I was wrong."

I shot her a look, but she only grinned wider, backing away. "I'd best get going then."

"You can—"

“Don’t do anything I wouldn’t do,” she called over her shoulder, then paused. “Then again, there are a lot of things I would do.” She winked suggestively. “Do those.”

“Maya,” I groaned.

Her laughter trailed after her as she slid back into the car.

Heat rose to my cheeks, and I rolled my eyes, though inwardly, I couldn’t deny the faint thrill her teasing stirred.

Lucian’s gaze lingered on me as Maya’s car disappeared into the night.

“Hey.” I smiled, stepping closer.

He reached out, gently taking my hand. “You look...lighter tonight.”

His voice was low, even, carrying that subtle rasp that always seemed to reach beneath my skin.

“I suppose I am,” I admitted. “It’s been an eventful evening.”

His brow arched, amusement flickering. "Really?"

My smile widened, my amusement rising. "Do you want to come in? I'll tell you all about it."

"Actually, I can't stay long," he said regretfully. "I have a meeting in half an hour."

Disappointment dragged my lips downward. "Oh."

His thumb brushed over my knuckles soothingly. "I really just came to give you this. I couldn't wait."

He reached into the inside pocket of his jacket, withdrawing a small, velvet box. My breath caught as he extended it toward me.

"What is this?" I asked, half cautious, half curious.

"A piece of my history," he said simply. "I sent for it from my hometown, and fortunately, it came just before the LST gala."

With careful hands, I opened the box, and my held breath whooshed out of me.

Nestled inside was a necklace—delicate yet striking, the chain fine as a spider’s silk, supporting a luminous emerald pendant that gleamed faintly even under the dim light.

An old-world design, etched with craftsmanship that spoke of generations. My fingers trembled at my sides. Surely I wasn’t worthy to touch such a masterpiece.

“It belonged to my grandmother,” Lucian explained, his voice quieter now. “She left it for her grandson’s future partner, someone she believed would understand what it means to carry both strength and grace. For a long time, I wasn’t sure if I’d ever give it to anyone.”

The words sank deep, wrapping around me with both weight and warmth. “Lucian, I—”

“I want you to wear it at the gala,” he interrupted gently.

His gaze held mine, unwavering. “Two days from now, when the halls are filled with rivals and allies alike, I want them to see not just OTS’s value, but my choice. I want them to see you.”

The pendant glinted between us, but his eyes were brighter still, burning with something fierce and unyielding. My throat tightened, emotions tangling too complex to untangle in one breath.

He took my hand and gently, reverently placed the box in my open palm.

I closed it softly, clutching it to my chest. "You're giving me more than a necklace, "I-I don't know what to say."

"Say you'll accept it," he said, stepping closer, his hand tenderly brushing my cheek. "Say you'll wear it and stand by my side. You're the only one I want to."

For once, I had no need to guard myself. No need to compare, or measure, or wonder if I was enough.

In that moment, with Lucian's gift pressed against my heart, I felt seen.

And I was ready to let the world see me, too.