

## **My Sister 163**

Chapter 163 KIERAN BLACKTHORNE'S BUTTONS

LUCIAN'S POV

The moment Sera stepped out of Kieran's car, the world seemed to narrow around her.

The night air caught the edge of her gown—black satin with a glint of gold—and for one heartbeat, I forgot how to breathe.

She was truly a stunning creature, whether decked in snow-cruised gear and bruises or in a gorgeous gown.

Her story told itself—a phoenix rising from ashes to become the champion of the LST, and eventually, my Luna. And a glorious one she would be.

But then the world expanded around her, and I saw him.

Her hand still rested in Kieran's from when he'd helped her out of the car. His other hand braced on the door, his grip tightening as though it were the only thing anchoring him to the ground.

His tie—black with gold stripes—matched the trim of her dress.

The realization hit like a blade slipped between my ribs: coordinated, whether by accident or design.

And when Daniel hopped out of the backseat, the knife twisted.

He smiled and took Sera's hand, his gold cufflinks and bowtie gleaming. He was the living proof of what Sera and Kieran used to be to each other. The bridge that would always connect them.

There was a softness in the air, a fleeting, unguarded harmony I had sensed before.

Jealousy wasn't new to me. Possessiveness either. But this felt different.

Whenever I was possessive over Zara, or envious of the kindness she showed males who would sooner bed her if given the chance, I'd known deep down that no matter what, come rain or shine, she was mine.

But this uncertainty, this lack of control—I chafed at it. I didn't know how to maneuver it.

Because my competition wasn't some doe-eyed buffoon who didn't stand a chance. And although Kieran's Alpha power did not faze me. The position he held in Sera's life did.

But I was not a quitter. I had never met a challenge I didn't face head-on and surmount.

It didn't matter who Kieran had been to Sera.

All that mattered now was who I would be.

"Sera!" I called out cheerfully, a hand raised in greeting.

Her gaze found mine, and when her eyes lit up, the tension in my chest loosened just enough that I could breathe again.

She whispered something to Daniel, and when he nodded, she let go of his hand and began to walk towards me.

"Lucian," she greeted a little breathlessly, and I loved how pleased she seemed to see me.

Although I'd kept a close eye on her performance during the Trials, I had missed her a lot.

The chemistry between us might not have sizzled as ardently as I would have liked, but I still cared deeply for her.

"Sera," I returned, dipping my head slightly. "You look victorious."

She laughed softly. "Thank concealer and foundation for hiding all the bruises and scars your Arenas gave me."

I laughed, glancing briefly at Kieran. He'd given her arguably the worst scars of all. Yet, she still lingered near him.

He stood behind her now, silent and unreadable, his presence heavy enough to warp the air between us.

Daniel waved enthusiastically. "Alpha Reed!"

"Lucian," I corrected automatically, fueling my smile with charm. "You look dashing, Daniel."

He puffed his chest proudly. "I put my outfit together by myself."

I chuckled. "And you did a fantastic job. You're growing up to be a fine young man."

My gaze flickered to Sera, softening. "You've raised him well."

That comment might have been a mistake.

Because Kieran's eyes snapped toward me, sharp as a drawn blade, and the air seemed to bristle between us.

I knew that look.

I'd seen it before the Trials—right before the most satisfying brawl I'd ever gotten into.

If I were being honest, I wouldn't mind going round two; it turns out I had a lot more frustrations against Kieran to air out.

But tonight wasn't for that. Tonight was for Sera.

So I smiled—controlled, effortless, infuriating (for Kieran, I hoped). I held my hand out. "Shall we, Sera?"

She hesitated, and I caught the hint of uncertainty in her eyes before she masked it. After a moment, she slid her hand through my offered arm, her touch light.

We'd attended quite a number of galas together, but tonight didn't quite feel like it used to.

There was a...space. An intangible distance between us that had never been there before.

Before the Trials, her hand had settled against my arm, like she belonged there. Now it hovered. Tentative. As if she was no longer sure of us.

At that moment, the conversation I'd had with William a couple of days ago resurfaced in my mind.

It was shortly after his team had withdrawn from the Trials.

He'd accused me of designing the Misty Woods to give the Omegas and wolfless an unfair advantage.

I'd countered by pointing out the three different antidotes I'd placed throughout the Arena—meant to neutralize the mist's effects—just like the heat-berries in the Snowfield Arena had been designed to help the Omegas survive the cold.

Then I'd revealed that the Arenas had originally been Zara's ideas that I had developed.

After that, the conversation deepened to uncomfortable territory. "And is Sera aware," William had asked, "that Zara's influence is heavy around her?"

I'd tensed. Felt my walls coming up automatically in response to any reference to Zara.

“Sera doesn’t know about her,” I’d answered stiffly.

“Why not?”

I couldn’t answer. What good would it do? Zara was gone. Nothing I could do would change that. The only thing left was to keep pushing forward and try to put the past behind me.

“You keep thinking you can outrun the past, Lucian,” my older brother had said, like he could read my mind.

“But avoiding it doesn’t erase it. You can’t love her while pretending Zara never existed. You’ll lose her the same way you lost everything else—too late to fix it.”

His words had pierced deep, but at the time, I’d dismissed them.

I’d told myself it wasn’t avoidance, it was respect. Sera had enough baggage in her life without being saddled by the burdens of my past.

But now, even as I felt that distance despite how physically close Sera and I were, I understood what William had meant.

I thought I was protecting her from the parts of me that weren’t perfect or controlled. Instead, I’d built a wall and left her on the other side.

No. I had to rectify that before it was too late.

“Sera.” I paused, halting our movements.

She turned to me, a question in her gaze.

I smiled. “Any chance we could—”

“There she is!”

Judy and Roxanne descended on us in an excited flurry.

“Hi!” Sera laughed with delight. Her hand fell from mine as they pulled her into a joyous embrace.

“You look so gorgeous!” Judy gushed, holding her at arm’s length to inspect the black and gold beauty she wore. The dress that matched Kieran’s tie.

My jaw clenched.



“Alpha Reed, you don’t mind if we steal her, do you?” Judy grinned, pulling Sera to her side.

“She’s literally the star of the night; he can’t expect to have her all to himself,” Roxy teased.

A flash of irritation shot through me, but I forced myself to smile. “Of course.” I bowed gracefully. “Enjoy the party.”

Sera shot me an apologetic look that was becoming all too familiar. “I’ll come find you later, okay?”

Before I could answer, she was already swept away, their laughter mingling as a throng of admirers and well-wishers swallowed the champions of the LST.

I stood still for a moment, watching how brightly she shone under all the attention and admiration.

She truly was a gem. One I’d unearthed in her rawest form and forged into brilliance.

And now, I would not, under any circumstances, let her go. Not after everything. Not when I was so close.

With that resolve sitting firmly in my chest, I headed for the bar.

I wasn't the least bit surprised to see that Kieran was already there.

He sat with the posture of a man holding back a thousand unsaid things, his eyes fixed on Sera across the room like a sniper's laser.

"Kieran," I greeted, my voice as smooth as the whiskey I ordered.

"Lucian." His tone was clipped, far from polite.

Silence stretched between us, taut as a wire.

I could have left it there. Should have. But something about pushing Kieran Blackthorne's buttons was more satisfying than the finest glass of whiskey.

"She looks happy," I said quietly, eyes on Sera.

His grip tightened on his glass of scotch almost imperceptibly. "Thank you."

I actually flinched.

“Excuse me?” Surely I heard wrong.

“Thank you,” he said again, the words tight, like they’d been forced past clenched teeth. “For introducing her to OTS, training her, giving her a chance to participate and win the LST. For giving her the opportunity and platform to find herself.”

A blistering heat, fiercer than the whiskey’s burn, surged in my chest. Suddenly, I was the one strangling my glass.

“I don’t know—” I had to stop. Take a breath. Try again without my voice shaking. “I don’t know what you think gives you the right to thank me for that.”

Kieran finally tore his gaze away from Sera and arched a brow at me. “Excuse me?”

“Sera is nothing to you,” I said, my voice coming out as a low growl. “You don’t get to thank me for her progress like I did you a fucking favor.”

That earned me a humorless laugh, low and dark. “And what is she to you?”

“More than she ever was to you,” I spat out.

His knuckles blanched around his glass, his composure splintering just enough for me to glimpse the raw fury beneath.

“You think this is over?” he asked quietly, leaning closer. “You think she’s made her choice?”

I met his stare. “That’s funny. You talk like you’re an option.” I leaned in even closer. “Whatever choice Sera will eventually make, remember this: You’re. Not. An. Option. You can coordinate outfits and parade around with your son, as if you’re still a couple. But you’re not. It’s over between both of you, and you’ll do well to remember that.”

That landed. Kieran’s eyes darkened—not with rage, but something extremely satisfying: doubt. The kind that eats through the armor of certainty, one chink at a time.

For a moment, neither of us spoke.

The crowd around—laughter, music, the vibrant hum of celebration—blurred into white noise.

The tension between us was a live thing—thrumming, volatile, unpredictable, one wrong breath away from violence.

I didn’t want this to be a fight. Not here, at least. But if I were provoked, I would push back without hesitation.

“Dad! Lucian!”

The sound snapped me from my thoughts.

Daniel bounded toward us, Ethan Lockwood following at a slower pace, his grin easy. The boy’s enthusiasm crashed through the tension like sunlight through storm clouds.

“Uncle Ethan and I are playing video games,” Daniel announced breathlessly. “You both have to join us!”

I blinked; his words were almost absurd in the wake of the promise of violence between me and Kieran.

Kieran straightened, his expression smoothing with practiced calm. “Video games, huh?”

Daniel nodded eagerly. “Yeah! Me, Lucian, Uncle Ethan, and you!”

I was caught off guard that Daniel included me. But I couldn’t pass up the opportunity to bond with Sera’s son.

“Sure,” I said, forcing a small smile. “Why not?”

And just like that, the storm clouds receded, the brewing war paused—not ended, not resolved—just suspended under the bright, relentless light of a child’s joy.

But as Daniel led us toward the game corner, I couldn’t shake the thought that one day, whatever simmered between Kieran and me would finally boil over.

And, unlike last time, only one of us would be left standing.