

My Sister 38

Chapter 38 POWER AND FIRE

MAYA'S POV

Fuck, he was hot.

I couldn't help thinking that perhaps sparring wasn't the physical activity I should be engaged in with my mate.

Surely those toned arms would be better served holding me up against a wall rather than throwing punches.

"I didn't realize when you said combat, you meant a staring competition," Ethan said, an eyebrow raised as he eyed me from the edge of the ring.

I'd been wary of bringing him to OTS yet, so I'd chosen an MMA gym near my apartment. The smell of sweat and talcum powder filled the air, yet his scent still managed to evade my senses, setting Nyra on edge.

I let out an amused huff, turning my head away so he couldn't see the heat crawling up my neck.

"Oh, don't worry," I said, gripping the edge of my t-shirt and pulling it over my head. "You want a fight? You'll get one."

I smirked when his eyes darkened at the sight of my toned torso in nothing but a black sports bra.

"Let's get it over with," he said, his voice hoarse. "The sooner I pin you on the mat,"—he smirked—"the sooner I can pin you in my bed."

A thrill ran through me.

I'd dated around a bit, but none of them had given me even a quarter of the excitement I got just by standing in the same room as him.

Despite his snarky comment, I let my eyes run down his body one last time. He was stripped down to a black T-shirt that hugged his muscles deliciously and training pants, eyes burning with a singular focus that made my pulse skip.

Alpha. Dominant. Controlled.

The idea of snapping that control sent another thrill down my spine.

I didn't wait for a countdown. I launched at him fast—no warning, no warm-up. His eyes flared for a nanosecond before he caught the fist I threw at his face.

Stepping to the side, he swung his arm around me, trapping me against his body. "That's quite the punch you have there," he murmured into my ear.

His heat radiated around me, his grip tight around my body—unyielding, deliberate.

My first instinct was to sink into his embrace. My second was to fucking move.

Dropping my weight, I hooked my foot behind his heel and twisted sharply, using his momentum against him.

He stumbled just enough for me to slip out, twisting in his hold like water through fingers. My elbow jabbed into his ribs as I spun, and I ducked low, sliding behind him before he could recover.

"You always that handsy on a first date?" I said, breathless but smug.

He turned to face me, grinning like I'd just given him a gift.

"You call this a date?"

"I'm having fun." I smirked, cocking my head. "Aren't you?"

He chuckled, low and slightly feral. "I'm about to."

Then he charged.

He was good, I'll give him that. His instincts were honed, his blocks solid. But mine were sharper. Cleaner. I moved like smoke, struck like a blade, and for the first few minutes, it was beautifully even.

We circled each other, heat rising off our bodies in waves.

I swept my foot toward his knee, but he caught my arm mid-move and twisted, redirecting my momentum. I spun with it, rolled through the motion, caught myself on my hands, and kicked back up to my feet.

Sweat prickled at the base of my neck.

"You're holding back," I said, breathless but goading.

"And you're taunting me," he said, voice low and dark.

I shrugged. "Fair's fair."

Then he stopped holding back.

His hits came faster. His control slipped. Not out of recklessness, but because his wolf was riled. Challenged. Drawn.

And mine? Nyra practically purred, loving the pressure, the proximity. The friction. It was a high unlike anything I'd ever felt before.

He tackled me mid-lunge, and we crashed into the padded floor. I twisted us before we landed, straddling him as we hit the ground.

My thighs caged him in, and he grabbed my wrists to flip us—but I shoved back.

We froze there—me on top, sweat-slicked and panting, bodies pressed together with nowhere to go but closer.

I could feel every inch of him against me, hard and hot and high-strung.

His gaze dropped to my lips.

Screw it.

I surged forward and kissed him.

It was hard and hungry—teeth and tongue clashing in fiery desperation and snapping restraint.

His hands left my wrists and found my waist, fingers digging in like he feared I was a flight risk.

Hands free, my fingers tangled in his hair, tugging, and he growled into my mouth.

He rolled us so he was now on top, pressing me into the ground, never breaking the kiss. I let him. Just this once. Just to see how it felt to surrender—to let someone else take the control I so rarely relinquished.

Somehow, inexplicably, it felt even more empowering.

When he finally pulled back, we were both gasping. His lips were shiny with my lip gloss, his eyes dark with a hunger I knew was mirrored in mine.

My pulse was a drumbeat beneath my skin.

"I won." He smirked.

I scoffed. "I pinned you."

He arched a brow. "Really? Cause from where I'm standing, I'm the one on top."

I threw my head back, a breathy laugh escaping me.

I shifted my knee. "If you're suspected of cheating, you won't pass this trial."

He leaned in, his breath hot against my ear, and all I wanted to do was kiss him all over again. "If it ends like this, I wouldn't mind a retrial."

I pushed against his chest, letting my hands linger against the expanse of muscle covering his torso.

His eyes flickered to something by my hip, and his hand reached out.

I raised a brow as he held up what must have slipped out of my pocket. It was my OTS business card. He sat up, still straddling me like he had no intention of moving any time soon.

His brows furrowed. "OTS?"

I pushed myself up on my elbows. "Look at you, discovering more tidbits about me."

"Elite trainer?" His eyes widened. "You've been so close all this time?"

I cocked my head. "How so?"

"My sister trains at OTS," he said. "Well... sisters, I guess." His voice dropped a fraction, and I wondered what the story was there.

"Do I know her?"

He shrugged. "If you're an elite trainer, probably not. She's... struggling."

Then his eyes snapped to me, looking at me like he was seeing me for the first time. "Would you train her?" he asked out of the blue.

"Isn't it too early to be copping favors?"

He smirked. "I'll take it as my prize for besting you in combat."

I laughed. "Cheater."

"Come on," he pressed, leaning forward. I fell flat on my back again, and his hands caged me on both sides. "She needs help, and I think you could push her in ways no one else has."

I bit my lip, staring into the dark expanse of his gorgeous eyes.

"I'm booked," I said simply. "I have a student already—she's my number one priority."

Sera had lived most of her life as an afterthought. I wouldn't do that to my new friend.

He nodded, shoulders stiffening as if preparing for rejection. But I wasn't done.

"However," I said, gripping his shirt, pulling him closer. "I was promised another pinning"—I bit my lower lip—"in your bed. Impress me and maybe I'll think about it."

He chuckled, and the sound curled in the space between us, warm and intimate. "That's your criteria?"

"My schedule's sacred. You want a miracle, pay the toll." I grinned. "So what do you say, Alpha? Up for the real challenge?"

He grinned, feral and hungry.

"You're on."

SERAPHINA'S POV

"Well, you look like the cat that got all the cream and had some tuna as dessert," I noted the next day when Maya floated into the training room, a very obvious spring in her step.

She laughed as she dropped onto the mat next to me, where I was doing my stretches.

She was... glowing. Like her aura had been dipped in sunshine. I wanted to pry further, but our friendship was so new that I didn't know what lines there were, and I didn't want to cross any.

I needn't have bothered, because the next thing she said had me almost pulling a hamstring. "That's probably cause I got laid several times last night. Frankly, it's a miracle I can walk."

I blinked wide eyes at her. I guess there were no lines after all.

She laughed at my shell-shocked look. "Fuck, I've wanted to tell you this since the moment it happened—I found my mate!"

I gasped in surprise. "Maya!" I leaned forward and threw my arms around her. "That's fucking amazing!"

She hugged me back, laughing. "You have no idea!"

I pulled back. "I'm guessing it's going well, seeing as you..."

"Had four orgasms last night and two again this morning?" She grinned.

I laughed. "TMI!"

She fell back against the mat, giggling. "I've got to hand it to the moon goddess—she picked a good one. Didn't know she could be so kind."

My chest tightened, then softened. I was happy for her, I really was. Maya was amazing and deserved joy, someone who matched her power and fire.

And yet, underneath the joy was a little pinch of something else—something wistful.

Without a wolf, the chances of finding my mate were practically nil. And my track record with love wasn't exactly stellar.

Still, I managed a genuine smile. "I'm so happy for you, Maya," I said. And I meant it.

She sat up then, and her face fell ever so slightly, as if she was weighing something. "He's asked if I'd consider training his sister. She needs help, and he trusts me to give it. But... I didn't want to make a decision without talking to you first. If sharing your instructor makes you uncomfortable, I'll stay completely focused on you. No compromises."

My chest filled with warmth. She didn't owe me anything, and it touched me to know she considered me like that.

"I don't mind," I said, shaking my head. "Truly. Don't let me be the reason someone else doesn't get what they need."

Maya smiled, and her arms wrapped around me in a fierce hug.

"You're one of a kind," she murmured. "And once it's appropriate, my mate will treat you to a proper thank-you meal."

"I can't wait to meet him."

She beamed. "I'm sure you two will hit it off."