

My Sister 39

Chapter 39 FEDEX IT

SERAPHINA'S POV

With Maya blissfully preoccupied with dating—basking in her new-mate glow—I found myself alone after training for the first time in a while.

She'd practically purred her way through sparring today, leaving me stretched out and sore in the best way, but also... empty.

It was silly, maybe, since we'd only just recently become friends, but I missed hanging out with her.

She'd ended our session early, so instead of going home right away, I decided to do a little shopping. Without Daniel's ravenous appetite to feed, I hadn't needed to restock until now.

When I was done at the Farmer's market, I headed over to the mall. I missed my baby so much, and since I couldn't be with him physically, I wanted to do some shopping so I could send him gifts.

As soon as I started picking things out, I couldn't stop. I bought books, puzzles, art supplies, clothes, and shoes. I pushed my overflowing cart, shaking my head as I left the mall.

I rarely splurged on myself, but I would empty my bank account if it made Daniel happy.

As I neared the sliding glass doors, the specialty gaming store caught my eye. I stopped, glanced at my overflowing cart, then back at the store—then headed in.

I followed the familiar flicker of pixelated lights to the wall of limited releases. I heaved a sigh of relief when I saw it—only one copy left. Dragon Blight III: Firestorm Quest

Daniel was obsessed with the game and had already played Dragon Blight I and II so much that he had memorized every level and mastered every move.

He'd been so excited for the challenge the new release would pose.

My hand reached out at the exact moment another did.

Fingers brushed mine—warm, calloused, painfully familiar.

I froze.

Kieran.

He blinked at me, just as stunned. And for a moment, neither of us moved, like our hands tethered us in some invisible standoff.

He cleared his throat first. "Sera."

I didn't let myself flinch. "Kieran."

He looked down at the game between us and then back at me. "Daniel's favorite."

"I know," I said evenly. "I was getting it for him."

"So was I."

The silence stretched—thick and heavy.

"Let me take it," he said. "I'll pay for it and have it sent in your name."

I bristled. "That's unnecessary."

"Sera—"

"I can afford to buy my son a game," I said, sharper than intended. "I never needed your money before, and I sure as hell don't need it now."

He exhaled. "That's not what I meant."

"Whatever," I mumbled, grabbing the game.

His jaw tensed. "How do you plan to get it to him anyway? You can't exactly FedEx it out to the very confidential, very secure island."

I stilled. I hadn't thought of that. I'd bought Daniel enough gifts to fill Santa's sack and hadn't even considered how I was going to get them to him.

Kieran raised a brow, waiting, already looking smug.

"Beta Gavin," I said suddenly. "I'm pretty sure he knows how to deliver packages to the 'very confidential, very secure island.'"

With that, I turned on my heels and headed towards the self-checkout, reaching for my wallet.

But I'd evidently rubbed Kieran the wrong way.

He stepped up beside me as I scanned the barcode and said, voice tight, "You've maybe said a total of five sentences to Gavin in the period we were married, and you'd trust him with that, but not me?"

I turned to face him fully. "Why not? You know firsthand that he's professional. Efficient." I put the game in a bag and shot Kieran a pointed look. "And he's never spoken to me like I'm filth under his shoe."

He flinched. Like I'd punched him straight in the gut.

Good.

"Sera—" He exhaled heavily. "I... I didn't mean those things I said."

I shrugged. "Well then, all is forgiven."

His eyes widened. "Really?"

I scoffed, shooting him a dark look. "Of course not." I shouldered past him, heading for the exit.

"Sera—"

His fingers brushed my skin, but I moved out of the way before he could get a steady grip.

"You said what you said, Kieran," I hissed. "Fucking own it. You don't get to backtrack now or attempt to erase it."

His expression shifted, flickering between guilt and something harder. "Sera, I—"

"You said I never mattered," I reminded him, my voice quiet but seething. "Not when we were married. Not when we lived together. Not even when we—" I swallowed. "When we made Daniel."

Regret rippled across his face like a crack in glass. He stepped forward, lowering his voice. "I was angry. I didn't mean—"

"But you did mean it. You meant every word." I straightened. "And now you're surprised that I won't lean on you for help? That I won't play happy co-parents like none of it ever happened?"

"Sera, I'm so so—"

"Kieran!"

Of-fucking-course. I should have known wherever Kieran was, she wouldn't be too far behind.

Celeste.

I turned just in time to see her sweeping toward us in a designer coat, her hair curled into perfect waves, holding a pair of shopping bags in one hand and her phone in the other.

"There you are!" she said, breathless. "You just walked out in the middle of my fitting. You know I need your opinions."

She looked at me then, her smile curving into something razor-edged. "Oh. Hey, Sera." Her voice was sugar dipped in acid.

I said nothing.

Her gaze slid to the game in my hand. "That's for Daniel, right?"

I flinched as she snatched the game case out of my hand, her sharp eyes skimming over the title. "Oh, he told me how obsessed he is with this!"

He'd told her? Surely she was bluffing. I couldn't imagine that they'd gotten close enough for Daniel to share his hobbies with her.

"I've been watching walkthroughs so I can get good. Maybe we can co-play sometime,"—she grinned like she'd just discovered sunshine—"he'd love that."

I didn't realize how still I'd gone until Kieran stepped half in front of me, voice clipped. "There's no remote co-play on that island, Celeste. It's a closed circuit for security."

Celeste blinked, lips parting like she was surprised he'd correct her.

But she recovered fast. "Oh, right. Of course." She stepped closer to him, her voice syrupy. "Anyway, about this weekend—my gala outfit isn't finalized. It's a huge deal—first public appearance as your official mate and all. I want to make sure I look stunning."

I blinked, surprised at the way my chest tightened at her words.

She wrapped her arms around his and leaned into him. "You haven't told me what colors you're wearing. It's important we match to show the world how well we complement each other."

Her words were a knife twisting slowly in my chest. But I was done hurting because of Kieran and Celeste.

She didn't even flinch when I took the game out of her hands and turned to my cart without another word.

As I stepped past Kieran, I didn't look back—but I felt his gaze on me, heavy and unrelenting.

But I kept walking—further and further till Celeste's voice was an inaudible whine. Till I could forget the whole interaction and finally breathe again.