

## **My Sister 66**

Chapter 66 A GHOST

LUCIAN'S POV

"Hi, honey!"

Under the soft glow of the light from the fireplace and the screen of her phone, Sera's cheeks tinged pink as she smiled at her son.

"Hi Mom!" Daniel's bright voice came through the device. "I wanted to call to know how the party went."

Sera's eyes darted to me over the phone, and she gave me an apologetic look. I shook my head, mouthing for her to take the call.

I saw her war with the decision between talking to her son and addressing what had just happened between us.

But I made the decision for her. I stood from the couch, putting distance between us. I pointed to the door and mouthed, 'I'll see you tomorrow.'

She opened her mouth as if to protest, but then—

“Mom?” Daniel called out. “Are you busy? I can call back later—”

“Oh, no, honey,” she said, turning her attention back to her phone. “I’m here; I can talk.”

When her eyes met mine again, I smiled. ‘Good night.’

She returned the smile hesitantly and gave me a shy wave before reverting her attention to her son.

As I headed towards the door, I tried not to see the phone call as a blessing in disguise.

When I stepped outside, the air hit me like a balm—cool and refreshing. I drew in a breath and let it out slowly, watching the mist bloom in the night air.

My fingers came up to caress my lips, still warm from the kiss, and disappointment tightened my chest.

I guess I should have known it wouldn’t be the same—no fireworks or heat or electricity. But still, the hollowness of the kiss unsettled me.

It had been warm, gentle, nice, even, but that was all. No spark. No soul-deep recognition. No echo of the kind of pull I’d once known.

I should have felt triumphant. Sera was finally opening up. She trusted me. Leaned on me.

I was one step closer to my goal.

But it didn't hold the satisfaction I'd hoped for.

Sera was amazing—beautiful, smart, kind, stronger than she gave herself credit for—I didn't think I would have to feign as much as I did tonight.

I'd been the one to kiss her, and despite all the hurt she'd experienced, she returned the kiss, and I'd accepted it with care—but there had been no fire in it. Not for me.

And yet... the ache that followed wasn't disappointment in her. It was in myself.

With a muttered curse, I pulled out my phone and dialed.

"Where are you?" I asked as soon as Reece picked up.

"OTS," my Beta answered. "Just about to head home."

“Stay there,” I commanded. “I need a drink.”

He paused. “Everything alright, Alpha?”

Sera’s laughter floated out of an open window, and I sighed. It was a soft, musical sound, but it didn’t send my heart racing, unlike...

I shook my head even though Reece couldn’t see me. “Nothing whiskey won’t fix.”

But even as I stepped off Sera’s porch and headed towards my car, I knew that no amount of whiskey could fix the cavern in my chest that had been growing wider and wider for a long time.

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“So,” Reece said later, eyeing me from the corner of his eyes, “are congratulations in order?”

I stared at the amber liquid in my glass, my chest warm from my first two glasses. The whiskey was strong enough to burn, but not enough to blur. “What are you talking about?”

“I can smell her on you,” Reece said, “Seraphina.”

I gripped the glass a little tighter at the mention of her name. The low-lit, muted ambiance of my private lounge on the roof of OTS only served to worsen my mood.

"It's not like that," I said quietly. "We just...kissed."

Reece exhaled a small puff of air. "That's great." He reached out and squeezed my shoulder. "Congratulations."

I scoffed, taking a huge gulp of my drink.

"I'm really glad you're doing this," he continued. "I'm happy you're moving on. You haven't let yourself be with anyone since—"

"Don't," I growled. I gripped the glass so hard that cracks spiderwebbed around it. "Don't dare say her name."

Not when I was trying so hard not to think of her. Not when I was fighting with the consuming ache of missing her.

Reece frowned. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean—"

"We're sparring," I interrupted coldly, slamming my glass on the table.

He blinked. "What?"

I needed an outlet for the energy and a distraction from the disappointment suddenly coursing through me,

"Now."

I stood, already moving toward the exit. Reece cursed under his breath but followed. He knew better than to argue when I got like this.

The Sparring Arena was empty at this hour, bathed in cool shadows and the lingering scent of sweat and salt. I stripped off my tuxedo jacket, rolled my sleeves, and stepped into the ring.

Reece followed, cracking his neck.

"You sure you'd rather not talk about it?"

"No."

He sighed. “Didn’t think so.”

We didn’t need rules. We’d done this enough times.

The first hit landed with a satisfying thud. Reece grunted but didn’t retaliate immediately. He let me come at him again, testing the weight of my frustration, the sharpness of my control.

Then he struck back—low and fast. We fell into a familiar rhythm, fists meeting flesh, breath quickening, the sound of our bodies replacing the chaos in my head.

I didn’t want to think. I didn’t want to feel.

But as my muscle memory kicked in, and my mind cleared out, her face kept appearing. Not Sera’s.

The woman whose laughter used to light up OTS headquarters before it even had a name. The one who taught me that power was nothing without purpose.

I’d spent so long trying not to remember the radiance of her smile, the sparkle in her eyes—and now, it was all I could see, and the longing hit me harder than the whiskey.

I ducked a punch too late, and Reece's fist clipped my jaw. I staggered but stayed upright. He shook his head, winded.

"You're distracted," he muttered.

"No fucking shit," I spat.

I lunged again, and this time we tangled. Arms locked, elbows grinding, sweat beading across our brows.

I twisted out of his grip and drove a fist into his gut. He swore and doubled over, but I was already stepping back, chest heaving.

The rush came like a wave, then receded just as quickly. What was left was a dull, dragging weight that pulled me down to the ground.

I collapsed to the mat, lying flat on my back, the ceiling a blur above me. Reece dropped down beside me, wheezing.

"You gonna tell me what's going on?" he asked after a beat.

I stared at the beams above. "It wasn't there."



“What?”

“The spark. The pull.”

I knew I was capable of feeling that innate, explosive attraction—just not with Sera.

Reece was silent for a while. “But you still want her.”

I closed my eyes and tried to banish her face. Tried to replace it with Sera’s.

It shouldn’t have been hard—they had the same golden hair, the same sweet smile. But Sera’s didn’t pierce through my heart like a fucking javelin.

“Yes.”

“Because of the pack?”

Sera didn’t know it, but she had the potential to be the greatest she-wolf of her generation. That combined with her kind heart and humility, she was the Luna my pack needed.

“Yes.”

“And what about your heart?”

Her smile drifted to the surface of my mind—vibrant, teasing. Gone.

I sat up slowly, joints stiff. “That has nothing to do with this—it doesn’t change what I’ve decided. Sera will be my Luna.”

Reece nodded. “And you think she deserves to be in another loveless marriage?”

I drew my knees up, my fists clenching. “It won’t be the same,” I declared. “I’m not Kieran.”

There was no spark between me and Sera—I doubted I would ever feel sparks again—but I truly cared for her.

I’d loved once. Deeply. Intensely. So ferociously that when it ended, it tore my heart apart and rendered me unable to feel the same way again.

So I’d give Sera what I had left—my protection, my respect, my loyalty, my partnership.

Even if my heart still belonged to a ghost.