

My Sister 68

Chapter 68 FIRST DATE

SERAPHINA'S POV

Maya had insisted that if I was going on a date—even if it wasn't officially a "date-date"—I needed to "look hot enough to make him forget his name."

Her words, not mine.

She'd spent nearly twenty minutes rummaging through my closet with all the intensity of someone diffusing a bomb, tossing aside sweaters and jeans like they'd personally offended her.

When she pulled out a lacy wine-red slip dress I didn't even remember owning, I'd nearly fainted.

"You expect me to wear that to the movies?"

She'd just arched a brow. "Don't forget the dinner after. Besides, it's not about the movie. It's about the impression you leave with Lucian. He's not supposed to be able to watch the movie; he's supposed to be watching you."

I shook my head. "I'm going to feel so awkward the whole time if I wear that."

She rolled her eyes and tossed the dress into the back of my closet, where it belonged. “Okay, do you at least have sexy lingerie?”

My eyes bulged out of their socket. “What? Maya, we’re watching a movie, not...” My face burned.

She winked. “You never know what could happen, and you should always be prepared.”

I tossed the Boy Scout out of my room.

In the end, I didn’t wear the dress—or the heels she left behind as a “backup option in case you grow a spine.”

Instead, I went with my favorite black jeans, a soft mauve blouse that hinted at femininity without being overly sultry, and white sandals. No makeup other than tinted sunscreen, a light coating of mascara, and sparkly lip gloss.

Simple. Casual. Me.

This was my first proper date with a man. Not a forced dinner or event orchestrated by pack politics.

Not a night I had to endure as the figurehead wife for Kieran’s image.

This was just...Lucian and me.

And that felt monumental enough without the need for push-up bras and smoky eyeshadow.

He picked me up right on time, dressed in a dark grey button-down with the sleeves rolled up to his forearms, exposing his striking tattoo and slacks that did a poor job of hiding just how ridiculously built he was.

But what caught me off guard, as always, was the softness in his eyes when he saw me. That kind of open admiration wasn't something I was used to.

"You look beautiful," he said.

I smiled, tucking a strand of hair behind my ear. "You clean up well yourself."

And then, his left hand came out from behind him, holding a bouquet of pink carnations.

My lips parted in a small gasp. "How did you..."

It wasn't even that he brought me flowers—something no one had ever done before. It was that they weren't generic roses or some flashy, store-bought bouquet. They were pink carnations—my favorite.

Lucian smiled, and my heart did a flip. "I see you, Sera," he said, handing me the flowers. "Carnations aren't the flashiest, mostly overlooked, but...they're strong, quietly beautiful. Like you."

My eyes pricked with sudden tears, and I thanked the gods I didn't use eyeliner.

Our fingers brushed as I took the bouquet, and my voice was soft, a little shaky when I said, "Thank you, Lucian."

He didn't say anything, just gave me that look again—warm and steady and so full of quiet understanding it nearly undid me.

I clutched the flowers tightly as we walked to his car.

The drive was comfortable and...fun. Lucian let me pick the music, and when I chose an old 80s rock playlist, he didn't bat an eye—just grinned and drummed his fingers on the steering wheel like he already knew the songs.

The movie theater was mostly empty when we arrived, which was a relief. The last thing I wanted was to run into anyone I knew.

Not that I was ashamed of being out with Lucian or anything; it's just that the people I knew all shared the remarkable ability to ruin my day with their mere presence.

Lucian got the tickets while I hovered near the popcorn stand, feeling awkward and fidgety. He returned with two bottles of water and a shared bucket of popcorn.

"Figured we'd go old school," he said with a shrug.

I smiled. "I like old school."

Ten minutes into the movie, I cursed myself for considering Maya's suggestion when Lucian asked me to pick a movie.

The title of the film sounded harmless enough—Until the Last Breath.

When I asked Maya what it was about, she just shrugged, smirking. I should have fucking googled it.

I thought it was a drama. Maybe a slow-burn romance with lots of longing glances and sad piano music.

What it was...

I wanted to melt into a puddle and evaporate under the heat of my burning cheeks.

For my first date with Lucian, thanks to Maya fucking Cartridge, I'd picked what was essentially ninety minutes of softcore porn with a sprinkle of emotional warfare.

The worst part was that the sex wasn't the in-your-face kind, but the kind with long stares, heavy breathing (moaning, a shit ton of moaning), and music that swelled at the exact wrong time. The kind that reminded you what it felt like to be touched like you mattered.

Which, unfortunately, I hadn't felt in a long time.

At first, I tried to focus on the plot. The two characters met in a rainy bookstore—cute. Then they went on a picnic and somehow ended up half-naked under a tree.

I shifted in my seat, pressing my legs together like a chastity measure.

Lucian, of course, sat completely composed. Like he was watching an educational documentary and not a film that should've come with a trigger warning titled 'Not Safe for the Sexually Starved.'

Three rows ahead of us, a couple started making out, their moans mingling with the ones coming from the speakers.

I wanted to die from embarrassment. Would Lucian think I picked this movie because I wanted to do...that?

Fucking Maya.

But Lucian didn't look or seem as flustered as I did.

He didn't stare at me. Didn't edge closer. He just sat there, eating popcorn, sipping his water, and existing like the incredibly respectful man he was.

Which somehow made everything worse.

By the time the fourth naked scene rolled around, you could fry eggs on my cheeks. I didn't dare look at Lucian.

But when the film reached its emotional climax—the protagonist reading a letter from her now-dead lover about how love wasn't about timing but about choosing someone every day—I felt a tear slip down my cheek.

Lucian's hand gently closed over mine, warm and grounding. I glanced sideways and found him looking at me, a soft smile playing on his lips.

Then he lifted our joined hands slightly and pressed a soft kiss to my knuckles. And he didn't let go.

That single gesture carried more emotion than anything I'd seen on screen.

And suddenly, I didn't feel flustered or overwhelmed.

I felt...cherished.

After the credits rolled and the lights came up, I stood, still a little dazed.

Lucian didn't let go of my hand until we were out of the theater. Then he smiled and motioned toward the concession stand.

"Stay here. I'll get us something sweet before we go."

I nodded and watched him disappear into the crowd. My phone buzzed in my pocket, so I stepped aside near the wall to check it.

It was Maya: So? Did the movie set the mood? Did you two make out in the back like horny teenagers?

I laughed despite myself and started to type a reply when I heard a voice behind me.

“Hey. You here alone?”

I turned, surprised to see a tall, lanky teenager—maybe seventeen—grinning at me like he’d just won the lottery.

“Um. No,” I said politely. “I’m waiting for someone.”

He looked me up and down, then leaned against the wall beside me. “Boyfriend?”

“Sort of,” I replied.

He chuckled. “You look too hot to be with a ‘sort of’.”

I blinked. “Excuse me?”

“I mean, not in a creepy way,” he added quickly, his gaze leering. “Just saying. You’re like smoking—in a MILF kind of way.”

I stared at him, mouth slightly agape.

“I’ve always had a thing for older women,” he continued, undeterred. “Age is just a number, right?”

“I think,” I said carefully, “that you should go find someone closer to your age.”

He laughed like I’d just flirted back. “What, you don’t like compliments?”

I was about to shut him down—gently but firmly—when a familiar voice sliced through the air, smooth and venom-laced.

“She likes compliments, just not from someone young enough to be her fucking son.”

My stomach plummeted.

I turned slowly to see Kieran standing just a few feet away, arms crossed, dark eyes drilling into the teenager like he was about to Shift and eat him whole.

And there goes my perfect day.