

My Sister 70

Chapter 70 WARNING SIGN

SERAPHINA'S POV

Even after I slid into Lucian's car and buckled my seatbelt, my hands were still trembling from my fury.

My nails bit into my palms, and the air inside the sleek interior felt too warm, too tight, even as he turned on the air conditioning.

Lucian glanced over as he pulled into traffic, his hands steady on the wheel.

"You're fuming," he noted with a small smirk, the dash lights casting a soft glow over his sharp features.

"Of course I am. That idiot was leering at me like I was some—some MILF from his high school daydreams," I muttered.

"And Kieran strangled a fucking kid!" I shook my head. "Old enough to be his mother," I muttered bitterly. "Yeah, if I got pregnant at like 12!"

Lucian chuckled. Fucking chuckled.

I shot him a sharp look.

He held up one hand, palm facing me. "I'm not laughing at what happened. Just at the idea that you still don't see what everyone else does."

"Which is?" I asked flatly.

"That you're stunning, Sera. It's a hazard, really. You should probably start carrying a warning sign."

I rolled my eyes, but a small part of me warmed at the compliment. He reached over at a red light and gently took my hand, his thumb brushing over my knuckles.

"I mean it," he said, more softly now. "You walk into a room and men forget how to breathe. They're drawn to your charm like a magnet, and I can't even blame them."

"That's..." I shook my head, desperate not to let self-doubt creep in. But Lucian's words didn't quite make sense.

Celeste was the one who turned heads, the one who attracted male attention like moths to a flame.

Not me.

I couldn't even get my husband to love me after ten years.

"Hey." Lucian's thumb paused mid-stroke. "Where'd you go?" he asked softly.

I forced a smile. "Nowhere."

He sighed. "Look, I'm not excusing what happened back there. But you handled yourself with grace." He squeezed my hand. "You always do."

This time, my smile came more easily. "Thank you."

"Just so I'm clear, I'm not allowed to strangle the next guy that hits on you?" he asked, smirking again.

I rolled my eyes, laughing softly. "What is it with Alphas and violence?"

"I guess you just have the ability to make a man take leave of his senses."

I laughed again, but a part of me stilled.

Is that what it was with Kieran? Did I make him take leave of his senses?

I snorted quietly. Yeah right.

We drove in comfortable silence for a while, my pulse slowly easing as the city passed by outside the window.

I expected Lucian to take me to another one of those rooftop lounges or another chic private restaurant.

But instead, we turned into a circular driveway lined with elegant lanterns, and the car was immediately approached by a valet in uniform.

Lucian grinned at my confused expression. "Surprise."

A revolving restaurant.

Not just any—this was Aurum, perched atop one of LA's high-rises like a glittering crown.

The kind of place you needed to book weeks—months—in advance, unless, of course, you were Lucian Reed and the world rearranged itself at your feet.

I stared up in awe, stunned to silence.

Lucian squeezed my hand to get my attention. “I mean, I don’t mind them serving our food in the car, but I’ve heard the inside of the building is stunning.”

I laughed giddily as I stepped out of the car, thanking the valet who’d held the door open.

The elevator ride was smooth and silent, and when we stepped into the dining area, the panoramic view stole my breath.

The entire floor turned ever so slowly, giving diners a 360-degree view of the city skyline. The lights below twinkled like stars, and the interior—muted gold and charcoal velvet—was pure understated luxury.

Shit, maybe I should have worn the dress and heels Maya picked out.

“I had them reserve the west quadrant for us,” Lucian said, guiding me toward a semi-private booth with a velvet curtain pulled halfway closed. “You said you like watching the sunset, and it’s simply divine from this angle.”

I blinked, stunned. “That was...weeks ago.” I mentioned it in passing once when we were walking out of OTS. “You remembered that?”

"I remember everything you say," he replied simply, sliding into the seat across from me.

From the moment we sat down, the service was flawless.

The waiter addressed me by name and presented a custom menu that included my favorite dishes—things I hadn't eaten in years.

Even the wine list had a vintage I once offhandedly mentioned I loved but could never afford.

I stared at the glass in my hand, then back at Lucian, who watched me with an unreadable expression.

"Why are you doing all this?" I whispered.

It felt too much. Overwhelming.

"Because you deserve to be cherished," Lucian said. "And because I want you to know that I'm serious. I don't just want to be your trainer or an escort to a party or someone to glare at your ex. I want to be more than that."

My breath caught.

“I know things started off unconventionally,” he went on. “When I saved your life and invited you to OTS, I didn’t think it would be more than that. But it is, Sera. Your beauty and strength and resilience leave me in awe of you.”

He reached over and took my hand in his. “Sera, if you’ll have me. I want to stand by your side—not just as a friend. I want to be your boyfriend. Your partner. Your protector. I want to be there for you the way no one else ever has.”

The sincerity in his voice nearly undid me. After everything I’d been through—being cast aside, loathed by my family, dismissed and ignored—it was hard to believe anyone wanted me, not out of duty or atonement but simply because they chose to.

“I want that too,” I murmured, voice trembling. “I choose you, Lucian.”

His eyes lit up with a joy I felt rushing through my body right down to my toes.

He laced our fingers and leaned in slowly. I did, too, my heart fluttering in my chest. I could feel the warmth of his breath on my lips, and I hoped that this kiss—

The windows shattered.

Lucian and I jerked back as screams pierced the air, and glass rained down like glitter.

OTS honed instincts took over, and I shoved myself out of the booth just as a hulking rogue leapt through the now-broken pane, his paws nearly missing me. Two more followed, their eyes gleaming with bloodlust.

Chaos erupted—diners ran in every direction, some ducking beneath tables, others frozen in fear.

“Lucian!” I gasped, fear gripping my heart like a vice.

He was already taking his shirt off, his eyes darkening. “Get out,” he said lowly, his gaze fixed on the first rogue that had turned its vicious attention on us.

“I can help,” I said. “You’ve trained me to—”

“No!” he snapped, and I flinched. Sometimes, I forgot Lucian was an Alpha because of how gentle and warm he was, but the authority in that one word reminded me. “You have no wolf, you’re not safe here.”

“But—”

“Get out. Go with the staff. They’ll get you to safety along with everyone else. Don’t argue.”

Lucian was already shifting.

Bones cracked, fabric tore, and where the man had been a second ago now stood a familiar massive black wolf with piercing blue eyes.

He lunged without hesitation, colliding with the first rogue mid-air.

“Lucian!” I cried, ducking as claws swiped too close.

He roared and turned to me, his wolf’s eyes heavy with the unspoken command—the plea.

And then he turned back to the second rogue, sinking his teeth into the wolf’s neck with brutal precision.

My fists clenched. Every part of me screamed to stay and fight, to throw a chair, stab a fork into something’s eye—anything.

But Lucian’s eyes... The fear in them when he looked at me...

I turned and ran.

An older man in a suit was already ushering panicked guests toward a stairwell.

“This way, miss. Quickly, please.”

I followed, shoving past the chaos, heart pounding. The stairwell was crowded, with people shouting and jostling each other.

Somehow, I made it down to a lower level—a side exit leading out into a quiet alley.

Two black SUVs idled there.

The suited man opened the rear door of one and gestured for me to get in.

“The Alpha insisted this vehicle take you to safety,” he said.

I hesitated.

His gaze was calm. “He arranged the route himself, Miss Seraphina. You’ll be safe.”

Still, something twitched in my instincts. The hairs on the back of my neck rose.

There was no sign of fear from the staff member—not even a hint of adrenaline. That was strange, wasn't it?

The other diners were panting, panicking, crying—genuine reactions.

This man looked like he was escorting a brunch guest to their seat.

And how had Lucian found the time to arrange an escape route?

“Where exactly are we going?” I asked, voice casual.

“The Alpha will join you shortly,” he said, urgency bleeding into his voice. “We’ve been instructed not to delay.”

I climbed into the SUV, still wary, and the door shut behind me with a thunk far too final.

The windows were blacked out. The locks clicked.

“Wha—Hey!” I slammed my hand against the drawn partition. “Hey, what is this!”

My heart stuttered as the car started moving.

I fumbled for the handle. It didn't budge.

Not good. Not good at all.

I slammed my hands against the windows. They were reinforced—no way I could smash them.

I yanked out my phone, but the screen showed NO SIGNAL.

My mind raced.

This wasn't Lucian's doing.

This wasn't some standard protocol.

This was a trap.

I'd been taken.

Panic curled through my gut like smoke, creeping up my throat and threatening to choke me. My limbs began to shake, adrenaline giving way to a creeping numbness I couldn't stop.

I banged on the window, then the partition, screaming now—loud, hoarse, desperate.

“Let me out! Let me out!”

But the SUV kept moving, gliding eerily smooth down god-knows-what road, and still, no one answered.

I sank into the seat, heart thundering in my chest. My breath came fast, too fast—my vision started to swim.

The temperature inside the vehicle seemed to shift—too warm, then too cold. My skin prickled, then flushed.

The shadows inside the cabin lengthened. Or maybe I just couldn't keep my eyes open.

My head lolled back against the headrest. My fingers tingled.

Something was wrong.

There was a faint, bitter-sweet scent in the air. Slowly growing stronger, choking.

Shit.

I'd been drugged.

The realization struck me a heartbeat before the world started tilting sideways, and everything went black.