

My Sister 75

Chapter 75 SPA DAY

SERAPHINA'S POV

After a fitful night of, thankfully, dreamless sleep, I woke up before sunrise to a text from Lucian.

Lucian: Take today off from OTS training. Doctor's orders.

I stared at the message for a long moment before replying.

Sera: You're not my doctor.

He responded instantly.

Lucian: Maybe not. But I am someone who prefers his dates alive, unbruised, and stress-free. Humor me.

I rolled my eyes, but the truth was, I wasn't in a hurry to step back into the relentless grind of training drills and simulated crises.

My body was healed—thanks to Ashar’s strange magic that I didn’t even want to think about right now, because thinking about Ashar led me to thinking about Kade—but the emotional bruises were still tender.

So, I humored him.

And I took it one step forward—I booked a spa day with Maya.

Seeing as my day off was also her day off, she was more than happy to join me at the spa.

The receptionist at Crystal Petals Spa greeted us with that hushed reverence they reserve for people who look like they need expensive pampering.

Within minutes, we were both wrapped in soft robes, our hair pulled back, cucumber water in hand.

The treatment rooms smelled faintly of sandalwood and citrus, the low hum of tranquil music seeping into my bones.

“So,” Maya said as we settled into plush chairs for our pedicures, “first date with Lucian. Spill.”

I sipped my water slowly, buying time. “It was... fine.”

Her eyes narrowed over the rim of her glass. “Fine? You’re telling me the Alpha who basically oozes aristocratic charm, who drives an Aston Martin like it’s an extension of his body, only gave you a fine first date?”

“Okay, first of all...” I shot her a glare. “Until the Last Breath, Maya. Really?”

She smirked, not an ounce of shame or remorse on her face. “Did it set the mood?”

“If the mood you were going for was ‘awkward as fuck’ then yeah, it set it pretty perfectly.”

“Ugh,” she threw her head back. “If you didn’t have a son, I would swear you’re a virgin.”

Somehow, the mention of Daniel instantly sends my train of thought hurling towards the forbidden mental barriers I built around what happened yesterday.

“Anyway...” I shook my head in a bid to rein in my traitorous thoughts. “The date was actually going really well—before the rogues attacked.”

Maya sat up ramrod straight, water sloshing over the edge of her glass. “Rogues?”

I nodded. “Yeah, the same ones that attacked my father’s funeral and shot me in the park.”

“Holy shit, Sera,” Maya gasped. “The day after rogues attack you, you don’t call me and say ‘hey, wanna go to the spa?’ you call me and let me know what fucking happened.”

I winced. “I’m sorry. But it wasn’t a huge deal, I swear. Lucian disposed of the ones that attacked the restaurant.”

She set her glass down on a nearby stool and reached forward, cupping my face. “And you?” she asked, her sharp brown eyes assessing me. “Did you get hurt?”

I thought about the cut on my forehead, the bruises on my wrist and ribs—and then the soothing warmth of Ashar’s tongue and Kieran’s kiss washing it all away.

My cheeks heated up under Maya’s touch. “I’m fine,” I said, pulling my face away. “It wasn’t a big deal, I swear.”

Except it was. But I don’t know how to tell Maya what happened between me and Kieran. Not when I’m so desperate to forget it.

And the last thing I needed was Maya picking up on my still-simmering confusion over the kiss and making me dig deeper into feelings I did not want to unearth.

“Anyways, Lucian’s already planning our second date, and there’s no way it’ll go as badly as the first one.”

“Hm.” She didn’t look convinced, but she let it go. For now.

We sat in comfortable silence for a moment, letting the nail technicians work. Then I glanced at her sideways. “How are you and Ethan?”

Her shoulders tensed immediately. “We’re...still in a cold war,” she said, her voice carefully even.

Something in my chest ached at that. “Still? Maya, it’s been two days.”

She gave a small, humorless laugh. “We’re both stubborn. And apparently bad at apologies—not that I have anything to apologize for.”

I frowned, fighting the urge to shake her. “You love him.”

“Yeah,” she said softly, staring at the floor. “We’ve established that.”

“Then why—”

“Because...” She broke off, her jaw tightening. “Because every time I’m ready to reach out, I remember what you’ve been through. And I just get so angry. It’s all so...messy. How can I look you in the eye

knowing that I'm going home every night to the man who contributed to making your life a living hell? She exhaled. "I dunno that I can be with someone like that."

That hit me square in the gut. "Maya."

She looked up, startled at the sharpness in my tone.

"I am not some fragile baby wrapped in tissue paper," I said, leaning towards her. "You don't have to repress your feelings on my account. I want you to be happy. If that means being messy, being with Ethan, then be that. Do what you want, what makes you happy."

Her eyes softened, but there was a flicker of sadness there, too. "You really mean that?"

"I do. More than anything." I squeezed her hand.

"Maya, I've been rooting for you and your mate since day one, and finding out he was my brother hasn't changed anything. Even though I've never experienced the fated bond myself, I've longed for that kind of connection since I was old enough to understand what it meant, and you've found that, so I want you to dive in headfirst without fear."

That soul-deep certainty. That electric pull that wasn't just chemistry, but destiny written into your bones.

Maya studied me for a moment, her gaze shrewd in that way she had when she was trying to decipher something—mainly when she knew I was holding something back. “Sera...was Kieran ever the object of that longing?”

Her question punched the air out of my lungs.

“Wh-what?”

She shrugged, her gaze gentle. “You were married for ten years. Surely there’s a part of you that wished you two could have shared that kind of bond.”

I forced out a humorless laugh through the boulder suddenly lodged in my throat. “Once. Yes. Stupidly. But I know better now.”

Her brows drew together. “Because of Celeste?”

“Because of reality,” I said bitterly. “If Kieran was ever going to feel that bond with me, he would have by now. But he spent our entire marriage pining after Celeste. She’s his mate, his destiny.”

“You don’t know that for sure,” Maya said softly.

I shook my head. “Why else would he be so indulgent with her?”

We might have lived as strangers for a decade, but I knew Kieran well enough to know that there were a lot of things he couldn't stand, and he'd withstood all that and more for Celeste.

What more verification did I need?

The truth sat sour in my stomach. I hated that I could still feel the echo of that kiss, hated that some secret part of me still wanted him to look at me the way I'd seen him look at her.

Maya reached across the space between our chairs and took my hand, squeezing it tightly. "When you finally get your wolf, you'll find your mate. I know it."

Her brows wiggled. "Who knows? Maybe it's even Lucian. That would explain why he treats you so specially."

I smiled faintly, touched by her certainty. But her words stirred up a different kind of doubt.

Lucian's touch was...steady. Safe. Like a calm harbor after a storm. I liked it. I trusted it.

But it lacked something I couldn't quite name—something I'd felt in every nerve of my body when Kieran kissed me.

Heat. Passion. Electricity. Bone-deep hunger.

Not that any of those things were necessarily good for me. Especially if I felt them for Kieran.

I was about to change the topic when the spa door swung open and a high, lilting laugh cut through the peaceful music.

A trail of ice spread down my spine at the sound. There was no mistaking who it belonged to.

The trio of girls swept in like a perfume ad come to life—glossy hair, designer sunglasses, the faint scent of some cloying floral fragrance that made the air feel suddenly too sweet.

Their chatter was loud enough to pull every pair of eyes in the room toward them.

Maya's hand tightened on mine again, this time in silent warning.

My home, the mall, the theater, and now the spa. I couldn't go anywhere in this damn city without running into Kieran or Celeste.