

My Sister 79

Chapter 79 TEAM LUCIAN

SERAPHINA'S POV

I sat at the edge of the sparring mat, still breathing a little hard from my final round of drills with Maya.

Most of the other trainees had already left for the day, so the cavernous training hall felt strangely quiet—just the faint hum of the ventilation system and the muted thud of someone working a punching bag in the distance.

Maya finished her set of push-ups, springing to her feet with the kind of grace that came from years of discipline.

She swiped a towel across her brow, then planted herself in front of me, grinning at me like I'd just told her the best gossip she'd heard all week.

"So," she said, tossing her towel onto a bench, "you're actually going to see Daniel. About damn time."

"Yeah," I laughed. "I can't wait. I've missed him so much."

Her smile was genuine, but her eyes carried a flicker of worry. "You know I'm happy for you," she added, "but given what you told me about Kieran's parents, I'm worried they're going to give you a hard time. You deal with that enough over here with your own family."

I masked the sudden tightness in my chest by leaning over and grabbing my water bottle off the bench beside her. "I can handle them."

"I know you can," she said quickly. "You can handle anything. But that doesn't mean I like the thought of throwing you in the lion's den."

I took a long drink, the cool water washing away the dryness in my throat. "They might still look down on me, but around Daniel?" I shrugged. "They'll behave. They wouldn't risk showing him that kind of toxicity. And besides—" I allowed myself a small, wry smile. "I'm not the same pushover I used to be."

Maya's grin widened, something like pride shining in her eyes. "Damn right you're not. Honestly, the way you've been carrying yourself lately? I've never been prouder, babe."

My cheeks flushed. Any compliment from Maya felt like the ultimate achievement.

She continued, and the rest of her sentence caught me off guard. "It's an amazing look on you, and if Kieran hasn't noticed, he's blind. But one day, that veil over his eyes is going to be knocked off, and when he finally does, he's going to regret letting you go for that vapid bitch of a sister you've got."

I choked on my water, coughing. "Maya—don't talk nonsense."

"It's not nonsense," she said with an unrepentant shrug.

I rolled my eyes, and she did the same, chuckling. "It doesn't even matter. The bastard doesn't deserve you, veil or no veil."

She held a palm up solemnly like a salute. "I'm die-hard Team Lucian."

I tried to fight the laugh bubbling up, but it escaped anyway. "You're incorrigible."

"Uh-huh. And you love me for it."

I shook my head, but my smile lingered. "You really think Lucian's the better choice, huh?"

Her expression softened, but her tone stayed firm. "I think Lucian treats you like you matter. And that's worth a hell of a lot more than whatever history you've got with Kieran."

I didn't argue because she wasn't wrong. Being with Lucian was a breath of fresh air, and in the space of a couple of months, he'd treated me with more respect and consideration than Kieran ever did in ten years.

Instead, I leaned over and hugged Maya tight, the scent of her usual citrusy shampoo familiar and grounding.

"I'll miss you," I murmured. "Take care of yourself."

"You too, Sera." She pulled back and braced her hands on my shoulders. "And remember, if anyone gives you grief over there, you've got a whole lot more fight in you now than you did the last time they saw you."

Her words settled in my chest like a warm ember, and I smiled, stoking that fire inside me. I could do this—I could survive the trip.

After we parted ways, I made my way back to the locker room to get the rest of my stuff I didn't want to leave behind at OTS while on my trip.

As I zipped it shut, I pulled out my phone and scrolled to Lucian's name.

I hadn't seen him since he dropped me off at home after the rogue attack, and other than his message asking me to take the day off, I hadn't heard from him.

Maya would process my leave from OTS, but it didn't feel right to leave without informing him or at least saying goodbye.

I hit call and pressed the phone to my ear. It rang. And rang. And rang some more. Then went straight to voicemail.

I frowned, trying again. This time, it went straight to voicemail.

“Hey,” I said after the tone, keeping my voice casual. “Um, you’re obviously busy, so I’m sorry to bother you. I just wanted to let you know that I’m going on a trip to see Daniel. You’re not around, so I can’t say goodbye, but um... Just—call me back when you get this. I’d love to see you before I leave.”

I hung up, staring at the screen.

It was odd—how little I actually knew about Lucian’s life outside of the OTS.

Inside, he was as familiar and steady as my training routines: the way he moved in the training yard, the measured way he gave advice, his warm, tender smile that contrasted the psychotic way he trained rookies.

But beyond these walls? I realized he was an enigma.

I didn’t know much about his pack, where he lived, who he spent his evenings with, or what he did when he wasn’t here.

The thought unsettled me more than I wanted to admit.

The next morning, Kieran arrived earlier than expected.

I'd been double-checking my packing list when the sharp knock came at my door.

When I opened it, he was there—impossibly put-together in dark jeans and a black shirt, his hair just slightly mussed like he'd run his hands through it on the way over.

"You're ready?" he asked, his voice clipped but not unfriendly.

I swung my bag over my shoulder, tugging my suitcase behind me. "Almost."

He took the bag from me without asking, slinging it over his own shoulder as though it weighed nothing, then he reached down and snatched the suitcase out of my hand too.

He pulled my luggage behind him as I locked up.

"We'll be flying straight to Nassau on the jet," he said calmly, like trips to tropical islands on billion-dollar private jets made for normal conversation. "The trip will take five and a half, six hours, tops. From there, we'll take the yacht instead of the seaplane. There are too many variables..."

My head was ducked as he continued rattling off logistics, staring at Lucian's name in my phone.

He hadn't called me back or replied to my texts, and I didn't know if the churning feeling in my stomach was worry for him or anger that I was being ignored.

But he wouldn't do that, right? Lucian wasn't that type of—

"Hey!" My eyes widened, and indignation ran through me as Kieran snatched my phone out of my hand.

"What the hell do you think you're doing?"

Kieran's jaw tightened almost imperceptibly as his eyes darted across my screen, reading the unanswered texts, no doubt.

When he was done, he snorted and tossed my phone back at me. "What a dick."

I caught the phone and threw a glare at Kieran. "He's not a dick."

He folded his arms against the trunk of his Escalade, a brow arched. "Yet, he's ignoring your messages and calls. What kind of boyf—" The rest of the words seemed to hook in his throat, and his jaw clenched.

“First, I had to be the one to save you from the rogue attack, and now this. Maybe Lucian Reed’s not as reliable as you think.”

“He’s reliable!” I snapped. “Have you forgotten that he was fighting rogues of his own?”

He shrugged, one brow lifting. “Okay. What’s your excuse for now? Maybe he’s not as reliable as you think.”

“It’s not like it’s a life-or-death situation,” I said sharply. “And I don’t measure people’s worth by whether they drop everything the moment I call.”

His lips curved—not in amusement, but in something closer to irritation. “You defend him like he’s some paragon of loyalty.”

“Because he’s been good to me,” I said, my voice steady. “And that’s more than I can say for some people.”

The subtext didn’t go unnoticed, and the air between us grew taut, the kind of tension that didn’t need raised voices to make itself known.

Kieran’s hand flexed on the strap of my bag, his gaze cutting away as though to keep from saying something he might regret.

I scrambled for something to say to ease the tension. We hadn't even started the trip, and we were already bumping heads.

But whatever I would have said was drowned out by the deep, throaty rumble of an engine reaching us.

Kieran and I both snapped our heads in its direction, and my relief escaped as a breathy laugh.

A sleek red car rolled up the drive, its glossy surface catching the morning light.

Lucian's car.