

My Sister 116

Chapter 116 MY WEAKNESS

KIERAN'S POV

The Nightfang dungeon was not meant for comfort.

Stone walls sweated dampness, the air thick with mildew and the metallic tang of blood.

Every sound—the drip of water, the clank of chains, the scuff of boots on stone—echoed with an ominous life of its own.

The torches cast long, quivering shadows across the walls, turning the narrow passage into something that felt alive.

I'd walked this corridor a hundred times before, and tonight, Gavin's words still rang in my ears: We've caught the mastermind. He's in custody.

I wasn't sure what I'd expected. A nameless rogue? Some faceless scavenger who'd finally overreached?

What I did not expect was the man who sat shackled in the interrogation chamber.

Jack Draven.

I froze at the threshold, disbelief momentarily rooting me to the ground.

“Impossible,” I muttered, my voice dropping to a growl.

But it was him. His shaggy hair was longer, streaked with grime, but those eyes—icy gray, sharp with mockery—were unmistakable.

His smirk stretched wider when he saw me, like he’d been waiting for this moment for a long time.

“Alpha Kieran,” Jack drawled, leaning backwards lazily in his chair despite the iron cuffs biting into his wrists. “What a warm welcome. You look surprised. Didn’t think you’d see me again?”

“Gavin.” I didn’t take my eyes off Jack. “What the fuck?”

Gavin shifted uneasily beside me. “My sentiments exactly. But we verified his identity. It’s him.”

I clenched my fists at my sides. Memories flooded back, harsh and unrelenting. Jack had once been the son of Alpha Marcus Draven of the Silverpine Pack—a promising heir with too much arrogance for his own good.

Until he had violated one of our oldest, most sacred common laws.

‘No wolf shall spill innocent human blood without just cause.’

The law wasn’t ceremonial. It existed to preserve the fragile balance between our kind and humans, to keep suspicion and blood hunts from igniting.

Jack had slaughtered two human campers in cold blood—teenagers who had stumbled into Silverpine territory by mistake. No provocation. No defense. Just carnage.

I’d been the one to hunt him down and drag him back to his pack’s border. I still remembered the night clearly—the way he’d sneered, even with my claws at his throat, as though nothing could touch him.

Alpha Marcus had begged me for leniency, but Edward had stood firm at my side.

A violation like that could not be forgiven. Jack was stripped of his title, banished, and his name was scorched from the registries.

And now here he was, years later—the one behind Sera’s abduction.

My blood surged hot in my veins.

I stepped inside, the heavy door groaning shut behind me. “Why?” My voice came out low, dangerous. “Why her?”

Jack tilted his head, as though savoring the tension in the room. “Straight to the point, eh? I was hoping for a little small talk. How’s the family, Alpha? Oh wait—” His grin widened. “That’s what this is about, isn’t it? Your precious ex-wife.”

The word ‘ex-wife’ struck like a blade. I ignored the sting, stepping closer until the torchlight carved harsh lines across Jack’s face. “Answer. Me.”

He chuckled, the grating sound echoing off the stone walls. “Quite frankly, I don’t understand why you care. And honestly, why not? She’s weak. Wolfless. Convenient. And besides...” His eyes glittered. “Weren’t we doing you a favor? You never wanted her anyway. You made that clear enough to the entire fucking world.”

The mocking lilt in his tone sliced deeper than claws. My hands twitched at my sides, but I forced myself still.

“She’s nothing to you, right?” Jack leaned forward, chains rattling as they held him back. “So why the outrage? Shouldn’t you be thanking me? I took the burden off your hands.” He chuckled, an ugly rasping sound that pulled at the last threads of my control. “If anything, you owe me. I helped you with your...pest problem.”

Something inside me snapped.

I lunged, my hand clamping around his throat, slamming him back against the chair so hard it scraped against the stone floor.

His smirk faltered only slightly, but his pulse thundered beneath my grip, betraying his panic.

“Speak her name again with that filthy mouth,” I snarled, Ashar surging dangerously close to the surface, “and I’ll rip out your tongue and choke you with it.”

Jack choked a laugh, even as his face reddened under the pressure. “Uh-oh,” he rasped. “It would seem like I’ve struck a nerve.” His grin split wider, feral. “Is it possible, Alpha Kieran, that that little nobody could actually be your weakness?”

I blanched, and quickly struggled to regain my composure. But that brief moment of weakness was enough for Jack to choke out another laugh. “Interesting. I’ll make sure to let the others know. Next time, Alpha, it won’t just be a kidnapping. We’ll carve our message into her skin. I bet she has the most delicious screams.”

My vision blurred red. Rage howled in my ears.

Without thinking, I smashed Jack to the ground, the chair splintering under the force.

My fists slammed into his jaw, his ribs, every blow fueled by the image of Sera’s face twisted in terror. The bruises around her wrist. The gash on her forehead.

Chains clattered as Jack crumpled under me, coughing blood, yet he kept laughing, broken and wheezing.

“You’re proving me right,” he spat between blows. “Look at you—the fearsome Alpha of Nightfang, losing control because of a weak, wolfless outcast.”

My claws unsheathed, pressing against his throat. A single push and his blood would flood the stones.

“Say one more word,” I hissed, “and you won’t live to regret it.”

For the first time, I saw fear flicker in his eyes. Brief, but there.

His lip trembled as he pressed them shut.

I shoved his head against the concrete as I stood, breath ragged, and barked to the guards, “Throw him in the water cell.”

Two sentinels hauled him up, half-dragging his battered frame across the floor.

“You can’t do this!” Jack shouted hoarsely, struggling weakly against their grip. “She doesn’t belong to any pack! She doesn’t fall under your laws. She’s fair fucking game! You have no authority over me when it comes to her.”

I stalked forward, each step deliberate and menacing. “I don’t need authority,” I growled. “I am authority. And if you so much as breathe Sera’s name again, I’ll tear your throat out myself and mail your severed head to your father.”

The guards shoved him into the darkness of the water cell, the sound of sloshing and iron slamming shut ringing through the hall.

His curses echoed faintly, swallowed by stone and water.

Only when silence returned did I realize how hard my hands were shaking. How heavy I was breathing.

“Alpha,” Gavin said carefully, his voice breaking the tension. “Keeping him here, in secret...it’s dangerous.”

“You would have me set him free?” I growled, my voice low and gravelly.

Gavin flinched, but held his ground, speaking calmly. “All I’m saying is that his father still values him. If Marcus learns we’ve taken Jack, it could stir conflict between Nightfang and Silverpine.”

I turned on him, my chest heaving. “Then let it. Alphas like Marcus are the reason rogues have swelled in power. They shelter their disgraced sons and relatives, feed them resources, treat them like pawns in their petty schemes to topple rivals. This—” I gestured toward the cell. “This is what happens when rot is left unchecked.”

It was one of the many reasons I respected Edward Lockwood. He and I recognized that rogues were not simply enemies of the pack—they were threats to the balance of the entire werewolf realm.

Gavin hesitated. “Still...Marcus will demand his son’s return. And if word spreads, the other packs might take sides—”

“Suppress it,” I cut in. “No one outside this room needs to know Jack’s in custody. Not yet.”

He studied me, cautious but loyal. “As you command.”

I dragged a hand over my face, exhaling hard. My rage still simmered, hot and raw, but beneath it churned confusion I couldn’t shake.

Why Sera?

Jack’s words replayed in my head, each one a needle stuck in my brain. She’s weak. Wolfless. Convenient.

It made no sense. If the rogues wanted leverage against Edward, why not target Ethan?

If I were their endgame, why not target Daniel?

They were the heirs, the symbol of our packs' futures. Striking them would have sent a clearer, deadlier message.

But Sera? She had no wolf. No status. She barely belonged in Frostbane, and since our divorce, she didn't belong in Nightfang either.

For years, I myself had dismissed her as nothing more than a shadow on the edge of my life. So why had they seen her as valuable enough to take?

I sank back against the cold wall, my jaw tight.

"She's not worthless," Gavin said suddenly, his voice quiet but firm.

My head snapped up, eyes narrowing. "What are you saying?"

He met my gaze evenly. "If it were her connection to Edward or you, there are more valuable targets than her. I think we've underestimated her worth. If the rogues are targeting her, they see something we don't. Something we've refused to see."

The words landed heavy, sharper than he knew.

Underestimated...

That was a phenomenon I was becoming achingly familiar with. I'd seen Sera as nothing more than an obligation I needed to fulfill.

I'd underestimated what she meant to me.

I wanted to deny it, to shove it away like I had for years. But the memory of Jack's laughter, the way he had taunted me for my reaction, still clawed at my chest.

Sera. My weakness.

And for the first time, I realized how true it was.