

My Sister 124

Chapter 124 PEACE OFFERING

KIERAN'S POV

I found Celeste pacing the room, hair wild like she'd been pulling at it. She'd changed into a silk gown, and it clung to her like armor.

The fireplace in the room was lit, and the light sharpened her edges, a queen ready for war instead of rest.

She spun at the sound of the door opening, hope and accusation flashing across her face all at once.

"As I live and breathe," she said, her tone dripping with sarcasm. "Whatever could you be doing here?"

I ignored the bite. I had barely slept in my room since she moved in. I either slept in the pack house, spent the night in my office, or curled up in Daniel's bed.

I kept my voice level. "I wanted to let you know I'll be occupied for a while. There are...matters I need to attend to."

Her eyes narrowed. "Occupied," she echoed, bitterness dripping from the word. "Occupied with what, exactly?"

I sighed. "I'll make it up to you when I'm able. I'll take you out to dinner."

Her laugh cracked sharply, equally as frustrated as it was angry. "A dinner? That's your compensation? You couldn't even mark me when I begged you—when I fucking offered myself to you—and now you want to pacify me with a meal?"

"Celeste—"

"No!" She hurled a vase—one that she herself had placed on the side table—against the wall, shards bursting across the floor.

The scent of lilies flooded the room, heavy and cloying, as water soaked into the carpet. Another crash followed as she shoved a lamp aside. Shadows jumped violently with the firelight.

"Don't 'Celeste' me like I'm some hysterical child! Do you think I don't know? You think I don't feel you pulling me away, using work and pack duties as fucking excuses!"

She seized a glass of water and hurled it at the wall. It shattered beside my head, sharp fragments skittering at my boots.

Her breathing came ragged, chest rising and falling beneath the silk. "Do you think I'll be pushed aside that easily?" she shrieked. "After everything?"

I dragged a hand over my face, weariness settling deep. Her words dug in, sharper because they weren't all lies.

But right now, I was bone-tired, carrying the echo of my father's sharp words and Daniel's innocent excitement; I couldn't offer her the reassurance she desperately needed from me.

"I'll speak to you later," I said, turning away.

She laughed again, brittle and furious, the sound like splintered glass scattering behind me.

I didn't look back.

The water cells were colder than usual, the dank air clinging to me like a second skin. Shadows danced across the stone as torches hissed weakly, their flames shivering in the draft.

Jack sat chained to the wall, his body a canvas of bruises. His jaw was mottled purple and green, his lips split, but his expression curved in something close to cockiness.

He looked up as I entered. “Back again, Alpha? Can’t get enough of me?”

I studied him for a moment, noting the arrogance simmering beneath his battered skin.

He’d endured more than most would, yet he still sneered.

That told me enough—Jack wasn’t fighting for his own pride. He was tethered to something darker, something that gave him a false shield against fear.

“You’ll be leaving soon,” I told him.

He tilted his head, mockery brightening his eyes. “So, my father came through, did he? I knew you’d fold. Nightfang,” he scoffed, “all bark and no bite.”

I ignored the bait. “You’re right. Your father wants you back, and we’ll release you to him.”

Jack’s smile widened. “Wow, however will I repay this great favor you’ve done me?”

I stepped closer, my voice dropping. “I’m nothing if not altruistic. You’ll also leave here with your wounds mended.”

Suspicion flickered across his features. “Compassion, Kieran? Don’t insult me.”

“It isn’t compassion,” I said flatly. I nodded toward the healers waiting nearby. “See it as a...peace offering, if you will. An ice shower to cool your father’s temper.”

He scoffed, but didn’t protest as the healers moved in.

Their murmured incantations hummed low, their palms glowing faint gold as they pressed over his injuries.

The air filled with the sharp tang of herbs and ozone. Skin knitted. Bruises faded to pale yellow. His breaths evened as pain leached away.

What he didn’t see was Gavin—silent, invisible—embedding a restraint beneath the surface. A clever piece of work, nearly imperceptible. A fail-safe, if you will.

It would sap his transformation at the worst moment, chain his strength when he needed it most.

Jack spat to the side when they were finished. “You think fixing me makes up for what you put me through? You’ll regret this, Kieran. My father will make sure you choke on your arrogance.”

I crouched in front of him, my hand clamping hard on his jaw. His skin was clammy, his pulse frantic beneath my grip.

“Listen carefully,” I said, voice low, dangerous. “You’re walking out of here with your life, not because of Marcus or pack politics, but because I chose it. Next time I see you, if you so much as blink wrong in my territory—alliance or no alliance—I will end you. Slowly. Torturously.”

His bravado faltered. The smug grin slipped. For a heartbeat, he was just a boy, staring into the eyes of a predator.

“Do you understand me?” I snarled, tightening my grip until his teeth ground together.

His throat bobbed. Silence stretched, broken only by the drip of water against stone. Then, grudgingly, “Yes.”

“Good.” I released him with a shove, standing tall again. “Get him out of my sight.”

The sound of iron chains echoed as they dragged him from the cell. His curses bounced off the walls, venomous but hollow.

I waited until the last footsteps faded before Gavin stepped from the shadows.

“All set,” Gavin reported, his tone clipped. “Restraint is in place. He won’t know it until he needs it most. I’ve assigned shadows to follow—he won’t take a piss without me knowing.”

“Good,” I said. My voice felt like gravel in my throat.

Gavin’s eyes gleamed. “You think he’ll run straight back to the rogues?”

“Let him. He thinks he’s so clever, but he’ll lead us straight to them.”

For a moment, silence stretched, heavy as the stone around us. Then a howl broke the night, distant and mournful, seeping through the barred window high on the wall.

I turned toward it, moonlight slanting across my hands. My claws flexed against my palms, itching for blood.

“I’m tired of cowards who thrive in shadows,” I murmured. “If they’re foolish enough to target me, I’ll drag them into the light myself.”

Gavin’s smirk was sharp. “And when they’re in the light?”

I bared my teeth in a humorless smile. “Then we’ll burn them. Every last one.”

Because I would not—could not—tolerate any threat to the legacy of wolves.

Not to my pack.

Not to Daniel.

Not to Sera.

Never again.