

## **My Sister 15**

### Chapter 15 ONE BIG ROLLERCOASTER

SERAPHINA'S POV

I'd been wrong.

When I clawed my way back to consciousness, the space beside my bed was empty. No brooding alpha. No Kieran.

Just Ethan and Celeste hovering like vultures over a kill.

What the fuck? My tongue felt oddly weightless, but the bitterness in my chest was lead-heavy.

"Oh, Sera—" Celeste lunged for my hand with performative sympathy. I yanked back before she could touch me.

Ethan's throat worked as he studied everything in the room—the IV snaking into my arm, the EKG's steady blips, the starch-white pillows—anything but my face. "How are you feeling?"

"Like I've been fucking shot," I rasped.

A muscle ticked in his jaw. "We're sorry this happened to you."

The sarcasm burned on my tongue—Oh, are you? Sorry enough to finally acknowledge I exist?—but the raw guilt in his eyes choked it back. "Thanks," I muttered instead.

Then, like a masochist, I asked, "Where's Kieran?"

Celeste went rigid. Ethan answered too quickly. "We made him go home. Get some rest."

Of course. The logic was sound—he'd earned the break after playing dutiful watch.

Shortly after that, a nurse came in to administer my medication and painkillers. Then she inclined the hospital bed, so I was sitting up slightly. When she was done, she reassured me that I was doing as well as could be expected, and I took a deep breath of relief—then regretted it, thanks to the stabbing pain in my chest.

"Do you need anything?" Ethan asked when she was gone. "Food? Water?"

I was about to remind him that the nurse had just said I couldn't eat solid foods just yet when Celeste beat me to it. "Could I get a latte, please, Ethan?"

He raised a brow. "We're at a hospital, Celeste. They have exactly one kind of coffee—instant."

She rolled her eyes. "Fine. That."

Ethan turned to me. "What about you?"

I smiled. "I'm good, thanks."

He nodded. "I'll be right back."

As soon as the door closed behind Ethan, I closed my eyes. Things were definitely awkward between Celeste and me, and I knew she probably felt guilty about our last conversation and wouldn't want to—

"You conniving, manipulative bitch."

My eyes flew open to see my sister looming over my hospital bed, her perfect face twisted with venom.

"Excuse me?" The words scraped raw against my throat.

"I thought I knew every seductive tactic in the book," Celeste sneered at me. "But getting yourself shot to get Kieran's attention?"

She slow-clapped, each mocking clap stinging worse than the gunshot wound. "That's on another level, Sera."

I actually laughed—a hoarse, painful sound. "Are you fucking serious?"

"Please." She leaned in, her designer perfume choking me. "You've always been pathetic when it comes to Kieran. But this?" She gestured to my bandages. "This is desperate."

The heart monitor spiked as I struggled upright. "You think I—" A white-hot bolt of pain silenced me.

Celeste smirked. "Weak. Pathetic. Exactly what he'll remember when this little stunt fades."

For the first time, I saw her clearly—not my baby sister, but a viper who'd been poisoning my life for years.

"Get out." My voice dropped to a growl.

"I'll surely leave." She flicked my IV line. "But make no mistake..."

"I meant it when I said I would take back everything that's mine," she said sharply. "But maybe, as revenge, I'll take something that's yours, too."

I narrowed my eyes. "What are you talking about?"

Celeste's lips curled into a viper's smile. "Kieran only tolerates you because you whelped his heir."

Her manicured finger tapped my IV pole. "So maybe I'll take Daniel as my own. Raise him properly. As my son."

The heart monitor shrieked alongside my pulse.

Celeste's smirk widened. "How would you like that, Sera? Danny calling me mommy?"

The door clicked open. Ethan walked in, a bottle of water in one hand and a cup of coffee in the other, steam rising over the rim.

Later, I wouldn't remember deciding to move. Only the scalding arc of dark liquid, Celeste's scream like shattered glass, and the burn of satisfaction deeper than any wound.

"You psychotic bitch!" Celeste wailed, swiping at her face and pulling her drenched top away from her. "You hateful piece of shit!"

Ethan's mouth hung open, the empty water bottle slipping from his grip. "Jesus Christ, Sera—"

"OUT!" The word tore from my raw throat. My oxygen tube slithered away as I heaved, but I kept my glare locked on Celeste. "BEFORE I POUR THE NEXT ONE ON YOUR FACE!"

The nurse came bursting in, her eyes wide when she beheld the commotion.

"GET THEM OUT!" I screamed, wheezing. "I DON'T WANT TO SEE THEIR FACES!"

I collapsed against the pillows, desperately gasping for air. The cannula had slipped onto the bed, and my hand moved wildly, trying to reach for it.

I could still hear Celeste sobbing and hurling insults at me, the nurse politely, then firmly telling my siblings to leave, and then—

"Shhh. It's okay."

I didn't know if my vision was blurring because of my tears or the gradual asphyxiation. But then I felt someone gently fit the cannula back into my nostrils, and I took a grateful breath.

The room was silent again, and I heard the warm voice say, "It's okay, I'm a friend."

"She just chased away her siblings, now, I don't think..."

I turned my head, my vision clearing slightly, and I smiled softly. "It's okay," I said weakly. "He can stay."

Lucian shot the nurse a charming smile. "See? The lady vouches for me."

The nurse finally left, and Lucian turned the smile on me. "My, my, Sera, your life is one big rollercoaster, isn't it?"

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KIERAN'S POV

I woke with a snarl, my wolf already clawing at my ribs before my eyes found the clock.

Two fucking hours.

I'd meant to shower, sleep for thirty minutes—just enough to take the edge off—then get back to Sera. Instead, I slept for over two hours.

I hastily threw on clothes and shoes and was out of the house in two minutes.

The drive to the hospital was a blur of growling engines and worse scenarios. Had she woken in pain? Had she asked for me?

I took the stairs three at a time, my pulse roaring—only to freeze at the sight outside her door.

Ethan sat slumped, hands clenched like he was praying. Celeste looked like she'd been dipped in coffee, her silk blouse ruined, face mottled red.

"What the hell happened?" My voice came out gravel-rough.

They both looked up at me.

Celeste sniffled. "Kie—"

But my attention was on Ethan. "You promised you wouldn't leave her side," I said. "Why are you outside and not with her?"



Ethan glanced at Celeste, and annoyance flashed in his eyes. "She kicked us out," he said to me.

"Why?"

Again, Ethan looked at Celeste, and she simply rolled her eyes, glaring down at her stained shirt.

"What does it matter?" Ethan said. "Besides"—he nodded towards the door—"he's here."

I frowned. "Who?"

"Lucian Reed."

My body moved before my mind could catch up, and I drew open the door to Sera's room.

The first thing that hit my ears was laughter—sweet and musical.

"Stop!" Sera was saying amidst fits of giggles. "You're going to make me tear a stitch!"

I froze for a second, stunned by the look of pure joy on her face as she threw her head back against the pillows, giggling uncontrollably at whatever Lucian fucking Reed said.

Then her eyes met mine across the room, and she froze, too.

And, like someone drawing blinds to keep the sun away, her entire expression shuttered. Her smile faded, her eyes hardened, and a blast of frigid air filled the room.

"Get out," she said icily.

My jaw went slack.

She'd asked me to leave the day before, too, but not like this—this was ice—the kind that froze rivers from the bottom up.

Lucian was seated on the seat I had occupied over the last two days, a gift basket at his feet. An illogical, irrational part of me told me he was trying to replace me.

I took a step into the room.

"Sera—"

"I said out." Her voice could have flash-frozen hell. The heart monitor spiked as her breath turned ragged. "Take your pack of hypocrites with you."

What the hell had happened in the three hours I was gone? Had she just been too weak earlier to treat me this way, or had something else occurred?

Regardless of her words, I stepped further into the room, and her face tightened with anger.

"Are you deaf?" she snapped, and my eyes widened as her chest started to rise and fall rapidly. "I said —"

"Sera," Lucian said softly, taking her hand in his, "calm down, don't overwork yourself."

My eyes zeroed in on Lucian's hand in Sera's, and my vision tinged green with jealousy as she turned to him and offered him a soft smile.

"Are you kidding me?" The words tore out of me raw.

She turned back to me as I entered the room.

"I'm the one who's been by your side for the past two days while you teetered between life and death. He"—I glared at Lucian in disgust—"shows up with a gift basket and deserves your affection?"

Her laugh was hollow. "Funny. I don't recall asking for your vigil."

That look in her eyes—like I was nothing. Like our decade together had evaporated.

The truth hit like a silver bullet:

The woman I married was gone.

And the one left behind hated me.