

My Sister 176

Chapter 176 DESTRUCTION MADE FLESH

KIERAN'S POV

I didn't move for a long time after the door slammed shut.

The sound of it reverberated through my bones, echoing in time with my thundering heartbeat.

I stood there in Sera's driveway, the night pressing cold and unforgiving around me, staring at the door that separated me from everything I wanted. Everything I'd destroyed.

I clenched my fists, feeling Ashar pacing inside my mind—his restlessness rattling through my body, his wounded pride twisting in my gut.

'You had one chance,' he growled, low and feral. 'One damned chance to make it right, and you botched it.'

"I didn't botch it," I muttered under my breath, even though I knew that I had, in fact, royally botched it. "She just... she doesn't believe me."

'Why should she?' Ashar's voice rose to a roar that vibrated through my skull. 'You hurt her. Again and again. You refused to mark her, even when I urged you time and time again. You were stubborn. You refused to listen. And now you're shocked that she turned her back?'

I gritted my teeth. “You think I don’t know all that? You think I don’t feel enough like shit without you berating me?”

Ashar didn’t answer. His fury burned hotter, heavier.

My chest felt too tight to breathe, and what little air that permeated my lungs reeked of lavender and regret. Her scent. Her rejection.

It clung to me like smoke, smothering reason, feeding the thing that wanted to claw its way free.

My fingers curled involuntarily, nails gouging blood from my palms. Every muscle screamed for violent release, begged for destruction, for anything brutal enough to drown out the chaos hammering through my skull.

‘She turned away from us.’ Ashar’s snarl was guttural and raw. ‘She turned away, Kieran.’

“I know,” I hissed.

‘Because of you!’

“I know!” I roared.

But knowing didn’t ease the pressure—only tightened it. My pulse beat erratically, too fast, too loud, as if my heart wanted to tear itself apart just to escape the cage of my chest.

The world around me blurred—trees, wind, the faint lights spilling from Sera’s windows—all distorted by the red haze clouding my vision.

Ashar’s energy seared through me, wild and uncontrollable. Every heartbeat was a drumbeat of fury; every breath, a struggle between restraint and surrender.

My jaw locked painfully. “Calm. The. Fuck. Down,” I ground out.

But Ashar was beyond reason, his emotions a violent tide pulling me under.

My grief was his grief, my pain his own—but magnified, raw, primal. My skin felt too tight, too fragile to contain him. My bones ached from the effort of keeping him in.

Finally, I couldn’t stand the confinement of my human skin anymore.

Logic dictated that I shouldn’t do this in neutral territory, let alone in Sera’s fucking driveway. But logic had never been strong enough to hold back Ashar.

The ground trembled as the Shift ripped through me—violent, unstoppable. The sound tore through the night: bones cracking, muscles stretching, fur bursting from flesh.

For a split second, I thought I heard my own scream echo in the air—then Ashar took over completely, and everything went silent except the thunder of his rage.

The night exploded into sharper color and scent. Ashar surged forward, enormous and wild, a blur of golden fur and obsidian eyes.

He didn't hesitate. He ran.

The forest welcomed him—our sanctuary, our punishment. Trees blurred past as we tore through them, his fury burning with every stride. I could feel it in my veins: his guilt, his longing.

We howled once—loud enough to shake the valley.

The howl fractured the silence—a sound of fury and heartbreak that rippled through the mountains like thunder rolling off stone.

Ashar's rage was a wildfire. It wasn't just running through the forest—it was devouring it.

He rampaged like a hurricane, tearing through trees as though they were nothing but paper, massive paws striking earth hard enough to crack roots. Splinters flew, bark shredded beneath his claws. The forest floor was a blur of crushed leaves and upturned soil.

He was out of control—we were out of control.

The deeper he pushed, the more I recognized the land underfoot. The scent in the wind—iron, pine, cedar—was unmistakable.

Nightfang territory.

My stomach dropped. Shit.

I tried to wrestle back some measure of command, to remind him we weren't alone here, that this wasn't just any wilderness.

It was one thing to rage; it was another thing to destroy my own territory. But wasn't that what I did? Destroy things I was supposed to protect?

Sera's voice echoed, a painful taunt. 'That's your MO, isn't it?'

‘Ashar, stop!’ I tried to project calm, but he wasn’t listening. He hadn’t been listening since the moment Sera closed that door.

He lunged at a tree trunk, slamming his shoulder into it until it snapped with a deafening crack. The sound reverberated through my ribs.

He ripped the pieces apart, claws gouging deep grooves into the wood, as if tearing it down could quiet the ache inside him.

‘She was ours!’ he roared inside my mind. ‘Ours, and you threw her away!’

I flinched as pain seared down our shared spine. Every muscle ached with the strain of his rage. ‘I didn’t mean to—’

‘Intent means nothing when the result is the same!’

Another tree fell. Birds scattered into the night sky, wings slicing through the silence we’d shattered. The echo of Ashar’s growl followed them, low and guttural, vibrating the air like the growl of a storm about to break.

I tried to pull at the tether that connected us—my last thread of control—but it snapped back, biting into me with the force of his fury. He wasn’t going to stop. Not until something—or someone—made him.

‘Gavin,’ I growled through the mind-link. ‘I need you.’

His response was instant, the pulse of another mind brushing against mine.

‘Where the hell are you?’ His voice was sharp, alert. ‘Half the northern patrol just heard that howl. What’s going on?’

I pushed through the chaos to form coherent words. ‘It’s Ashar. He’s—’ I stopped, wincing as we collided with another trunk, sending bark and branches flying. He’s out of control.’

A pause. Then: ‘Where?’

‘Near the border. Northwest ridge—past the old stream.’

I could feel his frustration spike through the link. ‘I can’t just have three weeks to myself and my family?’

The image of my Beta, holding his wife and newborn daughter, stabbed a bolt of blinding agony through me.

Ashar threw his head back and howled, long and loud.

Gavin sighed. 'I'm on my way.'

GAVIN'S POV

Lydia was setting a cup of tea on the small stool beside me when I swore softly, careful not to wake the sleeping bundle cradled in my arms after an hour of rocking her to sleep.

My wife looked up at the sound of my voice, her expression soft but knowing.

As soon as I slanted an apologetic look her way, she smiled faintly. "Your Alpha needs you."

"I'm on leave, dammit." My grip on my daughter, Mira, tightened. "I don't want to leave you."

"Go," she said gently, brushing a kiss over my jaw. "He wouldn't call you unless it was serious."

I looked at her, guilt pricking under my ribs. "You just gave birth three days ago, Ly. I shouldn't—"

Her hand pressed over mine, warm and steady. "You're his Beta, Gav. That means he's your number one priority. I knew that when I said 'I do.'"

I cupped her face, running my thumb along her cheekbone. “You’re my number one priority,” I told her firmly. “Then Mira. Kieran will always come in third place.”

She laughed softly as she gently lifted the tiny bundle out of my arms. “Go.”

I was out of the house a heartbeat later, yanking my shirt off as I ran and Shifting before my feet even hit the tree line.

The world blurred into scents and sounds—the metallic tang of blood in the wind, the rip of claws against bark, the echoing growl that made my wolf, Xander, bare his teeth.

The scent trail led me up through the ridges, where the earth had been violently scarred. Claw marks gouged deep into the rock face, the scent of fury and despair soaked into the soil.

When I reached the clearing, the sight hit me like a punch.

Ashar’s hulking golden form was a cyclone of violence—ripping, tearing, lashing out at nothing. Trees lay splintered. The ground itself looked mauled. Every motion screamed of guilt and self-loathing.

‘Ashar!’ I projected through the mind-link, Xander stepping cautiously from the shadows. ‘Enough! You’ll destroy yourself.’

Ashar's head snapped up, and I swore internally. His eyes only ever burned gold when he was displaying a gargantuan amount of power. Or lack of control.

His chest heaved with every growl, each breath steaming in the cold night air.

'Finally,' he snarled—and lunged.

I braced. I'd known this was why I'd been summoned. He wasn't looking for comfort. He was looking for punishment.

Our bodies collided with bone-jarring force, the impact echoing through the clearing. Xander met him head-on, claws flashing.

We grappled, rolled, and broke apart, only to crash together again. The scent of blood thickened as fur and dust swirled through the air.

Ashar struck like a storm—relentless, blistering.

His movements were a blur of raw instinct, no strategy, no restraint. Every slash, every bite carried the weight of something deeper than rage.

I ducked a swipe that would've torn my throat open, countering with a shoulder slam that sent him stumbling back. But he was on me again in seconds, moving too fast for a creature his size.

Xander barely twisted aside in time. Claws raked across my shoulder, searing fire through muscle and bone. The pain snapped through both of us like lightning, but it only sharpened my focus.

‘He’s not trying to kill you,’ Xander growled inside my head. ‘He’s trying to kill himself.’

‘Sure seems like he’s trying to kill me too,’ I thought bitterly.

I slammed back into him, jaws snapping, forcing him down. The earth cracked beneath our combined weight, dust rising in a thick haze. Ashar bucked violently, throwing me off with a surge of power that made the air tremble.

He was magnificent, terrifying—every line of muscle carved with fury, every breath a growl.

His golden fur was streaked with blood, his own and mine, and his eyes blazed like molten sunlight through a storm.

This was unlike any sparring match we’d ever had. This was destruction made flesh.

“You’re going to burn yourself out,” I snarled aloud, half-shifting, my voice roughened by the strain.
“Kieran, call him back before he destroys what’s left of you!”

But there was no answer. Only a low, guttural snarl that made the trees shudder.

Ashar's howl broke the night again—raw anguish, echoing down the ridges. Then he lunged once more, claws colliding with my chest. I hit the ground hard, the air knocked from my lungs.

Before I could recover, he was over me, fangs bared, inches from my throat.

And then...hesitation.

His body trembled. The golden light in his eyes flickered—once, twice—before dimming, like a dying ember.

His breathing came ragged, desperate, as though the weight of what he'd done finally crashed down on him all at once.

The rage bled out slowly. His massive frame sagged, claws digging into the earth for balance.

Then his head dropped, pressing into the dirt, and a low, broken sound escaped him—less of a growl, closer to a sob.

I didn't move. I waited.

When he Shifted, it wasn't explosive. It was weary. Bones reformed with dull cracks, fur receding back into bloodied skin. The golden wolf dissolved into a man—shaking, bruised, half-naked, half-wild.

Kieran collapsed onto his hands and knees, gasping for air, the moonlight cutting harshly across his torn back.

His knuckles were raw, streaked with blood and dirt. For a long moment, he didn't speak—just stared at the ground, chest rising and falling too fast, eyes vacant.

The forest was quiet now—eerily so. The scent of blood and splintered wood still lingered, but the storm had passed.

And Kieran Blackthorne, the golden Alpha who commanded armies, now sat slumped in the wreckage, trembling like a man who'd lost his entire world.