

## **My Sister 212**

Chapter 212 CHARM ON THE ICE

KIERAN'S POV

By the time I reached the ice rink, I had lost half of my mind.

My phone was still open on the passenger seat of my car, Sera's text glowing on the screen like a flare in the dark: SOS.

It came with a dropped pin and nothing else. No context, no follow-up. Just that.

I'd barely taken the time to grab my jacket before jumping into the car. Every red light felt like a personal affront. By the time I skidded into the parking lot, my pulse was a war drum in my throat.

Inside, the chill hit first—crisp air, the sharp bite of ice and metal. Then I saw them through the glass doors.

Seraphina and Daniel.

Every cell in my body braced for damage. Blood. Panic. Tears. For one wild second, I searched for injury—anything to explain the 'SOS.'

But then I noticed the warmth in her posture, the small, easy smile tugging at her lips as she said something to him.

But that was not enough to calm me.

I was across the lobby before my rational mind caught up. I swung the doors open with a lot more force than I intended, and almost every head in the rink turned in my direction.

But only two mattered to me.

Daniel's bright grin as he waved from the rink threw me for a loop.

I froze, scanning him from head to toe as he ran—no, skated—to me, unharmed, unbothered, perfectly fine. Excited.

"Dad! You made it!"

"What's going on?" I demanded, urgency sharpening my voice as I flicked my eyes between both of them as Sera rose.

And so did the man I had just noticed for the first time.

He was almost as tall as me, built like a wolf who spent too much time lifting weights, with chocolate-colored skin and closely cropped curly hair. He looked vaguely familiar, but I couldn't quite place him.

The ugly green monster I'd become acquainted with anytime I thought of Sera and Lucian reared its ugly head, but I wasn't even sure what the situation was.

Sera looked just as befuddled as I was, but her confusion quickly turned to understanding. "Baby, this is your backup?" she asked Daniel.

He nodded. "Yup!"

I frowned. "What?" I raised my phone. "I got an SOS text. I thought something was wrong."

Daniel slid close, grinning like he'd won a prize. "Something is wrong. I don't have a partner for hockey."

"For hockey?" I repeated, incredulous.

He nodded eagerly. "They challenged me to a match," he explained, pointing to two identical boys standing next to the man. "Two against one wasn't fair, so I called backup."

My chest deflated with an audible sigh. The tension that had been holding me upright evaporated, leaving behind the kind of staggering relief that made me want to laugh or curse—or both.

Sera raised a hand in half-apology. “I’m so sorry, Kieran, I didn’t realize he texted you.”

She shot Daniel a mildly reproachful look. “I’m never handing you my phone ever again.”

Now that there wasn’t a red haze of panic clouding my vision, I took her in. Gods, she looked good.

Her cheeks were pink from the cold, and her hair gleamed so white under the harsh fluorescent lights that she looked like a snow queen.

“Um.” I swallowed. Took a deep, calming breath. “It’s okay.”

My gaze darted pointedly to the man beside her.

She flushed. “Oh, where are my manners? Kieran, this is Maxwell Cartridge, Maya’s brother,”—oh, that’s why he looked familiar—“and his twins, Noah and Zach.” She pointed to the identical boys who were eyeing me slightly warily.

“Maxwell, this is Kieran, my—” My heart skipped a beat as she cut herself off. Then she cleared her throat and backtracked. “Daniel’s father.”

Maxwell held a hand out to me. I took it begrudgingly, using every ounce of willpower I possessed not to glare at him or crush his phalanges.

Daniel beamed, looking up at me. “So, Dad. You’ll play, right?”

I glanced at him, then at the ice, then at Sera. Her expression was caught somewhere between amusement and apology.

It was so different from her usual indifference and wariness that there was no way in hell I was going to say no.

“Wait,” one of his sons piped up. “If Daniel’s dad is playing, then Dad,”—he looked up at Maxwell—“you have to play too.”

Maxwell’s brows dipped. “But that tips the scales again.”

I smirked, squeezing Daniel’s shoulders. “Trust me, that won’t be a problem.”

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## SERAPHINA'S POV

I couldn't look away.

Kieran cut across the rink with the kind of captivating power and elegance that made everyone else look blurred.

I'd forgotten how good he was—how alive he looked in motion. The last time I'd seen him like this, we'd still been teenagers.

He'd been the star of the university hockey team then—skilled, graceful, and magnetic enough to make half the campus crowd the bleachers just to watch him play.

He could've gone pro. Everyone said so. But the Nightfang heir didn't get to chase dreams of ice and adrenaline. His destiny had been chosen long before he could decide for himself.

Still, watching him now, commanding the rink as if the years between then and now had melted away, I couldn't help the flicker in my chest—a pulse of nostalgia, of admiration, of something dangerously close to longing.

I'd never been a part of the lessons when he taught Daniel hockey, but gods, what amazing lessons they must have been.

Father and son moved like they shared a single heartbeat, seamlessly, precisely, and confidently, cutting through the chaos of their opponents' scrappy defense.

Maxwell and the twins put up a good fight, fast and spirited, but it was clear who dominated the ice.

"Now, Danny!" Kieran called. Blades sliced through frost as the puck slid across the ice. Then—the satisfying clack of the winning goal.

The rink erupted in deafening cheers. My pulse thundered to match it, and I cheered so loud that my voice went hoarse.

Daniel whooped, and Kieran laughed with him, scooping him up and lifting him high on his shoulders. Their joy was raw, contagious, a warmth that tugged at something deep inside me.

Kieran's grin—unrestrained, boyish, utterly un-Alpha-like—flashed under the bright lights as he lifted Daniel high into the air.

The sight stirred something pleasant in me, warmth radiating through my chest.

Even Alina, quiet at the back of my mind, stirred. 'Damn, he does have a certain charm on the ice,' she murmured.

I bit back a smile. "You're not wrong."

Then Kieran turned and skated towards me.

For one heart-stopping second, the crowd blurred. The lights softened. My breath caught. Because I knew this scene—I'd imagined it a million times before. Back when we were young and I was stupid and in love.

There was a tradition back in the day: after a big win, the captain or MVP would skate to the edge of the rink, to the one waiting for him—girlfriend, fiancée, mate—and kiss her through the glass.

And now, here he was.

My fingers trembled slightly against the glass as Kieran neared, Daniel still perched on his shoulders.

But then—he stopped short.

A grin curved his lips as he lowered Daniel, nudging him gently toward me. “Go on, champ.”

Daniel pressed his small palms to the glass, leaned forward, and kissed it—right over my reflection.

“For my significant other,” he said brightly.



The crowd chuckled. I laughed too, though the sound came out thin and airy. Relief and disappointment tangled inside me in a way I didn't want to examine too closely.

What had I been expecting?

Kieran had never been one for showy traditions, anyway.

He hadn't done it with Celeste either, not once in all those years of public appearances and pack celebrations.

Still, some naive part of me—the remnant of the girl who'd once believed in fairytales—had resurfaced, bringing with it that familiar, foolish hope.

I pressed my hand to the glass, returning Daniel's kiss with a smile. "Good job, baby."

Kieran met my eyes over Daniel's head, his expression unreadable. For a fleeting moment, the ice between us didn't feel quite so cold.

Then the spell broke. Noah tripped over Zach, Maxwell groaned, and the rink erupted in laughter once more.

The moment was gone.

But the echo—his smile, the warmth, the ghost of something unspoken—hung over me long after.