

My Sister 214

Chapter 214 HEARTBREAKINGLY HONEST

SERAPHINA'S POV

"What the hell?" I repeated, my voice tight as I stared in horror at the sight before me.

Kieran's torso bore a deep, jagged scar that ran just below his ribs. A harsh, uneven gash that looked weeks old but was still angry red around the edges.

That wound should have healed. For a werewolf like Kieran, a born Alpha whose regeneration bordered on myth, something like that had no business lingering.

He yanked his shirt down before I could get a better look, but the image was already seared in my brain. "It's nothing, Sera."

"Don't," I snapped. "Don't you dare tell me that—that awful mess is nothing." My voice trembled, and I fought to get a hold on the emotions that surged within me.

His jaw clenched, the muscles ticking like he was chewing back something sharp. "I'm fine."

"Fine?" The word was an incredulous gasp. "That's not fine, Kieran! You're supposed to heal faster than light, and that"—I pointed a finger at his chest and he visibly flinched—"that looks like it's been festering."

His gaze hardened, his words clipped with authority. "Drop it, Sera."

"No." I folded my arms, defiant. "If you think I'm going to ignore this, then you don't fucking know me."

"It's none of your business," he gritted out.

"Oh?" I cocked my head. "If you're in danger, if you're going around getting hurt and not healing as you should, what does that mean for Daniel? If something happens to you, he has to step into your gigantic-ass shoes, and that is one hundred percent my business."

That made Kieran still. The faintest flicker of shame passed across his features, gone as quickly as it came.

"It's not a big deal," he said lowly. "You don't need to worry about me."

"Then make sure I don't have to," I shot back. "Keep yourself in fucking pristine condition and make sure my baby doesn't have to bear the weight of Alpha for a long, long time."

His head lowered, his shoulders slumping as the fight seemed to drain out of him. For a moment, silence stretched between us, heavy and tense.

I could hear Daniel humming upstairs, the sound of water running. Mundane, normal things that felt miles away from the storm building here.

Finally, Kieran exhaled, the sound almost a growl. "It's Ashar."

I blinked. Of all the answers I braced for, never in a million years did I expect that.

"Ashar...your wolf?"

He nodded once, jaw tight.

My stomach dropped. "He hurt you?"

"Not directly. It's his fault, though. And he's stopping me from healing."

Anger flared hot in my chest, slicing through the fear and terror of seeing that wound. "Why the hell would he do that?"

Kieran rubbed a hand over his face, frustration bleeding into his tone. "Punishment."

“Punishment?” I repeated, disbelieving. “For what?”

He looked away then, his throat bobbing like he was swallowing the words as they rose.

“Kieran.” My voice was a low warning. “Fucking answer me.”

“For...everything,” he said hoarsely. “For what I did to you.”

The words struck like a slap. My mind reeled. “That’s insane,” I said. “He’s you. You’re supposed to be one. You don’t get to—”

“He’s angry,” Kieran cut in. “And he’s been distant ever since...that night.”

I scoffed incredulously. “I want to talk to him.”

Kieran’s head jerked up. “Sera, no.”

“Yes,” I insisted. “If Ashar’s angry enough to hurt you, then he’s a danger to everyone around you—including Daniel. I need to know what’s going on inside his head.”

He looked like he wanted to argue, but one look at my expression must've told him it was pointless. With a reluctant exhale, he nodded once.

"Fine," he said quietly. "But he hasn't spoken to me in ages, I'm not sure he'll want to—"

The change was immediate.

Kieran's stance shifted—shoulders squaring, posture straightening. The heat in his eyes cooled, replaced by a predatory stillness that sent a prickle down my spine. The air itself seemed to hum differently, thick with the charge of something primal and dangerous.

"Sera."

His voice was deeper now, rougher—carrying that layered echo I'd only ever heard that night at Lucian's gala. The sound made the hairs on my arms rise.

"Hello, Ashar," I said, forcing calm into my voice.

He tilted his head, his gold-ringed obsidian eyes studying me with that uncanny stillness predators often had right before they pounced. "You asked to speak with me."

“I did.” I crossed my arms, steadying my breath. “I want to know why you hurt Kieran.”

Ashar’s lips curved—somewhere between a smirk and a snarl. “Because he deserved it.”

“For what?”

“For everything he did to you,” he replied, his tone low and fierce. “For the years he made you feel small. For the way he pushed you aside. For denying our bond. For breaking what should never have been broken.”

My heart seized with pain. I drew a shaking breath, wrestling to keep myself from crumbling under the raw ache his words unleashed.

“And you think injuring him fixes that?”

“He needed to feel it,” he growled, eyes glinting. “He will not listen to reason. So he will listen to pain.”

I shook my head. “You can’t keep punishing him, Ashar. You’re the same soul. Hurting him is hurting yourself.”

He let out a bitter laugh. “You think I don’t know that? You think I don’t feel the sting every time he bleeds? But I’d rather bear it than let him forget.”

I thought of every interaction Kieran and I had had since that night he revealed the prospect of the bond. The way he seemed to carry around a weight that was eating him from the inside. The longing stares, the tremor in his voice. The seaside dinner. The necklace.

“He hasn’t forgotten,” I whispered.

Ashar’s gaze softened for a fraction of a second, barely enough to catch before the hardness returned.

“You defend him,” he said softly. “Even now.”

“I’m not defending him.” I cleared my throat. “I’m refusing to be used as justification to hurt him.”

Something flickered across his face. Hurt, maybe. Or longing. Then, softer still: “Do you still hate us, Sera?”

The question hit me like a blow. My breath caught as I opened my mouth, but no sound came.

“Even now,” Ashar continued, stepping closer, “with your wolf’s essence stirring beneath your skin—can you still not forgive us?”

My throat tightened. I felt Alina's presence stir within me, curious, but unwilling to rise to the surface. "How—how do you know about my wolf?"

His expression turned knowing. His voice dropped to a near whisper, vibrating through me. "You think I wouldn't feel her?"

I took an involuntary step back, pulse hammering. "She's...not fully here."

"She will be." His tone was sure. "And when she is, I won't make the same mistake twice."

"Meaning?"

Ashar's mouth curved, fierce determination shining in his eyes. "I missed the signs once, Sera. I ignored every instinct screaming that you were ours. I let Kieran's reservations dictate our fate. That will never happen again."

My breath caught. There was a strange, magnetic pull in his words, a rawness that wasn't like Kieran's usual restraint.

Where Kieran hesitated, Ashar claimed. Where Kieran doubted, Ashar knew.

And gods help me, his tone—low, dark, threaded with something possessive—did something terrible to my heartbeat.

“My wolf might not be ready to face you,” I managed to say, forcing steadiness into my voice.

Ashar’s gaze softened. “I can sense her hesitation. I won’t push her.”

“That’s...good,” I murmured, unsure how else to respond.

He tilted his head, his expression unreadable. “I feel your reluctance, too,” he said quietly. “You hide it well. But I can smell the uncertainty, the conflict within you.”

I swallowed hard. “Can you blame me?”

“I don’t. You gave your heart so willingly once, and it was broken for all your trouble. I will never forgive myself for letting that happen.”

“Ashar...” I began, but the words tangled somewhere in my throat

He studied me, then smiled—a slow, devastating thing. “You know, I’ve always been fond of you, Sera.”

He moved closer still, his presence overwhelming. “Long before I even knew what you meant to us. The biggest mistake I ever made was letting that fool, Kieran, bury that truth under guilt and pride.”

My heart stuttered.

“I should have fought harder,” he said simply. “I should have taken control, marked you the moment fate tied our names together. Maybe then you wouldn’t have suffered as much as you did.”

I stared at him, stunned. This wasn’t the Ashar I remembered—the cold, elusive wolf who had once regarded me as little more than Kieran’s inconvenience. This Ashar was bolder, unrestrained...heartbreakingly honest.

He reached out, and his hand gently cupped my cheek. A shiver ran through me at the warmth of his touch. “I won’t hide it anymore. I won’t suppress it.”

His voice dropped to a velvet whisper. “Whether you ever forgive us or not, I’ll be here. Waiting. Fighting. Mate or not, I will never let you go again.”

The words hung heavy in the air between us. My pulse thudded painfully in my ears, my throat dry.

I couldn’t move. Couldn’t think. I burned under his gaze, every nerve alive, breath stuck, heart trembling.

Then, faintly—distantly—someone called my name.

“Sera?”

Kieran’s voice.

The world snapped back into focus. The air around me shimmered, Ashar’s golden irises dimming until Kieran’s familiar black returned. He blinked, disoriented, his chest rising and falling sharply.

“You alright?” he asked, his tone careful.

“I—yeah.” I forced a breath, stepping back. “I’m fine.”

He frowned, glancing at me like he could sense the lie. “Sera, the things he said—”

“No.” The word came too fast. “We don’t need to discuss that.”

Kieran’s gaze lingered, searching, but I couldn’t hold it. My heart was still racing, my hands trembling faintly at my sides.

“I should...get the medical kit,” I said quickly, turning toward the hallway.

“Sera—”

But I was already moving, my footsteps echoing down the hall.

I didn't stop until I reached the bathroom cabinet, my hands braced against the cool marble counter. My reflection in the mirror was flushed, wide-eyed, breathless.

Ashar's voice still echoed in my head, low and reverent. 'Mate or not, I will never let you go again.'

I closed my eyes, exhaling shakily.

Gods, what was happening to me?