

## **My Sister 215**

Chapter 215 MAN AND WOLF

KIERAN'S POV

Sera left the room without looking back.

The quiet click of the door shutting upstairs was somehow louder than every time she'd ever yelled at me.

I stood there in the kitchen for a long while, just staring at the place she'd been standing. Her scent still lingered faintly in the air, refusing to leave even when she did.

"She can barely look at me," I muttered, leaning on the counter. "I can't even blame her."

I winced sharply. My ribs ached faintly from where I'd aggravated the injury playing hockey. The dull throb matched the rhythm of my pulse.

'Why would you?'

I snorted. "Oh, so we're talking again?"

'Sera has asked that I stop punishing you,' Ashar replied, his tone begrudging.

I chuckled dryly. "Since when do you do what others ask you to?"

'Since her,' he said matter-of-factly. 'I will do whatever it takes to make and keep her happy after being the cause of her pain for so long.'

My head dropped, each slow breath caught in the drag of regret that weighed me down like lead.

'Don't sulk, Kieran. You're not the only one feeling it. She looked at both of us like we were strangers.'

"She has every right," I sighed, rubbing my face with both hands. "After all, I treated her like a stranger over the last ten years."

Ashar was quiet for a beat before replying, 'You were in love with Celeste back then.'

The statement hit so hard, I flinched.

"That's not an excuse," I said through clenched teeth.

'It's not,' he agreed. 'But it's the truth.'

I stared at my reflection in the stainless-steel surface of the fridge. The man looking back at me looked like an Alpha—broad-shouldered, stern, composed. But behind the eyes? Just a mess of regret and guilt.

"You said you liked Sera," I said finally. "You always liked her. Why did you never tell me?"

Ashar sighed, a sound that was half a growl in the back of my mind. 'Would it have mattered? You'd already decided who you wanted. I knew if I said anything, you'd only fight me.'

My hands dropped to my knees as I doubled over. "So you just kept it to yourself all these years."

'I had to.' His tone was quieter now, something like shame flickering beneath the surface.

'You were so convinced that Celeste was your future. I didn't want to confuse you. But Sera—' He paused, and I felt his presence waver, unsure. 'She deserved better than being caught between us. I didn't want my feelings to make things worse.'

I let out a bitter laugh. "Things got worse anyway."

'Yes,' he admitted, 'they did.'

Silence descended again, but this time, it wasn't hostile. It was the kind of quiet that comes when you've both been stripped of excuses.

After a long pause, I murmured, "You know, you're braver than me sometimes."

'Sometimes?'

I scoffed, fighting a surge of self-loathing. "I mean it. You told her how you felt. I had years—a fucking decade—to say half the things she deserved to hear, and I never did. I hid behind duty. Behind misplaced loyalty. I let her believe she was nothing more than an obligation."

Ashar's voice softened, but it didn't lose its edge. 'You were a veritable piece of shit.'

I huffed. "Thanks."

'But so was I,' he continued, surprising me. 'Which is why I did what I did.'

I frowned. "What did you do?"

'That night in the garden, when I confessed to making the first move ten years ago.'

I perked up. After that night of Lucian's gala, he'd been an elusive bastard, refusing to talk about it no matter how many times I brought it up. "You're finally ready to talk about it?"

Ashar sighed. 'I took the fault, not because I remembered that night perfectly, but because I didn't want Sera to shoulder any more pain or blame.'

I stiffened. "What are you saying?"

'I'm saying that I didn't remember everything about the Blood Moon Hunt,' he admitted. 'Not clearly. I only knew that she had been hurt, forced to shoulder the blame all this time. I couldn't take it anymore. So I took the weight of it.'

I exhaled, running a hand through my hair. The memory of that night in the garden still haunted me—the chaos, the confusion, the fake truth stone. Sera's tear-streaked face, the tremble in her voice when she'd demanded clarity after Ashar's outburst.

"You took the blame to protect her," I said slowly.

'Yes.'

"But..."

I thought back to the dream I'd had on the yacht. Thanks to Ashar's confession, I was convinced that it was a memory. But now I wasn't so sure. If he truly didn't remember, had that just been a product of my longing and imagination?

I swore harshly, tugging at my hair.

What the fuck happened that night of the Blood Moon Hunt?

'Does it matter?' Ashar said quietly. 'All that matters is what happens now.'

For a moment, neither of us spoke. The sound of the clock ticking filled the room, the soft, persistent rhythm grounding me more than I expected.

"You know," I said quietly, "for all our differences, we've both been idiots."

Ashar chuckled, a deep rumble that vibrated through my chest. 'You, more than me. But...agreed.'

I huffed out a quiet laugh as a sense of calm settled over me, like the air had cleared after a long storm.

"So what now?" I asked, leaning back again.

Outside, the sun was setting rapidly. Sera was spending an awfully long time looking for a medical kit. “She’s still keeping her distance. She still has reservations. We can’t force her to forgive us.”

‘No, we can’t,’ Ashar said. ‘But you deserve redemption. Even if she never gives it to you, you can still attempt to earn it. And no matter what she decides, she’s ours, Kieran. Whether she returns to us or walks away.’

His words echoed inside me long after they faded.

I glanced once more at the door, imagining Sera somewhere down the hall, fussing with the medical kit, pretending not to think about what had just happened.

I thought of her eyes earlier—how guarded they’d been. How all that armor fell apart when she saw my wound.

She’d tried to hide it, but I’d seen the flicker of concern there. The way her fingers trembled when she tried to stop herself from reaching for it.

She still cared. Maybe not enough to forgive me. But enough to worry.

‘We’ll make it right,’ I said, a silent vow.

Ashar’s response was a promise of its own. ‘Together.’

I drew a steadying breath. “Thank you, Ashar.”

‘For what?’

“For staying, even when I didn’t deserve it.”

There was a faint hum of amusement in my mind. ‘Well, it’s not like I could tear myself out of you and go my merry way.’

I rolled my eyes, but a smile tugged at my lips.

Things were far from fixed; the scars were still raw. But at least Ashar and I were no longer standing on opposite sides of an internal war.

In that moment, we were one again—man and wolf, reason and instinct, both tethered to the same aching soul.