

My Sister 230

Chapter 230 SHEER. FUCKING. AUDACITY

SERAPHINA'S POV

I sucked in a breath as I was pulled sharply to the side, into a narrow, shadowed walkway just out of sight.

A hard, warm chest pressed against mine, rising and falling with restrained intensity. I didn't need to look up to know whose arms were caging me against the wall.

The bond flared, loud and unfiltered, and every emotion hit me at once—possession, fear, longing, frustration, desperation.

Kieran.

His scent washed over me, suffocating in its familiarity. I pressed my palms to his chest—not to pull him closer, but to keep space between us.

His heart pounded so fiercely, it felt like it wanted to tattoo itself on my palm.

"Kieran," I hissed, voice low so the passing partygoers wouldn't hear. "What the fuck are you doing?"

His jaw flexed. He didn't budge.

"Trying," he said, voice rough, "to stop losing my mind."

I blinked, startled by how quickly the atmosphere shifted from confrontation to raw vulnerability.

He blew out a shaky breath through his nose, eyes dark and desperate. "I know I told you I would give you time. Fuck, I told myself I'd give you time. I told myself I could handle you pulling away from me. But Sera—"

He leaned closer, the bond flaring so violently my heart lurched. "Every time I look at you, and you look away, it feels like being gutted."

His words were raw enough to sting.

"I'm trying to restrain myself," he said, voice cracking. "But this bond—" His hand curled against the wall beside my head, knuckles white. "It keeps reminding me of how much I want you. How much I need you. And it drives me crazy that you keep pretending you feel nothing."

His voice dropped to a hoarse whisper. "How can you be so cruel?"

Just like that, the heat in my blood chilled to ice.

Cruel.

That word was like a slap made of memory.

For a moment, I couldn't breathe. Not because of his body, or the wall, or the bond—but because of the. Sheer. Fucking. Audacity.

I shoved Kieran. Hard.

He staggered back a step, shock flickering across his features.

"Cruel?" My voice trembled with rage. "You're calling me cruel?"

His brows pinched, and he had the fucking nerve to look confused. "Sera—"

"No." The word cut out of me like a blade. "You do not get to say that bullshit to me."

Heat surged to my face, hands shaking as I stabbed a finger at his chest.

“Do you even remember our marriage?” I demanded.

His lips parted slightly, jaw tensing.

I stepped forward. A red haze crept in at the edge of my vision. “Do you remember brushing past me in the corridors like I was furniture? Do you remember ignoring me like I was an alarm you could snooze? Do you remember treating me like I was an obligation, a hindrance, a mistake you had to endure?”

Kieran flinched, the color draining from his face.

“You want to talk about cruelty?” My laugh was sharp and humorless. “Let’s talk about how every time we slept together, you saw Celeste. Remember when you told me that? Remember when you said I never mattered? When you accused me of trapping you?”

His eyes shut tight. Pain flashed across his face.

“That,” I whispered, voice splintering, “was cruelty.”

Silence flooded the walkway, thick enough to choke on.

The bond churned beneath my skin, stirring grief and longing with a fierce rawness that made me feel like I was being skinned alive.

Kieran opened his eyes slowly, guilt etched into every line of his face.

“Sera...” His voice was barely more than breath. “I was blind. I was so angry, and broken, and you were there and I—” His throat worked. “I hurt you because it was easier than blaming myself.”

It would’ve been easier if he’d yelled.

Instead, he spoke softly and reverently, like someone handling something they’re afraid to break.

“I know I failed you,” he whispered. “I know I made you feel unwanted. I know I ruined what we could have had.”

His voice broke. “And now I finally feel everything I should have felt back then. I want to make it right. I want to—”

“Make me forget?” I cut in.

He reeled back as if I’d struck him.

“That...that’s not what I meant.”

“But that’s what you’re asking.” I wrapped my arms around myself to stop the tremors running up and down my spine. “You said you weren’t trying to erase the past, but that’s exactly what you want. You want me to pretend the last ten years never happened. Like that version of us never existed. That the mate bond magically fixes everything.”

He swallowed hard, but didn’t deny it.

I stepped back, putting distance between us, even though it ripped something inside me to do it.

My back met the cold cement of the wall behind me, and it took all my willpower not to sag against it.

“Go on then,” I said softly. “Make me forget. Erase all the pain of those years from my mind—from my fucking heart.”

His jaw ticked, helplessness and sorrow swirling in the dark depths of his eyes.

“Unless you can do that, Kieran. Unless you can actually, really, wipe the slate clean—give me fucking amnesia.” I shook my head, the words trembling out of me. “You can’t ask me to stand here and pretend the bond is enough.”

His gaze dropped to the ground, shoulders bowing as if something heavy had been dropped on him.

“I don’t want you to pretend.” His voice was hoarse. “I just... Fuck, Sera, I don’t know how to live with what I did, knowing it cost me you. I want to fix it. I’m going out of my mind trying to figure out how to fix it.”

Something inside me splintered, the rawness of his guilt breaking through my defenses.

For a moment, I saw the man beneath the Alpha. The man who was terrified he had already destroyed the future fate intended for him.

He reached for my hand, slow and hesitant. Not forceful. Not demanding. Just longing.

“Please,” he whispered. “Let me try to make amends.”

I pulled my hand back before he could touch me.

His fingers hung in the air, empty.

The pain that crashed across his face hit me like a wave. I felt it through the bond—piercing, debilitating agony.

Fuck, I couldn't do this right now.

"Kieran," I said, voice low, "not today."

He stared at me, confused and wounded. "Why not?"

"Because this is Daniel's day." I forced my voice steady. "And I won't let our mess ruin it."

His breath stuttered, jaw tightening. "I'm not trying to ruin anything."

"No," I whispered. "But you will if you push this now."

Over his shoulder, I spotted Maya and Ethan, their arms laden with presents, and a small breath whooshed out of me. "I have to go."

I stepped past Kieran. His body tensed, instinctively wanting to follow, to pull, to fix—but he stayed rooted in place.

I walked away before the bond could drag me back. Before his scent could cloud my judgement.

Before the part of me desperately aching for him won.