

My Sister 233

Chapter 233: SHAMELESS

KIERAN'S POV

I should've walked away.

When Sera led Daniel into the forest, blindfold and all, I should've turned back to the courtyard. Mingled with the guests. Pretended I wasn't dying to know what she'd planned for him.

But I didn't move.

I stood there—rooted, breaths uneven, heart pounding—as she vanished into the trees with our son.

I tried to keep my expression neutral. Judging by the sidelong glance and the knowing smirk Gavin tried—and failed—to hide, I was doing a piss-poor job of it.

I told myself I wasn't bothered.

I told myself I wasn't envious.

I told myself I wasn't hoping Sera would include me in whatever she had planned.

But then the trees swallowed them, and bitterness scorched my chest.

She didn't look back.

She didn't ask me to come.

And I had no right to expect her to.

Not after the walkway. Not after what I said.

‘How can you be so cruel?’

Gods, I deserved every bit of fury she threw at me. All her words—tiny, poisonous darts that sank into me and curdled my insides—rang true, and I had no defense against them.

I was the one who had been cruel and callous. I had no right to play the victim or attempt to turn the tide.

And yet, knowing all that, the bond defied logic and reason. It pulsed beneath my skin, restless and aching and gnawing, whispering desires I had no right to claim.

Children were fighting over sweets at the dessert table. Adults clinked glasses and chatted in low murmurs. Music hummed softly in the background. The whole pack was alive with celebration.

My body was alive with tension as my eyes stayed glued to the edge of the forest.

And then—

A burst of sound.

A laugh—Daniel’s—rang through the trees. Pure, wild, unfiltered joy.

Then another sound. Softer. Sera.

I didn’t go to them. Ashar thrashed inside me, wanting nothing more than to be with his mate and pup, but I held myself back.

I knew that, after earlier, one more misstep, no matter how small and well-meaning, might send her running, but I couldn't decide if holding back was the right choice or just another mistake.

When they finally returned, Daniel was glowing from the inside out, eyes shiny, cheeks flushed, smile stretching to his ears.

Sera walked beside him, her expression soft, warm in a way I hadn't seen directed at me in years. Maybe ever.

"Dad!"

Daniel dashed to me, taking my hands in his. "You have to see what Mom got me. It's freaking awesome!"

I chuckled, but the sound came out slightly brittle. "Yeah?"

He nodded, his hair flopping forward into his eyes. He tugged on my hand. "Come see—"

He paused and turned to Sera. "I can show him, right, Mom?"

I could see in the lines of tension in her shoulders and neck that she was trying her very best not to look at me.

"Of course, baby." She ruffled his hair. "It's your present, you can show it to anyone you want."

He whooped, and the next thing I knew, a small party—me, Ethan, Maya, my father, mother, and Margaret—was following Daniel and Sera back into the forest.

And when I saw what she'd given him—the treehouse nestled in the oak, built on a piece of land she bought just for him—my breath left me in one harsh exhale.

Unlike most of the presents Daniel had unwrapped, Sera's gift wasn't ostentatious. It wasn't a show of wealth or prestige or power.

While every other gift said to the Nightfang Heir: Go conquer the world.

Sera's said: Go conquer the world. But remember, you can always come back here and be yourself. You're safe here. I'll always love you here.

It was the kind of gift only someone with a heart as big and warm as Sera's could give.

The custom-made dagger I'd given him felt suddenly shallow.

I should have been a part of this gift. It should have come from Daniel's father and mother. But I'd lost that privilege a long time ago.

As Daniel proudly showed off the rope ladder, explaining every inch of "his own territory," I watched Sera from across the clearing.

The afternoon sun kissed her skin, her hair glowing like an angel's halo.

Her eyes, aching tender and fiercely vigilant, followed our son's every movement; the soft, aching curve of her smile made my chest twist, sharp and raw.

Gods, she was captivating.

How had I spent ten years being so blind to her allure? Had I been under some kind of curse?

The fact that I used to be the person closest to her, the one who should've known her best, uplifted her most, sheltered her deepest, and instead I had been the one who tore her down?

Humiliation burned sharp and unforgiving beneath my ribs.

And now? To stand here and want her forgiveness, want her acceptance, want her love—just because fate finally slapped me awake?

It was shameless.

I was shameless.

And yet, shamelessly, I wanted her. I wanted a chance to be decent. To be better. To be someone worthy of being tied to her—bond or not.

‘Make me forget. Erase all the pain of those years from my mind—from my fucking heart.’

Gods, I wished I could.

Better yet, I wished I could go back in time and make sure I never hurt her. Make sure I bombarded her with all the love and affection she deserved.

I was brought back to the present when Daniel tugged lightly on Sera’s sleeve. I realized that the exhibition party had dissipated, leaving just the three of us in the clearing.

“Mom, can we go inside the treehouse? Just you and me? For a bit?”

The request hit me harder than it should have.

I knew he wasn’t excluding me out of spite. We’d grown closer over the last couple of weeks, especially through his training. But Sera would always be the one he turned to for comfort and care, especially on the precipice of the heavy role he was about to step into.

I couldn’t begrudge him that.

Sera glanced at me briefly, her guard instantly shooting up, almost like she expected resistance.

“Dad...” Daniel said in a tentative tone. “That’s okay, right?”

I just shrugged. It was supposed to be a nonchalant gesture, but judging by how heavy my shoulders felt, I doubt it came across that way.

“Hey, it’s your territory, bud.”

I’d ruined enough moments of hers.

Let them have this one.

Sera’s shoulders eased. Daniel beamed. They slipped into the forest again, voices fading beneath the rustling leaves.

I exhaled slowly, scrubbing a hand down my face.

‘Give me fucking amnesia.’

No matter how much I wanted to, I couldn’t rewrite the last ten years. I couldn’t erase her suffering. I couldn’t undo the cruelty she threw in my face in that corridor—the cruelty I had wielded like a fucking weapon.

But every moment moving forward?

That, I could work with.

And if I chose right—again and again and again—then maybe the bond would guide us back to each other.

Not because it was fate.

But because it was us.