

My Sister 238

Chapter 238: YOU'RE MINE

KIERAN'S POV

Two days after Daniel's heir ceremony, Gavin walked into my office in the pack house, leaned against the doorjamb, and just...stared at me.

I paused mid-sentence over the logistics report I'd been reviewing—border rotation schedules, revised security protocols after a rogue sighting near Topanga, and a stack of alliance correspondence I'd been meaning to answer.

Numbers and obligations blurred together, but none of it was unusual.

What was unusual was my Beta looking at me like he was waiting for a bomb to go off.

I closed my laptop halfway. "Can I help you?"

Gavin folded his arms, still assessing me like I was a malfunctioning explosive device.

"I'm just wondering if this building—sturdy as it is—can withstand the force of you receiving the information I have to pass."

My brows pulled together. "What are you talking about?"

He didn't answer. Just stepped forward and set something on my desk.

A printed flight confirmation.

My heart dropped. My pulse went tight and sharp, a rope snapping inside my chest.

Gavin exhaled slowly. “I figured you’d want to—”

I was out of my chair before he finished the sentence.

At the rate and frequency with which I regularly tore through the streets of LA like a madman, it was a wonder my car and plate number weren’t plastered over every news outlet as a public menace.

Ashar paced viciously under my skin as I drove, claws dragging against my ribs, every instinct screaming ‘Go! Find her! Stop her!’

Traffic blurred around me, LA sunlight flashing in ragged streaks across the windshield.

I barely paused to switch off the engine when I screeched into Sera’s driveway.

Go. Stop her!

I didn’t bother knocking. The door wasn’t locked anyway. I stepped inside—and froze.

The living room was empty. Still. A hollow, aching quiet that slammed into my chest like a fist.

For one sickening moment, the ground slipped out from under me.

She was gone. She already left. I was too late.

My pulse spiked, panic flooding so fast I nearly lost control—until I heard it.

Footsteps. Soft, steady movement. A faint rustle, the scrape of a zipper, the muted thump of something being set on a bed.

Upstairs.

Relief buckled my knees. Almost sent me to the floor.

I took the stairs two at a time, following the sounds down the hallway until a bedroom door came into view. It was slightly ajar, light spilling through the crack, a warm sliver cutting across the floor.

I pushed it open.

And there she was.

Sera stood in the middle of her room, a half-open suitcase on the bed, folded clothes arranged with her usual neatness. Another bag waited on the floor, already zipped.

My stomach bottomed out. I was going to be fucking sick right there in her doorway.

Sera glanced up at my unceremonious intrusion and...rolled her eyes.

She didn't look surprised to see me. If anything, she looked like she'd been expecting me.

"Gavin warned me you were blazing your way here," she sighed, folding a shirt into her suitcase.

Then she pointed a finger at me, her scolding tone like a schoolteacher's. "I haven't been attacked in months. Turn off whatever surveillance bullshit you have on me."

The calmness in her voice—the casual, almost effortless way she spoke—was at complete odds with the fact that every shirt she folded, every item she tucked into that damn suitcase, felt like she was peeling off a piece of my heart.

And that indifference terrified me far more than her anger ever had.

“What”—Fuck, I couldn’t breathe—“is this?”

Sera didn’t stop folding a sweater. “What does it look like?”

“You’re leaving.” The words scraped out of me.

“Yes.”

That calm again—like still water hiding a deadly drop underneath.

I stepped forward before I knew I was moving. “Why didn’t you tell me?”

She lifted her gaze to mine. Steady. Detached.

“You would have been informed eventually. After all, Daniel will be staying with you while I’m gone.”

Gone

The word hit harder than a punch.

“Sera...” I swallowed, trying to form coherent words around the rising panic crashing through me. “Are you doing this to avoid the bond? Is that what this is?”

There, so minute I would have missed it if my gaze wasn’t fixed on her—a tiny flicker of emotion. Vulnerability.

Then she blinked, and the indifferent mask slipped on again.

“This has nothing to do with avoiding anything.” She turned back to her suitcase, grabbed a folded skirt, and began refolding it. “This is my decision. My choice. And as my ex-husband, you have no right to interfere with it.”

Ex-husband.

The word lodged itself in my ribs like a blade.

I shook my head. “No right? Sera, even if that’s true—”

“It is true.”

“—what about as Daniel’s father?” My voice sharpened. “His heir ceremony just ended. If you leave right now, how do you think it will look to everyone else? What do you think they’ll say?”

Again—another flicker of emotion. Her eyes lowered, lashes trembling faintly.

“I’ve thought about that,” she murmured. “I worried about it.”

“Then don’t go,” I said, stepping closer.

She exhaled. “But after thinking seriously...I realized this might actually be best for Daniel.”

I stared at her, unable to process that. “How the hell is you leaving good for him?”

“Because he’s stepping into a new phase of his life,” she said gently. “Before the weight of those responsibilities builds, I want to fix what’s wrong with me. My wolf. Everything. I can’t help him the way I want to if I’m still trapped like this.”

My throat tightened.

Her wolf.

If not for the day she demanded to speak to Ashar, I wouldn't have even known that she'd begun to hear the voice of her wolf. Another aspect of her life I'd lost the privilege to.

"Sera." I stepped forward, and my heart clenched when she stiffened. "You don't have to run away to fix that."

"I'm not running away." She looked at me—really looked at me for the first time since I walked in. "I'm doing what I should've done years ago. And Daniel understands. He said he'd be okay."

My heart clenched again. Of course Daniel said that. He would never do anything to stand in the way of his mother's happiness.

If only I'd been half as strong and supportive as he was.

Still, knowing Daniel was aware of Sera's journey, and was okay with it, loosened some of the panic in my chest—but only barely.

I stepped closer again, slow this time, palms open. "Sera...have you considered that maybe you don't need to go so far? It's risky. We can try other ways. Safer ways. Together. Let me help you."

I reached up, intending only to brush a stray strand of hair from her cheek.

She stepped back. So quickly, she almost tripped on a stray shoe.

My hand fell uselessly between us.

“Don’t,” she said quietly. The tremor in her voice betrayed her even as she struggled to keep her expression neutral. “Don’t try to manipulate me with the mate bond.”

I stared at her, my eyes widening.

“Manipulate you?” My voice broke into a disbelieving laugh. “What the hell are you talking about?”

Her eyes narrowed, and her throat bobbed. “You know what I’m talking about. I can’t fucking think straight every time you—”

She swallowed hard and looked away. “Just leave, Kieran.”

“Sera, if I wanted to control you with the mate bond, you’d already bear my mark!”

Silence slammed between us.

Her eyes widened slightly, uncertainty and something raw flickering beneath it.

My chest heaved. “I’ve held back. Again and again. I faltered sometimes—it’s so fucking hard—but I reined myself in. Because I didn’t want to push you. I didn’t want to cross a line after everything I’ve done. I’ve respected every boundary you set for me because I know I messed up in the past. I know exactly what I cost you.”

Ashar snarled under my skin, furious, desperate.

“But now?” I whispered. “Now you’re leaving. Running further than ever. Away from me. Away from this bond. Away from what we are.”

A crack formed in my composure.

“How do you expect me to accept that?”

Sera parted her lips—but I didn't let her answer.

I stepped forward, one decisive stride, and she retreated until her back hit the wall beside the bed. Her breath stuttered as my presence folded over her instinctively—dominant, overwhelming.

I braced my arm beside her head, my body caging hers in without touching.

"Kieran..." she whispered. Her pulse leapt at her throat.

I bowed my head slightly, drinking in her scent, her warmth, the tremble in her breath.

My voice slid out low and rough. "You're mine, Seraphina."

Her eyes flashed, longing and defiance tangled together.

"I will tolerate a lot of things—your anger, your wrath, your hatred. But I will not tolerate you running from me."

Her breath hitched. "You don't get to decide what I do with my life. I don't give a fuck about what you tolerate."

"You can hate me," I said softly. "You can fight me. You can yell, push, argue—I'll take it all. But I'm not letting you disappear without understanding exactly what you're walking away from."

"What are you—"

I didn't let her finish.

I cupped her jaw, fingers firm but gentle, and slammed my mouth to hers.