

## **My Sister 239**

Chapter 239: YOURS

SERAPHINA'S POV

Kieran's mouth crashed against mine, and for one suspended, shattering heartbeat, the world fell out from under me.

The bond ignited, a wildfire tearing through every nerve, every inch of skin, every place he touched, and every place he didn't.

His hands gripped my jaw with a possessive certainty, his body firm against mine, trapping me between the wall and the heat of him until I couldn't tell where he ended and I began.

The kiss was fierce, demanding. A deep, hungry pull that stole the breath right out of me.

When he kissed me after I woke up in his bed, it had been like this, but there had been an undertone of carefulness, like he was afraid I would break.

He wasn't holding back this time.

There was no hesitation, no restraint, no self-imposed distance.

Just raw, unbridled instinct.

His lips moved on mine with a force so intense it stole thought, reason, everything.

I gasped, and his tongue swept in, seizing the moment, intensifying the kiss until my knees buckled.

My fingers curled into his shirt, dragging him closer even as a distant part of me protested.

But gods—my heart rejoiced.

It leapt toward him like it always had, reckless and eager and stupidly loyal.

Every part of me that had been starved of him for so long surged up all at once.

Want, longing, grief, hope—I felt it all rush to the surface, a tidal wave that overwhelmed me before I had a chance to brace. His scent wrapped around me, warm and familiar and agonizingly right.

‘You’re mine,’ he’d said.

‘Yours,’ some traitorous part of me whispered back.

Kieran’s hand slid down my side, firm and sure, gripping my waist and hauling me higher against him.

His body pressed into mine, solid muscle and scorching heat pinning me in place. I felt him everywhere—his breath against my cheek, his heartbeat crashing through his chest, the tension coiled in his frame like he was barely hanging on by threads.

I didn’t want him to hang on.

Not right now.

Not when I felt like this.

His other hand slid down, fingers hooking into the waistband of my jeans. He tugged, snapping open the button and exposing warm skin to the cool air blowing from the AC—

The shock struck—sharp, immediate, like ice water poured over my head.

My eyes flew open.

No.

No, no, no.

“K-Kieran...” I moaned against his mouth, barely able to speak through the haze.

He didn’t hear me.

Or maybe he did and simply couldn’t stop.

His lips blazed down my jaw, my throat, urgent and hungry, each kiss scorching a mark onto my skin.

His hands were everywhere—searching, claiming, worshipping, demanding, all at once. It was too fast. Too intense. Too much.

I was losing myself.

I was losing the reason I’d made this decision.

I was losing every scrap of clarity I thought I’d gained.

I forced my hands between us and pushed.

Not hard—just enough.

Kieran stumbled back a step, chest heaving, eyes dark and wild with need. My feet landed on the floor unsteadily, and I had to lean against the wall to stay upright.

My lips tingled, swollen and burning from the force of his kiss.

His hair was messy where my hands had tangled in it, his jaw clenched as if holding back something feral.

I pressed my palm to my mouth, trying to catch my breath.

“This,” I managed, my voice trembling. “Kieran...this is exactly why I have to leave.”

The change in him was instant.

His expression didn’t soften. It...collapsed.

All that intensity, that unbridled desire, drained out of his face, leaving a man who suddenly looked exhausted, haunted, lost.

He stared at me, jaw flexing once, twice, as though he was physically swallowing his instinct to reach for me again.

“Sera...” he began, voice low, rough, broken.

“No,” I said, shaking my head. “Please. Just listen.”

He did. Somehow, he found the strength to hold himself back and hear me out.

I swallowed hard. “If this...” I gestured weakly between us—at my disheveled clothes, at his mussed-up hair, at the spot on my waist still burning from his touch. “If all that’s left between us is attraction we can’t control and arguments that never end, then I’ll never be able to figure out who I am.”

His eyes flickered, pained.

“I’ll never know what’s real,” I whispered. “What’s me. What’s the bond. What’s you. I won’t be able to genuinely...to genuinely choose anything.”

I inhaled a shaky breath. “My entire life—every piece of it—has been shaped by someone else’s decision. My parents. Celeste. You. Even Daniel, in a way. This is the first time I’m choosing something for me. And if I stay...if I stay and keep getting pulled into moments like that...”

I swallowed hard. “I’ll lose myself again, Kieran.”

His hands curled into fists at his sides—tight, trembling, aching to reach for me but forcing themselves to stay still.

Kieran closed his eyes. When he spoke, his voice was a quiet rasp. “I could take you to bed right now.”

My breath caught.

His eyes opened—dark, tortured, honest. A faint ring of gold glinted around his iris. “I could use my Alpha command. Or the bond. Or sheer physical force. I could make you stay. Mark you. Make you mine. Right here. Right now.”

A thrill—I had no idea if it was fear or desire—ran through me.

“But if I did,” he continued, “I’d lose you forever.”

He looked at me with a resignation I had never seen in him—not in ten years of marriage, not even during the divorce.

Kieran Blackthorne—fearsome Alpha of the Nightfang Pack—lowered his gaze.

"I know you," he said quietly. He sounded like he was trying to convince himself of something. "Your stubbornness. Your pride. Your heart. If I try to cage you again...even by accident...I'll destroy whatever chance I have left."

Slowly, hesitantly, he lifted a hand.

I didn't flinch—but my heart stuttered.

But he didn't touch me. At least not in the way I thought.

He simply reached for the hem of my shirt—the one he had tugged askew with his kiss—and smoothed it down. He slid the button of my jeans shut with one deft movement.

His fingers brushed my waist once, featherlight, before he forced them away.

The restraint in that tiny gesture nearly undid me.

His voice came out low, steady, unbearably gentle. "Go, then."

I felt something inside me crack.

"I'll take care of Daniel while you're gone. Don't spare a second worrying about him. Take..." He took in a deep, bracing breath. "Take as long as you need. Days, weeks...months, if it comes to that."

He exhaled, eyes softening in a way I wasn't prepared for. "The one thing I won't concede on is your surveillance. You and our son will always be under my protection. No matter where you are."

He stepped back, giving me space even though his entire body screamed that he hated every inch of distance.

His final words were a vow. “I’ll be here. Waiting for your return. Waiting for your answer.”

The quiet that followed was...heavy.

Not suffocating, not hostile—just weighted with everything that had happened.

I didn’t argue. Didn’t try to reassure him or apologize or promise something I wasn’t ready to give.

I simply nodded.

Because I knew—intimately, painfully—that this was the greatest concession Kieran had ever made in his life. And I respected it more than he would ever understand.

Besides, I wasn’t planning to be gone for very long anyway.

I had already promised Daniel I’d be back for Christmas.

And no matter how far I ran, no matter what answers I searched for...

Part of me already knew:

I’d come back.

To my son.

And to the man who had just let me go, even though it tore him apart to do it.