

My Sister 333

Chapter 333 A FUCKING FIRE

KIERAN'S POV

I had already held myself back once tonight. I stepped away when every instinct screamed to close the distance and ignore caution.

I knew what we'd agreed to. I knew we were meant to be taking this slowly.

But after everything it had taken to get here, I found I no longer had it in me to deny this moment.

Not with the way Sera looked at me, the way she molded into my arms, her body fever-warm and alive, the space between us pulsing with palpable tension.

And when she said yes, when she leaned forward, something inside my chest broke open.

I leaned in slowly at first, giving her every chance to pull away, to reconsider, to remind me that restraint was still required.

My mouth brushed against hers in a kiss so gentle it was barely there, more question than claim.

Her lips were warm, softer than memory, and when she didn't withdraw—when she angled her head instead, a subtle invitation—I felt my control begin to fray.

I kissed her again, letting myself linger, mapping the shape of her mouth as if I were learning it for the first time.

Her breath hitched, a sound so small and devastating it sent a tremor through me.

My hand lifted, hovering near her cheek, and when she leaned into the touch on her own, I allowed myself that too, my thumb brushing gently along her jaw, grounding myself in the reality of her.

Ashar stirred at the back of my mind, a low, restless presence that had been patient for far too long.

'Mark her,' he urged, a roaring, pulsing heat that echoed in my blood.

'Slow,' I cautioned, even as my mouth returned to hers, deepening the kiss.

Sera's lips parted beneath mine, tentative at first, then braver, and the sensation sent a sharp, electric awareness through me.

My restraint slipped another inch. I adjusted my grip, one hand sliding to her waist.

Her fingers gripped the front of my jacket and tugged me closer. For some reason, that did it.

The dam broke. My kisses weren't wild or reckless, but they brimmed with contained intensity that demanded release.

Each kiss built on the last, slow and unhurried but layered with meaning—the aching knowledge of everything I'd nearly lost, and the impossible miracle to have a chance to regain it all.

Ashar surged again, hot and eager, his desire bleeding into mine until it was impossible to tell where his instinct ended, and my caution began.

'More,' he pushed, a low growl reverberating through my bones. 'She wants you.'

My body answered before my mind could catch up.

I kissed her again and again, letting my mouth trace the curve of her lips, the corner of her smile.

I reveled in her soft exhale as I pulled back just long enough to make her lean closer.

Her knees softened, and I felt it through her body, the subtle shift of weight as she leaned into me without thinking.

I slipped my other arm around her, anchoring her to my chest, more to steady myself than anything else.

Her breaths came faster now, shallow and uneven, and when I finally broke the kiss to draw in air, I didn't move far.

My forehead rested against hers, my breath brushing her lips as I tried—failed—to steady myself.

“Sera,” I murmured.

Her lashes lifted slowly, pupils blown wide, her gaze unfocused in a way that sent another surge of heat straight through me. She looked dazed. Kiss-swollen. Beautiful.

I kissed her cheek, her jaw, the corner of her mouth—softer now, slower, memorizing the feel of her skin.

Each press of my lips unraveled me further. My hands trembled with the sheer effort of holding back.

Ashar was no longer subtle. ‘Take her, dammit!’ he goaded. ‘She is yours!’

That night with Sera ten years ago was still somewhat of a haze, but now I understood a little more why I had lost control so completely.

If I could barely hold Ashar's instincts back after one glass of wine, I could only imagine how easily he had taken over when I was fully inebriated.

'Not like this,' I told him fiercely. 'Only if she asks. Only if she wants.'

Still, my body betrayed me. Heat coiled low and insistent, every nerve ending alight as I kissed her until her breaths turned into soft, helpless little sounds she clearly wasn't aware she was making.

Her head tipped back slightly, exposing the line of her throat, and I nearly lost my grip on reality.

I stopped myself with a shuddering breath, pulling back just enough to look at her.

Her eyes were glazed now, unfocused but trusting, her lips parted as she struggled to catch her breath.

My hands tightened reflexively at her waist. Not to pull her closer, but to keep myself from doing something I couldn't take back.

My voice came out rough. Unsteady. Barely recognizable as my own.

“Sera,” I said, slower this time. “Can I...can I have more?”

Her breath shuddered.

For a moment, she didn’t answer at all.

Her hands were still on me—one fisted in my jacket, the other resting at my wrist, and I was sure she could feel the way my pulse jumped erratically.

“Sera,” I repeated softly. I didn’t mean to push, but she looked faraway, like she needed anchoring back to now.

Her gaze flickered—not away, but inward, like she was weighing something heavy and fragile all at once.

I saw the want written plainly across her face, colliding with the reticence she’d fought so hard to learn.

Ashar went utterly still inside me, coiled and waiting, as if even he understood that this moment was not his to rush.

Sera drew a slow breath, the kind she took when she was grounding herself. When she was choosing.

“Kieran.” The way she said my name—soft, breathless, so achingly close to surrender—sent a jolt straight through my chest.

She tipped her head forward, just a fraction, her lips parting as if the word ‘yes’ was already forming. I could see it there, hovering. Feel it in the way her body leaned toward mine despite herself.

“I—” she started—and then my fucking phone rang.

Sera startled, her head jerking back slightly as reality snapped into place. I stiffened, every muscle screaming in protest as the moment shattered between us.

She frowned and lifted a hand to my chest, pressing gently—not to push me away, but grounding me.

“Kieran,” she said softly. “Your phone is ringing.”

I closed my eyes.

Anger flared, hot and immediate—not at her. Never at her. At the timing, the interruption, the universe’s impeccable cruelty.

I drew in a slow breath, forcing the fire back down where it belonged.

“Yeah,” I muttered.

I didn’t move.

“You should answer it.”

I would have rather thrown the damned thing across the room. Let it ring. Let the world burn for all I cared.

Ashar snarled his agreement.

“I don’t want to,” I ground out.

I wanted to live in this moment forever—Sera’s lips swollen with my kisses, her body soft and warm against mine, her scent everywhere.

“It could be serious,” she whispered. “Pack business.”

The role of an Alpha was heavy, but I didn’t usually hate it. I loathed it in this moment.

Reluctantly, I loosened my grip and stepped back, my hands lingering a moment longer than necessary before letting go.

The space between us felt obscene after the closeness we'd shared.

I pulled the phone from my pocket, jaw tight, and glanced at the screen.

Gavin.

I answered, turning away from Sera. "There better be a fucking fire."

His voice came through clipped and urgent, stripped of all pleasantries. "There might as well be."

I straightened instinctively, every Alpha instinct snapping into place. "Talk."

"Remember Aaron Pike?" he asked.

"What the fuck?" I snarled. "You did not call me to reminisce about dead—"

“He’s back.”

“Gavin.” My voice dropped to a murderous octave. “I promise you this isn’t the time for fucking with me.”

“I wish I was fucking with you,” my Beta said, swearing under his breath.

“But that’s not possible,” I hissed. “His fucking throat was torn out right in front of me.”

It had been a classic rogue attack a long time ago. Aaron had been one of my sentinels, and he’d been a casualty of that battle.

His blood had stained Ashar’s coat. I’d watched the rogues drag his lifeless body away as spoils of war. His widow and son had been on a salary from me for the last six years.

So what the fuck was I hearing?

“Yeah, well,” Gavin said grimly. “He walked into Nightfang territory tonight. Alive. Breathing. Claims his memory is fucked up and the last thing he remembers is the ambush.”

My grip tightened around the phone until my knuckles ached.

“When?” I demanded.

“An hour ago,” Gavin said. “We have him contained, but—Kieran, I don’t know what the fuck to do.”

I glanced back at Sera. She was watching me closely now, the softness of the moment replaced with alert concern. I hated that I’d brought this into her night. Into our night.

“I’m on my way,” I sighed.

The line went dead.

I lowered the phone slowly, my mind already racing, gears turning as years of training kicked in.

But beneath it all—beneath the strategy and suspicion and rising dread—there was a quieter ache.

Loss.

Interruption.

Another moment stolen.

I looked at Sera again and forced myself to soften.

“I’m sorry,” I said, the words inadequate and honest all at once.

She stepped closer, resting a hand against my arm. “I know,” she said gently.

I nodded, swallowing hard.

The night had changed.

But the memory of her almost-choice burned steadily in my chest.

And I intended to come back to it.