

My Sister 341

Chapter 341 CAREFUL

KIERAN'S POV

Timing was quickly becoming an enemy.

I cursed it now as Sera's breaths came uneven beneath me, her hands braced against my chest, her eyes dark with want she was refusing for reasons that both made sense and infuriated me in equal measure.

"I'm not trying to make this harder," she said softly, as if reading the war etched into every line of my body. "I want you. Goddess, Kieran, I do. But right now...we have to be careful."

Careful.

The word scraped against every frayed nerve.

I forced myself to still, my forehead dropping to hers, breath hot and restrained.

"You have a terrible habit," I muttered, "of being right at the worst possible moments."

A small, breathless laugh escaped her. "You love it."

I did.

I loved her mind. Her foresight. The way she saw three steps ahead while still standing firmly in the present.

And hearing her say she wanted me sent something fierce and hungry swelling in my chest.

I remembered the last time I'd let her go after a heated moment, remembered the way Ashar had berated me.

'You should've been bolder,' he'd chided. 'You shouldn't have stopped. Even if you were going to let her go, you should have given her an experience she'd never forget. Something she'd think about every night she was away. A memory burned into her skin, so nothing else could compete.'

He stirred now. 'Are you going to make the same mistake again?'

Fuck no.

I straightened slowly, pulling just enough space between us to breathe again. "Fine," I said gruffly. "No traces."

Relief flickered across Sera's face—followed by surprise when my hands didn't leave her.

"That," I added, voice low, deliberate, "doesn't mean I'm letting you go untouched."

Her breath caught.

I kissed her then—not hurried, not rough, but devastatingly thorough. As if I had all the time in the world to remind her exactly who she belonged to.

My mouth traced her jaw, her throat, lingering where her pulse pounded a frantic, uneven rhythm.

"Kieran," she whispered my name like a prayer. "What are you doing?"

"Being careful," I murmured, my lips skimming her collarbone. "I won't leave a trace—at least not one that can be sensed."

Her breath hitched, and the sound sent a jolt of electricity that branched through my entire being and pooled in my groin.

I felt the desire everywhere—tight and aching and demanding—and it took every shred of discipline I had not to push us straight past the line she'd drawn.

Instead, I let my hands guide us downward, slow and deliberate, until she was seated back against the table, palms braced behind her, eyes already glassy with anticipation.

"Look at you," I murmured, dragging my knuckles along her thigh, reveling in the way she shivered beneath my touch. "Trying to be sensible while your body betrays you."

"Kieran," she warned again, but there was no real protest left in it—only breath, only heat.

I answered by sinking to my knees.

The movement drew a sharp gasp from her, her fingers curling instinctively in my hair as I looked up at her from below.

The sight nearly undid me—her flushed skin, parted lips, the way she was already trembling as if she knew exactly where this was going.

I slid my hands along her thighs, pushing her skirt up till I got to her hips. My thumbs traced slow arcs on her hip bone, making her shift restlessly.

"Still want me to stop?" I asked quietly.

Her head tipped back, throat exposed as she gasped, “No.”

That was all the permission I needed.

I rose again and kissed my way down her body, unhurried, reverent, pausing just long enough at each place I knew would make her breath stutter.

She sucked in air sharply when I lifted her shirt and pressed a kiss to her stomach, her fingers tightening in my hair.

“Goddess,” she whispered, voice breaking.

I smiled against her feverish skin.

It had never been like this between us. Every sexual encounter had been mechanical. Functional.

But never again.

When I said I would learn everything about her, I meant everything—from her favorite song to all the sounds she made and all the ways her face contorted in the throes of pleasure.

I took my time removing what little barrier remained between us, my touch deliberate and unrushed, because I wanted her to be aware of every second of it.

Wanted her to feel the anticipation coil tighter and tighter until she was shaking with it.

Her back arched as I slid her panties off, and I bit back a groan as her scent filled the air, warm and sweet and wanting.

I had to pause, the damp lace material bunched in my fist as I struggled to reorient myself, to hold back the monster that wanted to surge forward and ravage.

I leaned over her and took her lips in mine again, slower this time, deeper, letting the kiss linger until her breath turned rough and uneven against my mouth.

My hand slid between us, not rushing, not demanding—just enough pressure, just enough contact to make her gasp into the kiss.

Her body responded instantly, arching closer, every inch of her aware of exactly where I was touching her.

And then, without breaking stride, I slid a finger between the sopping lips between her legs and pressed my thumb against the sensitive nub.

Sera broke the kiss with a shaky breath, head thrown back against the desk, and I felt the tremor run through her as if I'd struck a live wire.

"Kieran," she panted, her chest rising and falling erratically.

"Hmm," I murmured as my lips slid from hers, trailing down her chin, lingering in the valley between her breasts, over the toned line of her stomach, before finally stopping at the apex of her thighs.

Then I lifted my head. "You know what? Maybe you're right. We should take things slow—"

"Don't you fucking dare," Sera hissed, lifting her head. She tried to summon a glare, but her lust-addled brain couldn't do more than a dazed frown.

I cocked my head, lowering myself to one knee. "You don't want me to stop? To be careful?"

"If this is some sort of punishment, I swear, you'll—fuck!"

Her back arched, a raspy cry tearing free as her hands fisted in my hair, tugging—not hard enough to hurt, just desperate enough to tell me she was already right on the edge.

The sound went straight to my cock, possessive satisfaction curling low in my gut as I repeated the action that drove her wild: sliding my tongue through the damp folds of her pussy.

“That’s it,” I murmured, lips fastened around her engorged clit. My hands anchored her hips so she couldn’t pull away even if she wanted to. “Let go for me.”

She tried to respond—tried to say my name, I think—but it dissolved into breathless sounds instead, her body responding far faster than her mind.

I felt every tremor, every tightening, every helpless arch toward me, and it fed something feral and devoted all at once.

I took my time, savoring every second of this maddening moment.

What the fuck was wrong with me? How had I had this right across the hall from me for ten years, and I never once took a taste?

Whatever. That was the past, moronic Kieran.

This Kieran wasn’t going to waste a second or take for granted the feast before him.

I stayed right there, my tongue steady and relentless—until the tension in her snapped completely, until she arched one last time, crying out before she collapsed backward, breath shuddering, fingers clutching at me as the release tore through her in waves.

I held her through it, pressing my forehead against her thigh, grounding us both as her body slowly went slack with the aftermath.

When I finally rose, she was still catching her breath, eyes unfocused, cheeks flushed.

I brushed a thumb gently along her swollen lips.

“I was careful,” I murmured, mesmerized by the sight before me. “I didn’t leave a trace.”

She let out a weak, breathless laugh. “You didn’t.”

But the way she looked at me—wrecked, glowing, unmistakably claimed—told a far deeper truth.

SERAPHINA’S POV

I have no idea how I made it back home in one piece.

Everything after what happened in Kieran's office was a delicious haze of trembling limbs and fuzzy minds.

I showered the moment I arrived, standing under the spray longer than necessary, letting the heat ground me—but it didn't erase him. Nothing could.

He might not have branded me with his pheromones, but he'd definitely done a lot more damage.

Sliding into bed and closing my eyes only made it worse.

I didn't even have to dream to relive it all. His hands. His mouth. His touch.

His. Fucking. Tongue.

The way he looked at me like a feast spread before a starving man.

We had shared beds before. Shared nights. Shared space.

But I had never felt pleasure like that—not when duty clouded intimacy, not when love was buried beneath resentment.

Only now, when nothing was forced, and nothing was claimed beyond what we freely gave.

Tears slipped free before I realized I was crying.

Bittersweet ones.

Because for the first time, I understood what lovemaking was supposed to feel like, even without crossing the final line.

My phone buzzed.

Kieran: Home safe?

I smiled through the tears.

Me: Yes. But you knew that, stalker.

Kieran: If only I could stalk my way into your dreams.

Me: Don't worry, something tells me you're going to make an appearance regardless.

Kieran: Good. Sleep well. Don't let dream Kieran tire you out too much. Tomorrow, we face the world.
Together

A Lunewing landed on the edge of my phone, its delicate form catching the moonlight filtering through my window.

I reached out, brushing my fingers over it gently.

A symbol of endurance. Of healing. Of braving the storm instead of hiding from it.

Me: Together.