

My Sister 343

Chapter 343 CHANGING THE SCRIPT

KIERAN'S POV

I hadn't forgotten the plan.

Public distance. Cordial indifference. No whispers of reconciliation until we identified our enemy.

I knew it.

I agreed to it.

I understood why it was necessary.

But that didn't mean I liked it one fucking bit.

From my position near the staircase, I had a clear view of the dance floor—and of her.

Sera moved with Astrid Volker in a controlled, effortless waltz. Astrid's emerald gown contrasted sharply with the obsidian silk hugging Sera's frame.

Under the chandelier light, Sera looked like midnight given shape, silver flickering through her dress as she turned. Each time Astrid's hand settled at her waist, something low and territorial coiled inside my chest.

"She's dancing with a woman," Gavin drawled from beside me, following my line of sight. "You look like you're about to declare war."

"I'm evaluating," I said flatly.

"Right. With murder in your eyes."

I ignored him.

Astrid leaned in slightly, speaking near Sera's ear as they turned. Sera's expression remained polite and guarded, but she smiled at something said.

My jaw tightened.

"At least she's female," Gavin continued lightly.

“That’s not comforting,” I muttered. “I’ve heard rumors that she...entertains both genders.”

“Ah, yes,” Gavin mused, his lips quirking. “I’ve heard the rumors, too. Juicy little gossip tidbits. Trade summits in Prague. Singapore. Reykjavik. She’s...flexible.”

I watched Astrid’s hand shift slightly at Sera’s waist, and the possessive instinct that had been simmering roared awake.

‘Get that hand off before I rip it out of its socket,’ Ashar growled.

I ground my teeth, mentally tightening the leash around him.

Thankfully, the music finally slowed, and the dance ended.

Astrid curtsied with practiced grace. Sera responded in kind.

I’d barely taken a relieved breath when, as if sensing blood, the rest of the predators closed in.

One male approached—a Beta from the Western territories.

Then another—an Alpha’s heir I vaguely recognized from a past summit.

And then more and more.

Each requested a dance.

Each looked at Sera as if she were the shiniest new limited edition toy on the shelf.

I forced my face into carefully practiced impassivity.

Alpha of Nightfang. Unbothered. Detached.

Inside, I was seconds away from shifting and bathing the Elysian hotel’s ballroom in the blood of Sera’s suitors.

My only saving grace was that Sera declined them all. But did she have to offer them that damn mesmerizing smile as she did?

When she finally slipped away toward the restroom corridor, I didn’t hesitate.

I excused myself from the Alpha beside me mid-sentence and followed.

The hallway was dimmer, quieter, the music from the ballroom dulling to a distant hum.

I positioned myself near the wall opposite the restroom entrance, every nerve strung tight from the night's mounting frustration.

Minutes later, the door opened.

Sera stepped out, exhaling as if centering herself.

Then she stiffened, and her gaze lifted.

"Kieran—"

I didn't give her time to finish.

I stepped forward, caught her wrist gently but firmly, and guided her back into the restroom. I closed the door behind us with a definitive click.

For a heartbeat, we simply stared at each other.

“I can’t believe you followed me here,” she said softly, eyes wide, lips parted in a way that snapped the last threads of my restraint. “What happened to distance?”

I stepped closer until her back met the cool marble of the sink counter. “Fuck distance.”

My mouth claimed hers with everything I had held back all night—jealousy, hunger, the memory of her under my hands in my office just days ago.

She made a soft sound against my lips—half protest, half surrender—as her fingers fisted in my lapels.

My hand slid to her waist, pulling her flush against me.

“You looked very comfortable,” I murmured against her mouth.

“With our first suspect?” she breathed.

“With someone other than me touching you.”

She smiled against my lips. “You’re ridiculous.”

“I’m out of my damn mind.”

I deepened the kiss, pressing her closer and letting her feel just how much of a maddening effect she had on me.

At first, she responded without hesitation. Her hands slipped up into my hair, nails grazing my scalp not enough to hurt, but enough to spark heat down my spine.

Then she stiffened, her lips pausing mid-kiss.

Her breathing shifted—not arousal. Awareness.

“Kieran,” she whispered.

I was already sliding my hand down her side, fingers tracing the slit of her dress, slipping beneath silk to the warm curve of her thigh.

She sucked in a breath.

“Kieran,” she repeated, sharper this time.

“What?” I murmured, lips trailing along her jaw.

“We have company.”

SERAPHINA'S POV

His mouth was still on mine when I felt it.

Not the heat. Not the jealousy. Not the delicious and reckless way his fingers had slipped beneath my dress.

The shift—a current in the air that didn't belong to us.

Kieran's hand was high on my thigh, thumb pressing into bare skin as his mouth devoured mine like a starving animal.

And there was nothing I wanted right at that moment more than to melt into it. The fervor. The claim. The fire that was scorching me within didn't seem likely to stop until I was burned to ashes.

But beneath that heat was something else.

A disturbance.

Breathing too controlled outside the door.

Footsteps that didn't move on.

I pulled back just enough to whisper against his mouth. "Kieran."

He didn't stop. His teeth grazed my lower lip, and I had to bite back a moan.

"Kieran," I said again, sharper now, fingers tightening in his lapels. "We have company."

His body went still, but his hand lingered, palm pressed possessively against my thigh. I tried not to breathe, hyper-aware of his thumb flexing between my legs as if he wanted whoever was listening to know exactly where he was touching me.

Instead of retreating, his expression shifted, something dangerous flickering in his eyes.

He leaned close, lips brushing my ear. "We're changing the script."

My pulse jumped.

"What do you mean?"

He leaned back and...winked.

His voice rose. Not shouting, but no longer intimate. Definitely loud enough for whoever was on the other side of the door.

"You think I don't see it?" he demanded, stepping back just enough to create space but not enough to break the tension. "You think I don't know what this is?"

I blinked at him.

"Haven't I been punished enough? Do you have to parade yourself all night in front of me as the one thing I can't have?"

Understanding dawned on me.

Oh.

Fine.

I guess we were changing the script.

“What exactly are you accusing me of?” I shot back coolly, letting ice slide into my tone.

Outside the door, someone shifted.

“I let you walk away,” Kieran said, frustration bleeding through his voice in a way that didn’t feel entirely fabricated. “I let pride make decisions for me. I won’t make that mistake again.”

There it was.

We were no longer cordial ex-spouses.

We were the desperate ex-husband, and the good thing he let get away.

“You don’t get to rewrite history because you suddenly don’t like the ending,” I replied.

He stepped closer again, close enough that his chest brushed against mine.

"I don't like watching other wolves circle you like a piece of meat." His knuckles traced along my arm, raising goosebumps in their wake.

I almost smiled. Jealous idiot.

Instead, I tilted my chin. "That sounds like a you problem."

His other hand slid up my thigh again, fingers grazing dangerously high. My breath betrayed me before I could stop it.

"Kieran," I warned quietly, though I wasn't sure if that was for the eavesdropper or his wandering hand.

"Let them listen," he murmured against my ear. "Let them hear I'm not done with you."

That did something reckless to my heart, and I had to grip his arm to keep myself standing.

Focus.

“You’re months too late,” I said louder, shoving lightly at his chest. “You made your choice. I made mine.”

His jaw flexed.

“You don’t mean that.”

“Don’t I? You can’t suddenly decide that you want me after ten years of pretending I didn’t exist.”

For a split second, something real flickered between us.

Because the line between performance and truth was thinner than we realized.

So I wrapped my arms around him and pulled him closer, pressing our foreheads together.

“I won’t go back,” I said, making my voice cold even as I pressed my lips to Kieran’s. “You don’t get to decide you want me when I’ve already moved on.”

The silence outside thickened, and I welcomed it. Let them carry that version of events—let them report tension, fracture, unresolved resentment.

Kieran's expression hardened into something wounded and proud.

"I always get what I want," he said quietly. "Even if it kills me. Even if I have to kill everyone else."

My lips curved against his as I shook my head.

Sweet, territorial, dramatic idiot.

I forced myself to step back, smoothing the front of my dress.

Kieran reached out, his thumb gently wiping at the corner of my mouth where my lipstick must have smudged.

I adjusted the butterfly clip in my hair, ensuring not a strand was out of place.

"I suggest you don't embarrass yourself further," I replied, reaching out to cup his cheek. "I will never be yours again."

Then I leaned forward and placed a soft, lingering kiss on the corner of his lips.

Before he could reach out for me, I moved to the door.

“Goodbye, Kieran,” I said, loud enough to carry.

I waited three beats before I opened the door and stepped out as if nothing had happened.

There was no one out in the corridor, but I could still feel the lingering presence, and I knew they weren't far.

The golden sconces cast elongated shadows along the walls, giving the corridor an eerie feeling that hadn't been there before.

I walked calmly.

One step.

Two.

At the first corner, I slowed.

The eavesdropper was exactly where I expected them to be.

What I didn't expect, however, was who it was.

Vidar Skovgaard.

Shadow Claw Pack's representative.

And Byrnjar's brother.