

My Sister 349

Chapter 349 LOSE CONTROL

KIERAN'S POV

The moment Sera's mouth crashed into mine, I stopped breathing.

There was no hesitation, no softness, no careful restraint like the night in the mountains.

She twisted a fist in my shirt and shoved me harder into the wall, the impact rattling the picture frame behind my shoulders.

Her teeth caught my lower lip, and I tasted copper and heat and fury.

I gripped her waist instinctively, fingers digging in enough to feel the rapid rhythm of her breathing and the tremor she couldn't quite suppress.

"Sera—"

She deepened the kiss, silencing me, forcing my mouth open, setting the air between us alight with something chosen and real, not staged and manipulated.

Her body pressed flush against mine, and I slid my hands from her waist to her hips, anchoring her in place.

Her breath fanned across my cheek as she broke the kiss just long enough to speak.

“I’m furious,” she admitted, voice low and rough.

A well of guilt rose in me. “I know. I’m sorry—”

“Not at you,” she hissed, pulling back slightly. “I need you to know that when I walked into that room, what I felt wasn’t doubt or fear.”

I lifted my hand slowly, carefully, as though she might bolt, and brushed my thumb along her jaw.

“And what did you feel?” I asked.

She met my eyes without flinching. Her fingers tightened in my shirt.

“Rage,” she said. “Because someone was touching what’s mine.”

The words detonated inside me.

Mine.

Ashar surged forward, a low, possessive growl rumbling through my chest before I could contain it.

Sera didn't recoil.

Her eyes smoldered.

"Oh," she whispered. "There you are."

Then she kissed me again.

This time, I answered with everything I'd been holding back since that door had burst open and her scent had cut through the artificial sweetness of that suite.

Guilt lingered at the image of her in the doorway, seeing me hold another woman.

Even knowing it had been a trap, even knowing I'd done nothing wrong, the hurt in her eyes cut deep.

But under the guilt was something far more dangerous—a climax of hunger that had been building in me from the moment I recognized her as my mate.

Her hands slid down my chest deliberately, claiming, and then she pulled me away from the wall, grabbed my arm, and dragged me into the house.

“Bedroom,” she commanded.

Every Alpha instinct that demanded to be the most authoritative figure in the room took a backseat, and I let her pull me up the stairs.

As we went, my mind flickered with the memory of the cabin, of how carefully I had held myself back, how deliberately I had slowed my instincts so she would never feel pressured.

Tonight, she was the one pushing.

Literally.

She shoved me backward onto the edge of the bed. I landed with a muted bounce, the mattress shifting beneath me as she stood between my knees.

She looked incandescent.

Her hair spilled down her shoulders, the butterfly clip having been discarded somewhere in the hall, and her eyes blazed like blue fire.

As I sat there beholding her, something shuddered through me.

Relief wasn't the right word.

It was something heavier. Deeper. A bone-deep understanding that whatever game Vidar thought he had set into motion had failed the second she chose to walk toward me instead of away.

Her hands gripped the open collar of my shirt and shoved it off my shoulders, buttons straining before giving way under her impatient fingers.

I caught her wrists gently.

"You don't have to prove anything," I said quietly. "I'm yours, Sera. Wholeheartedly."

Her lips curved, but there was no softness in her smile.

"I'm not proving," she said. "I'm claiming."

The word ignited something primal.

Ashar surged again, pressing against my ribs, against my control, against the fragile restraint I had spent weeks perfecting.

Sera's fingers traced my chest with deliberate slowness, as though memorizing the feel of my skin.

"You were so controlled in that room," she murmured. "Even with the aphrodisiac in the air."

"I had to be," I gritted out.

She nodded.

"You always think you have to be."

Her hands flattened against my torso, sliding lower, her touch no longer impatient but exploratory. Possessive.

My breathing deepened.

She leaned down and kissed the side of my throat. Her teeth grazed just below my jaw, drawing a growl from deep in my chest.

Her fingers tightened in my belt.

“I don’t want you controlled around me anymore,” she whispered.

“Sera,” I groaned.

“It’s okay,” she cooed, the sound of clanging metal echoing through the room as she slid my belt out of the loops.

She pushed me so that my back lay fully on the mattress this time, then climbed over me to straddle my hips. The heat of her body settled over mine, immediate and all-consuming.

“Lose control, Kieran.”

Those last words were all the permission I needed, and I felt something tear free within me.

I sat up suddenly, flipped our positions so she was beneath me on the mattress.

Her breath hitched—in exhilaration, not fear.

“You think you’re the only one who felt rage?” I asked, lowering my mouth to her neck.

She arched beneath me as I kissed down her throat, slow and deliberate, savoring the way her pulse jumped beneath my lips.

“Someone staged that room,” I continued, my voice rough against her skin. “Someone thought they could manipulate us.”

My mouth moved lower, along the curve of her heaving breast.

“I wanted to tear the city apart when I saw the look on your face.”

Her legs wrapped around my waist, hips canting up to meet mine.

“Then do something useful with that energy,” she breathed.

I laughed softly against her skin, and then the rest of my restraint burned away.

Clothes disappeared in a blur of hands and heated skin. The air in the room thickened with our combined scent, with the unmistakable charge of two wolves giving in to their basest instincts.

And when we were both naked, bodies slick and trembling with anticipation, Sera didn't hesitate.

She pulled me down over her, aligning our bodies with deliberate precision. Her eyes locked onto mine, something like challenge glinting there.

I met it head-on.

When I pressed forward, it wasn't slow.

Her breath fractured against my mouth, nails digging into my shoulders as she took me fully, back arching.

The sound she made wasn't soft. It wasn't shy. It was raw, guttural, and it went straight through me, fueling the voracity of my desire.

"Sera—"

“Don’t,” she gasped, hips lifting to meet my thrusts. “Don’t hold back.”

I couldn’t even if I tried.

She felt like heat and resistance and home all at once, and when I moved again, it was deeper, harder, answering the fury she’d brought into the room.

The mattress shifted violently beneath us. The headboard struck the wall in a steady rhythm that echoed the pace building between us.

She met every thrust with equal force, refusing to be overtaken, refusing to be passive. Her legs locked around my waist, keeping me exactly where she wanted me.

Mine.

Her teeth found my shoulder, and the sting only drove me further. The restraint I’d practiced for years shattered into something darker and hotter.

I drove into her with the full weight of everything I had held back since that night at the cabin—since the moment I’d realized she was my mate and forced myself to be careful.

There was nothing careful about this.

It was friction and heat and breathless commands tangled together.

Her body clamped around me as tension peaked, wrenching a rough sound from my throat. She didn't soften; she urged me harder, nails dragging down my back as if branding me.

There was nothing hesitant about her tonight. No measured pace. No careful boundary.

She wanted.

And she fucking took.

Round after round, neither of us willing to be the first to slow, the anger melted into something euphoric and addictive. Each climax only sharpened the hunger again.

We moved together with urgency that bordered on feral, the mattress shifting beneath us, breath tangling, heat building fast and unrelenting.

And then Ashar surged forward, instinct roaring, the ancient urge rising sharp and undeniable.

'Mark her.'

'Claim her.'

The world had narrowed to the curve of her shoulder beneath my mouth, to the scent of her skin heated by exertion, to the wild rhythm of her pulse beating against my lips. The urge wasn't lust anymore.

It was instinct.

Ancient. Commanding. Absolute.

Mine.

My vision sharpened, edges turning gold at the periphery.

Every nerve in my body lit up, roaring for completion—for the sealing of something that had already been decided by fate.

"Kieran," she warned, fingers tightening in my hair.

But my control was slipping through my hands like sand.

I pinned her wrists above her head, my body braced over hers, breath ragged. My teeth pressed firmly against her skin, not breaking it—yet.

My jaw shifted as my fangs descended.

Sera's body tensed beneath mine.

Then—

Everything stopped.

My muscles locked mid-motion. My jaw froze a breath away from her skin. My fingers, still wrapped around her wrists, would not tighten or release.

Even my lungs stalled, air suspended halfway between inhale and exhale.

Ashar roared in confusion inside me, slamming against an invisible barrier.

I tried to move.

Nothing.

I was caught in the invisible chains of a psychic hold.