

My Sister 372

Chapter 372 UNDER THE MOON

KIERAN'S POV

For the second time, I woke to cold sheets and space. My hand slid across the mattress, meeting only rumpled fabric.

Instantly awake, I pushed up on one elbow, scanning the dark room.

“Sera?”

The bathroom door was slightly ajar, moonlight spilling through the gap.

A tight knot formed in my chest.

I was on my feet in seconds, crossing the room without bothering to mask the urgency in my stride.

After all the heaviness of the day and how she'd collapsed in my arms, I did not take her absence lightly.

“Sera?” I called again, sharper now.

I pushed the bathroom door open—and froze.

For a moment, I forgot how to breathe.

Moonlight poured through the tall window, unfiltered and silver, draping the room in a quiet radiance that made it feel almost sacred.

Sera stood in the center of that pale glow, completely still, head tilted slightly upward as if listening to something only she could hear.

The light traced every line of her—shoulders, waist, the gentle curve of her hips—and turned her skin into something luminous.

Luminous.

It sounded like poetic exaggeration when Alois first said it.

Now, staring at my mate bathed in lunar radiance, I understood it was not poetry at all. It was fact.

Desire rose, fast and primal, surging through my veins with a heat that rivaled the moonlight pooling over her skin.

Ashar stirred, pressing forward, possessive and hungry. 'Mine.'

But just as quickly as the hunger rose, caution followed.

The rogue attacks. Celeste's confession. The psychic strain that had left her collapsing in my arms only hours ago.

I inhaled slowly, forcing control.

She had been shaking in the Frostbane corridor. Her pulse had been erratic. Her skin too warm. She had pushed herself past her limits.

The last thing she needed was me losing control.

"Sera," I said again, more firmly this time. "You should be in bed."

She lowered her chin as she turned slowly, and when her eyes met mine, something shifted in the air.

Her gaze held heat.

And her smile—an unmistakable invitation.

My throat tightened.

She stepped toward me, unhurried, fluid, as if the moonlight itself guided her.

The silver glow slid over her shoulders as she closed the distance between us. I curled my fingers into my palms to keep from reaching for her.

"You should rest," I murmured, as if that were my real concern. As if the sight of her, naked and glowing, wasn't driving me bat shit crazy.

"I'm not tired." Her voice was lower than usual, threaded with something that made my skin tighten.

I exhaled through my nose, trying to steady the storm building inside me.

"You were exhausted earlier," I said, searching her face for signs of fatigue.

Her lips curved, and she lifted one shoulder. “Not anymore.”

She took another step forward, close enough now that I could feel the heat radiating from her skin. Her fingers lifted, brushing lightly against my bare chest.

Just that simple touch felt amplified, and a full-body shudder ran through me.

“I’m not fragile, Kieran,” she said quietly.

“I know you’re not.” My voice roughened despite my efforts. “That doesn’t mean I want you overexerting yourself.”

Her palm flattened over my heart. It thudded heavily beneath her hand.

“You’re the one who looks like he’s overexerting with restraint,” she observed.

Because I was.

Because every instinct in me demanded I drag her against me, shove her back against the nearest surface, and take her with enough force to leave her breathless and shaking.

But she had endured enough battles this week.

I would not make her endure me.

“Sera,” I warned softly.

She shook her head with a soft tsk. “What have I said about control with me?”

Before I could answer, she closed the remaining space between us, rose onto her toes, and kissed me.

Her mouth met mine with purpose, heat, and unmistakable intent. The contact sent a shock through me, sharp and electric.

For half a second, I stood frozen—caught between restraint and surrender.

Then her tongue slipped into my mouth, deepening the kiss.

Her fingers slid into my hair, anchoring me to her. The soft sound she made against my mouth—low, almost impatient—fractured the edges of control I was clinging to.

I pulled her against me.

Her body fit against mine as if it had been made for me. Because it was.

Skin met skin—warm, smooth, alive beneath my hands. The heat of her wrapped around me instantly.

My palms slid down the curve of her back, over the flare of her hips, pulling her flush against me until there wasn't a breath of space left between us.

Her mouth opened against mine with a hunger that hit like a strike, and I answered it just as hard.

I fisted my hand in her hair, tilting her head to deepen the kiss.

She arched into me, breasts pressing against my chest, nipples tightening from the cool air and the heat of my skin.

The sensation sent a rough sound through my throat before I could stop it.

I felt her smile against my lips. She moved against me again—slow enough to be deliberate, hard enough to make my vision darken at the edges—and every last thread of restraint inside me snapped.

My hands cupped the round curve of her ass and dragged her firmly against the rigid proof of what she was doing to me.

She didn't pull away. If anything, she pressed closer, hips rolling against me as if daring me to lose control.

I forced myself to pull back just enough to look at her.

Her cheeks were flushed, breathing uneven. Moonlight caught in her hair, making it shimmer like silver threads. It traced the slope of her shoulders, the soft swell of her breasts, the dip of her waist.

She looked ethereal.

A fierce ache caught behind my ribs, my need for her fierce and desperate, almost painful.

If not for the past week—if not for rogues and conspiracies and buried truths—I would have locked this door, sealed the entire wing, and kept her in my bed without hesitation.

Ashar would have gladly shut out the world and kept her beneath him until dawn, until she was marked fully, irrevocably—until every part of her carried the proof of who she belonged to.

As if she had plucked the thought directly from my mind, her breath hitched slightly.

A sly smile on her lips, her hands slid lower, more insistent now, hooking at the waist of my pajama bottoms.

Her fingers curled in the fabric, bold and claiming. Her gaze held mine as she slowly dragged her knuckles along the line of my abdomen, feeling the tension and heat.

“Kieran,” she breathed, my name hungry on her lips.

I caught her wrist gently—not to stop her, but to steady myself. “You’re playing with something dangerous,” I murmured.

She sank her teeth into her bottom lip, and a groan slipped out of me. “I’m counting on it.”

The moonlight shifted as a cloud passed, then brightened again, silver sliding over the curve of her breasts, the smooth plane of her stomach, the apex between her thighs.

My eyes followed the path of it helplessly. She was entirely exposed to me—no armor, no restraint.

Just woman.

Just mine.

My hand slid from her hip to her waist, then higher, spanning her ribs. I felt the quickened rise and fall of her breath beneath my palm as she leaned into my touch.

“You were barely standing an hour ago,” I said, though my thumb was already tracing the underside of her breast, slow, deliberate.

Her breath caught. “I’m standing now.”

My gaze snapped back to hers.

There was no fragility there. No exhaustion. Only heat.

She pressed closer, bare thighs brushing mine, her body aligning with unmistakable intent. The friction drew a low sound from my chest before I could stop it.

Her hand moved again—this time sliding beneath the waistband, fingertips grazing hard, heated skin.

My hips jerked, my already engorged cock stiffening further.

“Careful,” I warned, but there was no force behind it.

“Why?” she asked softly.

Because if she kept touching me like that, there would be nothing gentle about what followed.

Because Ashar was already pacing beneath my skin, urging, demanding.

Because I wanted to bend her over the nearest surface and lose myself in her until neither of us could remember anything but the way we felt together.

Instead of answering, I lifted her—fast, decisive. She gasped as her feet left the floor, but her legs immediately wrapped around my waist.

Her nails dragged down my shoulders as I pinned her lightly against the cool tile wall. The temperature difference made her shiver.

“You’re sure you’re not tired?” I asked, my mouth brushing along her jaw, then down her throat.

Her head tipped back, exposing more of her to me. “Not even close.”

I dragged my teeth lightly over the sensitive skin beneath her ear, earning a sharp inhale. My hands moved lower, gripping her firmly, holding her exactly where I wanted her.

Her body responded without hesitation—hips shifting, pressing, demanding more. I felt her wetness soaking the cotton of my pants, and the knowledge of how ready she was for me sent heat racing through my veins.

I carried her out of the bathroom without breaking contact, every step hurried and deliberate. The moonlight flooded the bedroom floor, pooling wide and bright across the rug near the windows.

She noticed immediately.

Her fingers tightened in my hair, gently but with purpose, guiding my mouth back to hers before she pulled away just enough to whisper against my lips.

“Not the bed.”

My brows drew together. “Where, then?”

She glanced toward the wide window, where the moon hung full and watchful over the city.

“Under the moon,” she said softly, heat blazing in her eyes. “I want you under the moon.”

