

My Sister 373

Chapter 373 SOMETHING NEW

SERAPHINA'S POV

Under the moon.

I didn't know why that was what I wanted—only that nothing else would do.

For a second, neither of us moved.

The air between us was charged—thick with heat and tension. The moonlight streaming across the floor seemed almost brighter now.

Then Kieran moved. He carried me with a possessive certainty that stole the breath from my lungs, his hands firm and unyielding against my skin.

My legs tightened around his waist, locking him closer. His grip tightened in response, fingers digging into my hips as he strode out of the bathroom without breaking eye contact.

The bedroom opened around us in shadow and silver.

Moonlight flooded the floor in a wide spill near the windows, bright enough to paint his shoulders in pale light and carve sharp lines down his chest.

He lowered me slowly into the heart of that silver glow. My back met the soft rug near the window, the cool fibers a stark contrast to the heat building between us.

The city lights flickered beyond the glass, distant and irrelevant. Here, under the moon's unfiltered gaze, everything felt stripped down to its most primal truth.

It was almost ceremonial.

Like we were being blessed.

Kieran hovered over me, his body a solid wall of heat and power, one hand braced beside my head, the other sliding along my thigh as he settled between them.

For a second, we just looked at each other.

His thumb traced slowly along my lower lip, eyes dark and searching. "You're certain?" he asked, voice low and strained.

"Shut up and kiss me." I reached up and pulled him down by the back of his neck.

My mouth found his first, and I kissed him like I meant to consume him.

My hands moved over him without hesitation, sliding over hard muscle, gripping, dragging him closer.

The hard length of him strained visibly beneath the pajama bottoms, the outline unmistakable as it settled against my bare, slick entrance.

My hips lifted instinctively, and even through the fabric, I felt him—hot, rigid, heavy. The friction of cotton against my wetness sent a pulse straight through my core and dragged a broken gasp from my throat.

The damp heat between my thighs soaked into the thin material almost immediately, making it cling to him, outlining him even more clearly as he pressed forward.

The blunt head of his cock nudged against me through the barrier, as he rocked his hips, sliding against my soaked folds in a slow drag that made my stomach tighten.

My back arched off the floor, and a loud moan tore out of me.

“Fuck, Sera,” he groaned, a hand slipping between us.

The knowledge that he could feel exactly how ready I was for him only made the heat burn hotter.

His mouth moved from mine—down my jaw, along my throat.

He bit lightly, not enough to hurt, just enough to pull another moan from the back of my throat.

His other hand slid down my side, fingers strong and possessive as they mapped my body.

When his palm cupped my breast, thumb brushing slow and deliberate over the sensitive peaks of my nipples, my back arched again.

“Kieran,” I whimpered, the heat of desire tightening and sharpening into something almost unbearable.

His head lifted at the sound of his name.

That look in his eyes—

Dark. Possessive. Unraveling.

Before he could speak, I slid my hand down between us.

My fingers found the waistband of his pajama bottoms and slipped beneath it without hesitation.

The heat of him met my palm instantly—thick, hard, and throbbing as I wrapped my fingers around him, unable to circle his girth fully.

His breath left him in a rough exhale.

My grip tightened, stroking once, slow and teasing. He was hot—almost burning—and practically pulsing in my hand.

“Kieran,” I whispered, watching the way his jaw clenched when I stroked my thumb across the leaking head, and his hip jerked.

The possessive hunger in his gaze deepened.

Along with the unmistakable realization that I was no longer just being taken—

I was taking.

“You’re playing with fire,” he murmured.

“I love fire,” I whispered back.

He kissed me again, harder. His tongue demanded entry, and I gave it, meeting him with equal fervor. My nails dragged down his back, and I felt the muscles there flex beneath my touch.

My grip tightened around him, and I felt the way his body reacted—his breath roughening, his hips pressing harder into my hand.

Okay, enough teasing.

I released him and pushed the waistband down.

The cotton dragged over his hips, freeing him inch by inch until his cock sprang fully into my palm. The sight of him, thick and flushed in the moonlight, sent a rush of fresh moisture between my legs.

I stroked him once, revelling in the weight and pulse of him in my hand. Then I shifted my hips upward, guiding him toward where I needed him most.

The head of his cock brushed against my slick entrance.

Even that slight contact made my breath catch.

He exhaled sharply as he felt how wet I was, the heat of me coating him instantly. I dragged him through my folds once, slow and intentional, letting him feel exactly how ready I was.

Without warning, he thrust forward.

I gasped at the suddenness and fullness of him.

My fingers tightened around his shoulders, nail biting into his skin as he continued, inch by inch, stretching and stretching.

I let out a moan, drowned out by his groan as he buried himself to the hilt, neither of us quite breathing.

For a suspended second, we didn't move.

We just felt it.

The perfect way we fit.

The way the moonlight washed over us, silver and sacred, illuminating the place where we were joined.

His forehead dropped to mine, breath ragged.

“Kieran,” I whispered.

He answered with a pained groan.

I smiled, rolling my hips against him. “You can move. I promise I won’t break.”

Slowly, his hips moved as he bottomed out—and then thrust back in.

My head fell back, a loud moan tearing out of me as he began to move.

His pace wasn’t gentle.

Each thrust drove into me with barely-leashed force.

My body answered without hesitation, hips lifting to meet him.

The moonlight spilled across his back, silver outlining the flex of muscle as he moved. I could see every shift in him. Feel every pulse.

He gripped my wrists suddenly, pinning them above my head into the rug.

The position made me gasp, exposed beneath him, entirely open to his gaze.

His eyes dragged over me—over my breasts, rising and falling with each breath, to the place where we were joined.

Something dark and satisfied flashed in his expression as he watched the way my body took him without resistance.

“You feel that?” he asked, voice rough.

“Yes,” I breathed.

I felt everything.

The push and pull.

The heat building low in my stomach.

The way the bond—though severed, though unmarked—seemed to hum faintly between us.

With every thrust, with every breath shared beneath the moon, something wound tighter between us.

He released one of my wrists and slid his hand down my body until he found the place where we were joined.

His thumb pressed against my swollen clit, and the added pressure sent a jolt through me so sharp my vision blurred.

The rhythm broke.

Then accelerated.

Harder.

Faster.

Erotic, lewd sounds filled the air—his groans, my moans, the raw, wet sound of skin slapping skin.

It wasn't polished, sweet lovemaking.

It was primal. Animal.

And yet—under the steady wash of moonlight pouring over us—it felt almost sacred.

My pleasure built quickly under the intensity. There was no teasing, no slow unraveling. It was a sharp climb, and I knew it was going to be a steep drop.

“Kieran—” I gasped again, my voice breaking.

His mouth found mine, swallowing the sound as he thrust deeper, harder, driving me toward the edge.

My back arched sharply, heels digging into the rug as the pressure coiled tighter—

Then snapped.

The release tore through me in a wave so powerful I cried out against his mouth. My body clenched around him, trembling, pulling him deeper.

He followed seconds later.

His movements lost rhythm, becoming rougher, more desperate. His forehead dropped to mine as he buried himself fully, a guttural sound escaping him as he finished with a final thrust.

For a long moment, neither of us moved.

We stayed like that—joined, breathless, hearts pounding wildly.

The moonlight seemed softer now.

His grip loosened, hands sliding from my wrists to my waist, holding me close instead of pinning me down.

The moonlight touched my skin, cool now against the fading heat. I traced my fingers over his shoulder, over the place where my teeth would one day mark him.

'You feel that?' Alina whispered, soft and sated.

'Yes,' I answered.

I could feel it: the bond.

But it didn't feel like the old tether.

Not restored.

Not sealed with a mark.

But deeper.

As though the moon had woven something new between us.