

My Sister 374

Chapter 374 STILL UNFOLDING

SERAPHINA'S POV

Morning arrived softly.

I surfaced from sleep slowly, wrapped in warmth and the lingering haze of a night that still felt half like a dream.

For a moment, I lay still, drifting between memory and the present, aware only of the steady heat surrounding me and the familiar scent of cedar and something uniquely Kieran.

Then his lips brushed my neck.

A quiet breath left me as awareness sharpened and a jolt of anticipation tingled through my chest.

His mouth moved slowly along the sensitive curve beneath my ear, unhurried, almost reverent. The warmth of his breath stirred goosebumps across my skin.

“Kieran...” I murmured sleepily.

He answered with another kiss.

Only then did I realize his hand was resting over my breast, his palm warm and possessive as his thumb traced lazy circles on my nipples that made my body slowly come alive beneath the blankets.

His other hand...

My eyes flew open slightly as sensation sharpened.

His fingers slid teasingly along the inside of my thigh beneath the sheets, just barely brushing where heat pooled low in my body.

A shiver ran through me.

“Kieran,” I whispered again, though the protest held very little force.

His chuckle vibrated against my skin.

“Good morning, beautiful.”

I shifted slightly onto my back and blinked up at the ceiling as the last remnants of sleep faded.

The early-morning light filtering through the curtains painted the room in pale gold, softer than the fierce silver of the moonlight we had fallen asleep under hours earlier.

And then memory struck.

Moonlight.

The rug.

The way I had pulled him down to me without hesitation.

'I love fire.'

Heat rushed to my face.

Oh gods.

I buried my face in the pillow.

Kieran's low chuckle was like a caress on my skin. "Don't tell me you're suddenly shy."

I groaned softly. "I don't know what you're talking about."

His hand tightened slightly over my breast.

"Oh, you absolutely do."

I peeked at him through the curtain of my hair. His eyes gleamed with unmistakable satisfaction as he looked down at me, propped casually on one elbow.

"Why are you acting like last night was our first time?"

I shrugged. "Last night might not have been our first. But this morning is. We haven't woken up together before. Last time, I was out of bed before you."

His expression softened, and he dipped his head, pressing a slow kiss to the hollow of my throat.

"That's my fault," he mumbled against my skin. "I'm sorry."

I shook my head. “We’re done feeling sorry about the past, remember?”

He nodded, pressing another kiss to my skin. “In other news”—I felt his smile widen against my skin—
“you were very bold last night, Seraphina.”

The heat in my cheeks intensified.

“I was under unusual lunar influence,” I muttered weakly.

His grin widened. “Is that what we’re calling it?”

His fingers traced teasingly along my side as he spoke, sending another ripple of warmth through me.

“You demanded I take you under the moon.”

My blush deepened.

“I merely suggested—”

“You ordered.”

His mouth brushed the sensitive spot beneath my jaw again, and my breath caught.

“I love it when you get so commanding.”

I shoved lightly at his shoulder, though the gesture lacked conviction.

“You’re enjoying this far too much.”

“Of course I am.” His tone carried zero shame. “I spent ten years not appreciating what I had, Sera. Now, I intend to enjoy the memory of last night thoroughly—and every memory to come.”

I huffed, trying to sound annoyed, though laughter tugged at the edges of my voice.

“You’re insufferable.”

“Mm.”

His fingers slipped higher beneath the blankets again, drawing a quiet inhale from my chest.

“And you,” he murmured near my ear, “are magnificent.”

The teasing in his expression softened just slightly.

“I mean it,” he said quietly. “I wish the entire building knew what happened here last night.”

I gasped. “Kieran!”

His grin returned instantly. “I do.”

My hand smacked lightly against his chest. “Our son lives in this building.”

Kieran looked entirely unconcerned. “My bedroom is extremely well soundproofed.”

He leaned closer, his lips brushing my ear again.

He added softly, “Your moans belong to me alone.”

My stomach flipped.

“You’re incorrigible.”

His hand slid firmly along my hip beneath the sheets, pulling me closer against him.

“And yet you’re still here.”

Before I could respond, he rolled slightly, shifting our bodies so that I was half beneath him.

The blankets tangled around us as he kissed me again, slow and deep.

My arms wrapped instinctively around his shoulders as warmth spread through me again, sleepiness dissolving under the growing heat between us.

The world outside the room disappeared.

The lingering tension of the past week—rogues, confessions, buried truths—faded beneath the simple reality of him.

His mouth moved from mine down along my jaw, then lower, leaving a slow trail of kisses across my neck that made my breath stutter.

“Kieran...” I moaned.

He answered with a quiet hum against my skin.

His hand slid along my side, guiding me gently onto my stomach as he followed the curve of my spine with his lips.

The mattress dipped beneath his weight as he shifted above me, the warmth of him pressing close as his kisses moved lower along my back.

I sighed into the pillow, giving myself over to the simple bliss of the moment.

Kieran’s mouth brushed the center of my back—and he froze, his breath stopping against my skin.

“Kieran?” I asked softly, glancing over my shoulder.

He didn’t answer right away. Instead, his hand hovered near the base of my spine.

My stomach tightened. "What is it?"

His fingers brushed the skin there very lightly, confusion on his face. "I don't remember you having a tattoo."

My brows pulled together.

"A what?"

"A...marking."

The tension in his voice made me sit up immediately.

"What marking?"

Gently, he pushed off the bed and held a hand out for me. "Come look."

A strange unease built in my chest as I slid my legs from under the covers, took his hand, and stepped out of bed. I crossed the short distance to the full-length mirror near the closet.

I angled myself in front of the mirror, straining to see my own back over my shoulder.

At first, I saw nothing.

Then the light caught it.

Silver.

Fine lines shimmered faintly at the base of my spine—delicate and intricate, almost like frost spreading across glass.

My breath caught, nerves prickling beneath awe and confusion as I stared at the silver lines.

“What...”

The markings curved upward along my lower back in symmetrical patterns that looked almost like flowing script or ancient symbols.

They weren't paint.

They weren't ink.

They looked...

Alive.

I gently touched the spot with my fingertips, testing the silver lines.

Nothing smeared or rubbed away.

The silver seemed to glow faintly beneath the surface, as if it had grown from within my body.

"I've never been tattooed," I said slowly.

Behind me, Kieran's brow furrowed. His fingers hovered near the markings without touching.

"Then...what is it?"

I studied the reflection more closely.

Though incomplete, the pattern stirred something deep in my memory.

Familiar.

Why did it feel familiar?

Alina stirred in the back of my mind.

'Because they look like mine.'

I blinked. "Yours?"

'On my true form's forehead,' she explained. 'Except mine are golden.'

An image flashed through my memory—the radiant golden markings that I had seen on Alina's forehead the first time I saw her in my dream.

The shapes were similar. Not identical, but unmistakably related.

'What does that mean?' I asked her.

'I don't know. I've had mine since birth, and they've never really done anything.'

I frowned.

That was unhelpful.

I glanced back at the mirror again.

If this wasn't wolf-related...

Then what?

A slow realization crept through me as the pieces began to align—psychic energy, lunar influence, the strange intensity of the night before beneath the full moon.

"I should show Corin," I said.

Kieran's head snapped up. "No."

I turned. "Kieran—"

His expression had hardened slightly.

"No other man is examining an intimate part of your body."

I rolled my eyes. "Kieran."

His arms crossed firmly. "I'll speak with him myself."

Despite myself, laughter bubbled up. "You're cute when you get all jealous and territorial."

He huffed, but when he stepped closer, a softness crept into his eyes, concern flickering beneath his bravado.

His fingers finally brushed the edge of the silver pattern gently.

"Whatever this is...we're figuring it out together."

I exhaled slowly, my eyes drifting back to the faint silver lines curling across my skin.

Somewhere deep inside me, something stirred in response.

Waiting. Growing.

Something had begun beneath the moon last night...

And it was clearly still unfolding.