

My Sister 448

Chapter 448 NOT YET

KIERAN'S POV

The kiss deepened, and I gave in to it completely, letting the hunger and desire override the terror I felt when Sera stood tall and offered herself to the room full of power-hungry Alphas.

Her fingers were still curled in my shirt when I pulled her closer, my hand tightening at her waist as if there was even a fraction of a chance she might slip away if I didn't hold on hard enough.

I devoured her, relishing her taste, her feel, the soft, whimpering sound she made when I bit on her lower lip.

The sound went straight to my groin, hardening my cock.

A low, rough sound left my throat as I broke the kiss just enough to breathe, my forehead pressing against hers.

Every breath we shared was heavy, charged with the electricity that sparked between us.

I turned her in my arms, her back pressing into my chest as my hand slid up along her side, feeling the rapid, unsteady rise and fall of her breath, the warmth of her through the fabric of her dress.

Her head tipped to the side, giving me space without hesitation.

My lips found her neck, eliciting a sharp inhale—another maddening sound that went straight south.

I pressed another kiss to the sensitive spot just below her ear, slower this time, savoring the way her body responded to every inch of contact—her skin heating up even as goosebumps rose across her flesh.

“You looked phenomenal in this today,” I murmured against her skin, my voice roughened by everything building inside me.

My fingers traced the line of the zipper at the back of her dress, pausing for half a second before I added, quieter, “But I like it better off you.”

She let out a stuttered breath that might have been a laugh. “You’re so cheesy.”

The words barely left her mouth before they broke apart, dissolving into a soft moan that trembled at the edges as my lips returned to her neck, lingering this time, drawing out the reaction I knew I would get.

Her head fell back against my shoulder as my hand moved, sliding the zipper down slowly, the soft sound loud in the quiet room as the fabric loosened beneath my fingers.

Her breath hitched again as I pushed the dress from her shoulders, watching as it slipped, inch by inch, until it pooled at her feet. Her bra quickly followed, leaving her bare beneath my hands.

For a moment, I didn't move. I let myself look at the woman before me.

At the strength in her, the softness layered beneath it, the way she stood there without hesitation, without uncertainty, completely herself in a way that still caught me off guard, no matter how many times I saw it.

Mine.

My hands found her again, sliding over her sides, pulling her back against me. She let out a sharp gasp that synced with my low groan when her ass pressed against my stiff cock.

The sound quickly turned into a breathy moan when my fingers found her pebbled nipples and gave them a sharp tug.

"Kieran," she gasped, her ass pressing harder into me.

My head dropped to her neck, my groan muffled by her feverish skin.

Her hands found my arms, gripping, grounding herself even as she gave in to the pull between us.

I turned her again, needing to see her face, needing to catch every flicker of emotion, every reaction that crossed it.

Her eyes were half-lidded, darkened to a stunning shade of cobalt, and her kiss-swollen lips were parted like an invitation.

My lips covered hers again, deeper this time, more demanding, and she answered immediately, her hands moving over me, pushing my jacket from my shoulders, then my shirt.

She pushed me back toward the bed, and I went without resistance, my gaze never leaving hers as she followed, closing the distance again like she had no intention of letting me breathe without her.

Good.

Because I didn't want to. Never.

I caught her wrist before she could push me back, turning us again so that I was the one guiding her down this time, my hands firm but not forceful.

She landed on the bed with a breathless yelp, her breasts bouncing from the movement.

For a moment, I just stood there, devouring her with my eyes—a feast made just for me.

“Fucking beautiful,” I whispered as I lowered myself over her, claiming her mouth again.

She arched into me, her arms wrapping around my neck to pull me closer.

My lips trailed from her mouth, down along her jaw, her throat, each touch slower than the last, reverent, worshipping.

Every breath, every whimper, every moan drove me further, pushed me closer to the edge of madness.

“Kieran...” My name left her in an unsteady breath.

I looked up at her, meeting her gaze, and whatever she saw there made something in her expression change—soften, deepen, turn into something that matched exactly what I was feeling.

“I’m right here,” I murmured, my hand coming up to brush her cheek, grounding both of us in something more than just the heat.

Her fingers curled into my arm again, anchoring herself as I closed the distance between us once more, pulling her fully against me.

Everything waiting for us beyond these walls faded.

Right now, there was only this.

Only her.

Only us.

Only the undeniable, unshakable certainty settling deep in my chest as I held her, as I felt her respond to me and I to her.

She wasn't just with me because of circumstance.

She wasn't just my partner in battle, my equal in the storm we were walking into.

She was mine.

My Luna.

My forehead rested against hers as we both caught our breath, the intensity between us still thrumming, still alive, still building.

“You have no idea what you do to me,” I murmured, my voice low and rough.

She smiled, her eyes shining with wicked promise as her hand slid between us to cup me through my pants.

“I think I have an inkling.”

I let out a sound that was half a groan and half a laugh as my lips slid down to her neck.

I felt it the second my mouth pressed over the frantic flutter of her pulse, a sharp, electric jolt that went straight through me, down my spine, coiling low and tight until it burned, flooding my senses, sharpening everything—the heat of her skin beneath my lips, the hitch in her breath, her scent.

Gods, her fucking scent.

It wrapped around me, soaked into me, turned into something addictive, a drug I couldn't get enough of, no matter how deeply I breathed her in.

“Mine,” I growled against her skin, my voice edged with something darker than before.

My hand slipped between us, and just as she gripped me, my fingers slid between her slippery folds.

She gasped, her head tipping back, unconsciously baring her throat to me.

Ashar surged, and one second I was in control, anchored in my own thoughts, in my own restraint—and the next, something inside me snapped loose, like a leash I was holding had been torn from my grip.

I felt the faint, familiar sting of my fangs elongating, grazing her tender skin.

‘Mark her!’ Ashar roared, almost as loud as my thundering heart.

My fangs pressed forward before I even realized it, the urge hitting me so hard it felt physical, like something inside me was dragging me toward it whether I wanted it or not.

Just one bite—

Sera’s hand came up fast, pressing against my jaw, stopping me before I could close that last micrometer of distance.

“Kieran—you can’t.”

Her voice cut through the haze just enough to remind me.

Her vision.

Her words.

‘If you mark me tonight, you’ll die.’

The memory hit like a bucket of ice water, crashing through the heat, through the instinct, through the overwhelming, relentless need clawing at me from the inside out.

I froze.

My breath came out rough against her skin, my entire body taut with the effort it took to stop, to pull back even when every part of me was screaming not to.

Ashar didn’t like it.

I fucking hated it.

My jaw clenched, my forehead dropping to her shoulder as I fought for control, fought to hold that instinct at bay.

Not now.

Not like this.

Not if it meant losing everything when I'd only just found it.

A low, frustrated sound left me, half growl, half breath, as I forced myself to pull back just enough to look at her.

Her eyes met mine, soft and understanding.

She hadn't panicked.

She had trusted me to stop.

That alone grounded me more than anything else could have.

“Not yet,” she murmured.

The words didn’t soothe the frustration burning through me, but they settled something deeper.

I exhaled slowly, my hand coming up to cup her face, my thumb brushing her cheek in a touch that was far gentler than anything else I was feeling.

“Not yet,” I echoed, quieter, rougher.

But one day.

The thought settled into me with a certainty that felt just as strong as the instinct that had driven me seconds ago.

One day, I wouldn’t have to stop.

One day, Sera would wear my mark.

“We have forever,” I murmured, my voice low against her lips before I kissed her again—deep, consuming, but controlled now, grounded in something more than just instinct.

The urge was still there. The need to mark her, to claim her in a way nothing and no one could ever challenge.

But it wasn't consuming me anymore.

I could wait.

Because she was worth it.

Because we were worth it.

And when the time came, when I finally marked Sera, it wouldn't be something stolen in a moment of lost control.

It would be something chosen.

Something that would bind us exactly the way it was meant to.

Forever.