

## My Sister 48

### Chapter 48 SUSPICIONS AND DOUBTS

KIERAN'S POV

"I did."

The words—growled out by Ashar—hung in the air like thunder after a lightning strike. The truth stone glowed in my hand, silent and unyielding.

Everything stilled.

Not just the crowd, not just Sera—but even the night seemed to pause in deference to the revelation. My mind reeled, trying to make sense of what I'd just said—what Ashar had just confessed.

My heartbeat thundered in my ears. 'Ashar,' I said, trying to wrestle back control. 'What the fuck did you just say?'

But he was silent now. Tucked deep inside. Elusive.

'Ashar!'

He couldn't just drop a bomb like this and retreat.

Sera was staring at me like she didn't know whether to breathe or break. Her lips moved as if trying to speak, to understand, but no sound came out.

My hand fell to my side as Maya took the truth stone and tucked it into her clutch.

"What the hell is that supposed to mean?" Celeste demanded, voice cracking with panic.

"Kieran?" Sera's soft, hesitant voice made something tighten in my chest. Her wide gaze was full of questions—none of which I could answer.

That night was just as hazy for me. I'd been drunk. I'd stumbled into a room to sleep it off. I'd woken up the next morning with Sera in my arms.

"Kieran!" Celeste snapped, pulling my attention to her. "What the hell? Why the fuck are you trying to cover up for her?"

"Are you deaf or just plain stupid?" Maya snapped. "Your precious Alpha just admitted that he was the one who came on to Sera!"

“Ten years.” Sera’s voice was a hoarse, trembling whisper, but it carried the weight of a thousand accusations. Her eyes seemed to burn, her gaze never leaving mine. Lucian moved to her side, glaring at me like I’d just torn the moon out of the sky.

“You let everyone blame me for...” Her nose wrinkled. “For seducing you, stealing you—”

“You did!” Celeste screamed, stepping between me and Sera. “I don’t know what you’re doing right now, but—”

“Enough!” I said sharply, my voice slicing through the night, vibrating with authority.

I looked around the crowd gathered and clenched a fist. “If you’re not a Blackthorne or Lockwood, goodnight.”

Celeste’s friends shuffled their feet, glancing at each other, reluctant to leave.

I growled low in my throat, fixing a pointed glare at Emma. “Good. Night.”

Slowly, they started to back away, sensing the shift. The spectacle was over.

Soon, the only people left were Celeste, Ethan, Maya, Lucian, Sera, and I.

Sera stood like a statue, drenched and trembling—but something told me it wasn't from the cold. She didn't speak. Didn't move. Just stared at me like she'd never seen me before

I stepped toward her. "Sera—"

But she shook her head and turned away. Lucian put an arm around her, and as she leaned into his touch, I felt something primal in me rear its head—jealous, possessive.

"Sera!"

She paused, turning her head slightly. "I'm not a Blackthorne, or a Lockwood."

Maya made to follow her, but Ethan caught her wrist. "Maya."

She pulled her hand out of his. "My friend needs me," she said, shooting him a look that managed to be simultaneously soft and reprimanding. "I'll call you later."

I watched as Sera walked away, Lucian and Maya at her side like sentinels.

I wanted to follow them. Wanted to say something. But my brain—my soul—was tangled in a thousand conflicting threads. Something was wrong. Ashar’s answer hadn’t just surprised everyone else. It had rattled me.

Ethan swore softly and shot me and Celeste a look. “Both of you—and I cannot stress this enough—what the fuck?”

My hand clenched tightly. “My question exactly.” My voice slipped out low and gravelly as I turned to Celeste.

Her eyes flashed with something—panic, anger...fear.

She turned on her heels and began to storm across the garden path.

My feet automatically moved after her. Someone was going to answer the questions warring within me, and if Ashar wouldn’t, then Celeste would.

I wasn’t even sure what I planned to say, only that I needed to ask her directly. Ashar’s admission and Sera’s accusation had kicked over a decade-old box of questions I’d sealed shut.

“Celeste,” I called after her.

She didn’t stop walking.

“Celeste!” I caught her arm gently, and she whirled around with a tear-streaked face and wide, wild eyes.

“Oh, what now?” she hissed. “Going to interrogate me, too? Accuse me of something I didn’t do?”

I lowered my voice. “It’s just me and you, Celeste. Tell me the truth. That night... Did you—did you send Sera to that room?”

“What about you?” she snapped back, her voice trembling. “Did you really kiss her first? Did you make the first move?”

“Don’t deflect, Celeste,” I pressed. “Did you send Seraphina into that room?”

Her breath hitched.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” she said, trying to pull away, but I kept my grip on her wrist firm.

“Celeste, please. You have to tell me the—” But before I could finish, her legs buckled and her eyes rolled back as she dropped like a bag of rocks.

My eyes widened. “Celeste!”

She fainted in my arms.

It was a blur from there—panic replacing my suspicions, carrying her into my car, speeding through town to the pack hospital.

Celeste was pale, unresponsive, and muttering incoherently. The nurses took her into observation immediately, and I paced the sterile waiting room with my shirt still damp from the pond.

I was beginning to fucking loathe hospitals.

The walls felt too close, the lights too harsh. My head throbbed with all my suspicions and doubts.

Why now?

Why had Ashar waited until tonight to speak?

And why had he done it at all?

I hadn't called him forward. He'd forced himself out. Forced the truth out.

And now, I couldn't unhear it.

And I couldn't make fucking sense out of it.

Why would I—why would he—have kissed Sera first? Celeste was who I'd wanted then. That night was supposed to be ours.

Had the alcohol confused him? But was that even possible? The human body was fickle, fragile, but Ashar was the strongest part of me; he shouldn't have been susceptible to—

The doctor returned, pulling me out of my reverie, saying Celeste was stable. I was allowed in after a while.

She was awake, lying in the bed with a saline drip in her arm and her hair perfectly fanned over the pillow like someone had arranged it that way.

She turned her head slowly to me. "You're still here."

"Of course I'm here," I said quietly. "You fainted."



She closed her eyes briefly, whispering, "I was overwhelmed. It was all too much."

"I know," I said. "I'm sorry." I sat on the edge of the chair beside her. "But I need to ask again—about that night. Did you send Sera to that room? You said she seduced me, but now Ashar's saying he made the first move."

Her eyes glistened with tears, but her expression hardened. "So you believe her now? After everything she's done to ruin us?"

"I'm not trying to take sides," I said, exasperated. "I'm trying to find the truth. Something doesn't add up, Celeste. My memory of that night is hazy. Yours is conveniently perfect."

She turned her face away. "I can't fucking believe this, Kieran. Do you know why I fainted? Because all this—these interrogations, your distrust, it's hurting my already-weak wolf. Do you even care? Or are you so desperate to prove Sera innocent that you're willing to destroy me in the process?"

I clenched my jaw. "That's not what I—"

"Please," she said, voice rising. "Just leave. You've done enough damage tonight."

"Celeste—"

“If you’re not going to take care of me as my mate, if all you want to talk about is turning me, the fucking victim, into some kind of perpetrator, then get the fuck out, Kieran.”

Every cell in my body tensed with frustration. I could feel something fraying at the edges of my mind, and as my fists clenched in my lap, I realized what it was—my patience.

My patience with Celeste was wearing fucking thin.

And I was in no mood to play doting caretaker right now. Not when all I wanted to do was shake her hard enough till all the answers fell out.

So instead, I stood and walked out without another word.

Back in my car, I sat in the dark for a long while, staring at nothing, my hands clenched tightly around the steering wheel.

It felt like there was a boulder lodged in my throat, making it difficult to breathe, to think, to fucking move.

The night’s events kept flashing in my mind—the broken look in Sera’s eyes, Celeste’s deflection, my own, inexplicable confession.

And then, as if of its own accord, my hand moved, stabbing at the screen in my car.

Gavin answered on the second ring.

“Alpha?”

“I need something,” I said. My voice sounded foreign to my ears—gruff, croaky. “Now.”

“I’m listening.”

“Ten years ago. The blood moon hunt. I need security footage of everything—hotel corridors, elevators, lobbies. Who went where.”

Gavin was silent for a beat. “That’s...a tall order.”

I clenched my jaw. “So?”

He sighed. “On it, Alpha.”

I hung up and leaned back in my seat, the back of my head pressing into the headrest. I tried to take a deep breath, but that damned boulder refused to dislodge.

I knew I couldn't breathe properly until I uncovered the truth of what really happened ten years ago.