

My Sister 52

Chapter 52 DEADLY COMBINATION

SERAPHINA'S POV

The sound of the slap echoed through the room, loud and vicious, like a shot fired in close quarters.

Kieran's face jerked to the side, the red imprint of my hand already blooming on his cheek—proof that I had indeed gotten stronger.

For a heartbeat, we both froze.

Then everything shifted.

The air pressure dropped like an anchor, and I could feel his aura crackling in the air like the moments before a lightning strike.

Kieran's eyes darkened to near black, his wolf brushing the edges of his control like a beast too long restrained. His nostrils flared. His shoulders rose.

I stepped back instinctively—but not fast enough.

He surged forward, grabbing my wrists, and in the blink of an eye, I was pinned against the wall.

The breath fled my lungs, the back of my head brushing drywall. His body loomed, solid and furious, radiating heat and command like a furnace turned to full.

“What the hell are you doing?” I struggled, kicking against him. “Get the fuck off me!”

“Don’t,” he growled, voice rough with rage. “Do. Not. Test me. Seraphina.”

His forearm pressed lightly against my collarbone—not enough to hurt, but enough to cage me in.

His entire body was pressed so tightly into mine, I was sure he could feel my heart slamming against my ribs—not with fear, but with fury. And a wild emotion I couldn’t quite place.

“I’ve let you run amok for too fucking long.” His breath was hot against my face, eyes locked on mine like twin blades.

I ground my teeth. “Don’t talk about me like I’m a rambunctious puppy who slipped her leash.”

He growled. “Stop acting like one.”

“Don’t tell me what to do.”

His eyes narrowed into slits. “You forget who I am.”

“I know who you are,” I hissed. “The Alpha who throws his weight around when a woman calls him out. Is this what you are now? Just power and bruised ego?”

His eyes flashed. “You don’t know me.”

I managed a sardonic laugh as he threw my words back at me. “That we can agree on. Both of us spent the last ten years living with a fucking stranger.”

“I’ve never hidden myself from you.”

I scoffed. “Oh yeah? Then what was all that last night?”

He sneered. “Why don’t you ask your dear friend with the fake stone?”

I scoffed. “The stone may have been fake, but your words weren’t—”

“Don’t pretend to know what goes on in my head, Sera,” he growled.

“Oh, trust me,” I snapped. “I have no fucking idea what goes in your head. But you want to accuse me of playing a role? Of hiding my intentions? Look in the fucking mirror, Kieran, and ask yourself which one of us is the fucking pretender!”

“Don’t you dare yell at me.”

“Or what?” I spat. “You’ll put me through a wall?”

His jaw clenched. “If you ever lay your hands on me like that again, Seraphina...” He leaned in, voice venomous, “I’ll make you regret it.”

I stared up at him, trembling with adrenaline, teeth bared. “Then do it,” I whispered. “Show me exactly how you’re the same as every other person who’s tried to break me.”

His hands tightened around my wrists—but he didn’t move.

Time seemed to slow to a stop, something hot and bright burning between us. The weight of him, the darkness in his eyes, the fury thrumming off him in waves...

It should have all terrified me, but somehow, I just knew, despite everything that had happened—Kieran would never hurt me.

And then—

“Get your hands off her.”

Lucian’s voice cut through the air like a katana, cold and dangerous.

Kieran didn’t turn. “Fuck off, Reed. This is none of your business.”

“It becomes my business when you pin a woman against a wall to make a point.” Lucian’s boots echoed as he crossed the threshold, the sheer authority in his voice enough to crack through the tension.

Kieran’s eyes flicked to him, finally releasing me with a scoff. I shoved past him, my body still trembling, lungs burning from rage and restraint.

“Looks like your knight has arrived,” Kieran muttered bitterly. “Gods forbid you spend one second not attached at the hip.”

I shot him a glare. Fucking hypocrite.

“Open your eyes, Lucian,” he continued, pointing at me. “This one has a way of blinding people.”

"What the fuck—"

"Looks like you're the one who's blind, Blackthorne." Lucian didn't miss a beat, gently putting himself between us so it looked like the two Alphas were in a standoff.

"Too blind to recognize a fucking gem when it's in front of you." He shrugged. "But then again, that's always been your curse, hasn't it? Loving what shines and discarding what lasts."

Kieran's lips curled. "You think you know her?" His voice dipped, almost cruel. "Let me guess—you love the version of her that you helped build."

"At least I built her. I didn't tear her down."

Kieran laughed darkly, rolling his shoulder. "And what, you think you're her savior now?"

"She doesn't need a savior," Lucian shot back. "She's stronger than you give her credit, and you'd know that if you took your head out of your ass once in a while and stopped hiding like a coward behind old claims and wounded pride."

I flinched as Kieran's eyes flared. Oh, Lucian should not have said that.

KIERAN'S POV

I wasn't thinking straight anymore.

All I could feel was the pounding in my skull—rage, panic, confusion, fear. The sting on my cheek where Sera slapped me and the bruising injury on my shoulder were nothing compared to the ache inside.

To the molten fear I felt in the split second watching that van barrel towards her.

The knowledge that if I hadn't gotten the update from her security team that she was walking to OTS instead of driving, if I hadn't listened to the part of me that urged me to make sure she was safe out in the open, she would have—

I hadn't felt fear that strong since... Well, since the damned silver bullet.

And the thought that this time, she had been the one to dive headfirst into danger wrecked something inside me.

Fear and anger were a deadly combination, and they swirled like a vortex inside me that only grew stronger the more she looked at me with that hatred and defiance in those ridiculously, infuriatingly beautiful eyes.

And fuck—that look.

It gutted me more than the slap ever could.

She hated me.

And part of me hated her right back—for making me feel like the villain when I was the one bleeding for her, hurting for her, watching over her when she didn't even ask or show a modicum of appreciation.

Most of all, I hated her for running straight to Lucian like he was some sort of fucking safe space.

Of course he came running.

Of course she instinctively moved to him.

He stood there between us, infuriatingly calm and smug, and all I wanted to do was rip his spine out and stab him with it.

Ashar snarled, in one of his rare moments when he was irrational, clawing at my control. The sight of Lucian and Sera was doing something to him.

I needed to hit something. I needed to feel something other than this seething rage.

I stepped toward him.

Lucian didn't flinch. Sera did.

But just as my fist curled, my phone rang.

I hesitated, breathing hard.

The second ring sliced through the storm in my chest.

I answered.

"What?" I snapped.

Ethan's voice was breathless, panicked. "Kieran—you need to get to the hospital. Now."

My body stilled. "What? Why?"

“It’s Celeste. She—she took something. She tried to kill herself, Kieran!”

All the fire of my fury left me, and my blood ran cold.

Ethan’s voice cracked. “She left a note and everything.”

I couldn’t breathe. Everything inside me halted. Time felt like it splintered.

Sera and Lucian seemed to cease to exist behind me.

My rage vanished, and the fear I had felt watching Sera run into the road tripled, turning into a sick, hollow dread.

“I’m on my way,” I muttered, and hung up.

I turned to Sera and Lucian and felt...shame.

I’d done it again. I’d let Sera overwhelm me above all else.

Now it was life or death. Again.

This time, it was Celeste who needed saving.