

My Sister 56

Chapter 56 TESTOSTERONE AND AGGRESSION LEVELS

KIERAN'S POV

It was supposed to be a simple errand.

In and out. Grab the groceries. Head back before Celeste got antsy.

As soon as I'd agreed for her to move in with me, she'd instantly—miraculously—felt better, and an hour later, had been discharged from the hospital.

I'd spent the last three hours moving her stuff from Margaret's house into mine. It was...overwhelming, to say the least. But it made Celeste so happy, and that had to make everything worth it.

And if I felt a rush of relief when she asked me to go out for groceries so we could have a home-cooked dinner for our first night? Oh well.

But I so didn't expect to run into Sera for the second time today.

I'd just loaded the last of the groceries into my trunk when the sound of giggling made me turn. And there she was.

Sera.

She hadn't seen me yet, and I used that opportunity to watch her. Her head was turned towards Maya, a smile as bright as a thousand suns as she laughed.

Gods, that sound. I'd heard her laugh more times since we got divorced than in the entirety of our marriage, and each time, it seemed to carve a hole inside me.

They turned in my direction, their arms full of shopping bags, and I knew that was my cue to turn around, to walk away before we had yet another altercation.

But I didn't.

It seemed like with Sera, there was always something hanging unsaid—unfinished business. Tonight's own was that I was not satisfied with how we'd left things in the morning.

My legs moved before I could stop them.

My mouth opened before I could stop myself. "Seraphina?"

The moment her eyes met mine, everything else seemed to fall away.

Time. Noise. The passing crowd. Even the distant voice in my head that screamed this was a terrible fucking idea.

Her eyes narrowed slightly, body tensing with that silent, steel-edged composure she'd suddenly perfected.

"I didn't expect to see you here," I added.

She arched a brow and said smoothly, "What, your spies didn't update you?"

I flinched. Fair.

"I didn't come looking for a fight," I said calmly.

She snorted. "That'll be a first."

I clenched my jaw. "Sera—"

"Listen, Kieran," Maya chimed in, "Sera and I have had quite the day, and honestly, we've had our fill of egotistical Alphas so if you could just—"

The growl slipped out before I could stop myself. “I don’t recall pulling you into this conversation, Maya. Just because Ethan is your mate doesn’t mean you can speak to me however you want.”

She took a step forward, half of her body shielding Sera like I was a danger to her. Sera must have told Maya what happened this morning, once again painting me the villain.

“I think you’ll find, Kieran, that I do whatever the fuck I want, and I’m not scared of a posturing man-child.”

Anger pulsed inside me. I was not in the best of moods, and if Maya kept pushing me, she was going to find out the hard way that—

Sera placed a hand on her friend’s arm, holding her back as she stepped forward, too. Maya turned and raised a brow.

“It’s cool,” she said gently, eyeing me warily. “I can deal with him.”

“You shouldn’t have to,” Maya insisted.

Sera shook her head. “I won’t be long. Wait for me in the car?”

Maya hesitated before sighing. “Fine.”

She shot me a glare I returned before she turned and stomped away.

When she was out of sight, Sera turned to me and folded her arms, a black shopping bag dangling from her grip. “Think we can have this conversation without testosterone and aggression levels rising?”

I rolled my eyes. “I’m not an animal.”

She snorted. “Could’ve fooled me.”

I exhaled, determined not to prove her right. “Listen, Sera, about this morning—”

“How’s Celeste?”

I blinked, caught off guard. “What?”

She shrugged. “Ethan told me she tried to kill herself.”

I shook my head, surprised by how much I didn't want to talk about Celeste—or be reminded that she was back at home waiting for me. "She's fine."

"Great. So I'll give you the summarized version of what I told Ethan." She held out a finger. "One: No, I won't be apologizing to Celeste. Two: I've never once chased you, so you need to explain that to her in a way that she fucking gets it. And three—"

"What the—Sera, I'm not here to talk to you about Celeste."

Her brows rose. "You're not?"

I shook my head.

"Then what do you want to talk about?"

I took a deep breath. "Us."

She made an incredulous sound. "Excuse me?" She took a step back. "There is no 'us', Kieran."

"We haven't talked about what happened ten years ago, and—"

“No,” she said sharply and firmly. “Absolutely fucking not.”

She turned on her heels and started to walk away.

I closed the distance in two quick strides, reaching out to grab her arm. “Sera, wait!”

She turned her head, her eyes flashing. “Do you know what Ethan said to me tonight?” She didn’t pause after her rhetorical question. “He asked me to stop going after you because it was hurting precious Celeste. He said my memory of that night—the memory you’re so desperate to rehash—was mere speculation.”

“Sera—”

“I am so fucking done!” she snapped. “Done with being the bad guy in everybody’s story. Right now, you’re the one chasing me, and I would appreciate it, Kieran, if you would just leave me alone!”

She aggressively yanked her arm out of my grasp, and the plastic handle of one of her bags snapped from the force.

The bag tipped sideways, spilling its contents across the floor. A pink satin box rolled out—followed by another, smaller black case.

I reached down to help, and then I saw what had fallen.

My jaw clenched.

The satin box was half-open, revealing a glittering bullet vibrator. The smaller case was clearly branded with a cartoon dick, unmistakable in purpose.

Instantly, heat surged through me—confusion morphing into jealousy morphing into rage.

“What the fuck, Seraphina?” I growled.

She leaned down and snatched the box out of my grip, closing it. “Don’t touch my stuff,” she muttered, a light dusting of pink on her cheeks.

“You buying toys now?” I demanded, barely able to keep my voice steady. “What, Lucian’s not doing it for you?”

She froze.

I knew I’d crossed a line. I didn’t even know why I said that, because as soon as I did, the thought of Lucian actually touching her made something primal and violent crawl beneath my skin.

She turned slowly, standing upright with deliberate grace, and looked me dead in the eye.

“Lucian knows how to please a woman without using brute force or guilt,” she said coldly. “And unlike some people, he doesn’t need a decade to figure out where the clit is.”

The blow was clean. Direct. Hit it’s fucking mark.

But she wasn’t done.

“In fact,” she continued, tucking the fallen toys back into another bag, “forget Lucian. These are for me. Because I’ve learned, after years of disappointment, that sometimes I have to take my own pleasure into my own hands. You wouldn’t know anything about that, would you, Kieran?”

My vision tinted red. “Watch your mouth.”

She stepped into my space, eyes blazing. “Worry less about what’s going on between my legs and more about satisfying the woman waiting in your bed. You’ve spent ten years being a mediocre lover; I truly hope poor Celeste doesn’t get disappointed. But if she does,”—she shoved the torn shopping bag at my chest that bore the name and logo of the adult store—“she knows where to go.”

For a second, I just...gaped.

Every single time I met Sera, there was a new version of her I didn't recognize. A version that ignited new levels of rage and guilt and confusion.

I grabbed her arm—not hard, but enough to hold her there, to stop her from walking away again.

But before I could even summon appropriate words for the situation, my phone vibrated.

Once. Twice. Then a flood of incoming messages, insistent and frantic, like my phone was having a seizure in my pocket.

Sera rolled her eyes and scoffed.

“Run along, Kieran. Your Luna awaits.”

“She's not—” I started, then stopped. Because she was. She fucking was.

Sera shook her head and pulled her arm out of my grasp. “I'm getting really fucking tired of saying this, but stay away from me, Kieran. I'm not yours to save or harass or whatever it is you think this is.”

Frustration flared under my anger. Why couldn't I have one fucking conversation with Sera without interruptions?

“Sera, we’re not done—”

“Yes. We are, Kieran.”

She turned, walking away with her head held high and shoulders squared. And I stood there like a damn fool, the scent of her still burning in my nose.