

My Sister 6

Chapter 6 ICY REGARD

KIERAN'S POV

The scent of Seraphina's blood still haunted me.

I couldn't purge that scene—rogues swarming, Daniel safe with my parents, Celeste needing my protection after years of neglecting combat training. But when those fangs flashed toward Sera... when her blood flooded the air, thick with pain...

My heart stopped.

Every Alpha instinct roared to shield her—my ex-wife, my son's mother, the mate I'd never publicly claimed. Yet before I could move, another shadow got involved first.

I should've been grateful when that stranger tore the rogues apart. Should've thanked the moon when he saved Sera's life before it was too late.

But watching him shift back, cradling her against his bare chest, a snarl ripped from my throat before I could choke it back. My canines throbbed, my vision bleeding amber.

"Mine." My wolf, Ashar, snarled.

The word was a lie. I had no right to it. Not after the divorce papers. Not after a decade of denying her my mark. Denied her the title of Luna.

What kind of Alpha claims ownership over a mate he never truly claimed?

So why did the sight of his hands on her waist make me want to paint these fucking trees with his entrails?

"How is she?" My mother's voice on the phone dragged me back to the present. "Daniel wants to know."

I glanced at the closed door of the treatment room in the ER in front of me, a cocktail of unfamiliar emotions stirring in my stomach. How was she? I didn't know. I'd seen her dress in tatters, seen the blood pouring down her back, but I wasn't the hero who'd saved her. Wasn't even the one who brought her here. Just the useless ex-husband waiting for news.

No updates yet. No one had come to tell us anything.

She had to be alive. She needed to be alive. How would I explain to Daniel if anything worse had happened to Sera? How would I justify protecting another woman instead of his defenseless, wolfless mother?

Self-loathing burned through me. Whatever had passed between Sera and me, hurting Daniel was the last thing we wanted.

"She's—"

The door opened, and Seraphina walked out.

Her right hand was in a sling, bandages poking out from under the rolled-up sleeve of the shirt. Because she didn't have a wolf, she wouldn't be able to heal as fast as werewolves did.

The thought of her having to nurse the pain and deal with injury like a mundane task gave me an uncomfortable, gnawing feeling.

Her head was turned inward, smiling at whoever was in the room—a doctor or nurse. "Thank you... I will... Yep." Then she turned, and our eyes met.

I'd always thought Seraphina had beautiful eyes—flecks of green swirling in blue, like fish in a cerulean sea. For ten long years, I had deliberately avoided looking into them too deeply. Refused to acknowledge the devotion that once shimmered in their depths.

I told myself I couldn't forget she was the woman who'd ruined my life. Couldn't surrender again to that dangerous allure and betray my love for Celeste. But now, seeing those same eyes regard me with nothing but glacial indifference, my heart clenched.

Her smile fell. It was like that sea had frozen over, and there was nothing—not even anger for failing to protect her—just icy regard.

"Sera!"

I'd almost forgotten Margaret next to me. She had been sitting in the corner, silently praying to the Moon Goddess since they'd wheeled Sera in. Two hospital visits in one week—I doubted she could handle losing another family member.

As soon as she spotted Sera coming out, she sprang up, rushing toward her daughter. Sera broke our gaze to view her mother, her eyebrows furrowing slightly.

"Oh, darling, look at you." Margaret's voice trembled as she reached for Sera's injuries.

"Excuse me," Sera stepped back, leaving her mother's hands suspended in empty air. "Who are you calling? It can't be me."

"If you're looking for your darling—" Her gaze cut past Margaret to where Ethan and Celeste stood, "—she's right behind you."

"Sera!" Ethan interjected, his Alpha tone sharp with disapproval. "Mother's just concerned. What did the doctors say?"

"Since when does my survival matter to any of you?" The ice in her voice was a blade to the chest. This wasn't the Sera I knew. The woman who'd once clung to our rare kindness like sunlight, who'd shaped herself into whatever might earn a scrap of our affection.

"The doctors said I'll live," she continued, that glacial stare flicking to me. "But then again..." A cold smile. "Who cares about an expendable nobody, so long as the important people are safe?"

"That's not—"

"Where is my son?" She cut off Margaret, turning to me with eyes stripped of all their former tenderness. As if I were just a stranger to her now.

"At home," I answered stiffly. "With my parents."

"I'll go get him." She gave a curt nod before walking toward the exit.

"Wait—" My hand shot out, catching her wrist. "Daniel is safe where he is. You're in no condition to care for him right now."

Her gaze dropped to where my fingers circled her arm, brow furrowing. I released her but blocked her path.

"The rogues who attacked today are likely the same ones who targeted your father. This wasn't random, Sera. They're systematically hunting the Frostbane Pack members, trying to—"

"What does that have to do with me?"

The ice in her voice made the room collectively inhale.

"For fuck's sake, Sera!" Ethan snapped. "Are you really this dense? You're in danger!"

"I stopped being a Frostbane member years ago." Her voice was a whip-crack. "Which means I'm safe."

"Sera, listen—" I dragged a hand through my hair, frustration spiking.

"And I'm not part of your pack either." She took a step closer, eyes glinting like shards of diamond. "Is this some new ploy to take Daniel from me?"

"What?" I looked at her, unbelieving.

"Then I don't understand why you're all standing here trying to stop me from getting my child."

"Have you lost your mind, Sera?" Margaret exclaimed.

"I've given you what you wanted." A shrug, feigning nonchalance. "The divorce is signed. I've moved out. The funeral's over. There's no reason for us to keep talking."

My jaw tightened. "Sera, that's not—"

"Try to take Daniel," she locked my eyes, a promise sharpened to a killing edge, "and you'll learn how sharp my teeth are—with or without a wolf."

I exhaled through my nose. "Let me drive you."

Sera froze. So did Celeste—I felt her stare burning into my back.

Shit. I schooled my features into something colder. "Your car's still at the cemetery. Divorced or not, you're still my son's mother. That makes you my responsibility."

"No." Her laugh was bitter as wolfsbane. "You already proved my point. Even when you're right beside me, you don't choose me. I won't trust my safety to someone who's resented me for a decade."

"Sera." The warning in my voice should've made her flinch.

She didn't even hesitate. Just walked out.

And fuck if that didn't feel like a silver bullet to the chest.

Sera was a viper. Her distance should've been a relief.

So why did the line she'd drawn between us make me want to tear the whole goddamn world apart?

Celeste's touch startled me. "This is just... temporary, right?" Her fingers trembled against my arm. "We won't have to keep doing this?"

I forced my attention back to her—to the woman I'd loved for years. My rightful Luna-to-be.

"Nothing changes." I covered her hand with mine, squeezing. "You'll always come first."

"Kieran," she sobbed into my chest, "with Father gone, I—I don't feel safe. I need you."

"I've got you," I murmured, pulling her closer. "No one will tear us apart again."

Celeste nestled deeper into my embrace, her tears dampening my shirt. Yet my traitorous gaze kept drifting to that empty exit, where Sera disappeared.

The unease coiled in my gut.

Why?