

My Sister 69

Chapter 69 DERANGED STALKER

KIERAN'S POV

'I should have stayed at home.'

That thought repeated like a dull drumbeat as I stood near the concession stand, hands in my jacket pockets, pretending to inspect the overpriced popcorn.

I wasn't even hungry. I was supposed to be out clearing my head—burning off steam after yet another exhausting round with Celeste, who was trying to spin my life into yet another PR stunt.

It had taken all my willpower not to smash in the skull of the pasty-faced cameraman she'd invited over to shoot a Day in the Life video of reunited mates.

But instead of driving aimlessly as planned, I found myself taking the familiar path to Griffith Park.

While I was still berating myself for coming to Sera's house, an annoyingly familiar Aston Martin pulled into her driveway.

And when I saw him escort Sera to his car, as she clutched a huge flower bouquet, all bets were off.

And that's how I ended up trailing Lucian Reed's stupid red sports car through the streets of LA like some lovesick lunatic.

I should have called it quits when they walked into the theater. I should have turned the fuck around and gone anywhere but here.

Instead, I bought a ticket to whatever show they were seeing and sat two rows behind them, close enough to observe, far enough not to be seen, completing my descent into deranged stalker.

Pathetic.

At first, I convinced myself it was harmless curiosity. Making sure she was safe. Lucian might've been polished and charming, but I still didn't trust him.

Except...

He wasn't doing anything wrong. He didn't even put his arm around her when the lights dimmed, and the movie started—some overly sentimental romance if the piano score was anything to go by.

I tried to watch, to focus, but all I could see was them.

They weren't touching, or talking, or doing anything other than watching the movie (which was better off showing on Pornhub than at a respectable cinema).

And that should have made me happy, but I kept glaring at the sliver of space between them where their shoulders brushed when one of them took a deep breath.

And then came the moment that snapped the last thread of my restraint.

Lucian reached over slowly and took her hand. Sera didn't flinch—didn't hesitate. She let him hold it. A second later, he turned it palm-up and pressed a kiss to her knuckles.

She didn't pull away.

That was the moment I stood up and stormed out of the theater like a bomb about to detonate.

My vision burned from irritation and fury and a raw ache I didn't have a name for.

The cold night air hit me like a slap. I leaned against the building wall, dragging in a deep breath and forcing my thoughts into order.

I had no right to feel this way.

Sera wasn't mine anymore. Hell, she never really was—not in the ways that mattered.

I'd never loved her like a husband should love his wife. Never taken her out on a date or bought her flowers.

She deserved this—to be with someone who cherished her and took care of her.

Good. That was good.

I'd moved on now; I was with Celeste. I shouldn't have cared what Sera did in her spare time or who she did it with.

So why did it feel like I was being gutted from the inside?

I was about to leave—keys already clenched in my fist—when I heard the voices.

Loud. Unruly. Male.

My gaze flicked toward the theater doors. A group of teens loitered by the entrance, laughing and jeering among themselves, their attention fixed on one of them who had peeled away.

My brows arched when I followed their line of sight.

He stood too close to Sera where she waited near the theater, Lucian nowhere in sight.

His body language screamed cocky as he leaned in, arms crossed like he owned the place, smirking down at her as he said something I couldn't hear.

But I saw the way Sera stiffened, saw the tight-lipped smile and the tension in her shoulders.

I was moving before I even made the decision.

I was within earshot as the boy laughed like Sera had cracked a joke.

"What, you don't like compliments?"

"She likes compliments," I said, voice low and deadly, "just not from someone young enough to be her fucking son."

The teen paled, his expression briefly flickering with unease—then settling into something smug.

“Kieran,” Sera said, eyes narrowing. “What are you—”

“Is there a problem here?” I asked tightly, ignoring her for now.

The boy grinned. He was maybe seventeen, acne-scarred and full of misplaced confidence. “Nah. Just talking to the pretty lady here.”

“She’s not interested.”

“Is that so?” He turned to Sera, giving her a slow once-over that made my blood boil. “Is he the ‘sort of’ boyfriend? I mean, no offense,” —his gaze turned to me— “but you don’t look like her type. What have you got on her, ten years? Fifteen?”

Sera exhaled sharply. “Walk away, kid.”

He laughed. “What? Not my fault you’re into angry old dudes. Come on, a hot thing like you, you want someone who can actually keep up.”

He leaned in closer and dropped his voice to what he must have thought was seductive. “Someone who can go with you all night.”

I lost it.

My hand shot out before I could stop myself. I grabbed the front of his hoodie, yanked him off balance, and slammed him against the nearest wall.

My fingers curled around his throat—not tight, but firm enough that his smirk faltered.

“Kieran!” Sera gasped.

“She said walk away,” I growled, eyes boring into his. “You ever fucking look at her again, let alone speak to her, and I’ll make sure your own mother doesn’t recognize you when I’m done. Got it?”

The boy’s Adam’s apple bobbed. He tried to play it cool, but his heart was racing. I could hear it.

“Damn,” he wheezed and then turned to Sera as far as my grip would allow. “Babe, if I die right now, at least I died for love.”

“Oh my goddess,” Sera muttered under her breath.

“I’ll fucking kill you if you keep talking.” I snarled, voice dripping with acid.

He tried to speak—choked instead. “Would be...worth...it.”

I was half a second from snapping the little punk’s clavicle when Sera’s voice cut through the red-hazed fog in my head.

“Enough!”

I froze.

Sera stepped between us, grabbing my wrist with both hands and yanking me back. Her eyes blazed with fury—but not just at the boy.

At me.

“What is wrong with you?” she hissed. “He’s an idiot, but he’s a kid.”

“You expect me to stand by while some pubescent idiot tries to feel you up in public.”

“You’re overreacting,” she snapped. “He didn’t touch me.”

“He wanted to.”

“Not your business, Kieran.”

“He was harassing you!”

“And I was handling it!” she snapped. “Whether it’s vans or dumbass kids, you don’t get to show up playing protector whenever you want, Kieran!”

The teen, still rubbing his neck, muttered something under his breath. I growled low in warning.

“You too,” she said, rounding on him. “You shouldn’t be talking to girls your age like that, let alone an adult. Have some fucking respect.”

For a second, the kid looked genuinely embarrassed. Then he shoved his hands in his pockets and walked away, muttering something that sounded suspiciously like, “Damn, she’s even hotter when she’s mad.”

Sera didn’t even flinch.

I stood there, still buzzing with adrenaline and shame, while she fixed me with a look colder than any slap.

“I was just trying to help,” I muttered darkly, more angry with myself than anything else.

I did it again; I overstepped when it came to Sera and got animosity for my troubles.

“I don’t need your help, Kieran,” she said quietly. “I don’t need anything from you.”

Before I could respond, another voice called out behind her.

“Sera?”

Lucian.

He approached, brows raised, concern etched into his features. He took one look at the scene—me rigid with fury, Sera with arms crossed, the scent of tension thick in the air—and understood instantly.

His hand went to the small of her back in an act of subtle dominance.

“The concession line is ridiculously long, I figured we’d just get dessert after dinner. Everything alright?”

Sera exhaled, leaning into his touch. “Now it is.”

Lucian turned his attention to me.

“Kieran,” he said with a courteous nod.

I didn’t return it.

He turned to her, his voice gentle. “Ready to go?”

“More than ready.”

And just like that, she slipped her arm through his, and they walked past me. I flinched when her shoulder brushed mine, but she didn’t even turn her head.

I stood there long after the door closed behind them, fists clenched at my sides, and the overwhelming urge to bash someone’s skull in—maybe the teen, preferably Lucian—returned with a vengeance.