

## **My Sister 71**

Chapter 71 THE FUCKING IRONY

SERAPHINA'S POV

I woke to the sensation of motion—the jarring bounce of tires on uneven ground.

My head throbbed, my mouth tasted like copper, and for a moment, I couldn't remember where I was or why I couldn't move my arms. Then it hit me.

The restaurant. The rogues. The staff. The fucking SUV.

I gasped, only to realize my mouth was dry and my arms were tightly bound behind my back.

The seat beneath me was the same smooth leather from before—too pristine, too polished, too wrong.

The bitter-sweet scent still lingered faintly beneath something sharper: sweat, and the metallic tang of fear—mine.

I shifted slightly, the hum of the car engine steady and cruelly calm. My wrists stung. I twisted them instinctively, trying to get a feel for the bindings. Zip ties. Unforgivingly tight.

“Finally awake, princess?” The partition was down now, and the driver’s voice floated through—coarse, amused.

Panic flared. My heart pounded, but I forced my tone to be steady. “Where the hell are you taking me?”

He chuckled, eyes never leaving the road. “Patience, princess. You’ll see soon enough. Wouldn’t want to spoil the surprise.”

“Stop calling me that,” I spat, my fear giving way to irritation at the smug, patronizing tone.

He chuckled dryly. “But that’s what you are, aren’t you? Alpha Edward’s precious little princess.”

I frowned. “Wha—ow!”

I yelped as my head banged against the window when the car hit a vicious bump. Where were we going that the terrain was so uneven?

“Oops, watch it, princess.”

I scowled. “What the hell are you talking about?” I snapped.

I was a lot of things to my father—a precious princess wasn't one of them.

The man twisted slightly, enough for me to glimpse the nasty grin on his face. "You're Alpha Edward's most prized daughter. He gave you all the riches and love and care in the world. Except now he's gone and left a big fat target on your back."

He winked and turned back to face the road.

I stared at the back of the driver's head for a stunned minute, trying to process his words. Then, I threw my head back, and a hoarse bark of laughter burst out of me.

I saw his arched brow in the rearview mirror. "Something funny?"

"Oh my gods," I wheezed. "Oh, the fucking irony."

I'd spent my whole life in Celeste's shadow, wishing I could be her, that I could receive just half of the love and adoration she so effortlessly attracted.

Be careful what you fucking wish for.

"You dumbass." I shook my head incredulously. "You have the wrong girl!"

He snorted. "Excuse me?"

"I—" I bounced on the seat as the car hit another bump. "I'm not Alpha Edward's 'prized daughter.' My father loathed me. I was an embarrassment and a disgrace—he spent my whole life pretending I didn't exist. My younger sister Celeste is who you want."

He chuckled, the sound scraping along my nerves. "Nice try."

I gaped. "You think I'm lying."

"I know you are. You can't talk your way out of this, princess. "

"I'm not a fucking princess!" I kicked the back of his seat in frustration. "Are you hearing me? I'm not the daughter my father favored!"

Fucking Celeste. Even when she wasn't all up in my face, she still managed to make my life miserable.

"Then why did he try so hard to protect you?"

I stilled. "Huh?"

“Two months before we killed him—”

“Fuck you for that, by the way,” I hissed.

He snorted and continued. “He desperately tried to protect you. Erased every trace of you—both digital and paper. But finding you wasn’t hard.”

I stared at him, stunned. Why would my father...

“That’s just further proof,” I said, my frustration twisting my voice. “He practically disowned me when I got married; that was him just wiping away all traces of me.”

The man’s grin in the rearview mirror didn’t waver. “That’s not what we heard. Either way, someone went to a lot of trouble to keep you hidden. That makes you valuable to us.”

“Valuable how?” I bit out.

He shrugged. “Bait. Bargaining chip. Example. Pick one. Alpha Edward might be dead, but if you were so precious to him, then you mean the same to your brother, to your pack.”

I laughed again, the sound bitter and hollow. “You’re in for the shock of your life.”

If I wasn't so intent on getting out of this frightening situation, I would be looking forward to the rogue's reaction when they found out they'd picked up a pebble in their search for a diamond.

I stared out the window, watching as buildings thinned into woods and the streetlights grew sparse.

Desolate didn't begin to describe it. We were heading into the middle of nowhere, and I had no way to get out of this—no wolf. No phone. No one.

Lucian would be losing his mind by now. I hoped he hadn't been hurt in the attack.

I tugged at the zip ties again, hissing when the plastic dug deeper into my skin. I would no doubt have bruises.

"So that's it?" I muttered. "Just kidnap some girl based on some bullshit theory?"

He didn't answer. He didn't have to.

"She's stalling," another voice said, and I leaned to the side to see another rogue in the passenger seat. An older man with greying hair and twitchy hands—the staff member who had led me to the car.

How had they planned this? How did they know I would be at that restaurant?

“She knows we’re right.”

“No,” I said coldly. “I just think it’s pathetic that you’re pinning your little vendetta on someone who’s never even been a part of her father’s circle.”

The driver’s knuckles tightened on the steering wheel. “Then why did he try so hard to protect you?”

I didn’t have an answer. I didn’t even have a theory. My father had made my life miserable. If he’d really hidden my existence, it wasn’t out of love. It was shame. Control. Maybe regret.

None of it mattered now. He was dead, and I was still somehow being punished.

The road dipped, curving sharply as we entered some abandoned industrial area.

The SUV rattled over potholes, headlights slicing through patches of fog and overgrown brush. I knew if I didn’t do something soon, I’d be gone without a trace and any hope of being rescued.

My breaths came faster. I shifted my weight, testing the give in the seatbelt, in the zip ties, in the door. Nothing. No weapon. No backup.

I closed my eyes, fighting back angry and frustrated tears.

How unlucky did I have to be?

Just when things were starting to look up in my life, when I was beginning to find a sliver of happiness, it had to be so cruelly yanked out of my grip.

Then the world exploded sideways.

Metal slammed into metal, and I was thrown violently against the door. Tires screeched, and I heard the unmistakable crunch of fenders and the groan of warped steel.

The SUV spun, swerved off the road, and finally slammed into a concrete barrier with a jarring crash.

Everything stilled.

I blinked, stunned, my ears ringing. There was a sharp sting on my forehead, and something warm was trickling down my cheek.

For one terrifying moment, all I could hear was the hiss of the engine and the fractured wheeze of my own breath.



Then came the footsteps.

Fast. Angry.

The passenger door was flung open. The older man scrambled out, stumbling as he tried to regain his footing.

He was speaking frantically—the words “backup” and “attack” filtered through the ringing in my ears.

I twisted, straining to see what was happening.

And then I heard him.

“You have three seconds,” a familiar voice snarled, low and dark and barely human, “to step the fuck away from the car.”

Kieran.

Relief and something sharper, hotter, shot through me. I wanted to cry and scream in equal measure.

The rogue lifted his hands, trembling. “Wait—don’t—”

A blur of motion. A sickening crack.

The man went down.

The driver lunged for something beneath his seat—probably a weapon—but the driver’s door was already yanked open, and Kieran was on him. Fangs bared.

His fists were brutal and fast, and when he pulled the man out and tossed him onto the gravel, I saw blood—a lot of it.

Then he turned to me.

“Sera.”

His voice, ragged with fury, seemed to sear through me.

“Kieran,” I breathed.

I didn't know how he kept doing it—how he always knew. Always found me.

The shooting in the park, the van in the street, even the stupid teenager—Kieran always showed up when I needed him. Whether I knew I needed him or not.

But I was grateful.

Gods, I was so damn grateful.

I let out a long, shaky breath and closed my eyes as relief flushed out the fear and agitation.

"I've never been so happy to see you," I murmured.