

## **My Sister 72**

Chapter 72 WOLF-BRIGHT

KIERAN'S POV

As soon as Sera and Lucian left the theater, my wolf instincts had been clawing at me, an unrelenting, restless pull in my chest that I couldn't ignore.

At first, I fought against it. I'd just had one altercation with Sera, and I knew she'd be livid if I gave in to the need to follow her and make sure she was okay when she was still on her stupid fucking date with Lucian.

But Ashar was very rarely agitated, and his emotions saturated through mine to the point that I could barely think past the frenzy.

Finally, I reached out to the security team that was always watching Sera—and they told me they'd lost her.

She'd gone into Aurum, there'd been a rogue attack, and she'd never come out.

My blood ran cold even as a surge of heat blasted through me. I let Ashar take control, and every second felt like a lifetime as I drove madly through the streets of LA.

Her phone had been switched off, and tracking her was monumentally harder since she didn't have a wolf, but she'd used the same brand of perfume and lavender oil for ten years; I could track her in my sleep.

I followed the thin, fading trail of her scent toward the edge of the neutral zone that bordered rogue territory.

That was when I saw it—an SUV idling just long enough to make the hair on my neck rise before pulling out toward the industrial area.

I didn't need confirmation. I knew down to my bones that Sera was inside.

I didn't wait for backup. Didn't even try to call anyone else. My hands tightened on the wheels until my knuckles cracked as I aimed my car at theirs and floored it.

The collision was bone-rattling, metal screaming as my front end smashed into their rear. The impact shoved their vehicle sideways, tires skidding over cracked asphalt. I didn't give them a chance to recover.

Ashar surged, eager for blood.

The rogues inside were shouting—curses, threats—the sounds barely audible over the rush of my own heartbeat.

I was out of my car before it fully stopped, resisting the urge to let Ashar lose. Not just yet.

The first two rogues tumbled out of the SUV, clearly caught off guard by the sudden hit. They barely had time to register what was happening before I was on them.

If it had been any other situation, I might have relished the crack of the first one's neck, the satisfaction of breaking through the other one's ribs. But all that mattered was Sera.

And when I opened the back door and found her bound, terrified, but otherwise unharmed, I thought I would collapse under the force of my relief.

"Sera," I panted, my ragged voice foreign in my ears.

"Kieran," she panted, closing her eyes. "I've never been so happy to see you."

That sentence was like a balm, soothing the wild rage and panic crashing through me like an avalanche.

I crouched by the door, my eyes scanning her face, checking, assessing, making sure she was in one piece.

A tear slipped down her cheeks, mixing with the blood trailing from a cut on her forehead as my heart thudded in my chest.

“Fuck,” I cursed myself. I’d been so blind with my fear and adrenaline, I didn’t even think about how the collision would affect her.

Once again, in my bid to help Sera, I’d ended up hurting her instead.

“I’m so sorry,” I said, low, breathless.

She turned slightly, showing me her bound wrists at her back. “Zip ties,” she whispered hoarsely.

I didn’t hesitate. A claw emerged from my finger, and I sliced the plastic clean through, careful not to cut her. She gasped, rubbing her wrists as blood rushed back to her hands.

The sight of the red rings sent another wave of anger through me.

“Come on,” I ground out, trying to keep my voice soft as I gently helped her out of the totaled SUV.

My arms tightened around her as she collapsed against me, unsteady on her feet. “I got you,” I said tightly as her hands fisted the front of my shirt.

Hooking my arms under the back of her legs, I carried her, holding her tightly to my chest, back to my car.

The front of the car was wrecked, and I had no idea if it would run, but I gently put her in the backseat.

She exhaled shakily. "Thank you, Kieran, I—"

The screeching of tires snapped my attention to the road.

A second SUV was speeding towards us.

Sera gasped. "Backup," she whispered. "They called for backup."

A sick, deadly kind of satisfaction ran through me as the car skidded to a halt and rogues spilled from inside. I hadn't even begun to satisfy the urge to burn the world down for daring to hurt Sera.

I turned to her. "I'll be right back."

"Kieran—"

But I was already out of the car and Shifting mid-stride, my bones snapping, muscles ripping and reforming as Ashar surged forward in a blur of claws and fur.

The first went down under the sheer weight of my body, my jaws locking around his throat and tearing until the fight left him in a wet, choking gurgle. I tossed him aside, already turning on the second.

He swung a silver blade, but Ashar was faster.

I barreled into him, the force of the impact sending him sprawling into the side of the wrecked SUV. His head hit metal with a dull crack, and before he could recover, my teeth found his shoulder.

He screamed, high and sharp, before I silenced him with a final, crushing bite to the neck.

For a moment, there was nothing but the sound of my own breathing—heavy, feral—and the faint metallic tang of blood coating my tongue.

But my work wasn't done yet. A third vehicle had stopped further down the street, and more rogues spilled out.

Ashar bared his teeth, dripping with blood, and welcomed the challenge.

The first of the new wave rushed me, snarling. I lunged to meet him, jaws snapping around his forearm and twisting until bone splintered under my bite. He screamed, dropping his weapon, but I didn't let go—I slammed into him, using my weight to drive him to the ground before ripping out his throat.

Another came from the left. I ducked under his swing, pivoted, and tore into his side. Hot blood spilled over my tongue.

A third tried to come at me from behind, but my wolf's ears caught the scrape of boots on gravel, and I kicked out with my hind legs, sending him sprawling. I pounced before he could stand, ending him with a brutal snap of my jaws.

They kept coming, but none of them were strong enough. Ashar was in full control, a relentless force of muscle and rage.

Every strike was precise, every movement driven by the singular goal of avenging Sera.

When the last rogue finally staggered back, clutching his bleeding arm before turning to flee, the others followed suit, disappearing into the shadows they'd crawled out from.

Cowards.

The street went silent again, heavy with the scent of blood and the echoes of screams. My focus snapped back to the only thing that mattered.

Sera.

She was slumped in the back seat, still tenderly rubbing her wrists.

It was like seeing her injuries for the first time—the bruising along her jaw and wrists, the blood at her temple. My heart clenched so hard it hurt.

Guilt sank its claws into me. If I'd been faster, if I'd given in to my instincts earlier, I could've stopped them before they laid a hand on her.

The scent of her blood cut through everything else, and for a moment, I thought I'd lose control entirely.

But then she smiled weakly, her voice a hoarse whisper. "Ashar, hi."

The vice around my heart eased ever so slightly as Ashar nudged at her shoulder, breathing her in to reassure myself she was alive. I hadn't lost her.

SERAPHINA'S POV

I managed a strained smile that cost more energy than I had. "Thank you for the rescue," I whispered, my voice frayed from fear and fading adrenaline. "Both of you."



Ashar whimpered, looking pointedly at my wrists.

It was a little surreal to be in the presence of Kieran's wolf. He was majestic with his golden brown fur glinting in the light of the setting sun and his dark eyes watching me intently.

"I'm fine," I said, "I can hold on till we get medical attention."

It was meant to be reassurance, more for him than me, because I wasn't even sure I believed it.

My wrists throbbed, the zip tie marks burning under my skin, and my temple was slick with half-dried blood. Every breath made my ribs ache.

Ashar huffed, his breath hot against my cheek, but instead of stepping back, he lowered his head to my shoulder.

I thought it was just more scent-checking, his way of making sure I was still whole. But then his tongue swiped over the cut at my hairline.

"Kieran—" I tried to lean back, but he didn't stop.

His tongue was rough, warm, and...gods, it shouldn't have been comforting. And yet, instead of pain, a strange heat spread through the wound. The throbbing dulled until it was gone altogether.

"What the—" I touched my temple. The cut was...closed. No blood, no swelling. Just smooth skin where a gash had been seconds ago.

Before I could process it, Ashar's head dipped lower, brushing against my jaw, then the bruised skin along my wrists.

His tongue rasped over the marks, each touch sending a pulse of heat through me. The pain ebbed in waves until it was nothing but the ghost of what had been there.

I stared at him, wide-eyed. "You—you healed me."

He pulled back just enough for me to see the blood-matted fur around his mouth. His eyes locked on mine, dark and intense in a way that made my breath hitch.

Then, without warning, he stepped back—and began to Shift.

Bones cracked, fur receded, muscle and skin twisting until Kieran was kneeling there in the street, naked, chest heaving, eyes still wolf-bright.

"Sera," he said, my name rough and low like gravel in his throat.

And then he was on me, one hand cupping the back of my head, the other pulling me forward until his mouth crashed against mine.