

My Sister 73

Chapter 73 CLIFF'S EDGE

SERAPHINA'S POV

My mind exploded into a whirlwind.

I should have pushed Kieran away the second his mouth claimed mine—every rational thought in my head screamed that I should.

But there was this inner pull, this traitorous force buried deep in my bones, that made me lean into him instead of away.

It was like my body had been waiting for this, and the relief in his kiss sank into me like sunlight breaking through a storm.

His lips were hot, demanding, almost frantic, and underneath that hunger I could taste the edge of his panic and something wild—sharp, intoxicating.

I could feel the wild thud of his heart, feel his passion in the unrestrained way his mouth moved against mine, in the desperate press of his palm at the back of my neck, in the raw, untamed energy that poured from him.

Without thinking, I responded, unable to help the small, helpless sound that escaped me. My fingers curled into the warm, hard muscle of his shoulders, clutching like I could anchor him—like I could calm whatever storm was tearing him apart inside.

The heat from his sweat-slicked skin seeped into me, chasing away the lingering cold that had wrapped around me ever since the rogues had taken me.

And the longer his mouth stayed on mine, the further the pain in my body receded.

My ribs didn't ache so much. The throbbing at my temple faded. The sting in my wrists dulled to nothing but a memory.

It wasn't just Ashar's strange healing touch—it was the way Kieran kissed, pouring everything he was into it, leaving no space for fear or pain to survive.

He wrapped his arms around me and pulled me out of the backseat, anchoring me between his body and the car.

He deepened the kiss, angling my head so his lips could move more fully over mine, and a low, guttural sound rumbled in his chest.

His tongue swept against mine, coaxing, claiming, tasting me like he couldn't get enough. Heat unfurled low in my stomach, curling and tightening until I was breathless.

Gods help me, I didn't want to stop.

I matched the urgency of his mouth with my own, letting myself drown in the taste of him—the mix of adrenaline, sweat, and something simultaneously achingly familiar and deliciously foreign.

My pulse roared in my ears, my fingers sliding from his shoulders to his neck, feeling the strong line of muscle there as I pulled him closer.

His arms tightened around my waist, smashing me harder against the hard lines of his naked body, and I whimpered, my hips canting of their own accord.

And then I felt it.

Hard. Heated. Pressing into my hip.

A jolt of reality crashed through the fog.

I froze, the haze of heat in my veins icing over in an instant.

Kieran's hand was still at the back of my head, holding me to him like he thought if he let go, I'd disappear.

His breathing was harsh against my lips, and when I broke away, he chased me forward, his mouth brushing mine again like he couldn't help himself.

"Kieran," I said sharply, shoving at his chest.

His naked, toned, slick chest.

He resisted for a heartbeat, his grip tight, before finally letting me push him back. His eyes glinted like obsidian jewels, pupils blown wide, lips swollen and wet from our kiss.

He'd just taken on a mini army of rogues and hadn't looked as...wrecked as he did now.

For a charged moment, neither of us moved. The air sparked between us like a live wire dancing dangerously close to a pool of gasoline. One wrong move and the world would explode around us.

I swallowed tightly, and training my eyes above his shoulders felt like a more challenging task than childbirth.

"Sera."

The guttural, raw way he called my name, every muscle in his body pulled taut, was the last push back from the cliff's edge I'd almost dived off of.

"What the hell was that?" I demanded, pressing back against the car in a bid to put space between us.

Kieran's brow furrowed, like he couldn't understand why I'd pulled away or my words. "What do you mean?"

"What do I mean?" My voice sharpened. "I mean that while I'm grateful you rescued me, I'm not going to thank you with my body. We are not doing this. We are divorced, Kieran. You've moved on, I've moved on—"

His jaw tightened, his chest rising and falling like he was still coming down from the fight—or the high of the kiss.

"Moved on?" he echoed, voice low. "The way you just kissed me didn't really scream 'moved on.'"

I stared at him, disbelief spiking into my already frayed nerves. "That's not fair."

"Who gives a shit about fairness?" he said, his gaze flicking to my mouth in a way that made my skin flush hot again. "You kissed me back. And I felt how much you wanted to. You enjoyed that just as much as I did, Sera."

“Because—” I broke off, hating the way my cheeks burned. “Because I’m still recovering from being kidnapped and possibly murdered, or gods know what other horrors that’d been planned for me! I was shaken, I was...I don’t know, I wasn’t in my right mind. Fear and adrenaline blasted all my common sense into smithereens.”

I crossed my arms tight over my chest, as much to keep from shaking as to hold my ground. “Don’t mistake that for anything else.”

Kieran’s expression darkened. “That wasn’t just adrenaline, Sera. I know you. And in all the years we were together, we’ve never kissed like—”

“Gods, do you hear yourself?” My voice rose, slicing through the cool night air. I didn’t want to hear him say what I already knew—in all the years we’d been functionally intimate, it had never felt like...that.

The raw, carnal heat. The electricity I could still feel sparking through me.

“You know me?” I shook my head. “No, you fucking don’t. And I’m not going to stay here and argue with you when you’re stark fucking naked a couple of feet away from dead bodies.”

“You had no problem kissing me in the same situation,” he shot back.

I exhaled sharply. “We’ve established that that was a shitty lapse of judgment on my part. I was out of my goddamn mind!”

Something flickered in Kieran's eyes—hurt, maybe—but it was quickly masked by stubborn defiance. "You can tell yourself that all you want. Doesn't make it true."

My temper snapped. I yanked the door open, slid into the back seat, and slammed it hard enough to make the frame shudder. "Drive me home."

Kieran didn't move. His hands tightened at his sides, his jaw flexing like he was biting back words he wanted to spit at me. The silence stretched until I couldn't stand it anymore.

"You know what? Forget it." I shoved the door back open, my movements sharp, angry. "I'll walk."

An aggravated sigh. "Sera—"

But I was already out, slamming the door behind me. The sound echoed off the empty street as I stalked away from the car, my sandals crunching against gravel and broken glass.

The adrenaline from earlier was ebbing fast, leaving only exhaustion, anger, and the faint tremor of something I didn't want to name.

The night air felt thick, pressing in on me with the weight of what I'd just done. My pulse was still unsettled, my breath uneven, as if my body hadn't yet decided whether it wanted to keep running from Kieran or run back to him.

I was still replaying the way his lips burned through me like a heated rod through butter, my skin tingling from the weight of his body against mine, the heat of his arousal pressed against me.

I could still hear the way his voice had cracked when he said my name—still trying to shove that sound into some dark corner of my mind—when headlights flared against the cracked asphalt ahead.

Another car came barreling down the street from the direction Kieran had come, engine growling low like some sleek predator on the hunt.

My stomach dropped.

The familiar silhouette of an Aston Martin filled my vision, closing the distance too fast, tires squealing as it swerved and came to a haphazard halt directly in my path.

The driver's side door swung open, and out stepped Lucian.