

My Sister 88

Chapter 88 TERRIFYING AND OVERWHELMING

KIERAN'S POV

The sun hadn't fully cleared the horizon when I laced my running shoes.

The air was still thick with the residue of night, the scent of saltwater lingering over the island.

Running had always been my method of processing thoughts, a rhythm to chase clarity, and clear my head before the chaos of the day demanded my attention.

And gods knew I needed a clear head after the last couple of days.

I slipped out of the villa quietly, careful not to disturb anyone still asleep.

My mother would have left for her usual early walk, but I knew my father and Daniel would be asleep till the sun hung high in the sky.

I envied them, wishing I could give myself to the oblivion of sleep. My thoughts, however, refused to rest.

Sera's words from last night echoed, repetitive and punishing: I've let go.

She had moved on, yet the mere sound of her voice lingering in the hall felt like a tether around my chest.

I exhaled sharply as I stepped out of the villa, the cool morning air filling my lungs. I pushed the memory away, focusing on the rhythm of my steps, the steady cadence of my heartbeat, the thrum of the earth beneath me.

Half a mile in, I spotted her.

Sera. Jogging along the crescent of beach that curved past the villa. Her hair was pulled back into a loose ponytail, sweat already glinting on her sun-kissed skin.

Her stride was determined but cautious, eyes darting occasionally to the sand and surf.

My heart skipped, a mix of delight and frustration surging through me—she'd plagued my mind so bad last night that I couldn't sleep, and now my attempt to clear my head had been interrupted by the very reason I needed my head cleared.

A part of me—the sensible, logical part—told me to turn around. Go back inside and avoid what would inevitably be another clash.

But the reckless, brash part of me that had slowly and steadily been taking control wanted to stay.

I wasn't stupid enough to approach her, but...

I told myself it was to keep her safe. After all, the last time she'd gone out to exercise in public, she'd gotten shot.

Yes, I would just stay behind her, silent, unseen. Making sure she was safe.

I adjusted my pace, keeping a careful distance.

She didn't seem to notice me, lost in her morning ritual, the sun illuminating the curve of her jaw, the soft set of her shoulders, and the way her breath caught in the rhythm of her legs.

My lungs burned as I forced myself to slow. I wasn't used to the leisurely pace, and I could feel Ashar chafe, wanting to run fast and hard.

But I liked this.

If I let myself get a little more delusional, I could pretend Sera and I were running side by side, enjoying watching the sun rise, basking in the serenity punctuated by the whisper of waves and the distant cry of seagulls.

And then it happened.

A flicker of movement caught my eye, and before I could process what it was, before I could reach Sera, the snake struck.

It was fast, a streak of venomous bronze coiling up from the grass edging the beach. Its fangs sank into her ankle before she realized what was happening.

Her sharp, startled cry sliced through the morning and straight through me.

My feet hammered against the sand, adrenaline igniting every fiber of my body.

“Sera!” I shouted, sprinting the final few meters.

She tried to jerk her leg away, panic and fear flashing across her features.

I reached her just in time, my hands clasping around her arm, steadying her. The snake recoiled at the sudden intrusion, giving me just enough time to act.

My instincts took over. Years of training, of controlling instinctual Alpha responses, collided with pure, raw urgency.

I grabbed the snake and, with a vicious jerk of my wrist, flung it to the side. It smashed against a rock with a sickening squelch, fluid smearing as it slid to the ground, unmoving.

My attention immediately diverted to Sera as her knees buckled and she slid to the ground. Still bracing my arms around her, I pulled her to me, reaching for her injured leg.

“Ow,” she groaned, her face scrunched up in pain.

“Fuck,” I swore as my gaze dropped to the wound.

Two small, sharp puncture marks glistened against her skin, surrounded by a faint halo of redness.

Tiny droplets of blood clung to the edges, almost imperceptible, but the swelling had begun already, a subtle bulge that spoke of venom spreading.

“K-Kieran...” she stammered, voice trembling.

I gritted my teeth, fighting the surge of fear that clawed through me. “It’s okay, Sera. I’ve got you.”

Her leg shook under my hand as I bent closer. I could see the faint purpling of the skin where the venom was beginning its insidious crawl, a silent warning of what would happen if I didn't act immediately.

My heart thudded in my chest—my body violently reacting to her vulnerability, to the thought of her in danger.

I knew what kind of snake that was, knew that the venom would paralyze her within minutes if left untreated.

Without hesitation, I pressed my lips to the bite, sucking carefully, tasting the metallic tang of blood and the sharp sting of venom.

Sera's gasp of shock, the tremor in her body—none of it registered beyond the singular focus of saving her.

Even as I worked, I couldn't stop the thoughts racing through me: how fragile she seemed in this moment, how much she relied on me even though I knew she hated that she did.

How I'd never let anything ever hurt her again.

"Don't move," I muttered between breaths. "Just a little more."

Her hand gripped my shoulder, claws of fear digging into my skin, but she didn't resist.

I felt her pulse under my lips, fluttering wildly with panic and adrenaline.

My own body trembled with effort, but I refused to let go until I knew the venom was completely out of her system.

Finally, I pulled back and spat one last time into the sand before wiping my mouth on the back of my hand.

Sera's eyes were wide and unsteady, but alive.

"Come on," I said, my voice low and steady. "We're getting you to the clinic."

She stumbled slightly, leaning against me as I scooped her up, carrying her the short distance to the small island clinic a few minutes away from the villa.

Daniel was still asleep, the villa unaware of the morning chaos, and that was as it should be.

This moment—as terrifying and overwhelming as it was—was between Sera and me.

We said nothing as I carried her. My arms tightened every time she shivered, and her head was resting against my chest, so I knew she could feel my thundering heartbeat.

The clinic was cool, sterile, and glaringly bright, a sharp contrast to the sun-washed vibrance of the beach.

I set her gently on the examination table, fingers lingering at her wrist, checking pulse, temperature, and reflexes even as the doctor approached.

Only two staff worked at the clinic—Doctor Lynch and a nurse who was nowhere in sight.

I studied Sera closely as the doctor gently examined the bite.

Her shoulders were tense, jaw tight. There was a faint sheen of sweat clinging to the nape of her neck even though her skin had cooled since the adrenaline spike.

Each detail anchored me in the present, tethered me to a responsibility I had never felt before, but now accepted wholeheartedly: to keep Sera safe, no matter the cost.

When he was finished with his examination, Doctor Lynch stepped back, his brows furrowed.
“She’s...fine.”

He turned to me. “What first aid did you apply, Alpha?”

“I sucked the venom out.” My voice sounded rough, tight.

“Ah.” He nodded, smiling in approval. “Quick thinking, Alpha.”

He turned his smile to Sera. “You’ll be fine. The venom is out, and you’re in no danger. You’ll be sore, and your ankle will be tender for a while, but other than that, you’re all good. I’ll just give you some ointment for the swelling, some medication in case of infection, and bandage you up.”

Sera’s shoulders slumped. “Thank you,” she exhaled.

Doctor Lynch shook his head. “I didn’t do the hard part.”

Sera’s gaze flickered to me briefly.

“Now,” Doctor Lynch continued, pulling out a clipboard. “I just have a couple of questions about your diet and routine. When was your last meal? Any unusual foods? Supplements? What’s your exercise regimen like?”

“I—”

“She usually eats fruit, yogurt, or oats for breakfast, though she doesn’t eat this early, so I doubt she’s had anything today. She drinks water, fresh juice, or coffee. Not a huge fan of snacking. As for exercise, she does rigorous cardio, strength training, and resistance work. She takes folic acid supplements but no new medications—at least nothing that would interfere with her system.”

I kept my gaze firmly on the doctor, but I didn’t miss the way Sera’s wide eyes darted to me, a shadow of shock on her face.

Frankly, I was shocked too. I didn’t realize I had paid so much attention to her until now.

“Ah,” the doctor said, jotting notes. “She’s well-cared-for. I can see why she handled the shock better than most. Most mates, even without the saliva, would barely manage this calmly.”

I stiffened at the same time Sera’s breath stuttered.

“E-excuse me?”

Doctor Lynch shrugged. “I’m just saying that Alpha Kieran clearly cares deeply for you, Luna.”

“I’m not his Luna!” Sera sputtered. “We’re not mates!”

The doctor raised an eyebrow, curiosity piqued. “Interesting. Even after drawing the venom out, you should still have been affected. Typically, only mates’ saliva can heal injuries in this manner.”

I frowned as he continued. “But you’re Alpha—” He shrugged. “Powerful enough that it may just be a coincidence.”

I nodded, neck stiff, trying to ignore the sharp stabbing pain in my chest that emanated from the fervent way she’d denied any connection with me.

‘I’ve let go.’

I watched as Doctor Lynch applied ointment to her injury and bandaged it up.

“Rest,” the doctor advised when he was done. “Stay off that ankle for at least twenty-four hours. Simple diet, hydrate well, and avoid stress.”

I nodded, guiding Sera out of the clinic. The morning sun was now high enough to burn through the lingering haze, warm on my shoulders.

She stumbled slightly on the sand, and I reached out, steadying her without a word. Surprisingly, she leaned in without resistance, letting me half-carry her, keeping the weight off her injured leg.

“Thank you,” she murmured, her first words to me since I sucked the venom out.

Her gaze met mine, still a little shaken and full of something I couldn't name. Gratitude? Relief? A fraction of trust?

She exhaled. "Yesterday, too, at the beach. Thank you. You always seem to be saving me."

"You don't need to thank me," I said, voice low, grip firm on her waist and arm. "I'd do it again. Anytime."

Her lips pressed into a thin line, and she didn't say anything else.

We walked back to the villa slowly. Every step was measured, careful. The sound of the waves reminded me of yesterday, of the chaos that had nearly consumed her.

And yet, now, she was alive, steady in my arms, and for once, I allowed myself a moment to simply be present without desire, without resentment.

But beneath the quiet, the ache persisted. I couldn't ignore how close I had been to losing her—again.

I couldn't ignore the pull, the surge of protectiveness that flared at every step.

The villa came into view, the familiar whitewashed walls bathed in gold.

I set her down gently at the threshold, my fingers brushing her arm—a silent reminder: I was here.
Always.