

My Sister 89

Chapter 89 TOO FAR

SERAPHINA'S POV

The villa felt unusually bright when we returned, the sunlight spilling over the floors like molten gold.

I barely had time to process the warmth before Daniel's sharp voice cut through the silence.

"Mom!" His tiny feet thundered down the hall, and he skidded to a halt in front of me, humming with excitement. He was still in his pajamas, his hair adorably sleep-rumpled.

But his bright smile dimmed as he took me in, and then his brows furrowed as his gaze dipped. "What happened? Are you hurt?"

I glanced down at my neatly bandaged ankle and felt a pang of embarrassment. I'd been here less than two days and had almost drowned and gotten bitten.

How was I supposed to keep my son safe if I couldn't stay out of danger?

"It's nothing, hon. Just a tiny scrape," I said lightly, though the lingering sting from the snake bite throbbed faintly beneath the bandage.

Daniel's dark eyes narrowed in suspicion. My son's instincts were sharp, even at nine years old.

He darted a glance toward Kieran, whose presence by the doorway was protective, yet somehow predatory—almost like he was watching out for any more snakes lurking around the villa.

"She's fine, champ," Kieran chimed in. "Your mom just needs a little rest and to stay off her feet."

"I can help you, Mom!" Daniel insisted, stepping closer.

Before I could respond, Kieran moved. He was faster than I expected, and in one fluid motion, he had scooped me into his arms, cradling me as though I weighed nothing.

My protests automatically arose.

"K-Kieran! I don't need—" I started, but the words faltered under the dizziness of being lifted off my feet.

The villa seemed to blur around me, the walls, the furniture, even Daniel's wide-eyed look, all fading into the background as Kieran's overwhelming presence took central stage.

"I can go by myself." My words fumbled out.

It was one thing to lean on him when we were alone, but something about having an audience, even if it was Daniel—actually, especially if it was Daniel—brought a flush creeping up my neck.

“Mom,” Daniel said. “You always took care of me and Dad and everybody. Let someone else take care of you for a change.” His voice was solemn, and I found that there was no way I could argue with his logic.

I glanced at Kieran’s strong arms around me, at the precise way he held me so I wouldn’t jar my ankle, and the flush spread to my cheeks.

I hated how helpless I felt—but there was no way I could refuse in front of Daniel.

“Alright,” I muttered, voice tight with embarrassment, and let Kieran carry me up the villa’s steps. The weightlessness of being in his arms was both comforting and infuriating at once.

Once inside the bedroom, he gently lowered me onto the bed. His hands lingered at my sides as if checking to ensure I wasn’t injured further.

I squirmed slightly. “Kieran...I can sit up. Really, I don’t need all this fuss,” I said, trying to assert independence.

He ignored my words. Instead, he adjusted the pillows behind me, smoothing them down until my back was supported perfectly.

His hands brushed mine as he tucked a stray strand of hair behind my ear, the touch light but electric. I felt heat prick my neck. "You're overdoing it," I muttered.

"I'm not," he said quietly, voice low, almost unreadable. "I'm making sure you're okay."

I tried to focus on something else, anything else, but my eyes kept catching his. The intensity there made my chest tighten.

He didn't stop there. Within minutes, he had prepared a tray with fresh juice, cut fruit, and a small bowl of oats with honey.

I thought back to how he'd so easily prattled off my routine and diet to the doctor as if...

'I'm just saying that Alpha Kiera clearly cares deeply for you, Luna.'

I shoved the memory to the back of my mind, along with the warmth it elicited.

Kieran knowing what I ate and how I lived was disturbing, not sweet.

Definitely not sweet.

"How did you know...all that stuff you told the doctor?" I asked, trying to keep my voice neutral as he set the tray on the side table.

His lips quirked slightly. "You're a creature of habit," he replied smoothly, settling onto the edge of the bed without touching me, yet somehow occupying the space in a way that made the air between us taut.

"Right."

I reached for a glass of water from the side table, and he moved at the same time, so our fingers brushed. I jerked my hand back almost immediately, but the fleeting contact made a shiver run through me, one I tried hard to ignore.

Clearing his throat, Kieran handed me the glass of water, and I took it, careful not to let our fingers touch again.

Daniel perched on the edge of the bed beside me, eyes wide with admiration. "Wow, Mom. Dad's taking care of you so well!" he said, voice tinged with awe.

I swallowed, torn between the absurdity of the situation and the undeniable warmth creeping into my chest.

I could feel Kieran's gaze on me, vigilant and unyielding.

"I don't need to be babied," I muttered.

"I'm not babying you. I'm keeping you alive," he said simply, like it was the most logical thing in the world.

I exhaled sharply. The way he said it, the way he looked at me—so grounded, so absolute—made my chest burn. "Kieran..."

He didn't respond immediately. He simply arranged the blanket over my legs, straightening it with precise movements.

Then he turned to Daniel, who had been watching with wide-eyed wonder.

"You need to give your mom space. Let her rest," Kieran instructed, his tone firm but not harsh.

Daniel frowned slightly, but then nodded, though not without casting a lingering glance at Kieran. "Okay...but can I help with breakfast?" he asked cautiously.

Kieran's lips curved faintly. "Sure, bud, I'm sure the chef won't mind. I'll stay here and keep your mom company."

I wanted to protest, but the look in Kieran's eyes—the one that said he would brook no argument—made me bite back the words.

Throughout the morning, he attended to every little thing with a meticulousness that left me simultaneously grateful and flustered.

It was even worse—or better?—than when I was seasick on the ship.

He refilled my water glass before I could ask. He adjusted the pillows, checked the blanket, and even ensured the tray of food stayed within reach. Every movement was precise, careful, protective.

At one point, I caught him watching me while I sipped my juice, his gaze lingering on the curve of my neck, the tilt of my shoulder.

Heat rose to my ears, and I set the glass down quickly, trying to reclaim some semblance of control.

"Are you feeling well enough to eat?" he asked quietly. His voice was close, but not overbearing, yet the weight of his attention made my stomach clench.

"I...yes," I said softly, trying to appear composed.

He nodded once, satisfied, and returned to arranging the fruit and oats on the tray. His movements seemed so...natural, almost intimate in the way he cared for me, and for all my protests, part of me still liked the way he fussed over me.

But the other part of me couldn't help remembering the past chaos of our relationship.

When Daniel went to play on his PlayStation, I tried to catch my breath, hoping for a moment of privacy.

But Kieran didn't leave. Instead, he hovered near the bed, waiting silently like a butler on standby, ready to respond to any need, ease any discomfort.

As the day wore on, he moved with a calm precision, helping me adjust my ankle position, preparing meals, and even sitting near me while I rested, reading quietly without speaking.

And each time our hands brushed, each time our eyes met, it sent a jolt of awareness through me.

I hated the way my body responded to him—how my pulse raced when he knelt beside me to adjust the bandage or how my chest tightened when he carried the tray.

I hated that even when I was angry or flustered, I wanted to feel his presence.

But the tension built quietly until it became unbearable.

And when he offered to help me with something as basic and invasive as getting to the bathroom, I finally snapped.

“Kieran!” My voice was sharp, startling even myself. “This is going too far!”

Kieran froze, expression unreadable for a moment.

“I’m just trying to—”

“I know,” I said. “I know, and I’m grateful, but...” I exhaled, shaking my head. “I’ve gotten hurt worse than this, and I’m not even that hurt right now, and you’re—” I swallowed hard, struggling for the right words. “We can’t keep doing this in front of Daniel. You’re giving him the wrong idea. He’ll only be more disappointed when reality returns.”

Kieran’s throat worked, and I thought he was going to argue further, but then he slowly nodded.

“You’re right,” he said quietly, tone soft but resolute. “I’ll get someone else to take care of you.”

I blinked at him, astonished at the sudden acquiescence. “You... you agree?”

"I agree," he said simply. "I'll arrange for one of the Omegas to assist you. You won't have to rely on me for...anything."

I exhaled, relief and frustration mingling in equal parts.

The thought of not having Kieran hovering so closely was comforting. Yet the absence of his protective presence left a sudden...void I couldn't ignore.