

My Sister 91

Chapter 91 GNAWING EMPTINESS

SERAPHINA'S POV

"Lady Sera?"

Samantha's voice cut through the haze like a blade.

I froze, every nerve screaming as the sound of her footsteps filtered into my ears.

My body still throbbed, slick pooling between my legs, Kieran's thumb pressed flush against my throbbing clit, his forefinger poised to slip inside me.

I shoved at his chest in a panic, whispering hoarsely, "Stop—stop! She'll come in—"

"Lady Sera? Is everything alright—"

"I—I'm fine!" I called out, my voice high-pitched and tight. "Just getting some water!"

A pause. Footsteps shifting against the tiles outside.

“I should be helping you,” she said softly, concern dripping through every syllable.

Panic seized me, sharp and frantic.

My eyes flew to Kieran’s. He didn’t budge, his chest heaving against mine, his gaze feral and dark. My palms pressed against him, but he was as immovable as a mountain.

“No!” My voice cracked. “You don’t have to! I’m fine, really. Just—go rest. You’ve done enough for today.”

“Are you sure?” Her voice was much, much closer now.

“Yes! I’m okay, Samantha. Good night!”

Another beat of silence. Then, mercifully, retreating footsteps. The hallway swallowed her presence, and the house grew quiet again.

I exhaled in relief, closing my eyes briefly—it immediately flew open when I felt the pressure between my thighs.

Kieran still hadn't let go. His body was a cage around mine, his cock grinding slowly and maddeningly against my thigh, his thumb pressing on my swollen, aching cunt, his breath hot and ragged against my ear.

One more second, one more slip of willpower, and I knew he would have fucked me right there on the kitchen floor.

And the worst part? I wasn't sure I would've stopped him.

I swallowed hard, the dry scrape of it catching in my throat.

My body screamed at me to shove him away, to wriggle free from his hold, but the truth was more dangerous: I didn't want to. Not entirely.

The way his warmth of him pressed to me, the way his scent clawed through the non-existent fabric of my restraint—it felt like being wrapped in a storm I had no chance of surviving.

Finally, I found my voice. "Let go, Kieran."

He didn't. His fingers flexed against my clit, and I bit my lip to stop myself from groaning against the lightning shock of pleasure that coursed through me.

I shoved against his wrist, but he didn't budge as though daring me to fight him, as though he could hold me here until the moon itself fell from the sky.

"Do you want her to bring others?" I demanded in a sharp whisper, heat curling my words. "Do you want them to walk in and find us like this? How would we explain it to Daniel?"

The name hit him like a strike.

For the first time since his lips had crashed down on mine, something faltered in him.

I could see Ashar raging in the depths of his gaze, molten gold sparking in the dark, and Kieran's jaw clenched as though he were fighting an invisible leash.

I could see a war tearing him apart, see him wrestling with his hunger and desire breath by brutal breath.

"Look at yourself," I said softly, though my own chest was heaving. "This isn't you. You must have ingested some of the snake venom, or the full moon is affecting you—hell, it's probably both. But we can't—" My voice cracked on the word, my throat thick. "We can't repeat the mistake we made ten years ago."

The silence that fell between us was suffocating.

Kieran's eyes burned into mine, wild and pained, but the fight slowly bled from his body. His grip loosened, though he didn't let go immediately.

"Kieran," I whispered. "Please."

It was ridiculous—downright foolish—the way I had to consciously tense, so my hips didn't follow his hands as he slipped them out of my shorts.

An odd chill spread over me as his weight and heat disappeared as he stood.

I blinked up at the ceiling for a few disorienting seconds before I summoned the energy to sit up.

And then the next thing I knew, his hands were bracing against my back, gently lifting me up to my feet.

My first instinct was to lean into him, clutch his forearm, and never let go, but as soon as I was upright, he stepped back, and I almost stumbled from the sudden absence of him.

His heat lingered on my skin, his scent suffusing the air around me like smoke that refused to clear.

Without a word, he stooped to gather the robe I hadn't realized had fallen off my shoulders.

I looked down, and my cheeks flushed when I saw that he had ripped the buttons on my nightshirt, and my breasts were all but bare to him.

His hands, surprisingly steady now, drew the fabric back over my shoulders, fingers brushing too intimately as he tied the sash closed.

The touch was almost tender, and it did nothing to quench the heat still twisting in my belly.

He said nothing as he bent and, before I could protest, lifted me into his arms. I stiffened, my hands pressed against his chest, but his expression had shuttered.

Whatever storm had raged in him seconds ago, he'd buried it behind a mask of grim restraint.

He carried me through the quiet halls, every step echoing with the memory of what had almost happened.

My heart pounded in my ears, the weight of unsaid words pressing against my ribs until I thought I'd burst.

At my door, he finally set me down, but not before leaning close enough that his breath skimmed my ear.

“Next time,” he murmured, voice low and edged with warning, “don’t kiss me back. Because if you do—I won’t be able to stop.”

My stomach dropped. Fury flared hot, tangled with something more dangerous—something needy, carnal.

Kieran turned and left without another word, the sound of his retreating footsteps a hollow punctuation to the chaos he’d left in his wake.

I stood frozen for a moment, fists clenching at my sides, before stepping into my room and slamming the door shut.

Inside, I pressed my back against the door, my body still trembling, my lips tingling with the memory of Kieran’s mouth on mine, my skin flushed with heat that refused to fade. My chest heaved as a vortex of hunger and anger swirled inside me.

How dare he? How dare he make it sound like I had been the one to seduce him, as if I’d begged for his kiss, as if I were the danger.

Every single time we’d been...intimate. He’d orchestrated it. He was the one always grabbing and kissing me, dammit!

I hated him. I hated him for blaming me when it was his self-control that had fractured.

But I hated myself more for the truth I couldn't deny—because I had kissed him back. Because part of me still burned for him.

The ache between my thighs was unbearable, a gnawing emptiness that demanded to be filled, a fire that refused to extinguish.

I flopped down on the bed, and grabbed a pillow, stuffing it over my face, trying to stifle the sound of my ragged breaths.

Goddess, I hated myself for this weakness, but my body didn't care. My nipples tightened painfully against the thin fabric of my shirt, and lower, I still throbbed with need, wet and unsatisfied.

My hand slid down my stomach of its own accord, fingers shaking as they found the heat of my core. I hissed as sensation flared bright and sharp.

Fuck, I was drenched. Just one brush against my clit had me gasping into the pillow.

I rubbed in slow circles, my hips twitching upward to chase the pressure, my breath breaking with every movement.

Shame prickled through me, but my fingers moved anyway, desperate and unrelenting.

It wasn't enough. I spread my legs wider, my fingers slipping lower to part my folds, sliding through wetness before pressing inside.

The invasion made me moan, muffled by the pillow, my walls clenching greedily around my fingers. I pumped in and out, curling them the way I knew would hit that spot, and my hips rolled in rhythm.

My breath broke in ragged whimpers as images assaulted me: Kieran's mouth trailing down my neck, his hand anchoring my hip, his voice a growl against my ear.

The feral way he'd looked at me, as though I was both salvation and damnation.

I bit down hard on my lip, the memory of his touch spurring me faster.

I imagined it was his cock filling me, thick and hot, stretching me open the way only he ever had.

My fingers were merciless, thrusting faster, thumb circling my clit as I pictured his hand on my hip, his breath rough in my ear, his body driving me to the brink.

My legs trembled, pleasure coiling tight, unbearable.

I bit down hard on the pillow as my climax ripped through me, my body arching, cunt spasming around my fingers while wave after wave of release shook me.

The sound that escaped me was broken, desperate, half-sob and half-cry of pleasure.

When it finally eased, I collapsed, sweat dampening my skin, fingers slipping free, slick with my own arousal.

My chest rose and fell wildly. Shame and fury tangled with the fading pleasure, a bitter aftertaste I couldn't swallow down.

But the release brought no peace. Only sour resignation.

Because once again, I'd been left alone—forced to give myself what Kieran never did.

Because I remembered too clearly how it used to be.

How, during our marriage, he would take what he wanted and leave me with nothing.

How many nights I had lain awake, aching, while he rolled over when he was done and left my room.

The countless times my body had burned for him, only to be left stranded, alone in the dark.

How many times had I reached climax exactly like this, with my hands between my legs, imagining something that would never be mine?

My throat tightened, tears stinging my eyes. I curled in on myself, pulling the blanket up though the room was warm, trying to trap some semblance of comfort around me.

But my body still hummed with the echo of his touch, the ghost of his kiss.

I turned my face toward the window, toward the silvery wash of the full moon spilling across the floor.

It seemed to pulse even brighter than earlier, alive and heavy, as though mocking me.

A different memory rose—of running beneath that same moon, at ease beside Lucian, our strides matched, our laughter carried on the night wind.

The memory steadied me, softened the ache just enough to breathe again.

Lucian.

My heart eased at the thought of him, even as guilt lazily curled around my spine.

With Lucian, there was no hunger left to rot inside me.

Lucian would never take without giving.

He was patient, gentle, kind, only fierce when it was absolutely necessary. And he'd always made me feel cherished. Wanted. Whole.

I pressed my palm against my chest, as though I could anchor myself to that truth.

I wasn't the same woman I had been ten years ago.

I wasn't going to let Kieran drag me back into a life of empty nights and half-filled promises.

No matter how good he made me feel.

No matter how much my body craved his touch.

And as I stared at the moon's silver glow, I made my vow again: I would not go back.