

My Sister 286

Chapter 286 MARGARET LOCKWOOD'S DIARY

SERAPHINA'S POV

The house was too quiet after Ethan left.

It was not the gentle hush of morning, but a strange, ringing silence that pressed against my ears.

I lingered in the kitchen long after the door clicked shut, my gaze fixed on the empty chair where he had been.

Daniel's footsteps echoed upstairs, the sound of running water drifting down, blissfully unaware of the storm that had just been set loose inside me.

My eyes drifted to the table where the diary lay.

Margaret Lockwood's diary.

It seemed to carry more weight than a diary should, its thick leather cover and smoothed corners bearing the fingerprints of years.

When I lifted it, the spine creaked softly, as if the book itself braced for what was to come.

I carried the diary to the living room and sat, letting it rest on my knees, unopened.

I tried to prepare myself.

For anger. For manipulation. For cold justification written in careful, self-righteous prose.

But nothing could have prepared me for what I discovered.

The first entry was dated months before my birth.

My mother's handwriting was neat and elegant, the strokes composed but not rigid.

'Today I felt her move for the first time. It startled me—caught my breath entirely—but then I laughed, tears spilling down my cheeks. Edward thought something was wrong until I grabbed his hand and pressed it to my stomach. He cried, too. Oh, it was wonderful—the sensation of my baby girl and the sight of my Alpha, crying like a boy.'

A knot formed in my throat.

I turned the page.

‘She responds to music. When Edward hums—poorly, terribly—she kicks harder. I tell him it’s because she wants him to stop, but secretly I think she recognizes him.’

There were photographs tucked carefully between the pages.

My parents, before they were my parents.

Margaret, younger, softer. Her hand resting over a rounded belly, Edward beside her, one arm wrapped protectively around her shoulders. Little Ethan, a whole hand wrapped around our father’s finger.

Another photo—blurry and candid—of both of my parents laughing, foreheads pressed together.

I gazed at the photos, at the unmistakable love shimmering between them.

I turned more pages, absorbing my mother’s worries and hopes, the way she described imagining my face, my voice, my future.

She wrote about the names they debated—I was nearly an Adelaide—and the nursery Father insisted on painting, only to ruin it with crooked lines.

‘She’ll be strong,’ one entry read. ‘I can feel it. Not just in her wolf, but in her spirit.’

Page after page overflowed with joy, pride, anticipation, and a fierce, almost reverent love.

‘She arrived just before dawn,’ my mother wrote. ‘Angry. Loud. Perfect. Edward held her first because I was still too weak from the ordeal. She stopped crying the moment she heard him sing. She recognized his gods-awful voice.’

A photograph slid from between the pages, coming to rest in my lap.

There I was: a newborn, red-faced and furious, swallowed by a blanket much too large for my tiny body.

My father’s face hovered above mine, eyes wide and reverent, as if he’d been entrusted with something holy. My mother’s hand rested on his wrist, fingers curled tight.

Another entry followed.

‘She doesn’t sleep unless one of us is holding her. Edward says it’s because she wants to sleep knowing she’s loved. I hope she knows—whether we’re holding her or not—she will always, always be loved.’

More photos.

Me, at six months, perched in Mother's lap, clutching a fluffy rabbit. Father crouched beside us, laughter caught mid-burst, unguarded.

Me, on my first birthday, frosting smeared across my cheeks, head thrown back in delight as Ethan stood nearby, frosting dotting his nose, cheeks flushed.

Me, at three, riding on Father's shoulders, my small hands tangled in his hair, laughter suspended in a single, perfect moment.

Mother documented it all.

'She has Edward's stubbornness,' one entry noted fondly. 'And my temper. Goddess help us both.'

Another, written later:

'She asked today why the moon follows her. Edward told her it's because she's special. Can't wait till she learns basic Geography.'

I let out a breath that might have been a laugh or a sob.

The pages had thinned with use, corners bent, and ink smudged where Mother must have written too quickly, too distracted by life to be careful.

‘Sera tripped and skinned her knee today. You would think she cracked her skull wide open with the way Edward panicked.’

More photos appeared, fewer posed now, more candid.

Me, sprawled on the floor surrounded by building blocks, tongue caught between my teeth in concentration.

Me, asleep on a garden bench, blanket tucked around me, a tall shadow stretching across the grass, keeping watch.

Me, at five, standing proudly between them, a crooked paper crown on my head and a grin that showed too many teeth.

Mother’s words wove through those images like a glowing thread.

‘She is joy itself. She brightens rooms without trying.’

‘Edward says she will be the Lockwood pride one day. I think she already is.’

I pressed my palm to the page, as if I could absorb the warmth still lingering there.

Six years.

Six years of undivided love, of attention, of a tenderness I never realized I'd received.

And then, without warning, everything changed.

The photographs dwindled, the diary entries grew shorter.

‘Something is wrong.’

The words were written darker, as if the pen was pressed hard into the page.

‘The healers say they’ve never seen anything like this. Her energy spikes without warning. Edward says it’s nothing—we’ll handle it—but I see the fear in his eyes when he thinks I’m not looking.’

My fingers trembled as I turned the page.

‘She cried for hours today. Not hungry. Not frightened. Just...overwhelmed. When I held her, the lights flickered. I thought I imagined it. I pray I did.’

Ink blurred in places, maybe from water, maybe from tears.

‘She’s so small. When she seizes, I fear her tiny body is going to splinter.’

The next photo captured my sixth birthday. Behind me, Mother’s face looked drawn and weary as she held me close.

Father stood behind her, hands braced on the chair as if he were holding himself upright by sheer will.

Pride lingered, but fear had cracked it.

Entry after entry documented their struggle—unexpected power surges, unexplained phenomena, my cries triggering psychic ripples that left rooms cracked and healers shaken.

‘She doesn’t understand why she hurts,’ Mother wrote. ‘When she screams for it to stop, a piece of my heart breaks.’

I pressed my hand to my chest, my breaths shallow and quick.

‘Edward wants to find another way. So do I. But time is not on our side.’

The handwriting began to shake.

‘Tonight, she screamed until she collapsed from exhaustion. I held her and begged the Moon Goddess for mercy.’

I turned the pages with dread coiling tight in my stomach.

‘We’ve made a decision. It will cost everything. Everything but the one thing we can’t lose.’

The words were underlined—once. Hard.

My vision blurred with tears.

The final entries were sparse, the dates spread far apart, as if Mother couldn’t bring herself to write.

‘The seal will suppress her abilities. It will quiet the storm inside her. It will also quiet memories; not just hers.’

My breath hitched.

‘Ethan and Celeste cannot carry this burden. They are too young. We will put their memories to sleep, so they can grow without fear of their sister. Without guilt of what was done.’

Ink smeared where her hand must have trembled.

The last entry was barely legible.

‘She may hate us one day, but she can only hate if she’s alive. I would rather be remembered as cruel than bury my precious daughter.’

By the time I closed the diary, my hands shook uncontrollably.

I stared at the cover, heart pounding so fiercely it threatened to break free of my chest.

I had imagined a thousand explanations.

Cold calculation. Ambition. Disdain.

I had never imagined this.

Grief pressed in from all sides, thick and suffocating, squeezing my chest until every breath felt thin.

Something sharp and volatile stirred inside me.

“No,” I whispered, fingers digging into the leather. “No.”

The room whirled around me as the edges of my vision darkened, and the hum returned with a vengeance, swelling and swelling until it drowned out everything else.

“Mom?”

Daniel’s voice cut through the fog, panicked and distant.

I tried to answer, tried to move toward him.

But as I rose, my legs buckled beneath me.

The last thing I heard was his scream, sharp with terror, as the world slipped away.