

My Sister 312

Chapter 312 CHASING GHOSTS

ETHAN'S POV

I told the pack I was headed north on business.

It wasn't a lie. Just...not the complete truth.

A couple of hours from LA, Fog Harbor announced itself with a crooked sign and the smell of salt, diesel, and rot.

The city bled into fog the farther I drove. Concrete thinned into rusted railings and half-forgotten docks. It was the kind of place that looked like it had been abandoned in layers, decade after decade, until neglect itself felt historic.

According to our old butler, Paxton, his cousin, Tobias, had always favored places like this. Edges. In-betweens. Ports where people came and went without question.

My hands tightened on the steering wheel as I parked near the wharf. The engine ticked as it cooled, loud in the quiet. For a moment, I just sat there, staring at the gray water slapping against barnacle-crusted pylons.

I hadn't thought about Tobias in years.

Because I hadn't remembered him.

Now that new memories were surfacing, it was hard not to be filled with resentment at how much of my past had been hidden from me for Sera's sake.

Even now, I had to rely on Paxton's accounts to fill in the holes in my spongy memories.

To the Lockwoods, Tobias had been another inconvenient memory best filed away with other inconvenient memories—like the years when Sera was 'dangerous.'

During that time, Paxton had recommended Tobias, a man tempered by storms and years of naval service. After retiring, he'd built his own seafaring expedition crew, which carried him across the world, shaping him in a way books and manuals never could.

At first, Tobias had seemed like an answer.

Sera had been...calmer. Still powerful, but grounded. He taught her breathing techniques that weren't about suppression. Focus exercises that didn't feel like punishment. He treated her like a person, not a liability.

I vaguely remembered that peace after seizures and flickering lights.

Then the accidents restarted, worse than before.

An entire chocolate cake exploded in the kitchen because Sera didn't like the color of the frosting.

A maid mysteriously broke her hand because Sera wasn't allowed seconds. A chandelier shattered without anyone touching it.

No deaths. No permanent harm. But enough.

Enough for Catherine to step in.

Oddly, as my memories returned, none that concerned her were hazy. I could hear her voice, crisp and final. 'This ends now.'

She'd insisted on sealing Sera's powers entirely. Said it was mercy. Safety.

Said Tobias was reckless, arrogant, dangerous.

Tobias had argued back and tried to dissuade my parents from the sealing.

According to Paxton, Tobias had warned that one day, Sera's powers would grow too powerful to be held back and would overflow, destroying everything in their wake.

Ultimately, my parents had taken Catherine's path.

After that, everything changed.

Sera stopped being 'dangerous.'

She also stopped being alive, in a way I hadn't known how to name then.

And I...

I never questioned anything. Never wondered why I felt completely apathetic to the plight my little sister went through right under my nose.

Tobias left soon after. No farewell. No explanations. Just gone.

Most people assumed shame had driven him away.

Paxton hadn't.

"Tobias was proud, yes," the old man said. "But he would not recklessly endanger a child to prove himself. He truly thought his method was the best for Lady Sera, but he would surely not sulk about not getting his way."

It was those words that pushed me to take this trip, hoping I could finally understand the choices made around Sera. Maybe Tobias knew more than he let on. Maybe he knew why the sealing had done more damage to my family than good.

That fragile hope followed me onto the wharf.

The Shipwreck Bar squatted at the edge of the docks like a bad habit, cracked windows flickering with neon. The door creaked when I pushed it open, and the smell hit me full-force—stale beer, fried grease, old wood.

Conversation dipped when I walked in, and eyes turned my way. Not hostile. Just curious.

I took a stool at the bar. The bartender, a woman in her fifties with grey-threaded hair pulled back tight and sharp eyes, regarded me.

I cut to the chase. "I'm looking for someone."

"Aren't we all," she replied without warmth.

"Tobias Brighton."

Her hand paused mid-wipe, brow arched.

"Haven't heard that name in a while."

My breath hitched, anticipation prickling through my skin. "How long?"

Her sharp gaze measured me as she weighed whether to share what she knew.

I didn't have time for skepticism or cagey locals, so I added a little...persuasion in my voice when I asked again. "How. Long?"

Her breath caught, and her pupils dilated as the weight of my Alpha aura settled on her and loosened her tongue.

She set the rag aside. "He moved on. Three years back."

I clenched my jaw, clamping back the wave of disappointment. “Where?”

She shook her head. “Didn’t say. Just packed up and left.”

“Alone?”

Her eyes flickered, and I doubled down.

“With a woman,” she continued after a beat. “Green dress. Never seen her before until the day they stepped on the docks together. Looked like she belonged somewhere else.”

I swallowed. “Did they seem close?”

A humorless snort. “They didn’t look like strangers.”

Figures.

“Where was he living before he left?”

She jerked her chin toward the window. "Lighthouse. Old one. End of the point."

I nodded and released the pressure. She blinked, steadied herself with a hand braced on the counter, then frowned. "You gonna order a drink or what?"

I shook my head and pushed a hundred-dollar bill across the sticky surface. "No, thanks. You have a good day."

I rose from the stool and stepped back into the fog.

The lighthouse stood exactly where she'd said it would—leaning slightly, paint peeling, windows dark. The door resisted when I pushed, then gave with a groan that echoed up the spiral stairs.

Inside, the air was damp and cold. Mold crept along the walls like veins.

I found logbooks stacked on a crate near the base, pages swollen and yellowed. I flipped through them, scanning entries about tides, wind patterns, and coordinates scribbled in a firm, angular hand.

Many pages were torn out, none seemed of consequence.

I swore under my breath.

I searched the rest of the place anyway. Old charts. A rusted compass. No personal effects. No clues. Just decay.

By the time I stepped back outside, the fog had thickened, swallowing sound and muddling sight.

I stood there, weighing my options.

Keep digging. Or admit I was chasing ghosts.

Across the narrow street, an antique store glowed warm and gold against the gray. Its door opened, bell chiming faintly, and a couple stepped out.

I froze.

The man's profile—tall, sharp lines, dark hair pulled back into a man bun—was unmistakable.

Lucian Reed.

And the woman...

She was turned away, adjusting something at her wrist. Long silver-blonde hair caught the light. Slim build, familiar posture, the tilt of her head suggesting she was always listening.

My breath caught.

Seraphina.

But...

That was impossible.

Sera was in Los Angeles.

Right?

They crossed the street, moving in sync, close but not touching. The woman laughed at something Lucian said, head tipping back just enough for me to glimpse her profile.

Not enough.

My feet moved without permission, but I'd only taken a couple of steps when my phone buzzed.

I cursed softly, tore my gaze away, and answered.

"Maya, babe," I sighed. "Now's not really a good ti—"

"Ethan," she cut in, breathless, voice shaking with something that might have been awe but sounded dangerously close to anger. "You need to come back. Now."

"What happened?"

There was a pause. Just long enough to terrify me.

"Sera," Maya said. A disbelieving laugh broke through her words. "She did it. She completed her wolf transformation!"