

My Sister 365

Chapter 365 SECOND CHANCE

CELESTE'S POV

I woke with silk cradling my skin and sunlight warming my cheek.

For a moment, I simply lay there, breathing, taking stock of my surroundings.

The sheets were familiar—cream silk with hand-embroidered edging. The canopy above me was the same pale ivory gauze that used to catch the breeze from the east balcony.

The faint scent of jasmine drifted through the open windows, blending with polished wood and something patrician—something distinctly Lockwood.

Home.

I let out a blissful sigh.

Home was where the walls did not close in. Where no one watched me with suspicion and wariness.

Where I was the favored daughter, the cherished princess, the girl who could do no wrong.

I rolled onto my back and stared up at the canopy, letting relief and happiness pool in my chest.

Until memory began to stir at the edges of my thoughts, ugly and intrusive.

Sera.

Kieran's arm around her, proving with actions that he'd indeed chosen her.

Ethan reprimanding me for her sake. The way he had stood beside her as if she were something fragile and sacred instead of the quiet shadow I'd stepped over my entire life.

My jaw set hard.

It wasn't supposed to be like that.

Sera was supposed to remain beneath me. Always.

I threw the covers aside with sharp irritation and swung my legs over the edge of the bed. The mirror across the room caught my movement, and I paused.

The girl staring back at me looked...softer.

My hair fell longer down my back, thicker, glossier. My skin was unlined by stress and sleepless nights. My eyes were brighter—less haunted.

I stood up, movements slow and tense.

The reflection followed.

Younger.

My pulse pounded.

No, that was ridiculous.

I crossed the room and leaned closer to the mirror. My fingers brushed my cheek, tracing the familiar curve of my jaw, the high arch of my brow.

Eleven years had not carved themselves into this face.

A strange, distant buzzing filled my ears.

I turned toward the closet, searching for a sense of normalcy. The dresses inside weren't the sleek, structured designs I'd recently favored. These were softer silhouettes, jewel-toned gowns from—

My shopping spree for the Blood Moon Hunt.

My breath caught. Ice trickled down my spine.

This was impossible.

And yet—

The details were too precise to dismiss. The faint crack in the molding near the fireplace. The slight tilt of the chandelier I'd caused by throwing a shoe in anger.

Even the distant sound of pack members gathering in the courtyard below carried the exact cadence I remembered from that evening.

My heart thudded faster.

I strode to the door and flung it open. It swung wide—and Ethan stood there, fist lifted as if about to knock.

We froze.

He looked at me.

I looked at him.

He, too, was younger. Less broad in the shoulders, and less hardened. His eyes lacked the fatigue that had recently settled there.

His expression was the familiar blend of indulgence and fond exasperation I used to inspire in him.

“Celeste?” He sighed. “You haven’t started getting ready?”

Even his voice sounded lighter.

“You know you take forever, and then we’re going to be late for the party.”

A tremor of understanding rippled through me.

This really was it.

This was that day.

The day everything was stolen from me.

I swallowed the rising rush of emotion.

“Relax,” I said, smoothing my expression into something serene. “I was just starting to.”

His gaze flicked over me, assessing. “Is everything okay?”

I nodded. “Yeah...I think so.”

Actually, I was more than okay. Something electric unfurled in my chest.

If this was real—if somehow fate had rewound itself—

That meant I had a second chance. I could fix it.

“Where’s Sera?” I asked.

Ethan rolled his eyes. “Probably moping in her room as usual. Who cares?”

My lips curved. The disdain in his voice was music to my ears.

I brushed past him without further explanation and headed down the corridor, my mind already piecing together what I needed to do next as memories guided my steps.

The house buzzed with preparation. Omegas hurried with trays. Guards adjusted formal jackets. The scent of excitement and anticipation hung thick in the air.

Everything aligned.

I moved on instinct, my feet carrying me toward the balcony overlooking the east garden.

The balcony where I had overheard everything that day.

I slowed as I approached, pressing myself against the cool stone wall, out of view. The curtains stirred in the evening breeze, carrying voices out into the corridor.

“...tonight,” Kieran was saying, his tone controlled but threaded with something vulnerable beneath it. “With your blessing.”

My father’s voice answered—measured, assessing. “You understand what you’re asking.”

Kieran didn’t hesitate. “I do. I want to marry Celeste.”

My breath hitched.

I edged closer, careful not to ruffle the curtains.

Kieran stood with his back partially turned to me, moonlight catching in the dark sweep of his hair.

He looked younger—less armored, more approachable, hope glinting in his eyes.

My father stood opposite him, hands clasped behind his back, posture straight as a rod. His expression was unreadable in the dim light.

“This isn’t infatuation?” Father asked. “Not convenience or politics?”

Kieran’s shoulders squared.

“It’s none of those things,” he said. “I love her.”

Those three words pierced like darts. Oh, how I missed hearing him say them.

He reached into his jacket pocket and withdrew a small velvet box.

He opened it carefully, almost reverently.

Even from where I stood, I saw the delicate design—silver crescent moon encircling a five-pointed star, fine craftsmanship catching the moonlight.

My stomach soured.

The lucky charm. Sera's ridiculous little doodle she'd clung to since childhood.

I couldn't believe he'd designed the engagement ring after that.

For me. But really...for her.

For the girl he thought I was.

The humiliation and rage from the first time I found out about the mistaken identity burned—along with the swell of gratitude that had risen within me.

Thank the goddess I had listened to that fortune teller.

I could still remember the dim little shop tucked between two boutiques downtown. The old woman's eyes had gleamed as she'd traced my palm.

"Pink," she had murmured. "That will be your lucky color. Seize what you want. Don't wait for destiny to hand it to you."

And I had.

I'd taken Sera's pink backpack that afternoon, the one with the charm doodled at the end. I'd slung it over my shoulder as if it were mine.

Happiness was not given. It was claimed.

To others, it might have looked like Kieran made a mistake. But I knew it was fate.

It was always supposed to be me. I was worthier.

Prettier. Stronger. Better suited to be Luna than that timid shadow who barely spoke above a whisper.

Still—

A familiar, uncomfortable flutter stirred beneath my ribs.

Because I had never fully trusted that mistaken identity to hold.

A shadow might lack substance, but it could still be seen.

That was why I'd acted.