

## **My Sister 366**

### Chapter 366 THE PLAN

#### CELESTE'S POV

I turned away from the balcony and descended the stairs—but the scene shifted as I moved.

The music grew louder and richer. No longer the background orchestral swell from the Lockwood estate, but something more modern.

Velvet strings layered over bass. Laughter echoed off higher ceilings.

Crystal chandeliers dangled above. Marble floors glowed beneath me. Gold-veined columns caught and split the light.

By the time I reached the lower level, the air no longer smelled like home.

Expensive perfume clung to every guest, permeating the air; ambition hovered, sharp and cold.

The Elysian.

The realization struck with a strange, electric clarity.

Of course.

The hunt had ended hours ago. This was later. The closing ceremony was taking place in the ballroom.

Guests clustered in elegant knots across the hotel's grand lounge, gowns shimmering beneath the lights. Waitstaff moved like clockwork, silver trays glinting as they passed.

And there—near the bar, half-shadowed but unmistakable—stood Beta Jason.

He looked exactly as I remembered.

Tall. Broad-shouldered. Handsome in a safe, accessible way that made people trust him too easily.

His smile curved just enough to seem sincere, but if you looked close enough, there was always a hint of mischief hiding there.

His eyes lifted, locking on mine.

For a flicker of a second, something in his gaze sharpened—too aware, too focused.

Had his eyes always been brown?

I smoothed my expression and approached him.

“You’re late,” I said, though the clock behind the bar told me I was the one who had kept him waiting.

He inclined his head. “Forgive me. I wanted everything arranged properly.”

“Good.” I plucked a flute of champagne from a passing tray and handed it to him without looking. “You remember the plan?”

He accepted the glass but didn’t drink. “Why don’t you remind me?”

I rolled my eyes. “Seduce her, moron. Start in the hall before moving to the room.” I smirked. “The leaked footage will be in two forms—PG and X-rated.”

Something flashed across his face, but it was gone before I could place it.

“And?”

“And I’ll arrive with witnesses.”

He nodded. “Got it.”

The unease flickered again—quick and subtle, like a draft beneath a closed door, stirring up something sharp and anxious at the base of my spine.

Had his voice always carried that calm weight? That faint edge beneath the charm?

I studied him more closely.

He arched a brow.

“See something you like?” he murmured, stepping closer. His breath ghosted near my ear. “You know, I would much rather be doing this with you. I’m not even sure I can get it up for your prude sister.”

Revulsion flashed hot in my chest, but I swallowed it down.

I didn't need to like him.

I needed him to be useful.

"Get it up or don't," I replied coolly. "I don't care how you do it—just make sure it's as scandalous as possible. I need her utterly disgraced, and her weak little reputation ruined beyond repair."

His eyes darkened.

"Utterly?" he repeated.

"Utterly." I leaned closer, lowering my voice until it was barely above the music. "I want her so trashed that nobody will ever look at her without wrinkling their nose in disgust."

He held my gaze.

"And after?" he asked. "What's the point of all this?"

"After," I said softly, savoring the promise of it, "any minuscule chance she might have had with Kieran will be gone." I snorted. "I won't be surprised if Father disowns her."

The music swelled as more guests filtered into the lounge from the Hunt's closing ceremony. Laughter rose. Glasses clinked.

Jason inclined his head toward the elevators. "Wanna check out the room? Make sure you're okay with the camera angles."

We moved separately—careful, subtle. No need to draw attention.

The room at the end of the Elysian's upper corridor stood exactly as I remembered. Heavy wooden door. Gold placard. Thick carpet muffling every step.

Jason opened it with a keycard and gestured for me to go inside first.

The lights were dimmed to a warm glow. Curtains half-drawn over the city skyline. A bottle of champagne chilling in an ice bucket.

History coiled in the air.

I forced the memory down—the image of bursting through the door and finding Sera and Kieran tangled together—along with the bitter realization that my carefully laid plan had spectacularly backfired.

I stepped farther in, heels sinking into plush carpet.

“You always talk a big game,” I said without turning. “Make sure you put your money where your mouth is.”

Jason closed the door behind us with a soft click.

“For the record,” he said mildly, “this is a rather elaborate grudge.”

“It’s not a grudge,” I replied. “It’s correction. It’s making sure everything stays in its rightful place.”

“Right.”

I faced him fully now.

“Make sure there’s enough to be caught on both cameras,” I instructed.

“And if she resists?”

“She won’t,” I said dismissively. “She never resists. She freezes. She has no fucking backbone.”

A faint, unreadable look crossed his face.

“You seem very certain of her behavior.”

“I know my sister.”

"Sister," he muttered. "Right."

I ignored him and checked my reflection in the mirror near the minibar. Perfect. Composed. Untouchable.

A princess securing her future.

Jason moved toward the sitting area, setting his glass down. “How many witnesses am I expecting?”

“As many as it takes. But the more important ones—Kieran, and my parents.”

Silence stretched for half a beat.

He studied me in a way that made my skin prickle.

“You’ll let your parents see their daughter in such a compromising position?”

I scoffed. “Did you not hear that I’m hoping she gets disowned altogether?”

He nodded. “Right.”

“No mistakes,” I warned again, turning toward the door. “I will not tolerate incompetence.”

“There won’t be any,” he said quietly.

As I stepped out of the door, I slipped my phone out of my clutch and typed on it.

‘Dress emergency. Need you! Meet me in Room 108. ASAP!’

Sera replied a second later. ‘OMW.’

I smirked. “Fool.”

I wouldn't spare her a glass of water if she were on fire, but of course, she would rush to my aid at the drop of a hat.

There was only one thing left to do: keep Kieran from wandering into the wrong hallway too soon.

If I could intercept him before anything deviated, if I could guide the narrative more precisely this time, I would secure everything.

My heart pounded with anticipation.

This time, I would not allow anything to spiral beyond my control.

I raised my head—and froze.

Kieran stood in front of me, close enough that if I'd taken one more step, I would have collided with him.

The corridor behind him stretched long and strangely dim, sconces flickering faintly along the walls.

The distant hum of the hotel felt muted, as though we were suspended slightly outside the night.

His expression was unreadable. His eyes were cold.

“How could you?” he asked quietly.

I felt the blood drain from my face.

“I—what?”

His jaw tightened.

“I heard you,” he said. “Every word.”

A cold, clammy panic erupted under my skin.

This wasn't how it happened.

This wasn't a memory.

He wasn't supposed to know.

“You misunderstood,” I said quickly, forcing a brittle laugh. “Who can hear anything through a closed door?”

“As scandalous as possible?” he repeated.

The words sounded heavier when he said them.

A flicker crossed his face—not fury, not anger. Disappointment.

“I can’t believe you would be capable of this,” he hissed. “I can’t believe you would do this to your own sister.”

The air thinned around me.

“She’s beneath us,” I snapped before I could stop myself.

Silence fell.

The hallway lights flickered.

For the first time since I'd woken up in my childhood bedroom, a thin, unwelcome thread of unease slipped down my spine.

This wasn't unfolding correctly.

Something was...off.

Kieran's face—cold, disappointed, condemning—blurred at the edges like wet ink bleeding through paper.

The gold trim along the walls dulled to gray. The carpet beneath my heels rippled as if something moved beneath it, and the air thickened, pressing against my lungs.

"What is this?" I demanded, though the words felt small and fragile in the strange distortion swallowing the corridor.

Kieran did not answer. He did not move.

He simply...unraveled.

His outline dissolved into pale threads of light lifting into the air like mist burned away by morning sun.

The suite behind me folded inward as though the world itself were a stage backdrop being pulled down.

The scent of champagne vanished. The music warped into a low, distorted hum.

I blinked.

And I was sitting on a dark leather sofa in Frostbane's private sitting room.