

My Sister 370

Chapter 370 THROUGH HER EYES

SERAPHINA'S POV

When Celeste woke, the first thing she noticed was the restraints.

Leather cuffs at her wrists strained against the bedframe with a sharp, irritated tug. The metal ring securing them gave a faint clink in the quiet room.

“What the f—”

She stilled as her gaze landed on me, sitting on the couch opposite the bed.

“Really?” she hissed, her voice rough from unconsciousness and exertion. “Am I an animal now?”

“You lunged at Maris,” I replied. “I can’t imagine what you’ll do to me.”

Something dark crossed her face as if she were indeed imagining all the things she wanted to do to me.

“Go ahead then,” she sneered. “Do what you came to do—gloat.”

“Is that what you think this is?” I asked.

Her eyes flashed. “Oh, drop the act; no one is here to watch you play holier than thou.”

“I didn’t come here to gloat,” I said. “I came for answers.”

“I thought you already got what you wanted from your psychotic friend’s little trick,” she spat.

“Not everything I wanted. I want to know what you and Father talked about when he came to you.”

That made her pause—only for a second.

Then a sly smile curved her lips.

“It was nothing special,” she said, managing a shrug. “He came to see how I was doing, gave me money, and said everyone missed me—that they wanted me home soon.”

“That’s it?” I asked.

“That’s it.”

“You’re lying,” I said quietly.

Her expression went still.

“Why would I lie?” she asked.

I shrugged. “Why would a dog bark? Why would a lion roar?”

Her eyes flared. “Screw you. That’s what happened. End of story.”

The corner of my lips quirked. “Want to know a secret?”

“What?”

“A lot has changed since you left, and my ‘psychotic’ friend?” I leaned in. “He’s actually my teacher.”

Before she could react, before she could comprehend the sentence, I moved.

My hands came up swiftly, cupping her face.

Her eyes widened. “Sera—”

I pushed.

The sensation was different from before. It wasn’t like opening a door.

It was like punching through ice.

Celeste’s mind instinctively resisted, just as Corin predicted.

My skill was still rough around the edges.

But I didn’t need finesse; blood sang between us, a resonance like watching a reflection distort in a mirror.

Her mind was as messy as the last time I’d been in it, images fracturing across my vision.

Light. Movement. Emotion.

Then—

The cold darkness of Frostbane dissolved, replaced by warm Maldivian air thick with perfume and alcohol, the lingering heat of the day still rising from the concrete long after sunset.

Music pulsed through the rooftop lounge, bass vibrating beneath stiletto heels and crystal glasses.

Beyond the balcony, the ocean lay ink-dark and endless, dotted with the distant glow of anchored yachts and neighboring island resorts.

I was no longer standing beside Celeste's bed.

I was inside her memories, seeing through her eyes.

After she formally severed her bond with Brett, her days were anything but miserable.

She did not collapse into heartbreak or retreat into isolation. She immersed herself in excess.

Night after night, she attended private parties, exclusive events, and invitation-only gatherings where the Lockwood name opened doors, and heads still turned when she entered a room.

She laughed easily. She dressed impeccably. She lived lavishly.

But beneath the glitter and noise, something hollow echoed persistently.

She would let a man pull her close, would let his mouth brush her neck or hover near her lips, and for a moment she would lean into it.

Yet, satisfaction never arrived. The thrill was shallow, dissolving almost as soon as it sparked.

Kharis stirred within her.

'You are restless,' her wolf observed.

A tiny pang shot through me as Alina recognized the voice of the sister she would never meet.

'I'm fine,' Celeste answered inwardly, her smile never faltering as she accepted another glass of champagne.

'You are searching for something that is not here. You are searching for him.'

The name did not need to be spoken. Brett's absence lingered like an ache she refused to acknowledge.

'I will not love an Omega,' she snapped internally. 'That is beneath me.'

'You did love him,' Kharis said without accusation.

Celeste swallowed irritation and pressed herself closer to the man currently murmuring compliments in her ear, hoping he would drown out the sound of her wolf's voice.

Brett had been temporary. A stepping stone. A comfort during a wounded period. Nothing more.

Yet, no other man's touch quieted the restless space beneath her ribs.

I would've felt a bit of sympathy if she hadn't done it all to herself.

I pushed harder, and the memory shifted again.

A hotel suite. Curtains drawn. The city of Los Angeles muted beyond thick glass. The air heavy with tension.

Celeste stood across from our father.

His presence cut through the noise in her mind—louder now that Kharis was suppressed.

His suit was immaculate, his posture rigid, his expression carved from something colder than anger.

Celeste's first instinct was defensiveness.

She knew it was only a matter of time before he would find out she was back in LA—and learn of her...adventures.

She assumed that's why he had come.

She couldn't imagine that his seeing her in the lobby, leaning into another man's kiss—unmistakably public, deliberately reckless, impossible to ignore—helped matters.

Because the perfect-daughter image he once displayed so proudly now clashed with the spectacle before him.

So she lifted her chin and squared her shoulders, prepared to deflect whatever reprimand he intended to deliver about optics and behavior.

Instead, he removed a tablet from his briefcase and set it on the table between them.

The screen lit.

The Blood Moon Hunt.

Grainy footage. Familiar angles.

Her stomach and jaw dropped, shock rippling through her.

“You orchestrated it.” There was no accusation in Father’s voice—only certainty.

Celeste attempted derisive laughter, though the sound was strangled in her throat. “Hello to you, too, Father. I missed you, too, Father.”

He took an imposing step forward, and she instinctively took one back, swallowing back the sarcasm with an audible gulp.

“You will explain this,” he continued, pointing to the tablet. “You will reveal to everyone what you did and apologize to your sister.”

She blinked at him. “I didn’t do anything.”

“You arranged to have Sera assaulted. When that failed, you leaked footage of her intimate moments.”

She blanched. “You don’t know that.”

His jaw clenched. “My only regret is that I found out too late, and that your sister’s intimate moments with Kieran circled the underworld for so long before I purchased them and had every version destroyed.”

Her composure wavered. “How did you even—”

“That is irrelevant,” he snapped. “I can’t believe you would stoop so low.”

Instantly, Celeste changed tactics. Tears welled on command.

“And I can’t believe that after ten years, you would come in here and talk to me like I’m a criminal, like I wasn’t betrayed, like I didn’t catch my fiancé in bed with my sister!”

Father's expression did not soften.

"None of that matters now," he said evenly. "You've already mated with another."

The tears froze, and her eyes widened, panic flashing before she forced herself stone-still.

"H-how did you—"

He shook his head. "You truly believe I would continue sending you money and not keep tabs on you?"

She scoffed. "Whatever. That doesn't even matter."

"Yes, it does," he hissed. "You said it yourself—it's been ten years. It's time to let go of this petty grudge and—"

"Fuck that!" she spat. "Petty grudge? She ruined my life! She took everything from me—"

"She didn't take anything from you," Father shot back. "You lost it."

“I lost it?” she laughed harshly. “She’s the one who spread her legs and trapped him. She’s the one who—”

“Enough.”

“No!” Celeste’s voice rose, sharp and brittle. “Her very existence is an insult. She deserved the humiliation. She deserves a lifetime of shame. She’s a fucking slut and—”

The crack of the slap split the air, and Celeste’s face snapped to the side.

Father’s hand dropped immediately, disbelief flashing across his face, as if he didn’t realize what he was going to do until he did it. He had never struck Celeste before.

He cleared his throat and schooled his features back into a canvas of ice.

“Your mother and I regret some...decisions we made with Seraphina,” he said, his voice hard. “So, to atone, we went lax with you, indulged and coddled you too much.”

He sighed. “We swung the pendulum too far in the other direction and turned you into a conscienceless brat.”

Celeste could do nothing but gape at him, hand pressed hard against her stinging cheek, her eyes filled with shock and hurt.

Father took a step closer, and an involuntary whimper left her lips.

“You have one week. You will come home. You will admit fault. You will apologize to your sister.”

His eyes darkened as the pressure dropped in the room. “That’s an order from your Alpha.”

“And if I don’t?” she whispered, her voice trembling along with her whole body.

“I will drag you on your knees before Seraphina myself.”

Celeste’s eyes glazed over.

“Don’t even think about leaving,” he continued. “I have eyes on you at every given moment. I will have your accounts frozen, then we’ll see if you can truly survive the world alone.”

With that, he turned and walked away, the door shutting behind him with a force that reverberated through the suite.

Silence settled heavily in his wake.

Celeste remained where she stood, shaking, humiliation and rage coiling together inside her until she could no longer separate one from the other.

In the next moment, her hand darted out and grabbed her phone. Her thumb hovered only briefly before she dialed.

The line rang once before it was answered.

But before the person on the other end could speak, a violent pressure tore through the memory and flung my consciousness back into my own body.