

My Sister 380

Chapter 380 A NICE STORY

SERAPHINA'S POV

Even though I had already seen fragments of it inside Celeste's memories, hearing her recount everything aloud still unsettled something deep inside me.

When I was in her mind earlier, the memories came in flashes—broken images tangled with emotion.

Chains biting into skin. The metallic smell of blood. Olivia collapsing to the ground. Kharis fading away.

But now those pieces had been arranged into a full story. The truth carried a very different weight when it was spoken out loud.

And sitting across from Celeste as she finished speaking, the room felt strangely small despite its size.

Soft lamplight cast long shadows across the walls. The curtains had been drawn shut, sealing us away from the rest of the house.

The air felt heavy, almost suffocating, as if the room itself had absorbed every ugly word Celeste had just spoken.

For several long seconds after she finished, no one said anything.

For once, she didn't look composed.

Her shoulders were tight, and the proud tilt of her chin was held a little too rigidly. Strands of her hair clung to the dampness at her temples, and her gaze kept drifting toward Celeste still tried to carry herself with the same defiant poise she had always worn like armor.

But the effort showed now.

The story she had just told had shaken her far more than she wanted us to see.

Across from her, Ethan stood near the dresser, one hand braced against the polished wood.

His shoulders were rigid. His breathing was slow.

I could see the effort it was costing him to hold himself together.

It was probably the same effort I was exerting.

Because while Celeste spoke, the memory of a long-forgotten dream surfaced.

The one I'd had not long after she disappeared—dark water on concrete, the echo of dripping somewhere underground, and Celeste huddled in the corner beside a wall of chains.

At the time, I had dismissed it as nothing more than a nightmare. But now, listening to Celeste describe the truck, the restraints, the filthy compound...

My hands clenched at my sides, nails carving crescents into my palms.

That dream hadn't been entirely false after all.

If I had taken it seriously back then...

Would Olivia still be alive?

Would Kharis still exist?

Would Catherine have ever gotten involved?

'You cannot change what has already passed.' Alina's voice brushed gently through my thoughts. 'What matters is what lies ahead.'

I exhaled slowly.

She was right.

Dwelling on the past wouldn't solve anything now.

Ethan straightened slowly, dragging a hand down his face as if trying to wipe the exhaustion from his expression.

When he looked up again, his eyes had hardened.

"After Catherine took you from that place," he said, his voice quieter than before but no less tense, "what happened next?"

Celeste lifted her gaze toward him.

For a moment, she didn't answer.

Then she shrugged lightly. "As I said, she brought me to the Maldives."

Ethan's jaw tightened. "And?"

Celeste leaned back against the headboard, lips flat.

"She had a project," she said.

Ethan frowned. "What kind of project?"

"An experimental one."

The unease in my chest deepened.

"Explain," I said quietly.

Celeste glanced at me briefly before continuing.

“She believed certain wolves possessed unique energetic properties,” she said. “Properties that could be studied.”

Her gaze lingered on me for a moment.

Then she added casually, “Amplified, even.”

Ethan pressed his fingers to the bridge of his nose. “So, you let her experiment on you?”

Celeste tilted her head slightly. “Of course I did.”

His fist slammed into the wooden dresser with a sharp crack that echoed through the bedroom.

“How could you be that stupid?” he snapped.

Celeste’s eyes flashed. “Excuse me?”

“How could you trust her?”

“She was offering me my wolf back!”

“And you believed that?”

“I didn’t have many other options.”

Ethan let out a harsh laugh. “You had us.”

Celeste’s smile vanished. “Oh, please.” Her tone dripped with contempt. “You expect me to believe that?”

“Yes,” Ethan said sharply.

Celeste’s expression tightened, her fingers curling faintly against the silver cuffs.

“We called all the time,” he went on, the anger in his tone sharpening. “You made it sound like you were enjoying yourself. Lounging somewhere in the Maldives, drinking cocktails, avoiding us because you didn’t want to come home.”

Celeste said nothing.

“If you had just said you were in trouble—if you had given us anything to go on—I would have sent someone to retrieve you immediately. We could have found a better solution.”

Celeste let out a quiet, mocking laugh. “That’s a nice story.”

Ethan’s eyes narrowed. “What is that supposed to mean?”

“You were all too busy back then.”

“Busy with what?”

Celeste’s eyes flicked toward me. “With her.”

Ethan stared at her, blinking in disbelief. “That’s your excuse?”

“It’s not an excuse; it’s the truth.”

He stepped closer to the bed. “You’re saying we wouldn’t have helped you?”

“I’m saying you wouldn’t have cared enough to try.”

“That’s not true.”

“Isn’t it?” Her voice hardened. “I might have believed you if I didn’t see firsthand how you all flock around your dearest Sera.”

The tension in the room thickened.

I stepped forward before the argument could spiral any further.

“Enough.”

Both of them turned toward me.

Ethan’s breathing was uneven.

Celeste’s eyes gleamed with quiet hostility.

“Arguing isn’t getting us anywhere,” I said calmly.

Neither of them spoke.

I looked back at Celeste. She shifted slightly on the bed, the silver cuffs clinking softly as she adjusted her wrists.

For a moment, she said nothing, her gaze moving between Ethan and me as if weighing how much she wanted to say.

Then she sighed.

“After a while, Catherine’s project stopped making progress,” she said.

Ethan crossed his arms. “Shocker.”

Celeste ignored him.

“So naturally,” she continued, her voice steady but edged with something sharper, “I began considering other options.”

“What kind of options?” I asked

“Leaving,” she replied simply.

Ethan’s brows drew together. “And suddenly you remembered you had a family?”

Celeste’s eyes flicked toward him, irritation flashing briefly.

“At the time,” she said coolly, “I was planning to speak with Mother. I was going to leave with her.”

“But then,” she continued, “something happened that changed things.”

Celeste leaned forward slightly, the movement slow, deliberate. “I overheard a voicemail.”

Ethan frowned. “What voicemail?”

Her gaze settled on me. “Yours.”

My pulse stilled.

“You had called Mother,” Celeste said calmly. “She didn’t answer, so the message played out loud.”

Ethan shifted beside me.

“What did she say?” he asked.

Disdain flashed in Celeste’s eyes. “She told Mother she had shifted.”