

## **My Sister 390**

### Chapter 390 PLAYING GAMES

#### SERAPHINA'S POV

For a moment, I simply stared at Catherine, certain I had misheard her.

The ocean roared behind us, waves breaking against unseen cliffs beyond the grassland, but the sound seemed distant and unreal compared to the sudden pounding of my heart.

“What did you just say?” I asked.

Catherine’s smile deepened, the expression almost indulgent now that she had finally provoked the reaction she wanted.

“Edward,” she repeated.

My father’s name hung between us like a ghost.

Catherine tilted her head as though considering how much to reveal. She studied my face with open curiosity, clearly enjoying the tension she had created.

"I know," she said at last, "that there were...complications between you and Edward."

The understatement almost made me laugh.

Complications.

Years of cold silence, harsh expectations, and a lifetime of being treated as an afterthought were apparently summarized by that single inept word.

"There are many regrets between the two of you," Catherine continued, watching my expression closely.

My jaw tightened. "You don't know anything about my family and me."

"I'm merely observing," she replied smoothly. "Regret has a way of lingering long after people are gone."

I hated it, how on the nose she was.

"Imagine, Seraphina," she went on, "being given an opportunity to resolve those regrets."

A surge of anger rushed through me.

“My father is dead,” I snarled. “There are no more opportunities.”

“That,” she said calmly, “is a very simplistic understanding of events.”

“You’re lying.”

“Am I?”

“You are,” I hissed. “I saw him die—right before my very eyes. I watched his coffin go into the fucking ground.”

Her tone carried the soft patience of someone entertaining a child’s objections.

“There are certain...possibilities available to those who understand the deeper mechanisms of life and death.”

My stomach tightened, Aaron’s face flashing in my mind.

My fists clenched at my side. "What are you implying?"

Catherine's eyes gleamed. "I'm saying that the past is not always as permanently out of reach as people assume."

My heart began to pound harder. "You're playing games."

She shook her head. "Not at all."

She took a slow step closer, her movements unhurried.

"I happen to know of a way," she said, "that you might be able to make amends with Edward."

The words struck somewhere deep inside my chest before I could stop them.

For years, I had carried a complicated weight regarding my father. Anger had come easily. Resentment had come naturally. Yearning was a constant.

Yet somewhere beneath all of that lay a quieter emotion that I had never fully confronted, stronger since his death and recent revelations of truth.

Regret.

Catherine saw the moment the idea touched me.

Her smile widened.

“Of course,” she added, “such an opportunity would require your full cooperation.”

There it was.

The price.

I forced myself to take a slow breath.

“You expect me to believe any of the bullshit you’re spewing?”

“I expect you to be curious.”

I shook my head. “I’m not.”

“Really?”

Her tone dripped with condescension now, as though she could see straight through the lie.

“You’re not even slightly interested in the possibility of closure?”

I said nothing.

In my mind, however, the question echoed louder than I would have liked.

Closure.

The word carried a dangerous pull.

Catherine continued speaking in the same calm, coaxing tone.

“You were always a promising child. Even when the others overlooked you, I could see the potential in you.”

The compliment felt strange coming from her.

“And when your power first began to manifest,” she continued, “I understood immediately how dangerous the situation was.”

My eyes narrowed. “You’re referring to the sealing ritual.”

“Yes.” A sigh escaped her. “An unpleasant necessity.”

My chest heated with anger.

“You advocated for that ritual.”

Her lips twitched. “Honey, I designed it.”

The admission came without apology.

“And it protected you,” she added.

“Protected me?” I asked incredulously.

“Of course.”

Catherine clasped her hands lightly behind her back as she spoke.

“Your psychic abilities were unstable at the time. If they had continued to develop unchecked, the consequences would have been catastrophic.”

“There were other ways,” I snapped. “I could’ve been trained. Taught to control—”

She tsked, cutting me off. “None of that would have worked.”

“You don’t know that!”

Catherine’s gaze softened. “I did what I believed was necessary to keep you alive.”

“No,” I hissed. “You kept me isolated. You kept me small and unloved and weak!”

Catherine shrugged, unmoved by my accusation. “You’re free to believe whatever version of history comforts you.”

“And my family?” I pushed. “Was using the ritual to turn them against me also an ‘unpleasant necessity?’”

She smiled. “Oh, honey, if it’s familial love you crave, I can give that to you.”

Instantly, the air around us shifted.

At first, the sensation was subtle. A faint warmth brushed against my mind, so gentle it barely registered as psychic energy at all.

Then it grew stronger.

Not aggressive.

Not invasive.

Just...familiar.

I blinked in surprise.

The energy field felt strangely comforting, like the soft echo of something I had known for years but never consciously recognized.

Catherine watched my reaction closely.

“You feel it, don’t you?” she murmured.

I hesitated.

“Y-yes.”

A knowing smile touched her lips.

“Our abilities share the same origin.”

The statement caught me off guard.

“What?”

“Psychic energy has patterns,” she explained smoothly. “Families often carry similar signatures.”

The warmth in the air pulsed as she spoke.

“You and I are not so different, Seraphina.”

Slowly, the tension inside my chest eased.

The energy she had released felt calm and reassuring, like a gentle tide moving through the air. Like the warmth of a mother’s hug.

Catherine took a step closer.

“If you come with me, I can show you the truth behind everything that happened.”

Her voice lowered further. “You’ll see your mother again.”

Another step.

“And perhaps even gain the chance to resolve what remains unfinished between you and Edward.”

Her words settled in my thoughts like seeds.

The logic of it seemed...reasonable.

If Catherine truly had answers about the past...

If there was even a small chance that understanding those answers could help me make peace with my father's memory...

Perhaps going with her was not as dangerous as it seemed.

The clearing felt strangely quiet.

The wind had softened. The scents had retreated.

Catherine's psychic energy continued to brush gently against my mind, soothing the sharp edges of suspicion that had filled me only moments earlier.

"You don't need to fight this." Her voice was so sweet. So soft and warm. "I'm not your enemy. I have always been a friend. I have always been family."

Something inside me wavered.

Maybe she was right.

This was Catherine after all. My sister's godmother. My mother's closest friend. The one she trusted to fix me when no one else could.

She wasn't evil or malignant. She tried to help Celeste get her wolf back; she was going to give me closure about my father.

Maybe—

A sudden, sharp sting shot through my entire body, originating from my palm.

I gasped and jerked.

My hand had been in my pocket, gripping the brass compass that had sent a jolt of electricity through me.

The sensation was brief but sharp enough to rip straight through the strange haze clouding my thoughts.

I blinked rapidly, my lungs dragging in air as the quiet warmth that had wrapped around me collapsed like mist burned away by sunlight.

Clarity rushed back with startling force, bringing with it a sickening realization of just how close I had come to stepping willingly into Catherine's trap.

My fingers tightened around the small object as anger rose in my chest.

Not anger at the trap.

Anger at how close I had come to falling for it.

When I lifted my head again, the world felt sharper, the breeze colder against my skin.

Catherine was watching me with careful interest, the faint shimmer of psychic warmth around us already fading now that my mind had pulled free of it.

I met her gaze, the last trace of the earlier trance gone.

“You almost had me,” I hissed.

Her lips curved into a predator’s smile.

“Almost,” she agreed.