

My Sister 399

Chapter 399 SOMETHING'S WRONG

CELESTE'S POV

I knew something was wrong long before anything actually happened.

It wasn't a sound or a scent or even something I could clearly name.

It was a feeling—subtle at first, like a thread pulled taut deep in my chest.

The night pressed in on me in a way that felt...familiar.

I lay still on the narrow bed in my Frostbane quarters, watching shadows shift on the ceiling.

The guards stationed outside hadn't moved for hours. Their presence was a constant weight, felt even without a wolf to confirm it.

I had grown used to being watched, being contained, being treated like a criminal that might slip through their fingers if they loosened their grip for even a second.

My fingers clenched against the thin blanket, the fabric coarse beneath my skin. The unease climbed higher, pressing into my ribs, constricting my lungs.

Something was wrong.

Not in the vague, restless way I had felt these past few days, but in a sharper, more defined way that made my pulse climb.

The last time the world had felt like this—too still, too expectant, like something unseen was closing in—was moments before the escape attempt.

The memory hit harder than I expected. Cold metal against my wrists. The suffocating helplessness. The moment everything had shifted, and there had been no way to stop it.

My breath snagged.

“No,” I whispered under my breath, pushing myself upright.

There was no logical explanation for why I felt this way. All I knew was that I felt this way.

I swung my legs off the bed, ignoring the slight tremor that ran through them as I crossed the room.

The restraints at my wrists and ankles clinked softly with each step, a reminder of how little freedom I actually had within my own pack.

At least I was no longer chained to the bed.

“Hey,” I called, slamming a fist against the door. “Open up.”

Silence.

I pressed closer, my hand flattening against the cold surface. “I said open up! Something’s wrong.”

One of the guards shifted on the other side. I clearly heard the scrape of a boot, the faint adjustment of weight.

“Nothing’s wrong,” he replied after a moment, his tone controlled but edged with impatience. “Go back to bed.”

“You don’t understand,” I snapped. “I’ve felt this before. We need to—”

“We’re not opening this door, Celeste. We have our orders from Alpha Ethan.”

I exhaled slowly through my nose, trying to keep the rising frustration from spilling over. "Then call Ethan."

"No."

The word hit like a slap.

I'd lived so much of my life never hearing that word, and now, a lowly guard said it to me?

"I'm not asking," I said, my voice hardening. "Call him. Now."

A pause.

Then, colder this time, "Unfortunately, we don't take orders from you."

"I am your Alpha's sister!"

"You're our Alpha's burden," he retorted. "After everything you've pulled, the least you could do is sit still and be quiet."

I sucked in a sharp breath.

After everything you've pulled.

The erratic behavior. The outbursts. The constant suspicion that I was hiding something, planning something, manipulating something.

I had earned every ounce of that distrust and disdain.

"I'm not trying to escape," I said, quieter now, though the urgency still burned beneath the surface. "Just call him. Please."

"Not happening." There was a finality in his tone. "You're staying right where you are."

My hands clenched.

I turned away from the door and began pacing the small room in quick, agitated steps. The restraints bit faintly into my skin with each movement.

The sensation only escalated, cinching tighter around me like an invisible net.

I needed to think. What did I have at my disposal that I could use?

No wolf. No mind-link. No authority.

Nothing.

I raked a hand through my hair, frustration boiling until it threatened to ignite into recklessness.

I had to reach Ethan. I had to warn him. I had to—

The handle turned, and the door opened.

My eyes widened. “Elara?”

A long time ago, the sight of Ethan’s Gamma would have filled me with loathing and disdain, but now relief hit so abruptly it almost made me dizzy.

She stepped inside and moved toward me with urgent steps, her expression tight and focused.

“I just received a very confusing order from a ten-year-old,” she said.

I frowned. “What?”

She grabbed my arm and, with a key she retrieved from her pocket, began to unlock the restraints. “No time for explanation. We have to leave. Now.”

The Nightfang safe house didn't feel like safety.

I stood inside the room, my arms wrapped tightly around myself as my gaze flicked over the unfamiliar space.

It was smaller than I expected, with reinforced windows and limited exits. Guards were stationed at every possible entry point, their expressions grim.

It didn't feel like protection.

It felt like containment.

“Aunt Celeste.”

I turned.

Daniel stood between two tall guards, his small frame looking even smaller.

For a moment, I didn't recognize what I was seeing.

It had been a while since I'd seen him, and something about him had changed.

For starters, he was much taller and broader. But more importantly, there was an...aura surrounding him.

It was as if everything in the room was subtly orienting itself around him.

“You're here,” I whispered, unable to keep the confusion out of my voice.

He nodded, his expression calm and serious in a way that didn't match his age.

“So are you,” he replied. “I'm glad they acted as soon as I said to.”

I blinked.

As soon as I said to.

The phrasing caught me off guard, but before I could question it, he was already turning his attention to one of the guards, asking something in a low, controlled voice.

They answered him immediately, their full attention on the pint-sized heir.

I watched the exchange, something strange settling in my chest.

This was the same boy I had dismissed without a second thought.

The same child I had once looked at and seen nothing but an obstacle. An inconvenience. A reminder of everything I had lost.

Now, standing here, with everything falling apart around us, he was the one holding it together.

He glanced back at me, his gaze sharp despite the softness of his features.

“You should sit,” he said.

I didn’t argue.

The movement was almost automatic as I lowered myself onto the chair nearest to me.

A glass of water appeared in my line of sight.

“Drink,” Daniel said.

I hesitated for a fraction of a second before taking it, my fingers brushing against his.

“It’s safe here,” he added. “My grandmother’s upstairs, and there are guards everywhere. We’ll keep you safe, Aunt Celeste.”

Something in my chest shifted.

“Did...” I cleared my throat. “Are you the one who had me brought here?”

He nodded. "You're safe here," he repeated firmly.

For a moment, the room seemed to blur—not in a disorienting way, but in a way that softened the edges of everything around me.

For just a second, the little boy before me wasn't Daniel.

He was a much younger girl, climbing into bed with me in the middle of the night and pulling me into her arms.

"There are monsters," I had whispered, clutching her tightly.

Her arms had tightened around me, warm and steady.

"They won't get you," she promised, her voice certain in a way that made my chest loosen. "I'm here."

"What if they do?" I asked.

She shook her head against me.

“They won’t. I won’t let them.”

The memory surfaced so suddenly it left me breathless.

I hadn’t thought about that in years.

Hadn’t allowed myself to.

Back then, before everything became a competition, Sera had been my protector. My comfort.

The glass trembled slightly in my hand.

I tightened my grip on it, forcing the memory back down before it could take root.

That was the past. It didn’t matter now.

The door opened.

The sound cut cleanly through the room, pulling my attention back to the present.

I looked up—and the breath left my lungs.

Speak—well, think—of the devil...

Sera and Kieran stood in the doorway.