

## **My Sister 437**

Chapter 437 BLONDE GUINEA PIG

CELESTE'S POV

I hadn't had much experience with guilt, but I quickly learned that it had a way of surfacing when least expected, creeping in through cracks I hadn't known existed.

Also, it had a face.

Olivia's.

The dreams started the night I met Mireya.

She didn't come to me the way I remembered her at the end—not broken, not bloodied, not collapsing under the weight of a choice that should never have been hers to make.

Olivia—alive, untouched by the way things had ended—appeared in fragments that didn't feel like memories so much as reminders.

Not of what had happened, but of what hadn't been finished.

All she'd wanted was to find her sister. She'd taken care of me because she thought I could help her reach that goal.

And I'd gotten her killed.

The least I could have done was fulfill her dying dream, right?

But even that, I couldn't do.

It wasn't me who found Mireya.

It had been Sera. The one person I had spent years resenting.

The one person I had convinced myself didn't matter.

The one person who had taken everything from me—including the chance to fulfill Olivia's dying wish.

As if I needed to be more at her mercy and in her debt than I already was.

No—I couldn't handle it. I had to do something to separate myself from this pathetic persona that was becoming more and more familiar with each passing day.

So if paying Sera back meant sacrificing my mind...so be it.

Every eye in the clearing—Sera, Kieran, Alois, Corin, Aaron, and Imani—watched me with varying levels of wariness.

I stood firm and tall, determined not to shrink further than I already had.

Sera slowly rose to her feet, looking at me as if she wasn't sure whether or not I was a hallucination.

“What are you doing here?” she asked, her tone wary.

I didn't answer immediately. Part of me screamed to retract my words and leave before becoming an experiment for yet another woman with too much power she didn't deserve.

But I straightened my spine and met Sera's eyes.

“You need another subject,” I said simply. “Another of Catherine's...victims.”

I hated referring to myself that way, but the more time passed, the more I realized that was exactly what I had been.

I had been nothing more to my so-called godmother than a blonde guinea pig.

My words didn't seem to register at first; everyone was looking at me with identical stunned expressions.

Then what I said clicked.

I felt the tension ripple through them like a wave.

Kieran shifted closer to Sera. He looked like he expected me to lunge, claws—or nails, at least—bared.

Alois didn't move at all, but his focus sharpened.

Corin's eyes narrowed.

Imani looked between us, uncertainty written plainly across her face.

No one trusted this.

No one trusted me.

“No,” Kieran bit out.

I didn't look at him, keeping my gaze on Sera. It still hurt to see both of them together. To know that he was yet another thing she'd taken from me.

“You said it yourself,” I continued. “You're close, but can't push further without understanding the barrier. If she put it in him, chances are she put it in me too.”

If not while I was in the Maldives, then maybe at some point in my childhood, because lately there had been fragments—sharp flashes of scenes and emotions that didn't add up, surfacing without warning.

They were brief, vivid images: a hand in mine, laughter echoing across a sunlit lawn, the sense of safety—moments I couldn't remember creating but that felt undeniably real.

Me and Sera playing in a sandbox in the garden.

Sera and I cuddled in bed as she read me stories.

Sera being my...best friend.

The more these fragments appeared—snatches of shared childhood and warmth—the less sense everything made.

For as long as I could remember, I'd resented my older sister, so these flashes threw me for a loop.

What had really happened?

Were those memories fake, or had they just been locked away?

What exactly had Catherine done?

I intended to find out.

"You think I'm going to experiment on you?" Sera asked, her voice growing colder.

'You wouldn't be the first,' I thought bitterly.

"I think you need to practice without risking him," I said, gesturing toward Aaron. "And right now, he can't handle it."

She hesitated, and I knew my words rang true.

"Why?" she asked.

My lips instinctively pressed together, as if my body itself resented the idea of spilling my guts to someone who already had so much power over me.

"That's my business," I replied, voice cold.

Kieran scoffed. "Thanks, but no thanks."

Ignoring him again, I kept my gaze glued to Sera.

"I won't resist," I said. "And my mind is intact. Whatever is blocking his...you'll be able to isolate it better with me."

I could see Sera wavering.

I knew my logic was sound, too sound to dismiss.

She glanced at Aaron, and I knew she could see the way his body trembled, see the physical effect of the limit she had hit.

“Celeste...” She shook her head. “Who says you’re a better subject than Aaron? You don’t have your wolf and—”

“But I still have Alpha blood running through my veins,” I bit out, harsher than I intended.

The mention of Kharis rubbed against the raw wound inside me that hadn’t begun healing yet. I didn’t think it ever would.

Sympathy flashed in Sera’s eyes. I gritted my teeth, hands curling into fists at my side.

How did I get here?

How did I become this...this pitiful thing at my sister’s mercy?

“I can take whatever you have to give,” I added, voice hard.

"You understand what this involves?" she asked me.

My smile was humorless. "You've wandered my mind before, remember?"

Her expression didn't change.

"It won't be painless."

"I know."

"And if something goes wrong—"

"It won't," I cut in.

If this was the only thing I could do, then dammit, I would do it right.

Sera held my gaze, long and searching. I knew what she was looking for—deception, hidden intent, anything that would give her a reason to refuse and send me back to my room.

I don't know what she found, but she let out a small breath that sounded like relief.

This was a risk—for both of us.

But I knew they had limited options, and frankly, I didn't care that much about myself, go figure.

"Alright," she said finally.

Kieran's gaze snapped to her.

"Sera—"

"We have no choice," she said to him, and I had to watch as their gazes locked, and they had a telepathic conversation, even without a mind-link, proving just how well they knew each other, how far I lost what I thought I'd had in the bag.

Finally, Kieran sighed and turned to Alois.

"Do you think this is a good idea?"

The old man eyed me, and I got the feeling that he was doing some mind-wandering of his own.

She has a point," Alois added after a moment. "If Catherine interfered with Aaron's mind, it's not unlikely she did the same to others connected to her operations. If Celeste says she can take it, I say it's worth a shot."

Kieran didn't look convinced, but he didn't argue either.

Imani stayed close to Aaron. Her hand remained on his arm, unwilling to let go just yet. Her gaze flicked to me, uncertain, then away.

No one welcomed this.

No one stopped it either.

Sera exhaled slowly, like she was settling something inside herself, then stepped back toward the center of the clearing.

"Sit," she ordered.

I didn't hesitate.

The ground was cool beneath me as I lowered myself into Aaron's place, the weight of every gaze in the clearing pressing against my skin.

Kieran moved closer to Sera again, his presence a quiet wall at her side. His attention never left me.

Like he was waiting for me to prove him right.

I drew myself upright and lifted my chin.

Let him watch.

Let all of them watch.

I wasn't backing out.

Sera stepped in front of me, the silver already beginning to stir beneath her skin, her eyes sharpening as she focused.

"Stay with me," she whispered.

I held her gaze. It was hard to imagine that there had once been a time when we might truly have been sisters.

No—I'd always hated her, I was sure of it.

But...

Why?

I intended to find out.

"I will."

I closed my eyes as the silver light rose.

And she went in.