

My Sister 49

Chapter 49 LET. IT. GO

KIERAN'S POV

I barely remembered the ride home—just the steady rumble of the engine and the taste of guilt and unease souring in my mouth.

When I arrived, I sat in the driveway with the engine off, bathed in silence and the judgmental glow of the moon, my hands wrapped around the steering wheel as if it were the only thing keeping me grounded.

My phone rang.

Gavin.

I stared at the screen for a second, chest tight, then answered.

"Yeah?"

"You need to hear this," Gavin said without preamble. His voice was clipped, cautious. "I pulled the server logs from the security archive of the hotel for the Blood Moon Hunt, just like you asked."

My grip on the wheel tightened. “And?”

“There was footage,” he said. “Corridor cams, lobby, elevator—hell, even the vending machines had security cameras. But...”

“But what?”

“About three months ago, someone put in a formal request to delete specific recordings from the night of the Blood Moon Hunt.”

My grip tightened on the phone. “What? You’re telling me someone erased it?”

“They tried,” he said. “But the thing is, the system doesn’t just wipe it completely. It flags deletion attempts, and if the request isn’t fully authorized or finished...fragments get stored.”

A chill crept up my spine. “Do we know who made the request?”

“That’s the thing, Alpha. It was run through a proxy ID with Admin-level clearance. But no name. No trace.”

“Fucking hell.” I raked a hand through my hair.

"I'm still digging," Gavin said. "But it's clear someone had something to hide about what happened that night."

My mind was already spinning ahead. Someone—with access and knowledge—had covered the details of that night. Or tried to.

Logic dictated there could be other reasons why the footage was deleted, but I knew deep in my bones that it had to do with what happened between Sera and me.

But why?

Who?

My pulse pounded. I needed answers.

Ashar wouldn't give them to me.

Celeste wouldn't give them to me.

Gavin's research had hit a seemingly dead end.

There was only one other person I could think of. The one who'd gotten the ball rolling in the first place.

Maya.

I was knocking on Ethan's door fifteen minutes later.

He answered shirtless, barefoot, and annoyed, rubbing sleep from his eyes. "Kieran?"

I didn't bother with small talk. "Is Maya here?"

Ethan raised an eyebrow. "No. She's with Sera."

I swore. "I need her truth stone."

His expression shifted—mild curiosity giving way to caution. "Why?"

“You know why? You heard it all, didn’t you? I need more answers.”

Ethan studied me for a long moment, his eyes slowly growing more alert. Then he sighed. “You should probably come in.”

He stepped back and let me in, closing the door behind me with another sigh. His place was quiet, the faint scent of saffron and eucalyptus lingering in the air, mixing with Ethan’s.

I followed him into the kitchen, where he poured himself a glass of water before speaking.

“Where’s Celeste?”

I clenched my teeth. “The hospital.”

His eyes widened. “What?”

I glared at the glass cup. “I tried to question her some more, and she...fainted. Apparently, the stress was too much for her weak wolf.”

“For fuck’s sake, Kieran.”

“She’s fine now,” I gritted out. “You can go see her tomorrow. I didn’t come here to be scolded, Ethan.”

Tense silence settled between us. And then, Ethan broke it.

“It wasn’t real,” he said.

I looked up. “What?”

“The truth stone,” he clarified, voice calm, deliberate. “It’s not real.”

I stared at him. “The fuck do you mean it’s not real? I saw it work.”

He took a long sip of water, then shrugged. “What you saw was Maya doing what she does best—getting into people’s heads.”

I took a step forward, fists clenched. “Don’t play games with me, Ethan. I’m not in the fucking mood.”

“I’m not,” he said evenly. “She bought that rock at some overpriced vendor stall at the flea market. She carries it around as if it’s sacred because it feels that way. People believe it. That’s the point.”

My voice dropped. “Emma confessed.”

He nodded, a slight smirk pulling at his lips. “Because Maya’s presence alone is enough to make people crack. The stone? That’s just a prop.”

“But it glowed.”

He gave a half-smile. “She painted the inside with a special powder. Heat-reactive. It lights up when a hand grips it tightly enough for the body heat to trigger it. Pretty smart, huh?”

I stared at him, feeling pressure build behind my eyes. “So everything that happened tonight was a goddamn performance?”

He leaned against the counter. “Not everything.” He narrowed his eyes like he could see through me. “Ashar’s confession was real.”

I swallowed hard. “But...” I was even more confused than ever. “If the stone wasn’t magic, what made him speak?”

Ethan’s gaze was knowing. “Maybe it wasn’t about the stone.” He shrugged. “Maybe it was just time.”

I looked away, jaw tight. I couldn’t believe I’d been manipulated that way. What’s worse, it had actually worked.

“You’re not angry because the stone wasn’t real,” Ethan added quietly. “You’re angry because you don’t know what to believe anymore. Because your memory is shit, and because you let someone else write the narrative—for ten damn years.”

I said nothing.

“And now,” he went on, “you’re trying to claw your way to the truth when the people around you—Celeste, Sera, even yourself—don’t fully remember the story. Or they remember it wrong.”

“I need answers, Ethan,” I snapped.

“I know you do,” he said calmly. “But here’s the part you’re avoiding—what difference will it make?”

I blinked at him. “What?”

“You and Sera are divorced. You’re not mates. And she has someone else now. I missed it, but I heard they led the opening dance together. You know what that means.”

My gut twisted at the mention of Lucian and that damn dance.

“You think getting closure is going to change anything?” Ethan asked, tone not unkind. “You think knowing whether or not Celeste set her up will undo the last ten years?”

“It might,” I said tightly. “It might help her heal. Help me understand.”

Ethan tilted his head. “And what then? You sweep in, tear her away from Lucian, and pretend the last decade didn’t happen? What does it even matter? You never loved Sera. Celeste is the one you chose. Is the truth going to change that?”

I said nothing. Because I didn’t have an answer to that.

He pushed off the counter. “Let me be blunt, Kieran. What’s done is done. Your marriage to Sera is over, and you’re with Celeste now. If you waver again—if you go chasing after ghosts—both my sisters are going to pay the price.” His eyes narrowed. “Again.”

My throat tightened. “I never meant for either of them to get hurt.”

“I know,” he said softly. “But they did.”

I looked down at the tiled floor, guilt coiling around my spine like a python.

“I’m not saying you shouldn’t get the truth,” Ethan continued. “But be sure you’re doing it for the right reasons—not because you think it’ll magically fix everything.”

I took a breath. "Then what the hell should I do?"

He sighed. "You're going to hate my response."

I frowned. "I don't doubt it."

"Let. It. Go."

My fists clenched, everything in me instantly revolting at the idea.

"I—"

"Can't," he finished for me.

I nodded stiffly, glaring at the stained marble of his kitchen countertop.

"Just do me a favor," Ethan added.

I looked up.

“Don’t lose yourself trying to fix the past. And don’t drag everyone down with you. Sometimes the truth doesn’t come with peace—it just comes with more consequences.”