

My Sister 60

Chapter 60 CELESTE'S PARADE

CELESTE'S POV

The mirror loved me tonight.

I stood in front of it, soaking in every inch of my reflection as Abby zipped up the back of my dress.

The gown—gold, encrusted with crystals that caught the light like I was born in it—fit me like destiny. Not a wrinkle out of place. Not a single flaw in sight.

A hundred times better than the stupid dress Sera wore to the gala.

"I look like a goddess," I declared.

"You are a goddess." Emma grinned, adjusting one of the gold cuffs on my wrist. "Kieran's going to choke on his own tongue when he sees you."

I laughed, the sound light and effortless. "Good. Maybe he'll stop grumping about expenses long enough to remember what he's been missing out on."

Abby stepped back, her eyes gleaming. “All of LA’s elite wolves will see you tonight. No one can deny who you are after this.”

Kieran’s Luna.

I’d waited long enough. Played the patient, grieving fool while Sera stomped around like a tragic shadow. But tonight? Tonight was mine.

The media was already here. I’d made sure of it. Not just the shifter press, but everyone—fashion bloggers, socialites, even that ridiculous human gossip site that loved werewolf drama.

This party would be written into the social pages like a coronation.

“It smells like money and bad decisions in here,” Emma added with a snort. “God, I love it.”

I smiled at them through the mirror. They’d been with me through it all: the betrayal, the lies, the humiliations.

And now? Now they’d watch me win.

“I can’t wait for her to see me,” I said softly, pressing a ring onto my finger. “I can’t wait for her to look at me, and she lost. That there was never any competition to begin with.”

“Sera?” Abby scoffed. “That little hermit? She wouldn’t dare show her face.”

I shook my head. “I invited her personally.”

I just hope Mom managed to guilt-trip her into accepting my invitation. None of this would matter if Sera weren’t here for me to flaunt my victory.

“Why would you do that?” Emma asked.

“Because I want her here,” I said, turning to face them. “I want her to see this”—I waved around the room—“and know she can never have it back. It’s all mine now.”

“Ooooh,” Abby giggled. “She’s going to be so green with envy.” She nudged Emma. “There’s a man-made lake in the garden if you’re feeling pushy tonight, too.”

The three of us erupted into fits of giggles at the mental image of Sera soaked and shivering.

“Let me know when you want to do it so I can get a camera crew out there. I’m pissed I don’t have any memories of the first one.”

We spent the next couple of minutes daydreaming about all the ways we could humiliate my man-stealing sister.

I really hoped she would come tonight. Even if she didn't end up drenched in a lake or having a whole tray of hors d'oeuvres dumped on her, I just needed to see the look of defeat in her eyes.

"You ready to show them who runs this pack now?" Abby asked when we'd composed ourselves.

I smiled, letting the fire in my chest flare. "More than ready."

SERAPHINA'S POV

The second I stepped inside the ballroom, my senses were assaulted.

Gold. Everywhere. Walls draped in satin. Chandeliers dripping with crystals. Gold-tinted white roses spilling out of marble urns like the set of an overproduced wedding.

It smelled like expensive perfume, burning candles, and desperation.

Maya made a face beside me. "Did Versailles throw up in here?"

Lucian snorted, quietly taking in the room from just behind us. “We’re supposed to be impressed, I think.”

“Are you?” I asked.

“Deeply,” he replied dryly. “By how much tacky wealth can fit into one venue. Celeste is truly an artist.”

I couldn’t lie. Part of me had braced for this. Celeste didn’t know the meaning of restraint. But this? This was worse than I’d imagined.

And the saddest part? I knew in my bones that Kieran hadn’t planned a single detail.

For all his wealth, he was as minimalistic as they came, prizing functionality and comfort over gaudiness and performative luxury.

This was Celeste’s parade—funded by Kieran’s pocket, of course—and she was dragging his name behind her like a prize ribbon.

I took a slow breath and steadied myself. My black dress was simple yet elegant, fitted at the waist and flowing to the floor.

Maya’s dress was something sleek and emerald green, with a high slit and a smirk to match.

We looked nothing like the women here—the ones in overdone curls and gowns that screamed designer labels. I was fine with that.

If I spent tonight without anyone so much as glancing my way, I would consider it a victory.

“Eyes on us,” Maya murmured. “Left. Far wall.”

Well, I should have known it was too much to hope.

I didn’t turn. I didn’t need to. I could feel them. Whispers curling through the crowd like smoke. Some recognized me. Some were just guessing. But they all watched.

Most knew the story already, at least the one Celeste had meticulously constructed.

Kieran was hers. I stole Kieran. Kieran came to his senses. He was hers again—and this time she had no intentions of letting him go.

Lucian moved slightly closer, his presence solid at my side. “Still want to stay?”

I nodded once. “None of them matter, not really.”

“Good,” Maya muttered. “You keep that chin up, girl, and the second you’ve had enough, say the word and we’ll go get McDonald’s and a shit ton of alcohol.”

I shot her a grateful smile.

“Look who crawled out of hiding.”

The voice was nasal and unmistakable. Emma

I turned slowly, schooling my expression into something neutral. She stood just a few feet away, flanked by Abby and one of Celeste’s other friends, Davina.

The trio looked like shiny bridesmaids in their matching silver dresses. I was willing to bet anything that Celeste’s dress was gold. I wondered if they noticed the symbolism.

“Oh, don’t let us interrupt,” Emma cooed, tilting her head like a curious vulture. “We just wanted to see for ourselves. You know, if the tragic little wallflower actually had the nerve to show her face in public.”

Lucian raised a brow, clearly unimpressed. “If this is how you greet guests, no wonder the coat check line is empty.”

Abby ignored him. "You've got nerve, showing up after everything."

"I was invited," I replied calmly.

"By Celeste," Emma jumped in. "Out of pity."

"Pity," Maya repeated, dry as dust. "That's what this is?" She waved a hand at the gold-drenched room. "Because it's giving low-rent award show with a sugar daddy budget."

Abby's eyes narrowed. "At least she doesn't show up to events looking like a funeral date."

"It's called elegance," Maya replied without missing a beat, "though I wouldn't expect your second-place trophy looking ass to recognize it."

I snorted.

"You always did think you were better than everyone," Emma hissed, turning her venomous glare on Maya. She was definitely still bitter about Ethan.

"I don't think." Maya smirked. "I know, sweetie."

Emma took a step forward, and Maya raised a brow, unflinching. “What? What are you going to do?”

She stretched her hand out. “You gonna drag me outside and find a body of water to throw me into?”

“You bitch—”

Davina placed a hand on Emma’s arm, pulling her back. “Cool it, Em.”

It was comical to see them try to compose themselves, and then, the focus back on me, Abby said, “Just remember you’re only here because Celeste allowed it. You don’t belong anymore.”

“I would rather make out with a cactus than belong inside Celeste’s ego with a glitter filter.

That landed. Emma’s mouth opened, then shut. Abby looked like she wanted to lunge.

“Come on,” she finally spat. “Let’s not waste time on ghosts.”

The three of them flounced away in a flurry of glitter and cattiness, heels clicking like war drums on the polished floor.

“Bye, girls!” Maya called out after them in a sing-song voice. “We should do this again sometime.”

Davina had to grip Emma to keep her from turning back, and Maya and I snorted.

Lucian leaned in, murmuring, “Well handled. That was the most entertaining shit I’ve seen in a while.”

“Something tells me that’s the mildest altercation we’ll have tonight,” I chuckled.

Maya cracked her knuckles. “That was stretching; I’m ready for Celeste now.”

“Easy, Tiger,” I said, accepting the champagne flutes a passing waiter gave us.

We’d barely clinked glasses when a shift rippled through the room.

A sharp crash sounded from somewhere at the back of the room—glass on tile, followed by the startled hush of nearby guests.

The music didn’t pause, but the conversation dipped for a beat as everyone turned in the direction.

“What now?” Maya murmured.

I squinted, trying to make out the commotion, and sighed.

Of course, a spectacle this gaudy couldn’t unfold without a bit of chaos to match.