

## **My Sister 94**

Chapter 94 BIG, UGLY MONSTER

CELESTE'S POV

"Was that seriously necessary?"

"I'm not sure I know what you mean."

Ethan stood at the entrance to the living room with his arms crossed, the early morning light slicing behind him, turning his expression into a judgmental silhouette.

"Calling Sera. Asking her to cut her visit with Daniel short." His voice was low, dangerously even. The voice he used to lead our pack as Alpha. A voice he rarely used with me.

"What of it?" I smoothed my hair back, keeping my tone breezy. "Mom's in the hospital, remember? Or do you no longer care?"

He stepped in closer, and my grip on my phone tightened.

I had only just ended the call with Kieran, and even now, the memory of his voice lingered in my ears—gravelly, reluctant, guarded.

Like every single fucking time we'd spoken while he was on that island.

"Oh, I care," Ethan said, watching me with a brow raised, his unnerving eyes tracking mine. "Which is why I rushed down to the hospital when I heard the news. And the doctors told us her condition isn't serious. She fainted, that's all. Stress, exhaustion, grief from Father's death. You made it sound like she's on her deathbed, not currently receiving a complimentary massage in the hospital's wellness wing."

My pulse spiked, though I tilted my chin higher, pretending I wasn't rattled.

"Whatever. I'm just giving Sera the chance to be a good daughter and to come to her mother's aid in her time of distress. Why is that so wrong?"

Ethan's eyes narrowed, and a flash of irritation shot through me. What the fuck was he putting me under a microscope for? Wasn't he the one always lamenting that he missed when we were a close-knit family?

As if such a thing had ever existed with the Lockwoods.

"Admit it, Celeste," he said flatly. "You just wanted to pull Sera off that island."

I scoffed. "Why would I want to do that?"

“You tell me. She hasn’t seen Daniel in months, and now she’s coming back for a hyperbole.”

I rolled my eyes. “Sue me for being worried, Ethan. I was just trying to be a good daughter and sister, what’s so wrong with that?”

“You sure you weren’t just trying to separate her and Kieran?”

I froze. Heat crawled up my neck.

“They’ve been on that island long enough,” I snapped before I could stop myself. “Do you even know what could happen? She’s there alone with him. Alone with my Kieran.” My voice cracked around his name, and I disguised it as anger. “You think Sera’s above scheming? Above seducing? After everything she’s already done?”

Ethan pinched the bridge of his nose. “Gods, Celeste...”

“What?” I demanded.

His hand dropped, his eyes narrowing. “Do you hear yourself? That’s paranoia talking, not reason. Sera and Kieran are divorced, the only thing keeping them together is—”

“Daniel, yes—so everyone keeps saying!” I crossed my legs and folded my arms, trying to keep my body from trembling.

Ethan's silence accused me harder than any words could. I hated when he looked at me like that—as though he saw straight through me, to the places I kept locked tight.

I wished my brother would just fucking leave. Go see Mom in the hospital or go back to his, rude, abrasive, smug fucking—

"You didn't call because you care about Mom or her relationship with Sera," he said pointedly, and then repeated, "You called to get Sera off that island. Don't lie to me, Celeste. You've hated her since we were children."

I laughed, brittle and sharp, hoping it sounded like amusement instead of the defensive crack of glass. "Hate is a strong word. I don't hate her."

The lie tasted bitter.

I loathed Sera.

"Fine, maybe you don't hate her, but you sure treat her abysmally. Ever since we were kids, and now it's like you have it out for her—an agenda of sorts. Quite frankly, Celeste, it's exhausting to watch."

The words hit like a slap. I reeled back, but pride forced me to sneer. "Oh, so now you're her defender? Is that it? Did Maya get to you? Has she whispered enough poison in your ear that you're blind to your own blood?"

The mention of his snappish mate lit a spark in him. His jaw tightened, his wolf hovering just beneath his skin.

I knew that look—it was the one he wore when someone insulted his pride. I guess in this instant it extended to—ugh—her.

“You will respect my mate.” His words were a command, his voice like iron.

I scoffed, even as a tremor shook my stomach. My brother rarely used the force of his Alpha aura on me, and that fact that he would do so now made me want to fling a couch at his head.

“Respect her? That acerbic little bitch? She’s nothing, Ethan. Nothing compared to you, and she’s not worthy of you. She came out of nowhere and has been dragging you around by the balls like you’re her fucking purse poodle. What’s worse, she’s friends with Sera! That already throws her entire fucking character into question. High chance she’s also a fucking manipulative seductive bitch—”

Ethan’s growl thundered in the room before I finished speaking, and my words died in my throat with a shaky whimper. “Enough, Celeste!”

He seemed to grow several inches, towering over me, his eyes a dark stormy vortex—more ferocious Alpha than my older brother.

“Don’t you ever speak about Maya like that again,” he growled. “She’s my mate. My fucking everything. I will build a life with her, and she will become my Luna. You will learn to respect her or—”

He shook his head, his fists clenching and unclenching at his side, like he was holding himself back from hitting me. “There’s no alternative.”

The fury in his voice, the rage in his eyes, startled me. For a second, it felt like I was staring at a stranger.

What happened to my big brother who worshiped the ground I walked on? Who cradled me like an egg? Who would rather pull his own eye out than see me cry?

“You’ve changed,” he muttered, shaking his head, just as that exact same thought ran through my mind about him.

“Or maybe... no.” He shook his head and took a step back.

The tension in his shoulders eased, and the storm pulled back to reveal an expression that was even worse.

My brother looked at me the way I looked at him—like he was seeing a stranger. “Maybe you’ve always been like this, and I just refused to see it.”

Something hot and acidic surged up my throat. My nails dug into my arms. This was going too fucking far.

“Don’t you dare say that,” I hissed, my voice wobbling. “You know what I went through. Ten years ago—you know the pain I had to endure. The humiliation. The sheer betrayal. Everyone owes me for that. Everyone.”

Sera, Kieran. Sera, Sera, Sera—fucking Seraphina.

Ethan’s eyes darkened—not with sympathy, but with something colder. Detached.

“Yes, you were wronged,” Ethan said carefully, “but you can’t keep using that as a shield, Celeste. Like you said—it’s been ten years. But you’re still holding on to all the anger and pain like it happened yesterday. You’re the one who refuses to heal. For ten years, we’ve given you everything—money, protection, support. And what have you done with it? Hidden. Refused to come home unless it suited you. Nursed your grudge until it became this big, ugly monster that’s consuming you.”

His words pierced straight into my chest, and for the first time in my life, I hated my big brother.

I hated him for not unconditionally standing by my side. I hated him for listening to his mate and regurgitating her words back at me. But most of all, I hated him—because he was right.

And that truth made me want to claw my skin off.

“You think you’re the only one owed something,” he pressed, softer now, almost pleading. “But the world doesn’t work that way. And Sera—”

“Don’t say her name!” I shrieked.

The sound tore from me raw, my body trembling as though I’d split myself open. Ethan flinched, but I didn’t care.

“You don’t understand,” I spat. “You will never understand—until you find Maya in bed with your so-called sibling. Kieran is mine. He was mine before Sera ever came crawling into the picture. She stole him from me. She stole everything from me!”

“Gods,” Ethan whispered, horror widening his eyes. “Listen to yourself. Do you hear the madness in your voice?”

I lunged toward him, finger stabbing the air. “Get out!”

“Celeste—”

“GET OUT!” My throat burned, my eyes blurred. “You don’t know anything! You think your perfect little mate has opened your eyes? She’s blinded you, just like Sera blinded everyone else. But I see the truth. I always have. And I will never, ever, let Sera take anything from me ever again!”



The room fell into a taut silence after my scream, my chest heaving, my skin slick with sweat.

Ethan lingered for a moment, disappointment and lingering anger etched deep in the set of his mouth, then turned away. The door closed behind him with a finality that felt like abandonment.

I sank onto the couch, shaking.

My eyes fell to my wrist, to the tattoo inked there—the two wolves circling themselves under the full moon.

I'd chosen that symbol with Kieran's name burned on my tongue, branded on my fucking heart.

My fingers traced the lines, the memory of that night, that vow, sealing my resolve all over again.

Kieran was mine, always had been, always would be. And I would claim him before anyone had a chance to discover what I was hiding.

No matter what it took.

And whoever stood in my way—Sera, Maya, Ethan, even fate itself—I would make certain they never dared again.