

## Hopeful~

Welcome back, we got a few chapters left to this story. So I hope you all have been enjoying it so far. Be prepared for a major character death, maybe even two...

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My mind was spinning at what felt like a hundred miles a second, jumping endlessly back to my mom. I had been thinking about her since yesterday, which was when Calypso and Esma showed me the truth. They showed me why they wanted to hide that from me so badly.

My mother was a monster.

And I was her child.

I dreaded the fact that those people knew my mother and what she had done. I dreaded even more that I had to be related to her. Though the witches treated me normally, part of me couldn't help but think that they didn't trust me. I couldn't help but think that they thought I was going to snap just like she did.

And maybe before my death I would have worried about turning into her. But not now. Not after my previous mate had killed me just like she did my dad. I had seen what kind of person she was, and I loathed her for that.

I would never be like her.

I gazed out at the lake, hiding my dissatisfaction when I felt someone sit down next to me. There was only one person who I didn't mind interrupting my thinking, and that was my mate. So one could imagine my irritation when I looked to the right to see my brother.

The same brother that called me unnatural, and hadn't spoken to me in weeks, now sat next to me. I was about to roll my eyes, but I decided against that and just stared back out at the lake instead.

"Come to treat me like a little science experiment again?" I asked bluntly, not bothering to spare him a glance. I was angry at him, so he was lucky that I was even speaking to him. If he had caught me a couple days ago, I probably would have thrown him in the water.

But luckily for him, I was only mildly irritated.

I felt him shift right beside me, and out of the corner of my eye I saw him pull his knees up to his chest. He looked like he was making himself comfortable, which annoyed me even more. I didn't want him anywhere near me. Yet here he was, being a pain in the ass.

"I'm here to talk." He grumbled, and I snorted.

"Yeah, because our last talk wasn't good enough for you, was it?"

"Listen, I'm really sorry about that. I took it way too far and."

"And you expect everything to be alright? Where were you when the pack land was being blown up by Savannah and Harrison?" I asked him, finally turning to look at him. He seemed surprised that I had noticed his poor attendance. And I was surprised that he would have thought that I wouldn't notice.

Like did he think I just suddenly forgot about his existence like he did mine?

Absolutely not. Well kind of. But we aren't going to talk about that.

I stared at him intensely, watching as he looked down at his hands. I knew that being with an alpha had made it so that everyone automatically looked down when you looked at them, but the fact that Ethan did just made me mad.

"Fucking hell, Ethan," I snapped, "I'm your sister for fucksake, stop acting as if you have to tip toe around me!"

"I can't help it, Estrella!" He shouted, "You were dead for four years! And you come back to life expecting everything to go back to normal when you have no idea what I've went through? I can't do that!"

I was taken back hugely by his reaction, but not because anything he said was a lie. I was taken back because everything he said made sense. Up in the stars, time went by so fast, so the fact that I was dead for four years rarely crossed my mind. But when I realized that life went on for four years without me, it sucked.

There was a point where Ethan let go of me, where he allowed himself to heal. It was selfish of me to think that me being around for a few months would just make up for the time that we'd lost.

Though he was completely right about that, he did get one thing wrong.

"I saw what you went through." I spoke so ly.

"What?" Ethan asked.

"I saw what you went through." I spoke more clearly, "Don't think that I didn't check up on you every now and then just because I was dead."

Though I was still annoyed at him, I couldn't help but to send him a gentle smile. All of this time, I was only thinking of myself. I only thought of how I felt, and that showed me that I still had more improving to do. I still had that bit of selfishness in me.

I noticed Ethan looked slightly concerned over what I had just told him, and he placed his head in his hands.

"So then you know that I'm..." He trailed off, his voice shaking. He sucked in a deep breath, as if whatever he was about to tell me was going to bother me. But he spoke anyways.

"You know that I'm bi?"

I could see him holding his breath now, impatiently waiting for what I was going to say next. I didn't understand why he thought I was going to be upset over that. There were so many things in the world to fret over, and something as simple as liking another gender did not bother me.

I smiled at him, and grabbed his hand.

"Ethan, you can love whoever you want. I don't care. You're still my brother."

When I said this, Ethan visibly relaxed. The breath that he was holding in, he now let out. He brought his head out from his hands, and looked at me with a relieved smile.

"Well that makes things a lot easier."

We fell into a comfortable silence. Though we still had lots of repairing to do on our relationship, I now had hope. I now believed that maybe Ethan and I could be close like we used to be. Maybe there was a chance that in the future, Ethan and I would have the bond that we had before I died--if not a better one.

I looked at my brother with a smile, and in that split second, I felt peace.

And then I remembered mom. Ethan had once mentioned something about her being unnatural as well, so I wondered if he'd already knew about our psycho mom. Either way, I needed to bring it up with him.

"Mom's coming," I spoke, "I don't know when. But the witches said she's getting close."

Ethan's peaceful demeanor quickly went away, and he glanced out at the lake. I could see how afraid he was of our mom, and though I wasn't afraid of her, I didn't judge him for it. If he knew about her, and judging by his look he had a pretty good idea, then he knew that we had a problem.

"I figured she would at some point. I just didn't think she would this soon."

"You think she's coming to kill us?" I asked, sounded a lot less scared than I should have been. But I had died before, and even though I didn't want to do it again anytime soon, it didn't scare me.

Not that I thought we were going to die. But I still had to consider that it was possible.

Ethan nodded quickly.

"Most definitely. Though, probably not you. You always were her favorite."

Ethan's smile showed that he was trying to joke, but I knew that he thought that was the truth deep down. He thought that our mom was going to try and kill him, and keep me alive. And most of me believed he was right, Tessandra always showed more love to me than she did Ethan.

But that didn't mean she wouldn't try and kill me. Who knows, she's probably still power hungry even after all of those witches. I doubt she'd mind adding a couple of her kids to the menu.

I glanced at Ethan one more time, not being able to hand the fact that he really thought his own mom was out to kill him. I stood up abruptly, making a vow in my head that my mom was going to have to go through me before she hurt anyone I cared about.

Even if it was my brother, who I disliked until a few minutes ago, nobody was going to die. Not if I could do anything about it.

I began to walk away, turning around only when Ethan shouted out my name.

"Wait, where are you going?"

"To find mom."

And before he could say anything else, I shifted into my wolf form and ran off. I didn't want him to follow me, and I knew he was going to try. Thankfully I was stronger and faster than him, so he wasn't going to catch up to me anytime soon.

But unfortunately for me, my mate wasn't as slow as Ethan.

I let out a startled yelp as I felt another body pummel into mine, sending me tumbling to the ground. Though it didn't hurt, I was still pissed when I looked up to see Kaillen. His tall wolf stood over me like a shadow, trapping me under him.

What the fuck are you doing? asked in the mate link, snarling at him when he snarled at me.

What the fuck am I doing? I haven't seen you in like two days, and here you are running off somewhere else.

I stared at him in agitation, but also guilt. I was upset that he stopped me from the mission that I was on, yet I felt guilty for ghosting my own mate. I hadn't seen him since the night he made me dinner, and here I was ready to leave again.

Once I realized how unfair I was being, I dropped my attitude.

You're right. I'm really sorry, but I wasn't trying to avoid you. I was just really busy with learning about my mom.

Kaillen looked at me with his head tilted, and I could tell that he was confused. I had only told him about the part where my mom put a hex on me, but I hadn't told him about what I learned yesterday.

I knew that I needed to tell him. So I decided that my hunt for my mom could wait just a little bit longer. After all, I wanted to spend time with Kaillen more than I wanted to find my mom.

I knew that I still hadn't told Kaillen anything, and he was still standing above me looking lost. But I was ready to tell him. So I shifted without warning, leaving me lying under him naked. His eyes widened, and he glanced around for any spying eyes. When he realized there was no one around to see, he looked back at me.

"I'll tell you back at the house," I said. I was smiling brightly, humored by the way my mate was looking at me. He looked at me like he had been in a desert for the past year, and I was the first drop of rain that he had seen.

It was really cute the way he looked at me. I couldn't deny that part. And when he began to look me up and down, I couldn't help but release a set of giggles. What was I supposed to do? His tongue tickled.

When he made it up to my face, I quickly grabbed his between my hands, and looked at him.

"I really do love you." I said out loud, petting the top of his head.

I know you do. I love you.

And after we stayed there, just drowning in our love for each other, we left. I still had to tell him about my mom, and I had a feeling that he wasn't going to like it.