

## Mated in the Shadow of My Sister Chapter 161-165

### Chapter 0161

(Lily POV)

James and I finally got off the phone around four in the morning. I humored him with all the details he wanted to know about Cody Wilson, as well as the few details I had about Derek Abbott. (Derek is one of the rare werewolves who has found fame in the human world; he is a professional race car driver... and

Charlotte's fated mate.)

1

Once we finally hung up, I tried to get comfortable on the couch. Unfortunately, Charlotte—who had stayed over, not wanting her parents to know what had happened with Derek—woke me up just a couple of hours later. She didn't intend to wake me up, but it was hard for me to ignore her loud sobbing and whimpering.

Thank Goddess I had today off of work.

I made a cup of herbal tea and brought it to Charlotte, who was still laying in my bed. Charlotte sat up, wiped her tears, and accepted the tea.

"Thank you, Lily," she said through tears.

"Do you want to talk about it?" I asked as I sat down beside her.

"No."

"Okay. Do you want to watch a movie or something?"

"Why did he reject me, Lily? What is wrong with me? Why would he not want me?"

I gave her a sympathetic smile. "Do you want the soft truth or the hard truth?"

"The soft truth."

"There is nothing wrong with you. You are smart and beautiful, and you have at least 100 other positive qualities. Derek did not reject you; he just got upset. Give him some time and he may come around."

Charlotte wiped a few more tears away. "Ok, now the hard truth."

"When he saw you for the first time, you were straddling another male and making out with him. Of course, he was going to be upset. He is a hot-blooded male werewolf. Was he a jerk? Yes. But was his reaction completely irrational? No."

"I am not a slut. I have slept with exactly two males my entire life, and I never make out with guys in public like that. But this was Cody Wilson! Most girls would kill for an opportunity to make out with Cody."

I reached over and squeezed her hand. "You do not have to convince me, Charlotte. I do not blame you, and I am on your side. But -wow-you clearly have a type."

"Type?"

"If you have only slept with two males, that means 100% of the males that you have ever slept with have been professional baseball players. Then you made out with a famous hockey player, and you were mated to a professional race car driver. Your type is famous, James would be impressed. Heck, he already is and he only knows about Cody and Derek"

Charlotte laughed in spite of herself. "You told him?"

I nodded. "I am sorry; I hope you do not mind. It came up as I was explaining the whole Daisy situation."

"What Daisy situation?"

"Sergio's brother, Franco, got me confused with another female named Daisy. He showed her picture to

Sergio, who showed it to me."

"And?"

"And let's just say that when I saw the picture of Daisy, I felt like I was looking at a ghost."

"Why?"

"Because Daisy looks just like my sister who died six years ago."

"Oh."

"Yeah."

"So that is why you looked upset when you were talking to Sergio and his brother?"

"Well... that and the fact that I had just broken Franco's brother's arm in the hallway."

"WHAT? Where was I when all of this was happening??!?"

"Ummmmm, making out with Cody Wilson."

"Oh." Charlotte looked down in shame. "I am so sorry, Lily. I totally abandoned you last night. I should

have focused on you and our girls' night instead of Cody f&&ing Wilson."

I gave Charlotte a sad smile. I was not going to argue with her about that.

Had she focused on the girls

night she promised me, things may have worked out differently with her mate, too.

"If it makes you feel any better, I may not have found out about my sister had it not been for you

abandoning me."

Charlotte's eyes widened. "You are not suggesting that that Daisy really is

your sister?"

I shrugged. "Actually, I think she is. That is why I called James and told him everything that happened. They never found Stephanie's body, so it is possible."

"But how can that be? If she did not die, where has she been the past six years? What has she been doing?"

"I am not sure. The only thing I got out of Sergio and his brother is that she has been living in Spain with some guy named Antonio, and she has a pup. I was going to ask more questions, but then... well, the whole thing between you and Derek played out."

Charlotte looked down. "I am so sorry, Lily, I

"Stop, Charlotte. I am not mad at you. Other than abandoning me for Cody Wilson, you did not do anything wrong. And I am pretty sure James would have left me for Cody too if he could, so apparently that is more Cody than you anyway. Let's focus on what we are going to do about you and Derek."

"There is no 'me and Derek,' Lily. I do not even know how I would find him if I wanted to."

"He is Derek Abbott, Charlotte. You do not need to find him; the paparazzi follow him around like lost puppies. You just have to pull up one of their blogs and you will know where he is."

"But what is the point? He does not want me."

"The mate bond is a powerful thing, Charlotte."

"Easy for you to say. Your mate would never call you a 'slut' and you."

"Actually...."

## Mated in the Shadow of My Sister Chapter 162

Chapter 0162

(Lily POV)

"Actually...."

"Actually, what?"

"My mate may have said that and much, much worse to me in the past," I said sadly.

"You met your mate already?"

I nodded.

"Who is he? Where is he? What happened? Why are you here and not with him right now?"

I laughed. "Relax, Charlotte. One question at a time. James is my mate."

"WHAT?!?!?!?!?!?!?!?!?!?!\*"

“Who else did you think James was?”

“Your boyfriend or some wolf you had a crush on. I don’t know. I did not really think about it.”

I shook my head. I think most wolves would have easily figured out the relationship between James and I during the phone call in which James got upset about the dress I was wearing. The fact that Charlotte did not put it together highlights the disservice her parents did to her by living a more unorthodox lifestyle in the human world.

“So what happened between you and James?” Charlotte pressed.

“It is a very long story. We formally rejected each other, but we are friends now and

“You are not just friends with him, Lily,” Charlotte interrupted, clearly not believing me. “Even I know that much.”

I rolled my eyes. “We are mostly

still working that out.” just friends right now. Who knows what the future might hold. We are “Is that why you came to Ravenswood?” “Kind of. Not really. It is complicated.” I could tell Charlotte wanted to ask me more questions, but I was far too tired to talk about it, so I went to the kitchen and grabbed my phone. I came back to where Charlotte was and started looking for information about Derek Abbott. Within a few minutes, I found exactly what I was looking for. It turned out that one of the most powerful sports agents in the world - Miguel Santos- had recently opened a posh gym in Ravenswood. The grand opening was Monday (the same day as James and Sheila’s wedding), but they also had a week of pre-opening events leading up to it to which multiple celebrities and athletes had been invited. That is likely why Sergio, Derek, and Cody had all been in town and at the bar last night. I showed my phone to Charlotte. “The blog says that Derek will be at the grand opening party on Monday. Maybe you could go and talk to him? I am sure the team owners were invited to the event, and you could either go with them or they could get you the invite directly.” “Will you go with me?” Charlotte asked. “I can’t; I am sorry. I agreed to work a double shift at the girls’ home. That is the day that James and Sheila are getting married, so I wanted to be distracted.” “Your mate is marrying someone else on Monday?!?!?” Oh, crap. I really am tired. I did not mean to say that last part out loud. “No. I mean, yes. But, no. But yes. It is complicated.” “Un-complicate it.” I “I am too tired. We can talk after I take a nap.” Charlotte gave me a look, but she thankfully accepted my brush off and stopped asking questions. Instead, she began to scroll through the

blog that I found about Derek. She started to read and click on various articles that had been written. She paused several times as she went through the information. She got excited each time she saw something positive posted about Derek: -“Oh, look! Derek donated money to human cancer research!”

-“Look, Lily! He went to a children’s hospital and handed out replicas of his race car to the sick kids!”

-“He won the Grand Prix three times in a row!”

—“This article predicts that Derek will be the richest driver in the world within the next two years!”

Unfortunately, for each positive article, there was a negative one that upset Charlotte. And, of course, by negative, I mean any article that linked Derek to another female.

By the end of Charlotte’s internet sleuthing, that seemed to be her primary take-away.

“How dare Derek call me a slut when according to these articles, he has slept with half the models and actresses in the United States!”

“Charlotte, please calm down. The media does not always get it right. Please just go and talk to him on Monday. Keep an open mind and make a decision from there.”

Charlotte groaned. “Urrrrrrrrghhh. Fine. I will talk to him. Are you sure you cannot go?”

“I am sure. It is not my scene anyway. My type is definitely not-famous.”

Charlotte pouted a little, but continued to scroll through my phone. This time Charlotte was looking for more information about the grand opening party on Monday.

Suddenly, she froze.

“Um, Lily... you said that Daisy is living with some Antonio guy in Spain, right?”

“Yes, that is what they told me last night.”

“You might want to read this...”

Charlotte handed my phone back to me. On some entertainment blog-not the one I had originally been

looking at the article talked about the gym opening and all the celebrities that had been invited. Then,

almost in passing, the article included this paragraph:

“Rumor has it that Miguel Santos’ younger brother Antonio will also be in attendance. Antonio is the owner of multiple reputable -and not so reputable-exclusive strip clubs across Europe. Unfortunately,

sources say that Antonio's ever-recluse baby mama Daisy will not be in attendance, citing the need to attend a long-awaited family reunion on the West Coast the same day." What, the. F&&k Surely this was just a coincidence. There had to be more than one couple named Antonio and Daisy that lived in Europe with a pup that was known to the sports' community... right? And even if it was not, the family reunion that Stephanie/ Daisy was going to could be anywhere... "Or it could be West Mountain," Rose linked me. "You need to alert James."

## Mated in the Shadow of My Sister Chapter 163

### Chapter 0163

I am so grateful for all of the love and support that this story has received! I cannot wait to see your reactions to the next few surprises I have in store for you! Hint: the next chapter will be Stephanie's POV! I had originally planned to get the story done by mid-November, but it is already November 9/10 and I do not want to rush the end of the story just to meet that artificial timeline.

That doesn't mean that I am going to drag this out, and it doesn't mean the upcoming chapters aren't going to be action packed (they will be!). I just want to make sure we have proper time for the happy endings we have been working towards.

I will continue to do daily updates, and hopefully write at least 2-3 chapters per day. I would estimate now being done just 2-3 weeks later than I originally thought. Maybe sooner, maybe a tiny touch later. But hopefully it will be worth it. I can see the rainbow at the end, and it is all fitting together nicely and closer than you may think (especially after the wedding...).

(Don't be scared. You will like the wedding.)

Happy reading and thank you to everyone again for the love and support!

## Mated in the Shadow of My Sister Chapter 164

### Chapter 0164

(Stephanie POV)

It is time for me to finally head home.

Believe it or not, I really miss everyone. I am looking forward to seeing my friends and family, including

even my younger sister.

I originally did not intend to be gone this long. I just wanted a couple of years to be young and free before settling down and taking over my roles as James' mate and luna of the West Mountain Pack.

I really do not know why the Moon Goddess allows werewolves to meet our mates at age 20. That is so young! Why would anyone want to commit to a lifetime of responsibility at that age, much less to having sex with just one person? The human way is so much better. Sure, some of them marry young too, but nowadays many of them wait until their late 20s and 30s or even 40s to get married. And even then, the humans who are good at keeping secrets can continue to stray forever. In contrast, thanks to the stupid mate bond, werewolves can cheat, but their partners will feel the betrayal; there is no such thing as being

discreet. (Believe me, I know; Sheila and I did a ton of experiments to confirm.)

The closer that I got to my 20th birthday, the more that I knew that I wanted to take a "me-break" before

James and I marked each other and I took on the pack responsibilities. I had started my luna training

early, and I had worked really hard at it, so I knew that I deserved some me-time.

Unfortunately, I also knew that James and my mother would never agree to give me that time. James

was a big believer in responsibility, obligation, and making his parents happy.

Meanwhile, my mother was

a big believer in trying to live her life through me, and that required that I be around her exhausting self all

the time.

I ultimately decided that I had to find a way to steal a break for myself, and Sheila agreed to help me.

I developed a plan. A great plan, in fact. It would allow me to travel the world, meet new people, make a bunch of foolish mistakes, spend a ton of money haphazardly, and live by myself for a while. Then, when I was ready, I would go home and be the luna my mother had prepared me to be.

It was a perfect plan.

But then I met the s\*\*y, powerful Antonio from Spain. And all-my plans went to hell.

I met Antonio sort-of by chance, when I went to pitch his business partner some girls for purchase. I thought our girls would make a great fit for some of their exclusive, underground clubs. The girls were from my

mother's business, but my mother did not know about my trip to see Antonio's partner; Sheila helped me arrange the meeting with the thought that I could secretly use the profits to fund my two-year

Antonio's business partner got tied up with something else, and so Antonio ended up coming to the meeting in his place. It was lust at first sight. I took one look at Antonio, and I knew that I had to have him all for myself. I did not care that he was human; he made up for it with his rugged good looks, his money, his power, his sex appeal, and the danger that oozed out of him. I guess there has always just been something about a bad boy that really turns me o

on

As soon as I met Antonio, I decided to change my plans. Instead of exploring the world, I would explore Antonio. And, oh goddess, did I want to explore Antonio. With his Spanish accent, tattooed chest, and "f&&k me" eyes, it was hard not to.

I

Because I changed my mind about selling girls to Antonio -I did not want other quality females around who might compete for his attention- I had to find another way to finance my escape. That is where my little sister came in.

I did not want to ask Antonio for money so early in our relationship, and I preferred to have my own anyway. Our rogue friends had been asking for a young virgin for a while, and I knew they were willing to pay top dollar. My sister had been such a good sport about letting me torture her that I thought she

would be the perfect one to sell to them for a night.

I had expected my sister to cooperate like she normally does, but instead she fought back. That threw

everything off, and we had to rush through the next steps of the escape plan. I also had to promise the

rogues a replacement gift in lieu of my sister. (It took me a while, but I finally found one about six months

later and had her sent to them.)

I do not know whether to be angry or proud of my sister for what she did that night. She definitely made

my life harder, but I sort of respect her spirit.

Given all the torture I put her through, you probably think I hate her, but I do not. I actually love her a lot. That was why she made such a good torture candidate; my mother always said that to be like Luna Jane, I needed to know how to torture not just the ones I hated but also the ones I loved.



I am curious to see what my little sister is like now. Sheila has given me updates about a lot of what has happened in the pack, but for some reason she has not told me much about Lily. I wonder if she has met her mate yet? Perhaps Lily, her mate, James, and I can double date.

## Mated in the Shadow of My Sister Chapter 165

Chapter 0165  
(Unknown POV)

I am currently at the large memorial/ wedding venue with the alpha, beta, and gamma families and some of their early arrival out-of-town guests. We are here watching the omegas and human employees finish decorating for tomorrow's event. It is admittedly a little odd to invite honored guests to watch the preparations for an event, but Margie saw it as an opportunity to flaunt the expense and details being put into it.

Everyone here is in good spirits, although everyone is happy for different reasons.

For example, Margie and Sheila are happy because they believe that James and Sheila are getting married tomorrow.

The human employees are happy because their human employer-the owner of the multi-level opera house that will be hosting the combined wedding and memorial event- has promised them large bonuses for helping with this last-minute, ultra-grand affair.

And I am happy because the justice that I have waited several long, agonizing years for is finally going to be realized. After tomorrow, I will finally be able to say good-bye and good riddance to most members of the Brogan and Anderson families. Revenge has taken a lot longer than I expected it to, but it will be worth it.

Thankfully, despite the number of years that have passed, I am still relatively young and I have time to move on with my life. Hopefully, I will find a second chance mate and be able to finally have the peaceful, stable life that I have always dreamed of having.

In case you are wondering, the answer is yes: I am a member of the Movement. I was late to join, but that is only because I did not know about it before. You could say that I was one of the ones that helped the Movement piece together some of the final missing puzzle pieces. My

involvement in the Movement

is primarily as a consultant though, and my role in the movement is on a need-to-know basis only. And by that I mean that basically only the founder, the top leaders, and James know about me.

Despite my limited role, I am valued enough that I am one of only five wolves besides James who are aware that Stephanie may be making a surprise appearance tomorrow. I could not believe my luck when James told me. Of course, James could not believe his luck when he realized I was involved in the Movement, so I guess we are even.

Honestly, when Stephanie did not return after two years, I started to worry if she ever would. At first, she did not return because she was having fun with Antonio. Then she got unexpectedly pregnant. Then she needed to work on getting her body back in shape. Then Antonio promised her a trip around the world.

Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah. I honestly do not know how Sheila tolerated all that bullsh&t.

Oh, wait. Yes, I do. Sheila tolerated it all because Sheila is evil. And she wants James for herself.

You are probably wondering how long I have known that Stephanie was alive. Answer: since the beginning.

Surprised? Do not be. Life is complicated. Especially when you are dealing with she-wolves who have lost their f&&king minds and an alpha couple that has a bizarre, co-dependent relationship with half of them.

Let me guess your next question. Have I told others in the Movement that Stephanie is alive? Nope. I did not even tell James.

Why not? Easy. Given my circumstances, I trust absolutely no one. I have shared the information with the Movement that they need to know to accomplish our shared goals, but not a single piece of information more than that. In fact, not even the founder or leaders know why I am a member of the Movement. At least not yet.

When I first found out that Stephanie may be coming back (thank you, Lily, for giving James that heads up), I was a little disappointed that we had convinced Sheila and Margie to move the wedding and memorial event to human territory. The security reasons for moving it made sense;

executing our plans on neutral territory was really important and ensured less risk for any warriors that may be called upon should things turn violent. And the selling points to Sheila and Margie were also very clear: for this to be the grandest and most elaborate wedding/ memorial event yet, they needed a larger and more opulent space than anything we had in the pack.

Still, I worried that if Stephanie does come as expected, she will not know where everyone is. I would not want her to miss even a portion of the event. But then I realized that I could just make sure to leave a few of the wedding invitations out in plain sight where Stephanie is likely to go and see them. And there will be a limited number of border guards and other officials staying back on pack lands that can inform her as well, should she try to return through any of the main entrances.

I will confess that I am a little nervous for how tomorrow will play out. It almost feels too good to be true. that tomorrow could finally be the end. I know Margie well enough to know that she will not go down easily, and she probably has back-up plans in place.

However, at this point, I say bring it on. I cannot take even a second more of pretending to like Sheila or pretending to miss Stephanie. One way or another, no matter what, this nonsense ends tomorrow.