

My Sister 247

Chapter 247 THE HALL OF MEMORIES

SERAPHINA'S POV

The Frostbane library had always been solemn and dignified, impressive in its own rigid, aristocratic way.

The New Moon Institute's library, colloquially referred to as the Hall of Memories, felt like stepping into a world conjured straight out of a movie.

A magical one.

The moment I crossed through the archway, my breath caught.

Soft light spilled from shimmering glass panels embedded in the ceiling, shifting like slow-moving constellations. Shelves towered upward, carved from dark wood etched with flowing script that glimmered when the light touched them. Floating platforms carrying stacks of books drifted between levels, moving as if weightless.

Pages rustled quietly—though no one nearby touched a thing. The entire library, its tomes and volumes, seemed alive.

For a moment, I simply stood, awed by its quiet majesty.

No wonder scholars worshipped this place. It felt sacred.

I wandered deeper, each corridor opening into another maze of shelves. Some held books so old they were bound with metal clasps; others held sleek, freshly printed journals organized with glowing tags.

Wolves, witches, humans—all of it was represented. A tapestry of the natural and supernatural world.

Finding the section I needed, however, was...less magical.

It took nearly half an hour, three wrong turns, and one kind archivist pointing me toward the “Wolf Physiology–Advanced Studies” wing before I finally reached the shelves.

My excitement dimmed quickly.

Most of the volumes lined up neatly in front of me were painfully familiar.

The Frostbane library—despite its obsession with secrecy and hierarchy—had collected the same texts. Some were even earlier editions.

I sifted through the shelves anyway, stubbornly undeterred. A few minutes passed before a handful of unfamiliar spines caught my eye.

I reached for the first one.

It was hefty and old, the leather worn along the edges. A faint scent of dust and parchment rose as I opened it.

On the inside cover, a list of borrowing records was written in elegant handwriting.

My eyes skimmed down the list.

And froze.

Edward Lockwood.

The name stared back at me like a ghost resurrected.

Slowly, almost mechanically, I reached for the next unfamiliar book.

My pulse stuttered.

His name again.

Then the next.

And the next.

My heart thudded unevenly.

My father had come here. He'd searched the same volumes I now pored over.

What were you looking for, Father?

What did you hope to find here?

...What did you already know?

My hands were trembling as I moved to the terminal at the end of the row where a tall touchscreen column that allowed readers to search borrowing histories by name, topic, or date was fixed to the wall.

I hesitated.

Then typed in his name.

A list materialized, long enough that I had to scroll several times.

At first glance, the topics looked scattered.

Some concerned wolf genetics. Others were about recessive traits. A few referenced bloodlines, shifting anomalies, suppressed instincts.

Individually, each topic felt clinical, almost random.

But together...

A faint, unmistakable pattern emerged.

Genetics.

Heredity.

Suppression.

My fingertips pressed harder against the screen.

It felt like a cold hand was closing around my throat.

My father—emotionally absent, dismissive, disdainful, steeped in tradition and pride—had come here for something that touched all the questions I had been terrified to ask about myself.

Did he already know?

About my wolf?

About what I lacked?

What I was becoming?

Speculations spiraled through my mind like a tornado. My mother's words were like debris picked up by the storm.

'Among your siblings, you were destined to live an ordinary life. Mundane. Unremarkable.'

'You're just like everyone else. Worse, if anything.'

'Please...let her be spared.'

I forced myself to breathe. Blinked furiously until my blurry vision steadied.

Focused on the task at hand.

When I reached the end of the borrowing list, I expected more book titles.

Instead...

Rows upon rows of redacted entries. Nothing but black bars where titles should have been. Only dates remained. On each date, the same location was listed repeatedly: Origins Archives Room.

I frowned.

I hadn't seen anything with that name on the directory map at the entrance. And the Hall of Memories, vast as it was, certainly didn't have any obvious door labeled "Origins Archives."

Curiosity and unease twisted together inside me.

I had to find it.

I scoured the Hall of Memories from end to end.

Every wing. Every staircase. Every alcove.

Nothing.

And when I started asking around, the responses were strange.

A junior archivist blinked at me, confused. "I've never heard of that room."

A researcher frowned thoughtfully. "Pretty sure that's just a myth. Bunch of old scholars made it up to feel better about themselves when they couldn't find what they were looking for." He shrugged. "Better that the knowledge is restricted than it doesn't exist."

Two others exchanged glances before muttering something about old legends.

Finally, I was directed to a professor-level scholar hunched over a thick encyclopedia.

Irritation flashed across his face when I interrupted him with my inquiry, but he didn't dismiss me immediately.

Instead, he peered over the rim of his round, wire-framed spectacles, the lenses catching the library's enchanted ceiling light in a way that made his eyes look almost silver.

"And what exactly," he said, voice thin and papery, "are you looking for?"

My grip tightened around my bag strap. "Just researching."

His stark white eyebrows arched as he gave me a slow, evaluating once-over, like he was appraising a misfiled document rather than a person.

His nostrils flared delicately, as if he were smelling a lie. "What kind of research?"

"Personal interest," I replied, keeping my tone neutral.

"Mmm." He leaned closer, curiosity flickered in his eyes. "People don't ask about rooms like that on a whim." He lowered his voice conspiratorially. "Why are you looking for it?"

I hesitated.

His gaze was too sharp, too perceptive to brush off easily. And I needed something—anything—that could push me closer to answers.

So I gave him the vaguest truth I could. "My Shifting has...complications. I'm trying to understand it better."

He must have noticed it then—the lack of aura around me, the incomplete signature of a wolf who should've Shifted long ago.

His face hardened instantly.

"Oh," he said, leaning back as if my situation was contagious. His lips pursed, thin and pale. "And I suppose you're looking for a miraculous explanation the Hall of Memories can't give you."

My jaw twitched.

“Let me be clear,” he continued, tone dripping with superiority. “The so-called Origins Archives—if it exists—is not a place for an incompletely-transitioned wolf to inquire about.”

He adjusted his spectacles with a sniff. “You should stick to the accessible sections. They’re more...appropriate for someone in your situation.”

Heat rose beneath my skin—anger, humiliation, and an old, familiar sting I thought I’d left behind in Frostbane territory.

I forced myself to inhale slowly through my nose, steadying the breath.

Fine.

It was a stumbling block; a setback. I was used to those. They never deterred me.

If the scholars wouldn’t help, I knew someone who might.

Later that evening, when I was all settled in my rented lodging, I called Maxwell.

He listened attentively as I explained everything without divulging too many details.

“Origins Archives Room,” he murmured when I was done. “I’ve never heard of it either.”

Disappointment sank in my stomach.

Then he added, “But If such a place exists, there’s only one person who would know.”

“Who?” I asked, hope rising.

“The institute’s director,” Maxwell replied. “Director Alois. He was Willow’s mentor, and she spoke highly of him. Said he was brilliant and kind—but she mentioned that he became reclusive around three years ago.”

“Reclusive?” I echoed.

“Doesn’t attend public lectures anymore. Rarely makes appearances. Mostly communicates through his assistant these days.”

“Okay, so can I meet up with his assistant?”

Maxwell hesitated. “Lionel. He’s...a handful.”

I didn’t even want to imagine what ‘a handful’ meant coming from the man who raised Noah and Zach.

But at least I had a lead.

Alois. Lionel. The Origins Archives Room.

Answers existed. Hidden, maybe. Guarded, definitely.

But not unreachable.