

My Sister 253

Chapter 253 STARLIGHT HALLWAY

SERAPHINA'S POV

The darkness in the hollow beneath the ancient tree held the same vast, endless promise as the night sky—as if it were brimming with secrets, waiting for the first spark of light to unveil them.

I hesitated at the threshold, fingertips grazing the rough, silvery bark. My heart pounded a relentless rhythm, each beat echoing with a strange, electric recognition that rippled through me.

Everything I'd been chasing—every fragment, every half-truth, every door slammed in my face, every fear I'd carried for thirty long years—coiled together in my chest as I stood at the brink of a precipice I had been blindly approaching my whole life.

The weight of it all pressed so fiercely against my ribs it threatened to splinter them.

Alina's presence curled warm around my thoughts, steady as an anchor in a storm.

'Breathe, Sera.'

I drew in a slow, deep breath, holding it at the top of my lungs the way Maya had taught me long ago as a centering technique.

And then, I crossed the threshold.

The air shifted in an instant as the world fell away.

The Origin Archives Room wasn't a room at all.

It unfolded into a realm that felt suspended above the fabric of reality. My boots touched no visible ground; instead, I stood on a floor of faintly glowing starlight, soft and cool and insubstantial as mist.

Overhead stretched a sky that couldn't belong to this earth—swirls of violet, indigo, and silver drifting like fluid galaxies.

The air thrummed with ancient magic, its low vibration raising goosebumps along my skin.

Soft streams of light unfurled around me, weaving themselves into a gently curving path of stars that led deeper into the expanse.

I drew a shaky breath. "Okay. That's..."

'Beautiful,' Alina whispered from within me, awed.

Beautiful didn't even cover it.

As I moved forward, the starry path pulsed beneath my feet, as if acknowledging my arrival.

Then a voice—neither male nor female, neither young nor old—seeped into the space around me.

‘Welcome, Seraphina.’

The sound wasn't spoken. It resonated inside me, threading through my bones like music.

I swallowed hard. “What—Who are you?”

‘A keeper. A witness. The voice of the Origin Archives.’

My gaze swept the horizon. “What do I do?” I asked, my voice trembling. “Where do I go from here?”

A soft pulse of starlight illuminated a distant archway formed purely of shimmering constellations.

'To the Starlight Hallway. If you wish to ask your question.'

My pulse quickened. This was it. One question for this visit; one chance to pry open the truth.

I followed the star-path, my footsteps silent yet somehow echoing in the vastness. The archway grew clearer the closer I came, and when I passed beneath it, the world expanded once more.

The Starlight Hallway stole my breath away.

Countless stars drifted around me like living embers, each burning with its own hue. Constellations flowed and reformed, shifting into patterns beyond my understanding.

At the center, a circular platform glowed brighter than all the rest—a dais sculpted from what seemed to be solidified moonlight.

The moment I stepped onto it, the stars stirred.

'You have been granted one question,' the voice murmured. 'Ask.'

My throat tightened. Standing here, enveloped in cosmic magic older than any legend, it felt like anything was possible.

“Can this place truly answer anything I ask?”

A faint vibration rippled across the Hallway, almost like laughter.

‘Not every question has an answer. Some answers do not exist. Some are not permitted. Some would destroy what you hope to save.’

I clenched my fists. “Then...how do I know which one to ask? Which answer do I need the most?”

‘That decision is up to you. And be warned, Seraphina: any attempt to deceive, manipulate, or test the Hallway will result in immediate revocation of access.’

A cold shiver crept down my spine.

No pressure.

My mind spiraled through every question clawing at me:

Why did Father come here?

What was he researching?

What secret had he tried to bury?

Why am I like this—broken, incomplete?

Why was my wolf silent for so long?

Why me? Why my family? Why—

It struck me that most of my questions spiraled back to a single point—after all, he'd probably had the same questions.

I licked my lips. "What was my father investigating?"

The stars dimmed.

A sharp sound—like a muffled crack of thunder—reverberated through the Hallway.

‘Denied.’

The voice was still calm, but this time it carried weight.

‘The Archives do not reveal the lives or secrets of others. You have been warned.’

I swallowed hard.

Right. Not that.

I closed my eyes. What did I truly need? What question had haunted me, cutting deep since the day I learned I could not do what every other wolf did so easily?

I looked at my trembling hands.

My voice came out softer this time. “How do I achieve full transformation?”

Silence. Long and heavy.

Then a sigh—gentle, ancient, sorrowful—drifted through the Hallway.

‘A wasted opportunity.’

My breath caught like a slap. “What do you mean?”

‘The Moon Goddess has already spoken to you of this.’

My frustration flared. I didn’t even care how the voice knew what had transpired in my dreams. “I don’t want prophecy, or riddles, or poetry. Enough with the cryptic bullshit. I want a plain, simple answer. I need to know why I’m incomplete. Why part of me is missing.” My voice shook. “Please.”

The stars shifted.

Slowly. Softly.

Then one detached itself from the rest.

A small, pale-blue star floated toward me. As it hovered at eye level, something deep within me resonated, like a forgotten chord plucked gently back to life.

I whispered, “What is this?”

‘It is the imprint of your soul.’

The star pulsed faintly.

But only half of it glowed.

The other half flickered, dim and frail, as if fighting to remain alight.

My stomach twisted. “What happened to it?”

‘Two possibilities. Either your soul was wounded—or part of it has been suppressed or altered.’

My breath faltered. “Altered?”

‘A force may have sealed away what you were born with. A memory. A truth. A power.’

Cold prickles swept down my arms.

Altered. Suppressed.

By who? Why?

The star flickered again, wavering like a candle in a storm.

‘Your full transformation will remain incomplete until the missing part is restored.’

A dozen questions surged up, but I could voice none of them. At least not during this visit.

But...

Fuck it, I had to try. I couldn’t just leave like this.

I clenched my fists. “Can you fix it?”

The star dimmed.

Then brightened—tentatively, like a yes whispered through trembling lips.

‘The Starlight Hallway can attempt to repair a portion of what was lost.’

Hope stabbed through my ribs, sharp and desperate. “Then do it. Please.”

‘Be warned, Seraphina, such repair is traumatic. Many do not survive the shock. Others fail the restoration.’

Sweat slicked my palms. My pulse fluttered wild and frantic.

“But if I don’t try,” I whispered, “I might stay like this forever.”

‘Nothing is set in stone. You found this channel; you can find more.’

A derisive snort escaped me, echoing through the Starlight Hallway.

“It took me thirty years to find this channel. Who knows how long it will take to find another?”

‘Then try. You may awaken what has been sleeping inside you. Or die in the attempt.’

My breath shuddered from my lips.

Maybe I should have been afraid. Maybe I should have thought of the people in my life who loved me, who would carry my absence like a wound that never quite closed.

But all I could think about was the years of being overlooked.

The endless judgments, the whispers, the labels—ordinary, defective, unremarkable.

A life spent being told what I lacked instead of what I might become.

I thought of the girl I used to be—the one who learned early that survival meant shrinking, enduring, accepting less than she deserved.

The woman who had lived half a life because the rest was hidden from her.

If I walked away now, if I chose safety over truth, that girl would stay buried forever.

I drew myself upright.

"I'm tired," I whispered. "Tired of living a life I don't understand. Tired of half-truths. Tired of not knowing myself."

I lifted my chin. "I want the truth. I want...all of me. No matter the cost."

The star flared brighter, as if answering something deep within me.

'Then touch it.'

My throat tightened. "And that'll...start it?"

'Yes.'

I stared at the little blue star—the mirror of my soul that flickered like something starved.

Alina's presence wrapped me in a gentle pulse of warmth.

'Whatever happens,' she murmured, 'you do not face it alone.'

My eyes stung as I reached out.

My fingertip brushed the star.

Light exploded—white, blinding, searing.

Pain tore through me like claws raking flesh and bone and memory and soul in a single, merciless sweep.
My scream was swallowed whole by the roaring brilliance.

And then—

There was nothing but light and agony.