

My Sister 387

Chapter 387 AWARENESS

SERAPHINA'S POV

Training ended with the satisfaction of a victory.

The clearing gradually emptied as the others shifted back into their human forms, laughter and low conversation drifting through the tall pines.

Yet as we walked back toward the pack houses, the crisp evening air cooling the heat of exertion still clinging to my skin, my mind refused to settle.

Because the image had returned.

Ash.

Blood.

Kieran on his knees.

I could still see, in awful detail, the way the blackened earth drank his life like rain.

I'd tried pushing it aside for days, focusing instead on Celeste and Catherine's drama.

Maybe it was the cleansing effect of training—or because I was training to court danger.

Either way, that damned vision was all I could think about now.

And of course, Kieran noticed my change in countenance.

He fell into step beside me as the others moved ahead along the winding forest path to Nightfang.

For a moment, he said nothing, his large hand brushing lightly against mine as we walked.

Then his fingers closed around my hand completely.

"You're doing that thing again," he said.

I glanced up at him. "What thing?"

“The one where you retreat into yourself and worry.”

I sighed. “Is it that obvious?”

“To anyone paying enough attention.” He squeezed my hand. “And I always am.”

My chest tightened at his words.

The fading sunlight filtered through the branches overhead, catching in his dark hair and outlining it with a faint halo.

I watched the shadows move across his face and wondered, not for the first time, how the vision could possibly belong to this man.

Kieran Blackthorne did not kneel.

He did not break.

Yet.

“I was thinking about the vision again,” I admitted.

His grip on my hand tightened slightly. “Sera, I told you—”

“I know,” I sighed. “But I can’t shake it. I’ve tried.”

For a few steps, we walked in silence.

Then Kieran exhaled. “Let’s ask Corin.”

I looked at him in surprise. “You want to?”

“If anyone knows anything about weird psychic phenomena,” he said dryly, “it’s him.”

A reluctant smile tugged at my mouth. “You’re not wrong.”

Before Corin left for Frostbane, we asked to meet him in the library in the Alpha wing.

Sunlight streamed through the tall windows, illuminating the long wooden table where he was idly flipping through several ancient-looking texts. The faint smell of parchment and ink filled the room.

Kieran didn't beat around the bush. "We need...a consultation."

Corin leaned back in his chair, studying us both with immediate interest. "I'm listening."

I hesitated.

The memory of the vision pressed against the back of my mind like a storm waiting to break.

Finally, I said quietly, "When Kieran tried to mark me...I saw something."

Corin shifted slightly. "What kind of something?"

I described it.

The scorched clearing.

The red sky.

Kieran bleeding into ash.

By the time I finished, the room had grown very still.

Corin steepled his fingers beneath his chin.

“What you experienced,” he said slowly, “was a glimpse of a fragment of the future.”

The words hung in the air between us.

Kieran’s hand tightened around mine.

Corin rose from his chair and began pacing slowly beside the long table.

“A small number of psychics possess what we call precognitive flashes. They are not full visions of destiny—only fragments. Moments that resonate strongly enough with the psychic field that certain individuals can perceive them.”

I frowned slightly.

“And the stronger the psychic,” he continued, “the clearer those fragments tend to be.”

“So you’re saying it might actually happen,” Kieran said bluntly.

Corin lifted a shoulder. “It means the probability exists.”

That was not remotely comforting.

“Can it be avoided?” I asked, forcing my voice steady.

Corin stopped pacing.

“That,” he said carefully, “is the wrong question.”

I blinked. “Why?”

“Because the future is not a straight road.”

He leaned against the edge of the table, his expression thoughtful.

“Imagine standing at a crossroad. You glimpse one possible path ahead—a dangerous one. Naturally, you turn away and choose another road.”

“That sounds reasonable,” I said.

“It does,” Corin agreed. “But you cannot know whether the road you avoided would have led to something better...or whether the one you chose will lead to something worse.”

“Then what’s the point of seeing the future at all?” I asked, unable to keep the tremor out of my voice this time.

“Beats me,” Corin said with a shrug.

“You’re kidding.”

“I’m not.”

His gaze softened. “Precognition is not a gift meant to control destiny. It is merely...awareness.”

He straightened. "And those who attempt to manipulate the future too aggressively tend to pay a price."

"What kind of price?" Kieran asked.

Corin's eyes flicked toward me. "Psychic instability. Memory collapse. In rare cases...death."

The word landed heavily in the room.

I looked down at Kieran and my joined hands.

"So probing deeper into that vision would be a bad idea," I murmured.

"Extremely."

A long breath left my lungs as disappointment curled in my chest.

Because part of me wanted—no, needed—to know.

Wanted to understand exactly how Kieran ended up dying in that ash-covered clearing.

Wanted to know how I could stop it.

But if Corin was right about the consequences...

Some doors were better left closed.

"I guess that settles it," I said, unable to stop a dejected sigh.

Kieran squeezed my hand gently. "Hey."

I looked up.

His expression was soft.

"Who says that vision happens anytime soon?" he said.

I frowned. "What do you mean?"

“It could be years from now,” he said simply. “Decades.”

Corin nodded. “That is entirely possible.”

Kieran lifted my hand and pressed a brief kiss to my knuckles.

“In the meantime,” he said quietly, “we have bigger problems.”

I sighed. “I guess you’re right.”

The future could wait.

The present couldn’t.

Still...the unease remained.

After a surprisingly peaceful and enjoyable dinner with Daniel and Kieran, I decided to do some yoga in hopes of clearing my head.

The meditation room sat on the quieter side of the packhouse, where large windows overlooked the forest.

The room smelled faintly of sandalwood and lavender. Soft moonlight spilled across the polished wooden floor.

When I stepped inside, I realized I wasn't alone.

In the chaos of recent discoveries, I hadn't seen much of Leona and Christian, so I was surprised to see Leona sitting in the center, back straight, hands on her knees, silver-streaked hair catching the moonlight like frost.

She opened her eyes as I entered. "I wondered when you would come."

I blinked. "You were waiting for me?"

She smiled softly and silently patted the space before her.

I walked slowly into the room and sat across from her.

For a moment, we simply regarded each other.

Then Leona spoke gently, "Your heart is filled with worry."

My throat tightened as I stared down at my hands. I didn't bother asking how she knew; I imagined it was written in every line of my face.

"I'm...scared," I admitted.

"Of what?"

I swallowed before continuing. "It just seems like lately, I get a dash of happiness, and then a heaping help of chaos and danger."

Leona was quiet for a moment, her brows slightly furrowed.

Then she gestured softly. "Close your eyes."

I hesitated.

“Trust me.”

So I did.

The room fell silent.

“Now,” she said softly, “tell me how you feel?”

“Terrified.”

“Why?”

“I had a...vision,” I admitted. “A bad one.”

Leona didn’t ask what the vision was.

Her voice remained calm. “Every time you think of this vision, I want you to replace the terror with something stronger.”

Her words settled over me like warm light.

"Think of moments that made you happy," she continued. "Moments with your family. Moments with your friends."

Daniel's laugh.

Kieran's smile beneath the moon.

The feeling of Alina running through the forest.

The way Ashar moved beside her like sunlight beside silver.

Maya and I spending hours mundanely shopping.

My OTS friends at dinner.

"Hold those memories," Leona murmured. "Let them gather inside you."

I did.

And slowly...the tight knot in my chest began to loosen.

The fear didn't vanish.

But it stopped controlling my breathing.

Stopped clouding my mind.

When I opened my eyes again, Leona was watching me.

Pride and tenderness softened her expression.

"You see?" she said.

I nodded slowly. "I feel...calmer."

"Good."

She rose gracefully to her feet.

“You were born to be an extraordinary Luna, Seraphina.”

I blinked in surprise. Coming from the person who had obstructed me from rising to that position, it was a shock.

“I-I’m still learning,” I stuttered.

She gave me a warm smile. “Aren’t we all?”

She stepped closer and gently brushed a strand of hair away from my face.

“Many people chase happiness their entire lives and never recognize it when it appears.”

Her gaze softened. “But you... You hold onto those moments with remarkable strength.”

Emotion tightened my throat.

“Compared to others,” I said quietly, “my happy memories are small.”

Leona shook her head. "No moment shared with those you love is ever small."

Her voice turned solemn. "Remember this, Seraphina."

I held my breath.

"No matter what darkness you face," she said softly, "never forget your ability to hold onto light."

Her hand rested over my heart.

"With that strength, no enemy will ever defeat you."