

## **My Sister 417**

Chapter 417 TINY SPARKS

SERAPHINA'S POV

Night settled over Nightfang like a held breath.

I stood at the edge of the clearing behind Daniel's treehouse, my gaze lifting to the sky.

The moon hung low and full, its light spilling across the ground in a quiet, steady radiance that felt almost sacred, as if it knew what we were here to do.

Behind me, I could feel each presence.

Alois and Corin were both keyed in and ready, their psychic senses taut, prepared to step in if anything slipped.

Kieran was just to my right. Close enough that the edge of his presence pressed against mine, steady and grounded, reassuring me I was not alone.

Imani stood closer to the center of the clearing, her arms wrapped tightly around herself, her eyes wide with wonder and just a tinge of fear.

Aaron sat where we had placed him earlier, in the center of the clearing, his posture upright but wrong in a way that made something in my chest tighten every time I looked at him.

His eyes were open, but unfocused, fixed on nothing, as if whatever part of him should have been looking out had been locked somewhere deeper inside.

“We don’t have much room for error,” Corin said quietly from behind me.

I nodded once, still watching Aaron.

“I know.”

“As your anchor, the moon will amplify you,” Alois added, his voice measured. “But amplification doesn’t guarantee control.”

“I know that too.”

A pause.

Then, softer, “You don’t have to do this if you feel you’re not ready.”

I inhaled slowly, cool air filling my lungs.

“Yes,” I said. “I do. And I am.”

Because time wasn't on our side.

Because every delay gave Catherine more space to move, to adjust, to tighten whatever hold she had over everything she touched.

And because...

My gaze flicked to Imani.

She hadn't moved and hadn't spoken. But the tension in her posture intensified with each passing second.

She needed this.

Not just for answers.

For herself and her son. For the family she never got to have.

“I won’t push past what I can handle,” I promised.

Alois voice was barely above a whisper, “See that you don’t.”

With that, I stepped forward.

The silver light shifted as I moved into it, brushing against my skin in a way that felt...aware.

Aaron didn’t react at first.

His gaze remained blank and empty, untouched by the change in the air around him.

I stopped a few steps in front of him, letting the silence stretch, letting myself settle into the moment instead.

I closed my eyes.

The Shift came easily.

The silver under my skin stirred, rising to meet the pull of the moon above. It threaded through me with a quiet, steady strength that felt less like power and more like alignment.

When I opened my eyes again, the world was sharper and brighter.

Everything shimmered, edges outlined in silver.

I could feel them all more clearly now.

Alois.

Corin.

Kieran.

Imani—her presence pulsed, fragile and desperate, reaching out to something that wasn't fully there.

And Aaron...

I focused on him.

Faint. Fragmented. But not gone.

'Alina,' I called inward.

Her response came immediately, not as a voice but as a presence that rose alongside mine.

I stepped closer.

This time, Aaron reacted.

A flicker, so small I might have missed it if I hadn't been looking for it.

His eyes twitched, just slightly, his brows furrowing with slight confusion at the silver wolf before him.

I felt the air charge, the space around us bending subtly as something older and far more powerful settled into place.

Aaron's breath hitched as his eyes locked onto Alina's.

There you are.

'Aaron.' My voice filtered gently into his mind, soft and cautious. 'Can you hear me?'

For a second, nothing happened.

Then—

A shift.

Not in his body, in his mind.

Alina moved with me, our awareness aligning, and together we reached into him.

The world tilted that way it did when my consciousness slipped past the surface.

The clearing disappeared.

The moonlight stretched.

And then we were inside.

Aaron's mind was exactly like the last time I'd been in it.

Emptied. Fractured.

The brokenness made orientation difficult, as if the space itself had been pulled apart and haphazardly stitched back together.

Fragments spread through the space, scattered in every direction. Most of them were dark and motionless, offering no response, no matter how closely I focused on them.

I felt Alina's presence tighten with unease. 'This is worse than before,' she murmured.

She was right. It wasn't just that pieces were missing—whatever had been done to Aaron had torn the connections between them apart.

His memories hadn't simply been taken. They had been separated, left drifting without structure or path, impossible to follow in any coherent way.

'True,' I agreed. Then I reminded her, 'But we're stronger than before, too.'

I felt her smile.

'Let's do this then.'

I narrowed my focus, letting the silver guide me instead of forcing my way through the space.

At first, nothing changed. The same scattered emptiness stretched in every direction, fragments drifting without pattern or connection.

Then, near the center, something shifted—subtle enough that I nearly missed it.

A small cluster caught my attention. The fragments there were dim, faint compared to the others, but they weren't completely dark.

They glowed—tiny sparks pulsing softly in the stillness.

'Do you see that?' I asked.

'Yes,' Alina said, her voice sharpening. 'That wasn't there before.'

Or maybe it had been—hidden, dormant, waiting for something to reach it.

I didn't overthink it. Instinct took over.

The space resisted, not violently, but with a steady drag, like something unseen was pushing back, trying to keep me from getting too close.

I pressed through it anyway, letting my power rise to meet that resistance, reinforcing me with each step.

As I drew closer, the fragments flickered again.

Not randomly.

In response.

My breathing slowed, syncing with the rhythm of the light.

‘Stay with me; we can do this,’ I murmured, not sure if I meant Alina or Aaron.

I reached out carefully, keeping the motion controlled and deliberate. Not pulling, not forcing, just making contact.

The moment my awareness brushed the first fragment, it flared brighter.

Warm. Familiar.

A faint sensation brushed against my awareness—brief, incomplete, but unmistakable.

Emotion. Recognition.

‘Again,’ Alina urged, urgency threading into her voice.

I reached for another fragment, then another, each one responding the same way.

Light flared at the contact, and each time it did, something within the space stirred, as if the pieces were trying to remember how to belong to something larger.

But they were still separate.

Still isolated.

Still incomplete.

I slowed, realization crystallizing.

'They're not just fragments,' I said. 'They're pieces of the same memory that have been pulled apart.'

'Then we link them,' Alina said.

This time, when I reached for the fragments, I didn't let go. I held the first, then reached for another, guiding them toward each other.

The silver flowed through the space between them, threading the gap, giving the connection something to follow.

For a moment, nothing happened.

Then the fragments pulsed. Together.

The light flared, stronger now. A ripple spread outward, subtle but unmistakable, the fractured edges trembling as the pieces began to align.

'Aaron,' I called into his mind, my voice steadier, firmer. 'Stay with me.'

The light intensified. The fragments fused.

And something broke through.

It wasn't complete, not fully formed, but it was enough.

A face emerged through the haze.

The space around us steadied, the fractures easing just enough to hold what had been formed.

The recognition came before the image fully settled, the name forming with a clarity that cut through everything else.

And then the emotion followed.

It surged through the space whole and undeniable, cutting past the damage, past the manipulation, straight to something deeper than thought.

A bond.

Behind me, Imani's breath hitched, the pull snapping between them as if it had never been broken at all.

That was enough.

I let go.

The world rushed back in around me—the cool night air, the weight of my body, the presence of everyone watching.

Aaron's body jerked, and a sharp inhale tore through him, as if he'd been dragged up from deep water.

His head lifted, eyes wide, unfocused for half a second before they locked onto something.

No—someone.

His voice broke as he gasped, “Imani.”