

## The revelation

Isabella's POV

Everything was dark. I felt like I was oating in darkness... a never-ending darkness. For a moment, I seemed to see a light, but suddenly I saw Sophia's mocking face.

"You're so pathetic, Isabella." She sneered and stared at me in disgust. "Look at you, no one's here to help you. No one wants to help you."

I feel numb. Hearing her words indeed made me feel so pathetic, but I couldn't move my body. I couldn't even nd my own voice.

"Xavier will never be yours. He's mine!"

She then started lunging towards me, the long nails growing rapidly from the tips of her ngers and dangerously swinging towards me. Seeing her eyes glowing with malice made me panic. I wanted to scream and defend myself... But I couldn't move. My limbs felt heavy and useless, and my voice was trapped.

Just as she was about to reach me, the surrounding darkness seemed to ripple. I felt like being pulled towards a light, eventually saving me from Sophia's cruel attack.

Then my eyes shot open.

I found myself lying on a bed inside a plain room lled with white walls. The sunlight peeked through the windows and eventually illuminated my form.

Somehow, it sent me a feeling of warmth, like a strange sense of peace washing over me. The numbness in my body began to fade. But then as I tried to move, a sharp pain shot through my body.

I winced. I hurt all over. As I looked down, I saw that I had a full leg cast on my left leg. Both of my arms also have dressings, I suppose because of the injuries I had. I even have a neck brace, and an IV drip was attached to the back of my palm. The strong smell of medicine entered my nostrils.

Slowly, the memories of what happened came ooding back to my mind. My confrontation with Xavier, the rogues, and the cliff. The ache in my heart intensified when I remembered how Xavier protected Sophia while I fell from the cliff on the other hand. It was almost unbearable that I could feel tears escaping from my eyes as I choked.

Suddenly, the door of the room was pushed open. A tall man with clear-cut features walked in, staring straight at me, as if looking relieved to see me awake. But what made me taken back was his piercing gray eyes.

We have similar eyes...

"You're awake," he slowly walked towards me, "How are you feeling – what's the matter?!" He suddenly asked in panic, probably after seeing that I was just fresh from crying.

I didn't attempt to wipe my tears. In fact, with my current state, I was immobile, so I couldn't. I stared at the unfamiliar man in front of me.

He had already reached my side. "Does it hurt? Just tell me..."

I was slightly vigilant. But there was something in his voice that somewhat soothed my nerves. I took a deep breath before nally opening my mouth to speak.

"W-where am I?" My voice was hoarse and barely audible.

The man pulled a chair closer to the bed and sat down.

"You're in the Bluemoon pack's territory." His worried eyes remained on my form. "My name is Raymond. I'm the beta of this pack."

Bluemoon pack... I was confused for a moment, but as I recollected some memories, my lips parted in shock. The Bluemoon Pack was the only pack known to rival my pack, the Lunar Crescent Pack, in power.

But the realization that I was here made me feel dumbfounded.

How could I even be here? The Bluemoon Pack and Lunar Crescent Pack's territory were far apart, with one in the north and the other in the south. So, how did I end up here?

The man, Raymond, must've noticed my confusion as he continued speaking.

"We found you at a riverside, injured and unconscious. Luckily, we arrived on time and immediately got you to safety."

I furrowed my brows, confusion still clouding my thoughts. "Why... why did you help me?"

For a moment, I saw how a ash of hesitation and nervousness appeared on his face. But then, with a deep breath, he spoke.

"Because you're my sister, Isabella."

"W-what?!"

His words left me stunned. I couldn't even believe my ears. "This can't be. I... I grew up and was raised at the Lunar Crescent Pack..."

"I know." Raymond nodded, as if understanding the confusion and disbelief in my voice. "But I can't be mistaken. I nally found you by chance this time."

His resolute tone made me feel deeply troubled. "How... how can you be so sure?"

"You're 21 years old this year, am I right?"

I nodded but was taken aback afterward. "How did you know?"

"I'm three years older than my younger sister. When I was four, our parents died from a rogue attack, and during that same day, my sister and I got separated."

I was lost for words upon hearing his explanation.

"But... how are you sure that it's me?"

"You have a birthmark here." He pointed at the back of his nape. "It only appears in times of danger or extreme stress. When I found you, your birthmark was glowing."

My lips parted open in shock. Indeed, I do have a birthmark on my nape. In the past, I often noticed it appearing more visible when I feel extreme emotions. Raymond's words exactly match with my experience.

"The birthmark is a rare trait in our family. We inherited it from our mother. I also have it." He suddenly tilted his head and looked sideways, enough for me to see the familiar birthmark right on his nape.

My eyes widened in shock. It was the same as mine. Moreover, Raymond and I also have the same eye color. The doubt I felt started to disappear, only to feel a complicated mix of emotions.

"Why... do you want to nd me?"

"Naturally, it's because you're my sister," He said in a serious tone. "I need to protect you. I've been searching for you all these years."

"Moreover, you need to know something too... about our bloodline."

I furrowed my brows. "What about our bloodline?"

Raymond looked solemn as he stared back at me. Then he sighed.

"We carry the bloodline of Urduvas."