

## Chapter 70

Emily's pov

The second thing I noticed was the pale white hair that was similar to snow. Her face was a bit thin, her button nose sitting right, her lips pouty. She was gorgeous.

The girl's blue eyes widened in surprise as she saw me standing at the door. She seemed taken aback by my unexpected presence.

"Um... hi?" I stammered, unsure of how to proceed.

She looked at me curiously, her eyes scanning my face, and then she spoke with a hint of suspicion, her posture stiffening as she pulled the door a little closer to her. " Who are you? What do you want? Are you with the council? "

She knew I was a werewolf.

Despite the oiling mask I have rubbed on. Perhaps it has already rubbed off.

"I'm Emily," I replied, trying to keep my voice steady despite my nerves.

"And no, I'm not with the council. I'm running away from them actually." I admit.

Her eyes narrowed as she studied me, and I could see the wariness in her gaze. "Running away from the council? Why would they be after you?"

I hesitated for a moment, not sure what to say now.

" I-" I looked down confused and then snapped my gaze back to hers when I hear a slit scuffle in the back.

There was someone here with her. And if I listen well, there are two heart beats and not only one.

I shifted on my foot. " I'm sorry I should've said this sooner, but is there by any chance that Lamar lives here?"

The grip she had on the door gets harsher and her eyes narrowed slightly. " What do you want with my father?" She slightly accused, staring at me like at any second I would try to slit her throat.

My eyes widen.

My mom mentioned Lamar having a daughter with his mate. Was she....is she my sister?

I noted how she slightly moved away from the crack of the door but her fingers remained latched on the wood.

My heart raced as I gathered my thoughts, trying to find the right words to explain myself. I didn't want her thinking I was an enemy....not when this girl was my sister.

"I think... I think Lamar is my real father," I said, my voice trembling with a mix of fear and hope. "My mom sent me here. Emera Snow."

The girl's eyes widen, the crystal blue in her eyes lighting up with a flicker of familiarity as if she had heard the name before.

When she was about to speak up, three random taps came from behind the door.

She looked back slightly and with a soft sigh, she peeled the door open slowly.

Each second, the inside of the cabin is revealed to me and my heart thunder.

There was a possibility they could send me back and want nothing to do with me.

There was a huge possibility that I could be doing this on my own.

But as the thought flittered in my mind, my eyes connected with similar eyes like the girl's. These though, belonged to an older man. A few years older than my mom.

I noted how similar he and the girl looked, both with snowy white hair. The only difference was the man had a full beard.

My heart beat quickly.

Was....was this my dad?

He was seated on a wooden chair, facing the door, in his hand a bow and arrow, pointed straight to the opening of the door.

I finally understood the girl's weird stance earlier. This was a tactic they used in case an enemy came to knock on their door.

The man, who I presume was Lamar, lowered the bow and arrow.

His expression was a mix of surprise and curiosity, and I could see hints of familiarity in the way he looked at me. It was as if he knew I was connected to him in some profound way.

The arrow drops of the floor and he lift his hands up.....and does a few hand movements I did not understand, until the girl who I have yet to know her name, interprets. " He says, you look just like her."