

## Chapter 11

Slowly opening my eyes, everything was blurry. I looked around, seeing that I was in a hospital room with white walls and beeping machines surrounding me. Panic started to set in as I tried to piece together what had happened. My head was pounding, and my memory was foggy. I tried to sit up, but a sharp pain shot through my body, causing me to wince.

"Olivia, you're awake," a familiar voice said from beside me. I turned my head to see Victor sitting in a chair next to my bed, his eyes filled with relief.

"What...what happened?" I managed to croak out, my throat dry and scratchy.

"you've been in a coma for a week", he said softly as he took my hand in his. he went on telling me how he had found me and made the choice to bring me back to his kingdom with him, only some of his words sinking in as my mind flashed back to me escaping. I shook my head, making myself focus on what he was telling me.

"I heard some of Alpha Alexander's guards searching for someone, so I followed them and came across you laying in a hole filled with wolfsbane," Victor explained, his voice filled with emotion. "I couldn't just leave you there to die."

The mention of Alexander sent panic throughout my body, reminding me of my unborn children. I sat up, holding onto my stomach. "My baby's? Are they okay?" I asked, my voice filled with panic and fear.

Victor looked at me with a soft smile. "They're fine, Olivia. They're safe," he reassured me, squeezing my hand gently.

I let out a shaky breath, feeling the weight lift off my shoulders,

knowing that my children were okay.

"Why did you help me?" I asked, curiosity getting the best of me as I searched his eyes for an answer.

Victor hesitated for a moment before speaking, "Because from the second I saw you there was something familiar about you, something about your eyes and appearance reminded me of someone dear to me. You remind me of my mother." 1

"Thank you," I whispered, tears pricking at the corners of my eyes. "Can I see myself? In a mirror?"

Victor hesitated, his expression conflicted. "Olivia, I'm not sure if you're ready to see yourself yet," he said gently. "You were hurt really badly and have a long way to go before you're healed".

"Please, Victor, I need to know what happened to me. Show me." I begged him, now wanting to see myself more than ever.

Reluctantly, Victor stood up going and getting a hand mirror from across the room. He handed it to me with caution in his eyes. Taking a deep breath, I slowly raised the mirror to my face. What I saw made my heart stop.

My once smooth skin was now marred with angry red scars, crisscrossing across my cheeks and neck like jagged lightning bolts. The reflection staring back at me was that of a stranger - disfigured and unrecognisable.

Tears welled up in my eyes as I traced the marks with trembling fingers. The wolfsbane had left its mark on me and will be a constant reminder of all the pain and suffering I have been through.

Victor placed a comforting hand on my shoulder with the other he took the mirror from me. "I'm sorry, Olivia. I wish there was

something I could do."

I closed my eyes tight, taking a deep breath trying to control my emotions. "It's okay, Victor. I'll learn to live with these scars," I said, wiping away the tears on my cheeks. I had to be strong from now on, not for myself but for my children.

"You're stronger than you think, Olivia. And I promise I will be here for you," he said.

I nodded, giving him a warm smile to thank him.

"Would you like me to have someone tell Alexander that you are here and safe?" Victor asked me

"No," I replied quickly, shaking my head. The thought of seeing Alexander again sent a shiver down my spine. The pain of his betrayal still lingered deep within me. "I don't want to see him."

Victor nodded understandingly, respecting my decision. "You don't have to do anything you're not ready for, Olivia," he said softly.

I would never be ready to see him again. He had hurt me more than anyone else ever had by not believing me that I didn't kill my sister and for always making me live in her shadow. Not that Alexander would care because he never cared about me, but every part of me hoped that he thought I was dead so he wouldn't come looking for me. Then, my children and I could live a life of freedom and peace.

Victor cleared his throat making me look back up at him. I could tell there was something else that he wanted to say to me.

"Olivia, there's something else I need to tell you," Victor said, his tone serious. "It's about my family."

I stayed silent, waiting for him to continue, unsure of why he was

telling me something about his family. I had never met them before and hardly knew him.

Victor took a deep breath before speaking again. "My mother...she disappeared when I was young," he began, his voice filled with sadness. "She was pregnant when she ran away with my sister. She ran away because my father, her fated mate, betrayed her. The guilt my father felt for betraying ate away at him until it all became too much and took his life."

I sat there staring at him. I couldn't stand why he was telling me something like this about his family. It seemed too personal to tell someone that he hardly knew. "I'm so sorry to hear that Victor. But why are you telling me this?"

Victor took a deep breath, his eyes locking with mine. "Because before my father died, he made me promise that I would find my sister," he said, his voice filled with emotion. "Even though it seemed impossible because I didn't even know what she looked like. All my father told me was that she might look like my mother."

As Victor's words sank in, a realisation dawned on me.

"She could have the same grey-coloured eyes that both him and I have." He paused for a moment as if gathering his thoughts. "I had started to give up hope, but then I saw you..."

Before he could finish his sentence, I stopped him, shock evident on my face. I couldn't believe what Victor was implying - that perhaps his long-lost sister was me.

"Wait," I interrupted, my voice trembling slightly. "What are you implying?"

Victor reached into his pocket and pulled out a worn-out photo. He handed it to me, and as I looked at it, my heart skipped a beat. In the



picture, Victor stood between a woman who looked just like my mother and a man who had the same grey eyes as me. 1

"This is a photo of my family - my mother, father, and me," Victor explained. "And when I saw you for the first time, Olivia, I knew that you were the one I had been searching for all these years."

I stared at the photo in disbelief, feeling a whirlwind of emotions rushing through me. Could I really be his sister?

Victor reached out, touching my hand. "You, Olivia, are the lost princess of Avaloria, but most importantly, you are my sister."



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