

Chapter 152-1

“I chose to write this article myself because, as the future Queen of all Werewolves, it is important to me to have an open and honest relationship with every wolf in the kingdom. So far, I have not been very honest with you all and, for that, I am terribly sorry. You all deserved better, but given the situation, we were concerned that it could be dangerous for myself and my family. We were wrong.

Prophecies can be a funny thing, and can wreak havoc on a family, or even a kingdom. There was once a prophecy that a descendant of the Rogue King would ascend the throne to be the ruler of all werewolves. But sometimes, we can misinterpret a prophecy and change the course of what is to come.

Alpha Benjamin had been banished out to the Rogue land, but when many members of his pack followed, he was often referred to as the Rogue King. King Peter was once provided with this prophecy and, in doing what he thought was best, attempted to protect the throne and his only son. The King killed the Alpha's three sons in a desperate attempt to remove any of Benjamin's descendants from taking his son's throne. However, he did not know about his secret daughter.

I did not know it, but would come to learn that I was his secret daughter when I met my mate. After being banished, Benjamin met his true and fated mate in the Rogue territory, a witch named Lily. They are fated mates and the Goddess makes no mistakes. In an effort to keep me safe, Benjamin and Lily placed a magic spell on me to hide my identity and sent me into the Lunar Falls pack, knowing that I would have a safer life where no one knew who I was.

I was found by Alpha Randall at the Lunar Falls Pack and was quickly taken in and cared for by him and the Luna. Eventually, after a few years, they convinced King Peter to approve and conduct a blood adoption. It is not lost on me that the man who caused the need for me to be sent away was, unknowingly, the man who made me an official part of an amazing family.

The Bardulf family kept me and loved me, raising me right alongside their son and never treated me any differently than they did him. Unfortunately, though, I was always acutely aware of how different I was from them. While I was a wolf- I smelled as a wolf and I had advanced hearing, I did not get most other aspects that my peers did, often making things difficult for me. Still, I remained hopeful that I would eventually shift at the full moon and each one just left me more heartbroken than the last.

My parents never treated me poorly because of this, and always reassured me of my place in the family as well as in the pack. A dear friend and his mother opened my eyes to a love of cooking and it made me feel like I had a place in my pack when I felt like I was able to contribute to the pack in my own way, no matter how untraditional. It took a bit of convincing from my mom, but my dad did eventually allow me to work in the kitchen and I was able to work my way up to Head Chef. While this may seem like an odd goal to many who long to be a warrior, I loved having the ability to help care for my pack with the skills that I had.

Earlier this year, it came time for my brother to take his place as the Alpha of the Blood Moon Pack. Such a joyous occasion gave much cause for celebration and we were thrilled when the Royal Family decided to join us for the event. This, as you now know, would be a turning point for me as I was sure that since I had a broken wolf, I would not have a mate. I was shocked, though, to be approached by a handsome man, instantly knowing that he was my fated mate. It came as more of a shock, though, that my mate was Prince Seth.

I'm not sure I can adequately begin to put into words the kindness and patience granted to me by the Prince as I have had difficulty accepting the mere fact that I have a mate as well as the difficulty that comes with knowing that being mated to this kind man would also make me a Princess. He has been patient, kind and encouraging as I have moved into this new role in my life.

Before being marked, I was able to meet Benjamin and his mate, my biological mother, Lily. To say I had a rough time when the truth was revealed is quite an understatement, but both of them have been amazingly kind and forgiving as we navigate how this new life looks for us.

Lily, well, Lily is the true hero in this entire story. When I wasn't safe, my mother did something that was so hard for her, but ensured I would be. She placed a spell on me herself to conceal my identity before sending me away to somewhere safe. She watched me at a distance, hoping to catch a glimpse of me playing in the woods near the territory line, living on updates from photos from a select few members of my pack who were trusted with the knowledge of my true identity. I can't imagine how hard it was for her, but she always loved me and wanted the best for me, even at a distance and even when the best, at that time, wasn't with her.

The spell that was placed on me could only be broken when I was marked by my mate, and only if they were able to protect me. Memories came flooding back from my first four years of life, some good, and some terrible. Precious memories, though, of times with my brothers before their deaths. Memories of my mother, and memories of my father. Memories of birthdays and campouts, but most importantly, memories of how much I truly was loved.