

## Chapter 152

“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 an attempt to remove any of Benjamin’s descendants from taking his sons 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, 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 there where no one knew who I was.

I was found by Alpha Reginald 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, making things difficult for me often. 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.

The realization that I was the biological daughter of Alpha Benjamin was easily the most difficult for King Peter. What was previously printed was, in fact, true. In an effort to eliminate threats to the throne, he was responsible for the deaths of my brothers. It is also true that he approved and performed my blood adoption, not knowing that I was the daughter of his biggest enemy or the mate of his only son.

As you can imagine, I experienced a range of emotions, most of which, at first, were anger and hurt. That played substantially into our decision to not become known publicly after first being marked. When the spell was lifted, it also lifted the charms in place to conceal my identity. The biggest change was that I now have my father’s famous bright green eyes. Additionally, my hair became much more curly, just as my mother’s is. It has been a difficult adjustment, to say the least, but now that there has been some time and the shock has worn off, things do feel a bit better.

As the prophecy foretold, a descendant of the Rogue King WILL one day ascend to the throne and even through the attempts to stop it and devastating mistakes made, it will still, one day, be fulfilled by me, a secret daughter. The prophecy was misinterpreted and gravely misunderstood. It was never about my brothers, but fear can make you do things that you normally wouldn’t and many people have had to pay for those mistakes, and will continue to for quite some time.

Fear can cause you to hurt people who aren’t involved in a situation. Fear can cause you to overlook details that can change the outlook of someone’s life. Fear can cause you to make mistakes and hurt people you love. But forgiveness also exists as a counter to fear. For everything that was there to cause hurt, there was also someone there to offer forgiveness. My biological parents had to forgive each other for the choice they made to send me away to hide me. My adoptive parents had to forgive them for the anger they held for so long that I had been abandoned. I had to forgive the King, my father-in-law, for the deaths of my brothers.

Now, there is a new prophecy, one that says the king will be mated to a witch, and their firstborn will also be a witch. As the palace released in a statement, Prince Seth and I are expecting a baby. What was published is, however, also true. We are expecting twins, a boy who will be the heir to the throne and a girl who will carry the line of magic gifted to us by my biological mother.

King Peter’s brother, Prince Lucas, has heard of this prophecy and, without fully understanding the situation, has been targeting my mate and myself in an attempt to overthrow us and take the throne himself. The throne, however, is in no danger of falling into the hands of witches as, for the first time in recorded history, the first born in the royal line will not be male. Our precious baby girl is expected to be born first.

My mate and I have not been staying at the palace as we felt, along with all my parents, that the safest place for our pups would be at Lunar Falls. Unfortunately, Prince Lucas was willing to attack and murder wolves that had nothing at all to do with the situation. I grew up in this pack and was devastated upon learning that dear friends I had known since I was found here had passed away in the attack. Young pups were left without parents, wolves lost mates and for what? There is no threat to the throne, except for the threat being caused by Prince Lucas.

Prince Seth and I understand the strain being placed upon the kingdom as we await the safe arrival of our pups. We want to put a stop to the attempts upon our family as quickly as possible and ask that you report any information to the palace. We know that he has formed a pack outside of the territory of the kingdom. We know they have been kidnapping shewolves, but we also know some wolves have gone there to follow him willingly.

The Prince and I are hoping that we may come to an understanding with Prince Lucas and are willing to discuss the matter open and honestly, just as we wish to keep things with the entire kingdom.”

Seth sets the paper down, as he finishes reading the final draft. “I know everyone has signed off on it, but I want to make sure that you are truly alright with this all becoming public. There could be backlash.”

“I know,” I tell him with a sad smile. “Would we really be in that much more danger? It’s already bad.”

Seth nods, pushing his hand through his hair and looking over the paper again. “It’s nice how you added that you forgave my father.”

“I have,” I say softly. “Lots of mistakes were made. If Lucas will just stop, we can forgive and move on, too.”

He takes a deep breath and looks up at me. “I don’t know if I can, Molly. I’m not as kind as you are.”

“I think once the danger is lifted and you can enjoy our pups,” I begin to tell him, placing my hand over my stomach, “you’ll be able to let go of a lot.”