Alpha's Betrayal, My Revenge

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Chapter 1

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I died on an unbearably cold winter night.

There was no moonlight, only the suffocating darkness of a mountain cave. I thought I could hold on until dawn, until my people came to rescue me.

But Ryan had other plans. Without ceremony, he drove a silver blade straight into my chest, and blood poured out

relentlessly.

Even that wasn't enough for him.

He raised his arm and plunged the icy blade into my heart.

The searing pain shattered my consciousness. I was dying, but I forced myself to ask him a question.

"Why?"

for generations. He was my fated mate, and my family was the cornerstone of his path to becoming the Alpha King. My father bolstered his forces, clearing obstacles for him and paving the way to the throne

when he was at his weakest. Even after Ryan became the Alpha King, my family never

We grew up together, and we were inseparable since childhood. Our families had been allies

peace. Yet he imprisoned my father, spread lies to smear my family's name, and orchestrated scandals about me. He drove the Snowfang Pack to ruin, leaving us with nothing but ashes.

Ryan stared into my eyes with hatred, as if I had betrayed him, even though it was his blade

sought power or demanded favors. We were content to guard our pack's lands and live in

"Why, Ryan?" I clung tightly to his collar, refusing to let go.

that was ending my life.

Leaning down, his voice cut colder than the darkness around us.

"This is for what all of you owe Saya."

Saya?

The name felt distant, buried in memories so old I had to dig deep to recall it. And then, from

That mute girl?

the depths of my mind, I saw her timid, frightened eyes. I couldn't help but laugh coldly.

It had been eight years.

"Ryan, you're such a—stubborn, idiotic..."

So, Ryan never forgot her.

Madman.

Before I could finish, he viciously drove the silver blade deeper, ripping my heart out. Blood

poured out from my wound, and my vision blurred. The pain was unbearable.

When I opened my eyes again, the first thing I saw was a full moon hanging in the sky, its

silvery light blanketing the earth. "Welcome back to the embrace of the Moon Goddess, Princess of the Snowfang Pack."

A familiar voice echoed in my ears, and I shot upright, my eyes snapping open.

There was no freezing cave or biting winds.

Instead, I was greeted by the dazzling glow of a crystal chandelier, so brilliant it made my head spin. The room was warm and filled with the hum of celebration—the clinking of

glasses and lively chatter. Outside the window, neon lights flickered. The city bustled with life, and endless streams of cars moved through the night.

I stood on a hotel balcony, gazing down at the city that never slept.

A servant's quiet voice pulled me back. "Your Highness, are you having one of your headaches again?"

perfume. This was my 18th birthday party—my coming-of-age ceremony.

I looked down at my hands-slender, unscathed, and faintly scented with an expensive

Comments (1)

I... had been reborn.