

## Chapter 2

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That year, the Snowfang Pack had just annexed several smaller wolf packs in the surrounding regions, expanding its territory and prestige.

That year, I had not yet officially become Ryan's mate, nor had we held the Moonlit Ceremony that symbolized an eternal bond.

"It's not surprising she'd have a headache," came a sharp whisper behind me. "Prince Ryan has been making public statements on all the major networks for three days now, announcing he's breaking off the engagement with the Snowfang Pack!"

I stopped Annie, my maid, from snapping back in my defense.

The situation was far more complicated than just a broken engagement.

A few days ago, Ryan was ambushed by rival packs while inspecting the newly annexed borderlands. Gravely injured, he fell off a cliff and was rescued by a young she-wolf living in seclusion deep in the forest.

She was delicate and beautiful. In a desperate attempt to save him, she used a forbidden herb to heal his wounds, which ultimately cost her the ability to speak.

Ryan was deeply moved by her sacrifice and brought her back to the main castle of the Alpha King's territory.

From that day forward, he declared to the entire pack that she was the only one he would marry. He even went as far as to vow that this nameless, mute she-wolf would one day become the future Luna—the queen of all wolves.

"They're just talking nonsense, Your Highness! You and Prince Ryan grew up together, and after all these years..."

I gently shook my head, cutting off Annie's attempt to comfort me. I knew exactly what she was going to say.

Three days ago, I woke up in the Snowfang Pack's palace. Three days was all it took for me to untangle the truth of both my past and present lives.

"Your Highness," Annie suddenly whispered excitedly, "Prince Ryan is here."

I turned around and saw Ryan striding into the banquet hall. He wore a black battle robe, his shoulders draped in the silver-embroidered cloak symbolizing the wolf kingdom's honor. Surrounded by his retinue of warriors, he moved with the authority and presence of a leader.

The murmurs around the room instantly fell silent.

Ryan and I had grown up together, and our bond had been forged from the time we were children. Our engagement had been arranged early on by the elders of our two packs, a pact meant to solidify the alliance between them.

When we were young, if anyone dared to say a single bad word about me, Ryan would be the first to step in and defend me. And when he got himself into trouble and faced punishment from the elders, I was always the one to plead on his behalf.

Until now, no one in either pack had ever doubted that I was Ryan's one true love and the future Luna.

But on my coming-of-age ceremony today, he brought another woman.

Saya.

The young she-wolf who had saved his life was dressed in an expensive gown. Despite her elegant attire and carefully styled appearance, she looked like a small, skittish animal that had wandered into a palace of predators.

She clung tightly to Ryan's arm, seemingly unable to stand without his support.

Ryan leaned down, whispering something in her ear, his eyes filled with tenderness. Saya's gaze shifted to me, and panic flashed across her face. Then, she stepped forward.

Thunk!

Suddenly, she dropped to her knees in front of me.