



# The Rejected Princess

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**Category:** Werewolf

**Description:** I gave up half my life in a deal with a witch, all because I wanted to be with Jalen. We were together for just one night before he told the packs we were married only for alliance. On the second day of our wedding, he left for war—and didn't come back for three years.

While he was gone, I raised our son Desmond alone, waiting and hoping he would return. But when he finally came back, he didn't come alone. He brought another woman—his true love—and their daughter. Then he looked me in the eye and said, "Move to the basement with your son. My daughter will take your room."

For three years, he lived happily with them while I waited like a fool. That was the last time I let a man treat me like that. I gave him the divorce papers and walked away with my son.

I'm not just anyone. I'm Princess Silverhowl of the Pack. And from now on, I'm not chasing love—I'm taking the throne.

**Total Pages (Source):** 13

# Page 1

*Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 7:10 am*

I picked up my son near the end of Family Day.

He was supposed to jump happily into my arms, but instead I was holding a sobbing boy.

“Mommy, do I have a daddy?”

Desmond’s voice trembled as he enquired, his tear-stained face red and swollen. I’d never seen him cry like that before. “Daddy came to Family Day today. I wanted to sit with him, but he pushed me away. He said he was Celina’s daddy.” Desmond’s sobs grew louder. “My classmates said I don’t have a father. They said you found me at the dump.”

Desmond clung to me, burying his face in my shoulder, as his cries echoed around us. Children passing by gave him mocking glances, their expressions cruel.

I held him tightly, my heart aching for his pain; I wanted to console him, but the memory of Jalen’s cold, detached expression cut through my thoughts like a knife.

Three years had passed since I began raising Desmond alone in Snowshade Territory, and when the Beta soldiers informed me that their Alpha was returning, I was overjoyed, believing he was finally willing to accept us.

I had planned a grand welcome banquet for him.

Desmond arrived at the banquet dressed in a black suit and wielding a small wooden sword. He examined his face in the reflection of a silver pole before nervously asking

a question.

“Mom, Daddy has never met me before. Will he like me?”

“Of course.” I stroked his head and winked at Desmond. “You’re Daddy’s only son, Desmond. You inherited his noble bloodline. You are a future Snowshade Territory warrior. Why wouldn’t he like you?”

“Yay! I am Daddy’s warrior!”

We had been filled with hope, believing that our difficulties were finally over.

When the doors opened, a tall, imposing figure stepped inside: Jalen. He carried an air of authority that silenced the room, but all I could see was him holding a three-year-old Celina in his arms.

Nyra, Celina’s mother and Jalen’s sweetheart, walked beside him, leaning into him and making intimate gestures. They appeared to be the ideal family.

I stood frozen.

Desmond, on the other hand, didn’t hesitate; he’d spent countless mornings greeting Jalen’s picture and recognised him right away.

“I want a hug, Daddy!”

It only ended with Desmond falling because Jalen backed away to avoid the hug.

Jalen frowned, his piercing eyes locked on me. “What arrogance. Helen, how dare you let him approach me!”

I quickly picked up Desmond; I assumed Jalen avoided the hug because he didn't recognise him. "He's your son. "He has been looking forward to seeing you..."

"You know very well whose son he really is." Jalen looked up and stared coldly at me. "Tell him not to call me 'Daddy'!"

My mouth dropped open in surprise; I had no idea why he was losing his cool.

Nyra gently caressed his chest and said, "Jalen, calm down. Princess Helen did not do this on purpose. "Don't get upset over trivial matters like this."

"You have a large heart, Nyra. If she had the sense to be as wholesome as you, I wouldn't have left my territory for three years." Jalen carried another woman's daughter and walked away without looking back at Desmond.

The memory hurt so much, like a thousand needles piercing my heart. Tears streamed down my cheeks, and the despair I felt was suffocating.

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 7:10 am*

“I’m sorry, Desmond,” I said quietly. “I promise I’ll be there for the next event.”

Desmond stopped crying when he heard my promise and wiped away my tears with his plump, little hand.

“I have the best mother in the world.” I am not sad anymore, so don’t be sad either, Mommy.”

Desmond’s understanding hurt me more than it helped.

I was the daughter of the Silverhowl Pack’s packmaster, and I had been in love with Jalen, the heir of the Snowshade Pack, for five years.

That was the reason I struck a deal with a witch.

“I’m willing to give up half of my life to be with Jalen.” I was young and ignorant at the time; I only knew the sweetness of love, not the bitterness it could bring.

When the witch drugged Jalen and locked us in the same room, I realised how far things had gotten out of control.

I pounded on the door in panic, my voice trembling with rage. “No!” I don’t want to force Jalen to do anything. He’ll hate me for it!”

The witch cackled eerily, “Silly girl, you’re meant to be together. He likes you, too. If tonight goes well, he will marry you.

I broke the door handle in rage, but the witch had cast a spell on the room. There was no way we could get out. Things got worse when I started to feel my body burn up.

“How dare you drug me too?!”

“Of course, I have to drug you, babe. Enjoy your night!”

It was too late. Jalen’s body radiates heat like a furnace, and his breathing is heavy and uneven. His glowing eyes reflected the ferocity of a beast in the moonlight. He pushed me down but did not mark me.

When the sun came up, I was aching all over and feeling weak, whereas Jalen was already dressed. His back was to me, and he spoke without emotion, “The Snowshade and Silverhowl Packs will form a marriage alliance; let us get engaged, Helen.”

I assumed it was a declaration of love. Instead, it signalled the start of my nightmare.

Jalen failed to return to our room the night of the engagement.

When I went looking for him, I overheard Jalen talking with a friend.

“I envy you, Jalen,” his friend remarked. “You were raised to inherit your pack, and now you’ve married Princess Helen, the most beautiful woman from the Silverhowl Pack. She’s completely devoted to you.”

Jalen swirled his wine, his face shadowed and his voice cold. “She’s not bad. I used to like her. But how could I love someone so easy? The thought of her drugging me and forcing herself into my bed disgusts me.”

His words struck me like a blow. I stumbled back to my room, unable to come up with an explanation for what had happened. The next day, Jalen set out for the

battlefield to reclaim the Snowshade Pack's lost territory.

I remained in Snowshade Territory, managing affairs with the assistance of my Silverhowl Pack colleagues. I poured resources into Jalen's campaigns and kept myself busy at work, finding solace in my responsibilities.

Eight months later, Desmond was born prematurely. I begged Jalen to return for the Blessing Ritual, but I never heard from him.

## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 7:10 am*

I took good care of Desmond and kept telling myself that once Jalen returned from the battlefield, we could repair our relationship.

When he finally returned, the only thing I wanted to do was watch him care for Nyra and Celina.

That night, I decided to speak with him. I wanted him to treat Desmond better, to see the son who craved his affection. When I pushed open the door, I noticed Jalen.

His gaze fell on Desmond, but only briefly. He turned to look at me next. “Celina wants your room. Pack up your things and move to the basement.”

I was taken aback. For a moment, I thought I’d misheard him. “What did you just say?”

Jalen maintained an indifferent tone, as if his request were the most natural thing in the world. “This room is large, and Celina likes it. Hand it over to her immediately.”

A bitter laugh escaped my lips.

“May I remind you, Jalen, that Desmond is your son? Do you have any idea what Celina said to him today? She...”

“That’s enough!” Jalen interrupted me. His expression was grim. “Is Desmond really my son?! We had only been together eight months before he was born, Helen. Are you trying to lie to yourself after lying to me?”

I staggered back, his words striking me like a physical blow. “Is that what you think of Desmond?”

He didn’t flinch. “And Celina is my daughter with Nyra. You will treat her well. Whenever Celina is present, Desmond will address me as ‘Uncle.’”

“I agreed to marry you for the sake of peace between our packs and to make you my Luna. But my love belongs to Nyra alone. You should know that you owe me for what you did—drugging me, seducing me. You’ll pay the price for it.”

This was the most I’d ever heard Jalen say. Every word was like a poisoned arrow shooting through my chest. They chilled me to the bone.

Nyra approached him with delicate and hesitant steps. She gently tugged at his sleeve, her voice soft and sweet. “Jalen, it’s okay if Princess Helen doesn’t agree. I’ll talk to Celina about it...”

“No,” Jalen replied firmly. “I won’t let either of you suffer here.”

“Don’t worry; there are no feelings between us.”

After that, he turned to leave. Nyra gave me a big, wide smile and told me, using her mind-link, to stop dreaming. Jalen does not love you. Take your little brat with you and leave Snowshade Territory. Jalen’s heart and body are mine. Hahaha...!”

This made me feel downhearted.

The pride of a Silverhowl Pack princess began to surge in my blood and veins; they boiled and roared for me to stand up to all of this, and Jalen could go to hell for all I cared!

However, a mother's love and tenderness drew me back like a tight rope, controlling all of my impulses.

Desmond couldn't be without his father.

He adored Jalen more than me.

Jalen was a hero to him; he wore a silver wolf's cape and wielded a Darksteel sword, shouting the order to slay the rogues.

## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 7:10 am*

Desmond would be heartbroken if I removed him from Snowshade Territory.

I couldn't abandon Jalen now for Desmond's sake.

The next morning, Desmond stabbed the air with his small wooden sword.

"I want to show Daddy the swordsmanship technique taught by my teacher."

Desmond was able to forget Jalen's coldness and forgive him after just one night of sleep.

Desmond dashed down the stairs, excited.

However, he noticed Nyra and Celina seated at the dining table, with Jalen lovingly cutting bread for Celina.

"Daddy, what are they still doing in our home?"

Slam!

"Take note of what you call me, Desmond." Jalen slammed the bread knife on the table and stared coldly at our son. "Didn't I tell you to move to the basement?"  
Where is your mother?"

Desmond jumped from shock, gulped, and stepped forward bravely.

"My teacher told me that if I learnt swordsmanship techniques properly, I could

become a warrior. “I’ll protect you when I grow up, Daddy...”

Before he could finish, Celina dashed over to him, snatching Desmond’s wooden sword from his grasp and throwing it out the window, where it fell into the lake.

“I do not like you!” He is not your daddy. He’s my daddy!”

Celina’s chin was lifted high with pride, and she stood arrogantly with her hands at her waist, giving Desmond a hard push.

“That’s my Daddy!” Hmph! Everyone thinks you’re a dickhead. You do not have the right to call him ‘Daddy’!”

Desmond was unprepared for this, so he fell hard on his buttocks and cried out in pain.

I rushed over to Desmond, helped him up from the floor, and stared coldly at Celina.

“Apologise.”

Nyra lunged forward, cried, and knelt on the ground like a frail, little flower. “Princess Helen, I beg you. Please do not hurt Celina...”

“Helen! Why are you yelling at a kid?” Jalen frowned as he quickly drew Celina into his arms. “Didn’t I tell you yesterday that Desmond should call me ‘Uncle’ whenever Celina is present?”

I looked up and into his rage-filled eyes. “Celina was the one who pushed Desmond.”

“Celina was just eager to get Desmond to move out. “She did not push him on purpose.”

I scoffed.

“Are you blind?” Didn’t you notice she pushed him on purpose?”

“Helen, watch your words. Stop yelling like a shrew. Not only are you an easygoing, promiscuous woman, but you also lack basic manners!”

“That’s because you’d rather believe rumours than me!””

Jalen’s expression stiffened, as if he was holding back, and he turned away shortly after to console Celina, who was crying.

Nyra came over to apologise and couldn’t help but smile. “I’m so sorry, Princess Helen.” Celina is still young and spoke the truth by accident. Please don’t take it personally.” Celina sobbed even harder in Jalen’s arms after hearing Nyra’s words.

“Desmond is a little bastard. He is a bad person. He took my daddy away from me! This is my home!”

I was so enraged that I started laughing angrily and stared coldly at Jalen.

He was disgusted with me and refused to live with me, so I decided to grant his wish.

Jalen did not even bother to bless Desmond when he was born, but I convinced myself that he had been too busy.

“Stop making it my fault, Jalen. You are Desmond’s father. Not somebody else!”

## Page 5

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Slap!

Jalen slapped me hard. “That’s it. Do not treat me like I am stupid!”

My cheek stung from the pain, and I was stunned.

“Come on,” he said, holding Celina in one hand and Nyra’s in the other. He turned away from me, and his expression softened. Let’s go shopping. I’m purchasing the best pony in the pack for Celina.”

“Yay! I also want a bright and shiny Moonlight bracelet!”

“Okay.”

They all laughed happily as they walked out the door.

I closed my eyes painfully, and when I opened them again, I refused to give myself any room for futile hope, blurting out the words that had been on my mind all night.

“Let’s break our engagement, Jalen.”

“Stop with your pitiful, little tricks, Helen.”

Jalen turned back and gave me his familiar taunting smile.

“My patience is limited. Do not put me to the test by threatening me. I’m the one who has tolerated this relationship.

I clenched my fists, “I’m serious.”

“As you wish.”

He walked out the door, not bothering to look back.

Nyra smiled but quickly hid it, then gracefully turned around to apologise to me.

“I’m very sorry, Princess Helen. It was my fault for bringing Celina back and relying on Jalen for everything. I’ve caused a lot of problems between you, but don’t worry. There is nothing between us. We have an innocent relationship. We are just good friends...

Nyra might be apologising to me, but her expression says otherwise. She was showing off her good fortune. She even had the audacity to offer to buy Desmond a new wooden sword as compensation.

Jalen held Celina in his arms and called out with tenderness that I had never seen from him before. “Let’s go, Nyra.”

“Coming!”

Nyra chased him like a little butterfly. Her voice was coquettish: “You have to show more patience to Princess Helen, Jalen. She just wants you to cajole her. She’s not serious about leaving you.”

“I know that, which makes it more important that I shouldn’t let her get her way. She needs to reflect on her behaviour.”

“When she trapped me back then by forcing me to marry her with dirty tricks, she should have expected such a day to come.”

They leaned in close. That wonderful sight stood out like a sore thumb for me.

I lowered my head, bitterly.

When I was younger, I believed that my sacrifices would be rewarded. I even went so far as to spend half of my life pursuing my goals.

In the end, all I received in return was hurt and pain.

When Jalen left for three years, I waited for him with hope, but now everything had turned to despair.

I wanted to leave Jalen and take Desmond with me.

Jalen did not return that night, even though Desmond had fallen asleep.

Desmond had quietly hidden a picture of Jalen under his covers, mumbling in hushed tones.

“You made me mad today, Daddy. You’re a bad person! But I’ll forgive you if you take me horseback riding tomorrow.” “Goodnight, Daddy...”

The next morning, the steward handed me an exquisite gift box. He informed me that the jewellery was from Jalen.

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I opened the box with curiosity and discovered a set of jewellery made of Wolf's Eye Stone. The Snowshade Pack's royal insignia was carved underneath it.

Only a Luna was allowed to wear the insignia.

However, Jalen had never given me such a gift.

There was a golden card next to the jewellery that contained some words.

The message read: "Dedicated to my beloved Nyra, From your always loyal Jalen."

There was even a simple hand-drawn image of them holding hands with Celina.

I smiled sadly and closed the box. "You gave it to the wrong person. This is Nyra's."

After I had completely given up on him, all I could feel was numb.

Nyra donned her Wolf's Eye Stone jewellery and paired it with an extravagant gown. When she approached me, she strutted like a peacock.

"Thank you for returning this set of jewellery to me, Princess Helen. The jewellers had been careless and delivered it to the wrong person."

"Although, you do understand what Jalen meant with this, right? He can't wait to marry me, haha."

"You got lucky three years ago when I didn't care about him. All I need to do now is

beckon at him, and he'll give me the entire Snowshade Pack. Look at how beautiful this is..."

She extended her hand to my face. The Wolf's Eye Stone shone brightly.

I smiled. "Silverhowl Pack has plenty of these stones. You can have them if you like them so much."

"You!" She sneered. "There's no point being a smart mouth when you can't bear to leave Jalen."

I could tell Nyra was just trying to get me to leave.

It was unnecessary. I was planning to leave anyway.

"Congratulations on successfully recycling garbage."

I summoned the steward and asked him to send someone over to help me pack up. Every item from the Silverhowl Pack was coming with me.

Following that, I called my father with trepidation.

He was furious when he discovered I had used half of my life to make a deal with the witch three years ago. He claimed he should not have given birth to someone as stupid as me.

After that, he kicked me out with a slew of servants and financial assets. He did not even come to my engagement party.

He had raised me, and I failed him. I could only send him gifts and wishes during special occasions, but I could never muster the courage to see him.

“Dad...”

I choked back a sob as I spoke.

My father paused before yelling at me loudly, “What’s with the crying?! An Alpha’s daughter only bleeds but never cries! Tell me, did that rascal bully you?!”

I wanted to say ‘No’ casually, but all logic broke down when I heard the familiar yelling.

“He never loved me, Dad...”

I cried and grieved like a small child. Tears streamed down my face like a waterfall. They wouldn’t stop, no matter how hard I tried. That call consumed a lifetime’s worth of tears.

My father was initially silent, but he soon began to cry alongside me.

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“Oh, my poor Helen. Come home. Silverhowl Pack will always be your home.”

“I will. I’ll come home.”

I stopped showing concern for Jalen after that. Previously, I would call him every day and remind him to eat and dress appropriately for the weather. I was the one who made arrangements with the servants who cared for him.

I was the one who looked after his clothes and food.

He would always respond with a simple ‘Okay’ even after typing dozens of sentences to him, which was quite common.

I blocked him on my mobile.

Two days later, he started blaming me: “What’s going on? The venison today isn’t fresh, and there isn’t any jam after our meal. Celina is upset about it.”

It was because I was no longer responsible for all of this, but I was not required to explain anything to him. “You can ask the cook yourself.”

Jalen pressed his lips and looked at me inquisitively.

I wonder if he realised anything.

That afternoon, he gave me a palm-sized gift box. “Here’s a present for you, Helen.”

I opened the box. Hah! What a large bracelet it was. It was the thickness of three strands of hair.

“Nyra reminded me that Snowshade Pack has been managed well all this time, thanks to you. I think that you’ll become a qualified Luna in the future.”

The jeweler’s name appeared on the box. It was the same store where Jalen had purchased Nyra’s jewellery.

Needless to say, the bracelet was a complimentary gift from the jeweller.

“Thanks, but it doesn’t suit me.”

I prepared a contract for Jalen to sign.

“What’s that?”

I lied to him: “Construction agreement.”

I had always managed the Snowshade Pack’s internal affairs. Whenever something needed to be signed by Jalen, I would relieve his burden by resolving the issue first and then having someone bring him the contract.

Jalen had grown accustomed to signing documents from me.

He had no idea it was a contract to end the engagement.

Everything would end today.

I gathered the Snowshade Pack’s elders at the Holy Site. The Moon Goddess’ statue smiled as usual.

An elder was curious. “Why isn’t Jalen here, Helen?”

“He’s busy with Nyra and won’t be able to make it,” I said, raising the document in my hand. “But he has signed the contract to break the engagement.”

“But, Helen, can’t you reconsider this? We all know how much you love Jalen. You might still have a chance at reconciling...” “No. We’ve talked about it.”

The elders checked and verified the contract.

Jalen and I were no longer related, as witnessed by the Moon Goddess.

It was a weight off my shoulders. Snowshade Pack was no longer my responsibility.

I would return Desmond to Silverhowl Pack and restart his life.

When I got back home, a servant ran in with Desmond in her arms.

“Bad news, Your Highness. Young Master Desmond got hurt!”

I asked sternly. “What happened?”

While I was at the Holy Site, Nyra took Celina horseback riding through the grassy fields near the lake. Desmond stood enviously by the sidelines, watching.

Nobody expected the horse to suddenly lose control. It galloped towards Desmond, stepping on his head. Desmond lost consciousness as a result of the accident.

Celina fell off the horse and sprained her leg.

The family doctor informed us that Desmond was bleeding internally and required

immediate surgery.

I began to panic. I rushed Desmond to the hospital, but the nurse informed me that Celina was injured, and Jalen summoned all of the doctors to treat her.

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My hands and feet became cold. I pushed the meeting door open forcefully. “Desmond is bleeding internally in the brain, Jalen. I need a surgeon to operate on him.”

Jalen gave me a scowl. “Watch your manners, Helen! Celina is the one who got hurt while out riding a horse. Desmond is doing fine. Nothing is wrong with him.”

I continued shaking my head. I was too exhausted to argue. I asked him: “That’s not true. Desmond is hurt. Just see it for yourself...”

“That’s enough! I hate schemers like you. If you really can’t bear to leave me, just accept Nyra and Celina. Stop giving them trouble!”

“Get out and stop mentioning Desmond!”

That’s when I remembered Jalen didn’t acknowledge Desmond as his son.

Why would he care if Desmond got hurt?

I was overwhelmed by despair.

Wait, no. There was still something I could accomplish.

I called as I watched Desmond on the verge of death.

“Hello, I need a helicopter.”

A helicopter arrived at the hospital very quickly. I carried Desmond back to Silverhowl Pack.

The surgery was successful. Desmond was safe, but he needed some time to rest and recover.

I could finally stop worrying.

I didn't have time to finish tying up loose ends at Snowshade Pack because I had to leave quickly. I instructed the steward to hurry up and pack my belongings.

The next day, Jalen awoke exhausted in the hospital.

Celina's leg wound had been treated, but breakfast was taking too long to arrive.

Jalen took out his phone to send me a message, only to realise I had blocked his number.

Could there be a problem with the network? Jalen wasn't concerned about it. If the message was not delivered, I would call him to arrange for his daily necessities.

He checked his mobile logs, but they were empty. There were no missed calls.

The last thing I said to him was, "Desmond is hurt."

Jalen felt his heart skip a beat. He assumed it was just a trick I used to get his attention. Might I be telling the truth? He hurried home before Nyra and Celina awoke.

When he walked in, the steward was busy with several servants. They were busy packing up. Jalen frowned. "What are all of you doing? Where's Helen?"

The steward bowed to him. “Master Jalen, Her Highness has brought Young Master Desmond back to Silverhowl Pack. We’re taking away everything that belonged to her.”

“What?!” Jalen was stunned. “Helen returned to Silverhowl Pack? I don’t agree to it!”

Before Jalen could process this information, a servant presented him with an exquisite gift box. “Steward, there is a set of Wolf’s Eye Stone jewellery made exclusively for the Luna. Do we take it with us?”

The steward took a quick glance at it. “No. This is Master Jalen’s gift to Miss Nyra. It has nothing to do with Her Highness.”

Jalen raised his hand. “Wait. When did I give Nyra any jewellery?”

“How forgetful of you, Master Jalen. Miss Nyra told us two days ago that this was a gift from you. She even told Princess Helen that you can’t wait to marry Miss Nyra.”

Jalen’s face fell.

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Why would the gentle and kind Nyra say something that could lead to a misunderstanding?

He adored Nyra and wished she and Celina could live with him, but he knew Helen was the best woman for his Luna.

Jalen treated Helen coldly as punishment for her scheme three years ago. He wanted her to work harder and better for both herself and the Snowshade Pack.

He had never been so frustrated before. He rushed to the hospital and discovered Celina's ward crowded with reporters.

A reporter was curious: "We heard that Young Master Desmond was hurt from being stepped on by a horse. He got admitted to the hospital because there was internal bleeding in his brain, but Master Jalen called away all the doctors just to treat Miss Celina. Is that true?"

Nyra nodded shyly. "That's true. Celina and I are more important to Jalen. Sigh. There's really nothing I can do about that..."

Jalen was taken aback. Desmond was seriously injured, and even the reporters were aware of it.

Nonetheless, he had coldly denied Helen's request yesterday.

The journalist went on: "You're such a loving couple. Even Miss Celina is treated like a princess. We're so envious of you. Can you tell us when your wedding will be

held?”

Coyly, Nyra replied: “You’ll have to ask Jalen about this. He had decided to break his engagement to Helen. He’ll definitely give you a satisfactory answer.”

The nurses standing to the side stared at Nyra with wide eyes.

“I wish I was born twenty years later as their baby.”

“Wow! A fairytale about an Alpha and his sweetheart. How sweet!”

Everyone began gushing about it when Jalen enquired with a dark expression on his face.

“What are you talking about, Nyra? Why are there reporters here?”

“I...” Nyra thought quickly. She directed the reporters and nurses to leave immediately. “I thought you were the one who called the reporters here.”

Jalen frowned. “I don’t like making my personal matters public.”

“I’m sorry. I won’t say anything to them in the future.”

Nyra lowers her head. She apologised timidly, like a scared rabbit, and Jalen’s heart warmed.

“It’s fine. It’s not your fault.”

“But why would you lie to Helen and say that I gave you jewellery that was exclusive to my Luna?”

Nyra jumped. Her cheeks turned red and she began to cry. Her eyes were as bright as the surface of a lake in summer.

“It’s because I love you too much! I’ve never stopped loving you, Jalen. I pretended you gave me the jewellery but didn’t expect to be misunderstood...”

“If Helen is bothered by it, I’ll explain things to her.”

Jalen rubbed between his eyes and shook his head.

Nyra gave him a daughter. He couldn’t be too harsh towards her.

She smiled with delight.

Nyra knew Jalen too well.

He was accustomed to being placed on a pedestal and assumed that every woman in the world would fall in love with him. Helen put aside her pride as a princess for him, giving him a daughter without expecting anything back.

Nyra only needed to sweet-talk him, and he would believe whatever she said.

Furthermore, he was a proud individual. When the entire pack started talking about Jalen’s impending marriage to Nyra, all she had to do was cajole him into it, and it was done.

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That was why she planned for the reporters to see how loving they were.

Helen appears to be completely insane. Hahaha...

Jalen felt stuffy in his chest. He walked back and forth in frustration throughout the ward.

Nyra held back a smile and pretended to be concerned. "What are you worried about, Jalen? You can talk to me about it. I might be able to help you out."

Jalen appeared troubled. "I keep having the feeling that something is wrong with Helen. Is she really going to leave me?" "This is easy to handle. Just call her and talk out any misunderstanding you have."

"It's useless; my call won't go through." Jalen couldn't shake the feeling that something was wrong. He clenched his teeth and said, "I have to go to Silverhowl Pack; Desmond may not be my son, but I was too harsh on her yesterday."

When Celina heard this, she grabbed his hand and started crying.

"Daddy, my leg hurts really bad. I want you with me..."

She had been watching them the entire time and quickly pleaded with her father when her mother gave her the signal.

Nyra hugged and consoled her, but it was ineffective. Celina cried even louder, wishing her father would stay. It was because Nyra pinched her arm hard, which hurt

a lot.

The nurse noticed her crying. She chuckled and assured Jalen: “Don’t worry, Master Jalen. All of Snowshade Pack knows how devoted Princess Helen is to you. She planted a hundred acres of purple violets for you. They’re still in full bloom and waiting for your return.”

“You didn’t agree to her request yesterday, which might have made her mad. She’ll come back in a few days after she calms down.”

Jalen felt relieved to hear this.

“It’s understandable for her to lose her temper. I would be indulging her if I went after her.”

“She has given her heart to me. She must still be in Snowshade Territory. All I need to do is wait...”

Jalen had convinced himself of this and sat down again.

He had no idea the wait would last a half-month.

Desmond and his grandfather were having a lot of fun.

When we stepped out of the helicopter, we saw a large crowd gathered at the hospital’s door. They were composed of doctors and nurses who were standing by.

Desmond was safe following the surgery, thanks to the best doctors and medicine.

He was able to walk after a week.

My father transformed the hospital's large garden into a children's park. There were swings, miniature trains, and a merry-go-round. Everything was there.

He handed over Silverhowl Pack's authority to me, saying, "I'm old now. I should have retired sooner to accompany my grandson. It's time you took over all the work."

I swiftly declined his offer. "Desmond is still in the hospital. I have to take care of him."

"Isn't it enough with me around?" My dad was scowling. "Hmph! Getting busy will stop you from harbouring wild thoughts. I don't want to see you wiping away your tears secretly."

My father was concerned that I didn't mean it when I said I no longer loved Jalen.

We ended up exchanging roles. My father took Desmond everywhere to have fun while I was busy managing the Silverhowl Pack.

I suppose I was born to work.

Every time I saw Desmond, he would run up to me, laugh, and hug me tightly, telling me how much he missed me.

However, as soon as my father showed him a toy, he abandoned me and ran away.

## Page 11

*Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 7:10 am*

Poor Desmond. I was always busy before and rarely took him somewhere fun. Seeing him so happy made me feel both happy and sad.

My mother returned from her vacation early and rushed back to Silverhowl Pack.

She was inspired to start cooking and was constantly looking for new ways to prepare 'great food' for my father and Desmond.

I would often see my father and Desmond fleeing while my mother pursued them with a pot.

This made me reflect on how I should have left Jalen earlier. It would be nice if I did that...

I turned to see a handsome, elegant man approaching me from afar. He leaned against a tree, smiling.

It was a pleasant surprise for me: "What are you doing here, Jeff?"

We used to play together when we were younger. His family operated businesses with 50 to 60 packs.

He lent me the helicopter to get home.

"Same as here. I plan to be back for good."

"That's great. Let me know if you need anything."

He smiled. There was a spark in his eyes. “There’s no hurry. We have a long time ahead of us.”

Half a month later, the steward who accompanied me back to Silverhowl Pack informed me that a servant from Snowshade Pack had something to tell me.

“Master Jalen is almost breaking down from your absence during this time, Your Highness.”

Jalen took Nyra and Celina home after she was discharged from the hospital.

Their once-perfect life had fallen apart. The new servants kept messing things up at home, and the cooks could never get Jalen’s food right. Even his driver kept taking wrong turns.

Many of his projects started to have issues. His partners abruptly decided to withdraw their investments, and Snowshade Pack’s income gradually decreased.

Jalen expected things to go back to normal once I returned to him.

However, he waited a long time for any news about me.

He couldn’t take it anymore and sent me a message.

“When are you coming back, Helen?”

That was when he realised the message hadn’t been delivered.

Jalen went to Desmond’s previous school and picked him up after class.

The teacher gave him a slight smile. “Weren’t you aware, Desmond? Princess Helen

already took Desmond out of this school.”

“Impossible! She’s having one of her tempers. She won’t take Desmond out of this school.”

The teacher had long been dissatisfied with Jalen. “If my partner disappeared for three years only to return with his lover and their daughter and spent every minute of his time with them, I would have left him right away.”

Jalen felt somewhat embarrassed. “Desmond isn’t my son...”

“Huh?” the teacher exclaimed, laughing as if she had just heard the greatest joke ever told. “Gosh, Master Jalen, why are you looking at me like that? Haven’t you ever looked in a mirror? Desmond looks exactly like you!

“Anyone who has seen both of you will know right away that you’re father and son.”

Jalen’s whole body stiffened.

This hadn’t occurred to him before.

Nyra was constantly reminding him that a child born after eight months could not be his.

It convinced him that Helen was easygoing and promiscuous, and he trusted her without verifying it.

This was supposed to be an easy lie to expose.

Jalen was at a loss and could barely stand. “That would mean I was wrong about her...”



## Page 12

*Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 7:10 am*

Helen had taken care of Snowshade Territory for over a thousand days, raising Desmond on her own and taking care of everything for him.

Helen calmly handled a number of unexpected crises in the territory, impressing even Jalen.

She'd made far too many sacrifices.

However, he could not forgive her for drugging him and giving birth to another man's son, and all he wanted to do was punish her further.

Was it because his feelings for her grew stronger?

It felt like there was a large, airy hole in his chest with wind blowing through it.

He experienced pain for the first time.

It was also the first time he experienced regret.

He couldn't stop thinking about Helen and Desmond, and he wanted to see them right away.

When Jalen heard laughter, he raised his head in delight.

However, it was Nyra and Celina.

"Daddy! Come hug your little Princess!"

Celina had always been spoilt, and he used to think it was adorable, but now he just felt annoyed.

He couldn't stop thinking about Desmond; whenever he saw him, he was always in a hurry and berating him.

The young boy's eyes were filled with hope; he hoped Jalen would hug him or praise him, but what did Jalen say? "Desmond, Helen, I'm sorry."

He was full of regret.

"I need to go to Silverhowl Pack right now and ask for your forgiveness before bringing you home!"

Nyra cried and tried to stop him. "What about me and Celina, Jalen?"

"Celina is your daughter, too. She needs her father. I really love you. Do you truly want me to share your love with Helen?"

Previously, Jalen would give in whenever Nyra cried.

"Nyra, Desmond is my son. How many lies did you tell me?"

"The love you express for me... Is it true, or is it just a way to get what you want?"

"Don't go anywhere with Celina." Wait for my return. I have some questions for you.

Nyra collapsed, sitting on the ground, terrified.

Jalen left without hesitation for Silverhowl Pack.

“Helen and Desmond, wait for me!”

Jalen appeared unexpectedly in front of me and Desmond one afternoon.

What a surprise.

His chin was stubbled, he had dark rings beneath his eyes, and his normally tidy collar was a shambles. He appeared to have not slept in days.

When Jalen spoke, his voice sounded hoarse.

“Helen, I apologise. “I was wrong.”

“Desmond, may I hug you?””

He reached out to Desmond.

However, Desmond, who had received so much love at this time, quickly hid behind me.

“I don’t like you.”

Jalen’s eyes dimmed, and he knelt in front of me.

“Could you please give me another chance, Helen?” I know I’ve hurt you before and thought Desmond was someone else’s child. I was incredibly stupid!”

“It’s only recently that I’ve realised I’ve always loved you. I can’t bear the thought of you having a child with someone else because I love you so much.”

“If you agree to come home, I promise to love you properly. “The three of us can

spend our days happily.”

Jalen humbly said nice things to me, as he had done in previous dreams.

If this had happened half a month ago, his words would have moved me to tears.

However, even the most brilliant purple violet would eventually wilt.

*Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 7:10 am*

It was over now.

I smiled softly and said carefreely, “Jalen, if you’ve ever really loved me, you wouldn’t have thought I was joking when I said I wanted to leave you.”

“It’s true, I once loved you. I was even willing to give up half of my life, but everyone deserves dignity and self-love. Nobody would tolerate you hurting them indefinitely.”

“I’ve come to realise that Desmond and I have a better life without you.”

Jalen looked up, acted as if he had just been tortured, and moved forward on his knees.

“Helen, please...”

I frowned contemptuously and took a step back.

However, I decided to seek Desmond’s opinion: “Desmond, do you want to leave with your father?”

Desmond shook his head, determined. “No! I like Mommy, Grandpa, and Grandma!”

Jalen’s eyes widened with despair.

“Send the guest off,” I told a servant. “I’m in a hurry. I still have a billion-dollar contract to negotiate.”

The servant secretly laughed. “Yes, Your Highness.”

Jalen just vanished from my life.

I concentrated on expanding the Silverhowl Pack and establishing connections with other packs. Our allies expanded as well.

My exceptional management abilities enabled each pack to complement one another. Our food production, population, and wealth increased exponentially.

With Jeff’s help, I was able to gain the support and love of every pack, becoming the newest queen of the pack alliance. My coronation as queen occurred a year later.

That’s when the newest Alpha from Snowshade Pack approached me with the news.

Jalen had lost interest in managing Snowshade Pack and was removed from his position by his citizens.

Nyra disliked him and told him the truth. Celina wasn’t his daughter.

Jalen could not withstand the blow. He went insane, turned into a rogue, and wandered everywhere.

I swirled the red wine in my hand and smiled broadly.

“What an interesting story, but what has it got to do with me?”

I had detached myself from another person’s narrative and lived as a legend.