THE MOON-MARKED PRINCESS SAGA

PART ONE

Sun and Stars

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To my best friend and editor,

When my world felt heavy and the past ahead Disappeared into shadow, you were the light I Kept reaching for. You stood beside me in every

Dark place, steady and warm, reminding me who I was when I forgot Your kindness. Your patience, and your belief in me carried This story into existence. I could never repay what you've given me, But I hope these pages hold even a fraction of my gratitude.

This book is for you.

With all the love in the world

Lauren, Thank you.

PROLOGUE

ON THE NIGHT THE MOON split into three halos, the palace midwives whispered of a newborn with a special mark much different than the others. It was common in the land of Lysara for every citizen to be blessed with markings that celebrated their soul path:

Silver for healers. Gold for knights. Green for growers. Red for the fire touched. and so many more.

But for the newborn princess, she was given a rare and ancient color, one that wasn't spoken of anymore... The newborn princess of Lysara was blessed with blue markings.

When the newborn princess opened her eyes to the world for the first time, the beautiful blue markings crept across her skin in branching constellations, glowing softly—as if something ancient inside her had also opened its eyes. The court astrologer fainted, the Queen wept, and the King ordered the curtains drawn for seven days, for he knew the old stories and what it meant for his precious daughter...

Blue marks belonged to chosen ones of The First Magic...

The First Magic had once shattered kingdoms, always summoning trouble when it awakened...

The newborn princess was named Elowen Vale–a gentle yet resilient name. Yet, despite her beauty and warm-hearted nature, the kingdom quietly began to fear its own princess—because they all knew what was to come...

CHAPTER 1

THE NIGHT THE BEASTS CAME, as everyone feared. Elowen was all grown up, standing on the palace balcony, watching sadly as the horizon burned violet. Her marks pulsed brightly over her skin like a warning.

"Princess," Rowan said, breathless, his armor half-buckled. "We must go. *Now*."

Elowen looked back at her city--*her home*. She knew that if she stayed, the blue light would draw the monsters in like moths. But if she left, she could save them all. She decided to do the bravest thing an enchanted princess could do for her people—*she ran*. She fled the palace with Rowan, her dearest friend who had always done anything for her, who had protected and comforted her since they were children when people would stare and point at the cursed princess.