

The Betrayed Princess Rising

(Lylah And Rowan Blackfang's) - Secrets Under Moonlight 1 [893 words]

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Chapter 1

Lylah's POV

Today was the day I had been waiting for—the meeting that would decide my admission to the Academy of Lunar Grace, the pinnacle of werewolf education.

But as I stood outside my mentor's door, a familiar male voice leaked through the narrow crack, stopping me cold.

"Finally you gave Lylah's spot at Lunar Grace to Cora, Alpha Rowan. Thank you!" That's my father's voice. "My daughter is brilliant. She will not fail you."

"Glad to help." Alpha Rowan, my mate, or the man I had believed was mine, replied.

"But... are you certain?" My mentor, a Pack's Gamma named Stone, asked. "Lylah has fought for this spot since last year. How could you do this to her, Alpha?"

"This is final," My father, Alpha Eldric of Ironcrest Pack, snapped. "Alpha Rowan promised this spot to my precious Cora long ago. We had a deal. He took that useless mongrel Lylah off my hands, kept her from tainting my true family. In return, I poured gold and warriors when his pack was ready to collapse. Isn't that right, Alpha?"

"But—"

"I'm the Alpha, so the decision is mine. That spot belongs to Cora." Rowan cut in coldly. "About Lylah, I'll handle it."

I endured every word my father spat—until Rowan spoke.

The ground seemed to shift. I staggered back.

Selestine, my wolf who rarely stirred, howled now—her pain ripping my chest apart.

'What of his promises? Of the dream he knew I bled for to become a female Master Healer?'

Crying, I fled the building, barely making it into the car before I saw Cora through the window—her pale hair gleaming like moonlight.

Rowan had left before dawn for a conference that ended hours ago. I hadn't imagined he would come here instead. My father, Cora, and Rowan together.

The manor doors burst open when I finally returned.

Rowan stood there, his cane polished to a mirror shine. His smile suggested nothing had happened at all.

"Where have you been, my little moon? I miss you," he said, striding toward me.

His cold pine and musk's scent fouled with cloying Rose. Cora's scent.

"Rowan," I said, pushing him away.

"The conference was chaos. Reporters everywhere, all asking about Corlis Prime. I finished far later than expected." He kissed my cheek, my forehead.

How could he lie that easily to me?

"Sorry I've been so busy lately, but it was to ensure you would never lack anything again," he added.

Alpha Rowan of the Blackfang Pack was a genius, the mind behind the program that lifted his pack to legendary status, raising it from ash to the most loaded and renowned pack of the era.

"I understand, Rowan," I said dully. "I can handle things on my own. You've done enough for me. I'm an adult now, I have my wolf and a job. I don't want to depend on you forever."

I will never rest my life on anyone again. Not my parents. Not him.

I was once the cherished daughter of the Ironcrest Pack for fifteen years. My parents loved me even as everyone whispered about my flaws, how my physique was frail, how I might not truly be their child. Then came the night of the Pearl Moon Festival and everything changed.

A mysterious white wolf appeared in the sacred clearing, perfect in every way.

Their family bond clicked instantly. Coraline 'Cora', was my parents' real daughter. Finally, they had found the missing piece of their perfect family. And just as easily, they cast me aside.

While Ironcrest celebrated Cora, I was cast into the wild forest, near the Rogues' den, left to die.

There, I meet my savior. Alpha Rowan of Blackfang Paack finds me shivering, frozen with fear, my wolf still silent.

That night, we shared a silent pain—his leg mangled by a silver trap set by his enemies, mine buried deep inside.

Instead of hurting me like everyone else, Rowan carried me on his back and took me to his pack.

The injury left him limping and one by one, his pack members betrayed him. But I always stayed by his side.

I spent days and nights honing my mind so I could be worthy of an Alpha's side—standing beside him in councils of rival packs, drafting treaties and diplomatic letters sealed with his authority. I carried him mentally and emotionally, all because I loved him.

I believed he loved me too, until today.

“Stop saying nonsense,” Rowan's fingers grazing my neck. “Soon I'll put my mark here, and you will become mine. Forever.”

Another lie.

I ask anyway,

“What do you mean?”

“Shh,” he murmured. “I know you're upset that you didn't get into the Academy of Lunar Grace. It's alright, don't blame yourself for submitting the form late. Because even the most prestigious academy is nothing compared to what's waiting for you as my Luna. I'll give you everything that you won't even remember your dreams anymore.”

Dreams he had once sworn to protect.

Now he crushed them. He stole my right and handed it to Cora.

Rowan stood triumphant on the future I had bled to build for him, and this was my reward?

I would not accept it.

Ruby Walker

Ruby Walker is a rising voice in the world of romance and spicy fiction. With a gift for weaving deep emotions, sizzling chemistry, and unexpected twists, her stories are a blend of passion and drama that captivate readers from start to finish. Ruby's writing style is bold and irresistible—perfect for those who crave intense, addictive love stories.