

The Betrayed Princess Rising (Lylah And Rowan Blackfang's)

Chapter 10

3rd Person's POV

Finis

The Blackfang Pack's Central Hall thrummed with anticipation. Members from every rank filled the tiered seats, shoulders squared, eyes bright. Today, they had not come for the ceremony or obligation. They had come for her.

Lady Coraline Moonrow.

Once her name had been announced as the speaker, attendance had swelled beyond expectation. Cora- prodigy of Ironcrest Pack, daughter of Alpha Eldric-was a name that carried admiration and envy alike.

In the elevated velvet seats reserved for alphas and their families sat Alpha Eldric and Luna Daia, with their son Orion at their side. Beside them, was Alpha Rowan of Blackfang himself.

"Thank you for granting my daughter this honor, Alpha Rowan." Eldric said smoothly, inclining his head. "This is her first time addressing such a vast audience. Please be understanding if nerves get the better of her."

"Her first time? I was told Cora delivered speeches regularly at Ironcrest College." Rowan's brow creased.

The Ironcrest delegation had spoken often of Cora's talent.

They had even dared to compare her to Lylah.

Eldric cleared his throat too quickly. "I meant her first time before representatives of other packs!"

Rowan studied him for a heartbeat, then nodded once. "My pack already admires Cora for who she is. She'll be received warmly."

Moments later, Cora stepped onto the stage.

She wore a white, flowing silk that caught the torchlight like moonlight on snow. A contrast that made the flush in her cheeks more apparent. When her gaze found Rowan among the crowd, she smiled.

Cora turned her attention to the pack and began.

At the first word, the hall stilled.

Then her voice found its rhythm, words flowing as her hands moved with effortless grace.

The pack answered instinctively. Murmurs of approval swelled and rolled through the hall, followed by applause.

“My daughter is indeed remarkable,” Eldric said, pride thick in his voice.

“Go, Cora!” Orion called, his cheer cutting through the hall.

Around Rowan, wolves leaned toward one another.

“They chose well,” someone whispered. “She was made for this.”

1/3

4:12 pm MMM

Chapter 10

Finishe

Another scoffed under their breath. “No. Her hands are shaking and her voice is too quiet. Lylah is much

better.”

“Exactly. As good as Cora is, Lylah has experience. I don’t understand why they’re replacing her.”

A pause.

Then, quieter-uneasy. “Doesn’t the script sound familiar? I swear this is the one Lylah wrote.”

Rowan listened without turning his head.

His expression remained calm, but inwardly he acknowledged the truth: when Lylah stepped on stage, even Cora paled in comparison.

The realization tugged a smile from him before he could stop it.

“Careful, Alpha,” His Beta, Gavriel, murmured at his side, amused. “Don’t let anyone catch you smiling at your future Luna like a lovestruck pup.”

“I am not.”

“Please,” Gavriel said. “You and Lady Cora are a perfect match. When do you intend to mark her? I’d advise sooner rather than later before Lylah causes trouble again.”

The words scraped against Rowan’s thoughts.

Just yesterday, he had asked Gavriel for help installing Corlis Prime, the pack’s most advanced intelligence software, onto Lylah’s phone.

Gavriel had been furious.

“That shameless girl,” he’d snarled. “After everything you’ve given her, she still dares to play you behind your back? Just cast her out, Alpha, and she’ll be forgotten. Not even her own blood will remember her.”

Rowan didn’t realize the speech had ended until the hall erupted in applause.

He rose with the others and followed them backstage.

Cora spotted him instantly.

She ran to him without hesitation. Rowan caught her easily.

“You were incredible,” he said, smoothing her blonde locks.

“Really?” Her eyes shone, searching his face.

“Yes. Look around. They’re praising you.”

And they were—but all eyes lingered on the way Rowan held her.

Anyone watching would never guess another woman still stood in his shadow.

2/3

4:12 pm MMM

Chapter 10

9:4

Finished

“Lady Cora!” A cluster of Blackfang College’s top students surged forward, excitement bright on their faces. Each had earned their place at Lunar Grace. “Your speech was amazing!”

“Thank you,” Cora said, smiling as Rowan’s arm settled possessively at her waist.

One student hesitated, brows drawn tight with suspicion. “May I ask you something?”

“O—of course.” Cora’s smile faltered.

“Why did you use someone else’s work? Are you unable to write your own?”

The room stilled.

“What do you mean?” Someone demanded.

“The original author and I share the same mentor,” the student continued. “Mr. Stone was so impressed by the work that he submitted the opening to the Pack’s publisher and broadcasting council for distribution. The script was written by Lylah Moonrow.”

Gasps tore through the group.

“D—distributed?” Cora whispered, her hands beginning to tremble in earnest.

“You didn’t hear?” the student asked. “Mentors do that for true geniuses. But everyone claims you’re the genius of Ironcrest Pack’s College. Or was that just... exaggerated?”

The words struck Cora like lightning.

204

M

3/3

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.