

The Betrayed Princess Rising (Lylah And Rowan Blackfang's) - Secrets Under Moonlight 2[902 words]

Chapter 2

Lylah's POV

Pale morning light bled slowly into Blackfang territory, washing the land in silver and ash. I left the manor before the pack fully stirred, heading toward the pack post office.

Tiara, my best friend, was already there, leaning against the wooden beam.

"This is our meeting spot, Birthday girl? How chic." She teased, then grinned. "Still, Happiest birthday to you, Lylah darling."

"Thank you. And thanks for agreeing to help me."

She tilted her head, "You're alone? I think this is the first time I've ever seen you without your brooding Alpha shadow."

She meant Rowan.

It wasn't a secret anymore how I'd followed Alpha Rowan like a pup, bound to him by more than habit, by something raw and aching that everyone could see. Heat crawled up my neck.

"He has nothing to do with today. Let's not talk about him."

"Oh, Selene! Did I hear that right?"

"I need your help," I cut in, "Tell me how to submit my name to the Mate-market."

Her jaw dropped dramatically.

The Mate-market was half tradition, half gamble—a system unmated wolves used to send their profiles across packs, letting fate, scent, and the Moon decide. Tiara was infamous for navigating it. I wanted my name there. Open. Available.

“Lylah, you can’t do that unless you’re completely unmated. And unless you don’t have a terrifying Alpha who might rip my throat out for helping you.” She hissed.

I met her eyes. “Oh, Tiara. Rowan, and I are Done.”

She gasped.

Done.

The word felt foreign, as if it belonged to another love story, not mine. Not after the night Rowan had found us, when Selestine, my timid wolf, had surged awake for the first time.

His presence was an intoxicating, dangerous current. Strong enough to pull us under. We knew the risk, yet we still dove in, forgetting how fragile we truly were.

Naive little wolf, caught in a trap we mistook for Moon Goddess’ fate.

After we finished at the post office, Tiara and I crossed into the Pack’s square.

The scent of damp earth filled my lungs, followed by the sharp rose scent cut through it.

“Isn’t that Alpha Eldric’s daughter?” Someone shouted.

“Which one?”

“The beautiful one! Lady Cora of Ironcrest Pack!”

Tiara stiffened beside me. “What is that she-wolf doing in our Pack?”

I didn’t react. I’d known since yesterday that Cora was here.

Cora stood at the center of the square, her dress flowing like silk caught in the wind, her hair shining as though the sun favored her alone.

“Lady Cora, your necklace is stunning!” A girl gushed. “That must’ve cost a fortune.”

Cora touched the diamond at her throat, eyes glowing. “This is from someone special, given as a birthday gift today.”

Yes. We shared the same birthday.

“Someone special? Your mate? Is he from Blackfang Pack? We’d be so honored to welcome you here!”

Cora laughed softly, covering her lips. “You’ll find out soon. It’s meant to be a surprise.”

I remember how Rowan had left before dawn.

How there's no cake, no candle, no kiss pressed to my brow like last year. He hadn't remembered my birthday at all.

But he remembered hers.

For years, when everyone else chose Cora and dismissed me, when they wounded me, I believed Rowan was different.

How foolish I'd been.

As the day wore on, Tiara went home. I couldn't return to Rowan's mansion—the place we'd shared everything for five years—so I went to my mentor's office instead.

“Lylah?” He rose to his feet as I stepped into the room, surprise flickering across his face. “I didn't expect to see you today. Are you here to discuss your failed admission?”

“No,” I said, steadying my voice.

“Last month you offered me a position as a junior assistant at Lunar Grace, Mr Stone. I turned it down.” I swallowed. “Is the offer still open?”

His eyes widened.

Then he smiled. “Of course! It's always been open. You can go whenever you're ready.”

Footsteps echoed in the corridor.

Mr. Stone stiffened.

“Wait here,” he said quickly. “I have important guests. Don't leave until I return.”

He snatched up a glossy black box etched with a familiar sigil and rushed out, the door slamming shut behind him.

A familiar scent drifted through the crack, cold pine.

My heart sank.

I moved closer and peeked through the glass.

Rowan stood there. Holding Cora's waist.

Mr. Stone handed her the box. “Happy birthday, Lady Cora. This is your uniform. You've been officially accepted into the Academy of Lunar Grace.”

Cora's face lit up. “Thank you!”

“It arrived early because Alpha Rowan requested it. He wanted you to receive it on your special day.”

She turned to Rowan and rose onto her toes to kiss his cheek.

“After the necklace, another gift?” she teased. “You’re so thoughtful, Alpha.”

Rowan didn’t reply.

But his lips curved into a soft smile. His gaze warmed as it rested on her, the kind of look he’d never given lightly.

“May I ask one more thing?” Cora said.

“Of course.”

“Run with me. Let our wolves loose beneath the trees, just the two of us.”

Rowan nodded without hesitation.

My fingers curled into my palms.

I’d begged him once to do that with me. To run together, to deepen what we had. He’d refused, claiming his leg injury made it impossible.

Yet for Cora, he agreed instantly.

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.