

# The Betrayed Princess Rising ( Lylah And Rowan Blackfang's ) - Secrets Under Moonlight 4[ 795 words ]

## Chapter 4

Lylah's POV

The lights in my chamber were turned low, a soft amber glow settling over the walls like a held breath.

After a long bath that washed away the ache in my muscles and the lingering scent of toil, I sat at the edge of my bed.

My phone lit up. An unfamiliar number but I knew exactly who it was.

I slid my finger across the screen.

“Lady Lylah,” a deep, velvet voice greeted. “This is Riven of the Moonclaw Pack. It still feels unreal that you accepted my call.”

Tiara had told me he hadn't looked away from my profile even once after receiving it. Curiosity had led me to request his in return, and from the first reading, I'd felt a quiet resonance.

“Lylah Moonrow of Blackfang Pack,” I replied.

A low chuckle sounded on the other end. “Your voice... It's soft. Just as I imagined.”

He paused, then added, “My pack's territory lies so close to Lunar Grace. Once you arrive, I'll come for you myself if you permit it. I want to spend every day with you.”

There was no arrogance in his words, only sincerity.

Riven was a warrior and a part-time tutor at the academy according to his profile. His Pack, Moonclaw, was far from ordinary. Led by the infamous Alpha Ezra, it had expanded its influence through agriculture and commerce, rising to rival Rowan's technological empire. Second only to Blackfang in strength.

“May I ask something about my soon-to-be mate?” He said softly.

“Yes.”

“Are you truly still unmated?” His curiosity was genuine.

“I haven’t found the right one yet,” I answered calmly. “After giving the best of myself, I couldn’t allow just anyone to take me. Certainly not a man lacking honor.”

He laughed, rich and approving. “You’re right. I admire that you value yourself. A woman with dignity is rare these days.”

A pause.

Then, gentler, “Before we end this call, happy belated birthday. I’ll bring you a gift when you arrive. Sleep well, Lady Lylah.”

“Sleep well.”

The line went dead.

We had spoken only once, yet I already had a great deal of respect for him.

Lady.

He said it with respect, when everyone here and in my former pack had only ever spoken my name like an insult.

I rose from the bed, my nightgown whispering against my skin as a sudden gust of wind burst through the room,

The door slammed open.

“I’m back from work,” Rowan announced, already striding toward me.

My smile vanished.

The air thickened, my wolf shrinking back as the familiar pressure of his presence filled the room.

“Going to sleep?” His gaze flicked over me, possessive. “I was planning to take you out to dinner with my friends.”

“I’ve eaten. You can go without me.”

He frowned. “Really? We’re going to your favorite restaurant. You always wanted to come when I was with them. Why refuse now?”

I pushed past him, needing space.

“I just got back from work. I need rest. Tomorrow I’m delivering my graduation speech and I want it flawless.”

“Ah. The speech.” Rowan’s eyes drifted to my phone, still warm from the call. Something dark flashed in his gaze—territorial, dangerous—but he masked it quickly.

“Very well,” he said lightly. “We’ll have dinner another time. Anywhere you want.”

I murmured a response.

He left without protest.

I was about to close the door when a maid approached, “Beta Gavriel requests to see you.”

My stomach tightened.

I hurried downstairs to the guest chamber.

“What is it?” I asked, keeping my tone steady.

Why was Gavriel here? Had Rowan canceled the dinner?

Ah, he’s probably at Cora’s place now.

Gavriel’s expression was sharp, his dislike for me barely concealed. “I’m here on behalf of Hector, head of the Pack High Council.”

My pulse quickened.

“At tomorrow’s graduation ceremony,” he continued coldly, “you will not be attending. Nor will you be delivering the speech. A replacement has been chosen.”

“What?”

Selestine stirred violently beneath my skin. My fists clenched.

Gavriel’s lips curled into a smug smile. “This decision is final.”

Impossible.

The headmaster of Blackfang College himself had chosen my speech after reviewing twenty submissions. Mr. Stone, my mentor, had praised my work. I had spent a month perfecting it.

“The ceremony cannot proceed without my speech!” I said, my voice trembling with restrained power. “The headmaster approved it two weeks ago!”

My eyes must have begun to glow, because Gavriel’s brow lifted.

“The college answers to the High Council, Lylah,” he said flatly. “Your name has been removed from the agenda. And if you insist on attending tomorrow,”

He leaned closer, voice dropping.

“You will be dragged from the Pack’s central hall by force.”

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.