

# The Betrayed Princess Rising ( Lylah And Rowan Blackfang's ) - Secrets Under Moonlight 5[ 922 words ]

Chapter 5

Lylah's POV

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Morning mist clung to the Pack's Central Hall when I arrived, pale and restless as a living thing. It curled around my ankles as I stepped into the crowd gathered outside, their whispers slicing sharper than claws.

"Isn't that the Mutt?"

"What is she doing here? Goddess, I hope she's not here to cause trouble."

Guards moved to intercept me, hands hovering near their weapons.

But the moment they caught sight of my elongated claws and the faint silver glow burning in my eyes- Selestine bristling beneath my skin-they faltered.

I didn't slow down.

Bang!

My foot crashed into the doors, kicking them open.

Warmth and laughter spilled from within, mocking the storm clawing through my chest. Cora stood at the center of it, framed by Hector and Gavriel.

"It's impressive you managed to memorize a speech like that overnight, Lady Cora," Hector said, pride heavy in his tone. "I have no doubt your performance tomorrow will be flawless."

Cora giggled, lowering her lashes. "Thank you, sir. But, is it truly all right that I used this beautifully written text?"

“Of course,” Gavriel replied smoothly. “It’s an honor enough that you’re delivering the speech. You shouldn’t exhaust yourself writing one from scratch.”

Their laughter grated against my bones.

“So theft is how y’all disguise incompetence these days?” My voice sliced through their laughter.

Silence snapped into place.

All three turned toward me.

“Lylah.” Hector’s face hardened instantly.

Cora blinked, wide-eyed, innocence perfectly arranged.

“That speech text,” I said, stepping forward, my presence thickening the air. “Is mine. I wrote every single word. And I won’t let anyone use it without my consent.”

Hector stepped in front of Cora, broad shoulders blocking her from view, **his** gaze cutting into me. “Who do you think you are?”

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“We don’t need your approval. Alpha Rowan has already given his permission.” Gavriel sneered, his gaze sliding over me in open dismissal. “The fact that he agreed so easily should tell you how much your work is worth to him.”

They were smiling now. Both of them.

As if they’d been waiting for this moment.

“What...?” Cora whispered. “So the speech belongs to Lylah?”

Her

eyes

widened, fear fluttering there, but not guilt. Never guilt.

Why would she feel guilty? She had asked Selene herself to bind Rowan to her, knowing exactly what he

was to me.

The paper trembled in her hands.

Our gazes locked.

She shrank back.

Something inside me snapped.

Selestine surged forward, her growl vibrating through my bones as my claws sharpened, power flooding my limbs. In a heartbeat, I crossed the distance between us, rage burning hot and feral.

I reached for the paper,

But a hand clamped around my wrist.

“How dare you raise your hand against Lady Cora?” Hector snarled, teeth bared

“I don’t give a fuck about her,” I hissed. “I want the paper. That’s all.”

“It’s not yours anymore.”

Gavriel slid an arm around Cora’s shoulders, protective, already turning her away. But she resisted, her eyes fixed on me.

“Lylah,” she said, voice trembling. “I-I didn’t know it was yours... I-I’m so sorry.”

Tears welled, glistening, perfectly timed.

The crowd had gathered by then; the committee, administrators, and pack elders. Their murmurs spread like poison through the hall.

“Poor Lady Cora. She doesn’t deserve to face this feral mutt’s jealousy,”

“So this is who Alpha Rowan favored all this time? So uncivilized. No wonder she’s being replaced.”

“Know your place, Lylah. Walk away,”

Hector turned to me, satisfaction gleaming in his eyes. “Are you satisfied now? You forced her to apologize

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for something that wasn’t even her fault. Now leave.”

Of course it wasn’t her fault, it was mine.

For letting her steal my place at Lunar Grace.

For letting her reach for Rowan fully aware of the heart she was breaking.

And now this.

“Beta Gavriel,” Hector ordered coolly, “take Lady Cora away. She doesn’t need to witness this shit.”

Then, to me, voice lowering with threat, “Leave. Or shall I let Alpha Rowan hear of your shameful display?”

“Let him hear,” I said, forcing my wrist free. “Let the entire pack hear.”

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Behind me, Cora’s sobs rose, pleading with Gavriel to stop this, insisting she felt só guilty, that she would apologize to me later.

“Guards!” Hector barked.

Hands grabbed at me, but I twisted free, forcing Selestine down, clinging to the last thread of restraint.

I would not give them violence. Not today.

“My text,” I said, my voice deadly calm. “Give it back. Or I will spread this beyond Blackfang, to every pack and every council. Your reputation will rot. Your name will never recover.”

“So you want this the hard way?” Hector’s lips curled. “Fine.”

He seized me by the back of my collar and dragged me forward himself. The High Council’s dais loomed ahead, cold stone and towering pillars.

I struggled, kicking, my boots scraping uselessly as he hauled me like a captured animal.

My footing slipped.

Stone slammed into my foot, pain exploding up my leg as I crashed against the pulpit.

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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.