

The Betrayed Princess Rising (Lylah And Rowan Blackfang's) - Secrets Under Moonlight 7[821 words]

Chapter 7

Lylah's POV

Finish

The basket slipped from Cora's hands and struck the floor. She dropped to her knees at once, scrambling to gather them, her voice tremble.

"I-i didn't mean to interrupt your time together." She bowed her head. "I'm truly sorry, Alpha Rowan, Lylah."

Rowan was beside her in an instant, helping her to her feet. "What are you doing here?"

Rain clung to Cora's form, her hair damp, her thin dress darkened at the hem. She looked fragile, like something delicate that had wandered into a storm it couldn't survive. A pearl, easily cracked.

"What happened to Lylah was my fault," she said softly. "I came to apologize. But I didn't realize you were in the middle of a conversation. Please continue, I'll return tomorrow."

Rowan exhaled, the tension easing from his shoulders.

"It's pouring outside, you'll fall ill if you leave now. Stay the night." His gaze flicked to me. "Besides, Lylah is glad you came."

Cora's face brightened, "Really?"

I said nothing. I felt like a ghost bound to the walls of the room.

"I'll have your room prepared and dinner made," Rowan said, taking the basket. "You two can talk."

"Thank you, Alpha Rowan," Cora replied, her voice sweet with gratitude.

Then he was gone.

The moment the door closed, Cora stepped closer. Her honey-brown eyes brimmed with tears, her lips trembling as though she were on the verge of breaking.

“I really didn’t know Sir Hector used your text for my speech, Lylah. You’re my beloved sister. I would never hurt you on purpose.”

“Beloved sister,” I said flatly. “Yet you didn’t recognize my writing.”

Beloved. The words tasted bitter.

We had barely shared a life. The moment she appeared, everything I had—my place, my warmth, my worth—was handed to her. I was set aside like a stray no longer needed.

“I-I didn’t really know how your writing looked,” she whispered.

“Then we aren’t close enough for you to call me your sister.”

Cora’s eyes widened, fear flashing through them, so practiced it almost felt instinctive.

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4:12 pm M

Chapter 7

Finist

For fifteen years I had lived in comfort within Ironcrest Pack, while Cora—their true daughter—was raised in poverty by an Omega family. When the truth surfaced, guilt crushed me. I cried. I begged forgiveness, apologized to a man who wasn’t even my father as they dragged me away.

Cora had never been cruel. She had smiled then and said we could still be sisters.

Later, when I was exiled to Blackfang Pack and needed help more than I ever had, Alpha Eldric and Lun Daia severed all contact with me. So I reached for Cora, my last hope.

I sent letters, messages, and pleas. She received every one of them and did nothing.

They still piled at the Ironcrest borders, unread, unanswered.

“Lylah,” she sobbed now, clutching my hand. “I know you hate me. You have every right. I deserve it. I’m useless, I’m not talented like you. Everything that went wrong is my fault.” Her grip tightened as she pressed my palm toward her face. “If it will ease your pain... hit me.”

The same plea.

The same broken performance she always used when things turned against her.

Once her tears had made me feel like the villain, now they made my stomach churn.

Were these the same tears she had shed before Eldric and Rowan? The same ones that won her the spot a Lunar Grace—my spot?

She lifted my hand higher. “Please. I deserve it. Hit me!”

I would have stopped her before. I always had.

This time, I stayed still.

Cora slammed my hand against her own face. Hard enough that the crack echoed through the room. Red bloomed across her cheek immediately, blood gathering at the corner of her mouth.

Even she froze, shock flickering across her features.

“Cora!”

Rowan burst back into the room, his aura flaring as he pulled her into his arms.

He wiped the blood from her lip, panic etched into his voice, “What happened?”

Then he turned on me, eyes blazing. “I can’t believe you hit her. This wasn’t her fault!”

“I didn’t. She lifted my hand and did it herself.” I shrugged.

“It’s fine, Alpha Rowan,” Cora whispered quickly, gripping his sleeve, fear darting through her eyes as though she were afraid I might speak again. “I deserved it.”

She forced a weak smile and tugged him toward the door. “Didn’t you say you were preparing dinner? Let me help you.”

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1:12 pm M

The Betrayed Princess Rising

Chapter 8

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.