

The Betrayed Princess Rising (Lylah And Rowan Blackfang's) - Secrets Under Moonlight 8[945 words]

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An hour had crawled by since they said they were preparing dinner, and now my patience snapped. My leg throbbed in protest as I pushed myself upright.

Ignoring the sharp pull of pain, I limped toward the stairs. If they weren't going to finish the meal, I would do it myself.

Halfway down, a strange sensation washed over me.

Selestine recoiled violently inside me—nothing like the usual, this was primal. Wrong. My stomach lurched as nausea clawed its way up my throat, urging me to turn back.

‘Easy, girl,’ I murmured silently, ‘We’re just getting food. You’re hungry, that’s all.’

She didn't calm down.

The closer I got to the kitchen, the stronger the warning became—my wolf pressing against my ribs, hackles raised, instincts screaming.

I reached the doorway and froze.

“Lylah just got a bit emotional,” Rowan’s voice drifted. “She didn’t mean to drive you out of here. Just ignore what you heard earlier. Don’t cry again, alright?”

He cupped Cora’s face gently. She was sitting on the kitchen counter.

“Okay, Alpha,” Cora replied, her voice sweet and trembling. “But my cheek still stings. I think if you kiss it, it might fade.”

“Where do you want me to kiss?” Rowan smiled.

Her lashes fluttered. “Here. Where Lylah slapped me.”

He leaned in.

At first, it was just a brush of lips against her cheek. Then he didn't pull away. His mouth shifted until it

met hers.

Something inside me shattered.

My body locked in place, then began to tremble violently, I clamped a hand over my mouth as pain exploded through my chest. Selestine howled, the bond screaming in protest as if it were being torn apart thread by thread.

Dizzy, I stumbled forward.

"Lylah!" They sprang apart instantly.

Rowan was at my side in a heartbeat, arms reaching to steady me. I shoved him away with every ounce of

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strength I had, revulsion burning through me.

"Don't touch me."

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"Lylah, what are you doing down here?" Cora asked, wide-eyed and innocent. "Your leg is still hurt, let m bring the food to your room."

They recovered far too quickly.

Rowan's expression shifted into concern, while Cora's cheeks were flushed, her lips swollen, yet she playe her part flawlessly.

I didn't answer.

I turned and made my way to the dining table.

"Let me serve you," Rowan said quickly. "I'll prepare everything so you don't have to move."

I slapped his hand away.

"No need."

Disgust curdled in my stomach.

All this time, how long had he been doing this? Slipping between us so effortlessly?

Playing the devoted partner while touching another woman behind my back?

“Lylah,” Rowan asked carefully, “is everything alright?”

I nodded without looking at him and sat down.

The honey-glazed ham tasted like ash, but I forced myself to swallow. Rowan and Cora took their seats as if nothing had happened.

“Alpha Rowan, Lylah, thank you once again for allowing me to stay the night,” Cora said softly.

“No need for courtesies. He’s pleased you’re here.” I replied flatly, my gaze fixed on my plate.

Rowan stiffened. He cleared his throat.

“You should rest immediately after this, the guest room is ready,” he said to Cora, his tone suddenly distant. “Your brother will pick you up in the morning.”

Her smile faltered, but she nodded obediently.

After dinner, Rowan moved to lift me into his arms.

“I can walk.” I ignored his outstretched hands and climbed the stairs myself, pain screaming through my leg with every step.

Once inside my room, I reached for my phone on the nightstand and found three missed calls from Riven.

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After a moment’s hesitation. I called him back.

“Sir Riven, I’m sorry. I went downstairs to eat.”

“Downstairs?” His voice snapped taut through the line. “You took the stairs in your condition?”

“My... condition?” I frowned. “You know about it?”

There was a brief pause.

“I have a contact in Blackfang Pack,” he said finally. “I told him to alert me if anything happens to you. I’m sorry about your injury. I’ll send two of the best nurses tomorrow to tend to you and assist with your da

routines.”

“What? No!” I blurted out. “There’s no need. I’m fine.”

“Then I’ll arrange for a healer from Lunar Grace-”

“Please, Sir Riven,” I interrupted, my voice firm. “I don’t need any of that. Truly.”

“Are you sure Lylah?”

“Yes. It’s barely a scratch.”

There was silence.

Then, he chuckled softly. “You’re indeed a stubborn little wolf.”

I smiled despite myself.

But unease stirred beneath it.

How could he afford such things? Nurses, Lunar Grace healers whose fees were known to cost a fortune? He was only a warrior—a part-time tutor. None of it added up.

Suddenly,

“Lylah!”

I jumped.

Rowan stood beside my bed, a small vial in his hands.

“Since when were you here?” I asked sharply.

“I brought your medicine,” he said. “You didn’t answer when I knocked.” His gaze dropped to my phone, sharp and assessing. “Who were you talking to?”

“No one,” I replied, my thumb already pressing the screen dark. “Just a friend from my part-time job.”

But the way his eyes lingered told me he had seen the name on the screen.

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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.