

The Betrayed Princess Rising (Lylah And Rowan Blackfang's) - Secrets Under Moonlight 9[946 words]

Lylah's POV

"Really? Show it to me," Rowan demanded.

Finished

I exhaled slowly and placed the phone back on the nightstand, lifting my eyes to meet his stare. "No."

A low growl vibrated in his chest. "That wasn't your friend, was it? Are you hiding something from me?"

The irony almost made me laugh.

After everything he had concealed, after the lies, the betrayal, the way he had played me like a fool what right did he have to demand honesty now?

"Get out," I said calmly. "I'm tired. I want to sleep. Tomorrow I'm meeting Tiara at the Pack's Central District." I gestured to the table. "You can leave my medicine there."

Rowan obeyed, setting the vial down. But he didn't leave.

"Why do you want to go?" he asked.

I turned to him. "You're not planning to restrict my right to see my friend, are you?"

"I'm just worried about your injury."

"It will heal faster if I can breathe," I replied. "I'll feel better if I'm not trapped in this room. I need fresh

air."

For a moment, his Alpha aura flared—dominance pressing against my skin, instinct testing instinct. Then it receded.

“Then I’ll take you myself,” he said.

I nodded and turned toward my bed. I didn’t look back at him, didn’t offer a word, not even the soft good night I had always given first. Rowan left the room, and the moment the door closed behind him, the suffocating weight in the air finally lifted.

Morning arrived on a wash of soft pink light spilling across the estate grounds. I bathed and dressed myself, surprised to find that my legs were less stiff, the ache dulled to a manageable throb.

Downstairs, voices drifted from the living room. Cora stood with Rowan, her brother Orion beside her.

“I told Cora it wasn’t her fault,” Orion was saying. “She doesn’t owe Lylah an apology. But she’s so stubborn.”

“Orion, enough,” Cora said gently, patting his arm. “I’m worried about Lylah after what happened. You should be too.”

Orion only grunted in response.

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4:12 pm MM.

Chapter 9

Finis

“Alpha Rowan,” he said instead, turning to him. “Thank you for hosting my sister, and for protecting her from Lylah’s anger.”

Sister.

He used to call me that too.

He had been just a little boy when I was dragged from Ironcrest Pack. Now he was grown, his face tightening in open disgust whenever my name crossed his tongue.

“Lylah! You’re awake!” Cora’s voice lit up the room.

All three of them turned toward me.

Rowan stepped forward instinctively, his hand lifting as if to steady me—then stopping himself.

“Lylah, if you heard what Orion said, please ignore him,” Cora rushed out, hands clasped before her chest. “He speaks without thinking sometimes.”

“Cora, stop,” Orion snarled, yanking her into his side. “You’re too kind to someone who stole your life— someone who wallowed in luxury without shame while you, my true sister, lived in poverty! If anyone should be begging for forgiveness, it’s her!” Orion stabbed a finger in my direction.

“Enough,” Rowan said sharply, authority cracking through the air. “Orion, you may leave.”

Orion stiffened, then nodded.

“Goodbye, Alpha Rowan.” His eyes flicked to me—cold, contemptuous. He said nothing.

Cora waved. “See you later!”

I watched them go without reaction. I’d learned long ago how to endure being looked at like a mistake.

Rowan followed me outside. I stayed silent as he helped me into the car and drove. He tried to fill the quiet with questions and trivial conversation, but I answered in fragments, letting the silence stretch between us.

When we arrived, Tiara was already waiting.

“When are you done?” Rowan asked. “I’ll pick you up later.”

“No need,” I said, closing the door before he could respond. “I’ll get home myself.”

Tiara studied me as I approached, her smile faltering just slightly.

“Alpha Rowan didn’t escort you out? Didn’t even hover or fuss over you?” She raised a brow. “That’s new. But I like this version of you, less caged every day.”

I smiled faintly.

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4:12 pm

Chapter 9

“Let’s eat first,” I said. “I’m starving.”

Finish

The pack’s central district unfolded in a sweep of elegant stone and glass, its streets flanked by boutique: and eateries, jewelers and clothiers catering to every rank.

Tiara dug in her heels and steered me toward the nearest restaurant, refusing to let me take another step

The moment we sat down, her questions came rushing in.

“Alright,” she said, grabbing my hand. “Tell me everything. Why do you feel like a completely different person today? And your leg—what actually happened? Does it have anything to do with Alpha?”

I hesitated.

But I remember only a week remained before I would sever myself from this pack, and Tiara was my best friend. She deserved to know the truth, Rowan’s betrayal, and every wound that could never be undone.

So I began, telling her from the very beginning, every painful detail.

When I finished, Tiara slowly pulled her hand away.

She slammed her fist against the table.

“He cheated on you? With Cora?!” Fury laced her words, sharp enough to bare fangs. “He gave her your place at the Academy, let her steal your speech like it was his right?”

“Yes.”

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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.