

# The Betrayed Princess Rising ( Lylah And Rowan Blackfang's )

Chapter 11

Lylah's POV

An hour had passed since I finished telling Tiara everything happened between Rowan and me.

Finishe

She still clung to me, her arms tight around my shoulders, her voice trembling as if one more word might break her completely.

"I still remember when Alpha Rowan was at his lowest," she said hoarsely. "When the allies turned their back on him and we all starved. You were the one who carried him through that darkness. You crafted goods with your own hands and traded with other Packs just to keep us alive. You forged alliances, earned the trust of hostile Alphas, and convinced them to invest again. You stood by him when he was bleeding out, half-dead."

Her grip tightened. "How can he do this now?"

It was a question I no longer had the strength to answer.

"There's no point in regretting it," I said quietly.

Tiara let out a bitter laugh, wiping furiously at her eyes. "So the saying is a lie, then? That a man will always remember the woman who stood behind him until he became victorious."

"Maybe," I murmured. "But at least I've secured another path."

I told her about my plans—about the future I was quietly building beyond this Pack's shadow.

I told her about the conversations I shared with Riven as well.

Tiara's eyes lit up instantly.

"Show me a picture of him," she demanded. "I want to see what my friend's future mate looks like."

I hesitated. "He... doesn't have one."

Her jaw dropped. “What? Lylah, you never asked? What if he’s a fraud?”

“I trust him,” I said without hesitation. “I know the kind of man he is. A warrior with honor.”

Tiara tilted her head thoughtfully, then grinned.

“Well, he’s from Moonclaw Pack. That Pack is brutal and disciplined to the bone. Alpha Ezra doesn’t accept just anyone into his ranks let alone as a warrior. Anyone who survives that training isn’t rotten.” She wiggled her brows. “Extra points if he’s devastatingly handsome, more than Alpha Rowan.”

I couldn’t help but smile.

Then the Pack bond tugged—sharp and sudden, like claws raking through my chest.

Rowan’s voice surged into my mind. He never used the bond unless it was dire.

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4:12 pm 040M

Chapter 11

‘Are you still with Tiara?’

‘Yes’

‘Come back home. Now. We need to talk.’

The connection severed abruptly.

“Rowan called me,” I said, rising to my feet. “I have to go back.”

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Finished

Tiara stood as well, fury flashing in her eyes. “What does he want now? After everything he did, he still dares to summon you?”

“If I want to end this cleanly, I need to settle everything before I leave. I don’t want any ties left behind.” I replied.

She pulled me into a fierce embrace.

“Be happy with Riven, Lylah. And don’t ever look back, neither at Alpha Rowan nor at that damned Ironcrest Pack’s family.”

We parted ways with one last hug, brief but heavy with meaning. Then I headed for Rowan's estate.

Today was supposed to be Cora's day—the graduation ceremony, her speech, the day Blackfang Pack would celebrate her. Rowan should have been with them. So why call me now?

The estate loomed like a stone beast as I reached it, the silence pressing in on all sides.

I pressed the bell. Nothing.

Unease crept up my spine as I pushed the heavy door open.

A tall shadow moved and,

Crack!

Pain exploded across my face.

The metallic taste of blood flooded my mouth as I fell, crashing to the floor.

"Lylah!" Rowan's voice broke as he rushed toward me.

"How dare you still show your face after what you've done to my daughter?" Alpha Eldric roared, his boots slamming into my side.

I forced myself upright, shrugging off Rowan's touch. A bitter, broken laugh escaped me.

"You still manage to laugh?" Eldric snarled. "You truly are a heartless creature."

"We raised you for decades," Luna Daia hissed, clutching a trembling Cora to her chest. "We fed you, clothed you, gave you a place in our home. And you dare to repay us by hurting our daughter?"

Cora sobbed softly.

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4:12 pm MMM.

Chapter 11

Finishe

"Mom, Dad... please stop. This isn't Lylah's fault. It's mine. I was never as good as her. I could never measure up—"

"Ssshh, sweetheart. Don't say that," Luna Daia crooned, stroking her hair. "None of this is your fault."

“This was set up.” Orion snapped, lips peeling back to bare his teeth. “Why else would she send the script to the broadcasting council? She wanted to humiliate you, Cora. To taint your name out of jealousy!”

“Indeed,” Eldric said coolly, disdain heavy in his voice. “This petty stray truly thinks such a pathetic ploy would earn her praise. How ridiculous.”

Blood dripped from the corner of my mouth as I straightened, meeting their gazes without flinching.

I stepped forward, my voice glacial, severing every remaining bond between us.

“You misunderstand, Alpha Eldric. Luna Daia. I want no praise, least of all from you.”

The air seemed to tighten around me.

“Your precious daughter just earned the consequences when she used my work without my consent.”

My eyes locked onto Cora’s tear-filled ones. “And this...”

I smiled.

...is only the beginning.”

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3/3

Ruby Walker

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## The Betrayed Princess Rising ( Lylah And Rowan Blackfang's )

Finished

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“Coradora!”

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I wad watched the four of them vanish behind the closing doors

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The The door opened behind me.

Row Rowan entered.

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“Lylah.” Instead of retreating, he wrapped his arms around my waist, his stais china

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Rowan kept speaking, his voice gentle, cosine-like soothing an injured pet ba

“Last year, you told me you wanted to visit Mount Silvaris again, but I was too b projects. I’ll arrange everything now West Akili go together.”

The desire had already turned vaslat just like my feelings for him.

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4:12 pm MM M

Chapter 12

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Finished

But just before the doors closed, Cora wrenched herself free and dropped to her knees in front of Rowan.

“Alpha, please don’t take my parents’ words to heart,” she sobbed. “And please don’t be angry with Lylah. This is all my fault!”

“Cora!”

Eldric and Daia pulled her up at once.

Daia wrapped her arms around her protectively. “Never do that again. She isn’t worth your tears. Watching you beg only entertains her. Come.”

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"I'm sorry," he said softly, reaching for the container.

He shoved him away.

"Lylah." Instead of retreating, he wrapped his arms around my waist, his chin resting on my shoulder.

The reflection in the mirror made my stomach churn.

"Please don't shut me out," he murmured. "I never meant for things to escalate like this. I never thought they would."

"You never thought Alpha Eldric and Luna Daia would retaliate when their precious daughter was laughed at by the entire pack?" I cut in. "Even though she brought it on herself?"

He sighed, the sound heavy with Alpha authority softened into feigned tenderness.

"I'm sorry about your speech. And I'm sorry if it seems like I've been defending Cora. It's nothing more than courtesy. I swear." His arms tightened. "You have to believe me that you are the only one I will ever love. You—my future Luna."

He didn't see my fists clench.

Rowan didn't see the way my lips curled in a disgusted smile.

Rowan kept speaking, his voice gentle, coaxing—like soothing an injured pet back into obedience.

"Last year, you told me you wanted to visit Mount Silvaris again, but I was too busy with some unfinished projects. I'll arrange everything now. We'll go together."

The desire had already up to ash, just like my feelings for him.

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4:12 pm

The Betrayed Princess Rising

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## The Betrayed Princess Rising ( Lylah And Rowan Blackfang's )

Chapter 13

Finished

3rd Person's POV

After swallowing the bitter painkiller herb, Lylah finally surrendered to sleep. Her body relaxed as its effects seeped through her veins. Rowan stayed until her heartbeat settled into a steady rhythm.

Only when he was certain she was truly asleep did he leave the room.

The moment he stepped into the hallway, the Pack link snapped tight around his mind.

'Alpha. It's urgent. I have some information about the guy who contacted Lylah a few days ago. Gavriel's voice cut sharply and focused through the bond.

Rowan's pulse spiked, 'My office. Now!'

He did not summon Gavriel to the manor. If Lylah woke, she would be suspicious. He would not risk that.

Instead, Rowan shifted direction, leaving the residence entirely and heading for the office where most of his work was handled.

Gavriel arrived minutes later.

"They were on a call again a few days ago," Gavriel said without preamble, slotting a flash disk into the console. "Corlis Prime managed to trace the signal this time. The source is near Lunar Grace."

The screen lit up, a pulsing dot hovering over a territory every pack respected.

"He first connected with Lylah around ten days ago," Gavriel continued. "We don't know how it began. There's no message history. Just two calls."

“Two calls,” Rowan echoed, his voice turning glacial. “And no trace of how he obtained her contact.”

There were ways, of course.

Pack intermediaries, Information brokers, academy networks, or even the Mate-Market.

“What about his identity?” Rowan demanded.

“Anyone operating under Lunar Grace’s protection is shielded, Alpha. The moment we push further, their wards will sense the intrusion and lock us out completely,” Gavriel replied.

“So this man stands under Lamar Grace’s authority. Rowan murmured.

The Academy of Lunar Grace had been Lylah’s dreams for as long as Rowan could remember.

While others chased rank and dominance, she had always been drawn to Medicine and Healing—to the quiet, sacred art of mending flesh, calming spirits, and guiding wounded wolves back into balance

Lylah had chased every scrap of knowledge about the place, so it was not surprising that she had made a contact or two along the way.

1/2

4:12 pm MMM..

Chapter 13

‘Perhaps the guy was nothing more than another young wolf drawn by the same interest.’

Rowan thinks.

‘Someone who had no idea that Lylah would never be going there.’

Finished

“There is another option,” Gavriel offered. “If you give the order, we can fully breach Lylah’s phone. Track every app, every interaction-”

“Don’t you dare.” Rowan’s command cracked through the room. “I trust her. This guy is nothing. A fellow student, at best. He poses no threat.”

And soon enough, Lylah would cut contact herself.

She had already let go of Lunar Grace. Already accepted her future here with him.

Rowan knew she belonged at his side.

Gavriel felt the weight of Rowan's authority and bowed his head. "As you say, Alpha."

Then, after a pause, "But if he contacts her again, I'll have Corlis Prime auto-record the call. Just in case he attempts persuasion or worse."

Rowan nodded once. Satisfied.

"This stays between us. Keep everything smooth. I don't want Lylah growing suspicious."

"Of course, Alpha."

After Gavriel left, Rowan sank back into his plush chair, releasing a slow breath.

The tension bled from his shoulders, leaving behind a faint sense of self-reproach.

What was I thinking?' he scoffed inwardly. 'Lylah would ever look at another man? turn her gaze from me?'"

Impossible.

His Lylah. His gentle, devoted Lylah.

She would never

Ruby Walker

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## The Betrayed Princess Rising ( Lylah And Rowan Blackfang's )

The Betrayed Princess Rising

Chapter 14

Cora's POV

Finis!

The moment we returned from Rowan's mansion, my father wasted no time asserting his authority. His command rolled through the hall, sending Omegas scrambling to prepare a formal dinner. He had invi the same council members who had witnessed my speech earlier that day.

"To cleanse your name of jealousy's stain," he said.

Now the dining room glittered beneath crystal chandeliers.

Silverware chimed against porcelain. Wine flowed endlessly, its scent mingling with roasted meat, herbs and spice. Across the long table, my father and mother sat in effortless grace as they entertained the gue

Laughter rose and fell like waves.

"Lady Cora." The voice slithered too close.

Gamma Fenrir—one of Rowan Pack's high-ranking warriors—already leaned toward me,

"We've met before," he said with a crooked smile. "At Commander Ivar's house."

My fingers tightened around my goblet.

Commander Ivar.

A name carved into legend.

He was from Whitepine Pack, the same serene territory where I came from. Yet his name echoed across the Verdanth Continent, spoken with reverence among warriors. A living war god.

"It's an honor to see you again, Gamma Fenrir," I replied politely, lowering my gaze just enough to appear deferential while scanning the table. Too many ears.

"No, my lady," he chuckled. "The honor is mine. Ever since that day, I've been curious. Commander Ivar turned everyone away after his retirement, yet you were welcomed into his home." He squinted at me. "How did that come to be? And how did you know him?"

A ripple of tension slid beneath my skin.

One careless word. One slip. And everything I had protected would unravel

"I was raised in Whitepine Pack," I said evenly. "Before the Ironcrest family found me."

"Ah." Realization dawned on his flushed face, "Of course. The lost daughter of Alpha Eldric and Luna Daia.

You."

I returned the smile, practiced and empty.

“That explains it,” Fenrir went on, drunk on both wine and confidence, “After such a harsh upbringing, it must be a blessing to finally be reunited with your true blood.”

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4:12 pm M MM

Chapter 14

0:4

Finisher

I said nothing. Just stared into the crimson liquid in my glass.

Whitepine Pack was never harsh. But I would not correct him.

The tale of my suffering—of Omega poverty and neglect—was a convenient lie I made.

The truth was far gentler.

Before the Moonrow family ruined my life, I had been far more cherished.

Jax and Vala—my parents in every way that mattered—were seasoned warriors, respected and formidable. They loved me fiercely, guarding me like a rare treasure. I went to school and laughed freely.

Then Jax died when I was ten.

With him, my shield fell.

School was where the cruelty took root. I was beaten, kicked, and spat on daily. But Vala stood fiercely between me and the world, until her death three years later.

After that, I was all alone.

Seven years ago....

A storm tore through the forest as I ran, soaked and shaking, toward a lone hut hidden among ancient trees. Two days after I became an orphan.

“Commander Ivar,” I fell to my knees before him, my body small beneath his towering presence. His aura crackled like thunder, ancient and lethal. “M—my name is Cora. I—I’m the daughter of Jax and Vala. Before she died, my mother told me to find you if I ever needed anything.”

My voice broke as I drew back my sleeves, exposing purple bruises and half-healed wounds

“I need your help!”

His eyes darkened, fury igniting beneath the surface.

“You are my student’s little pup...” he said slowly,

“I am!”

Silence stretched, heavy as fate.

“Tell me,” he said at last, power rippling through the air, “Who who had dared to hurt you.”

From that day on, my classmates no longer dared to raise a hand or a voice.

Commander Ivar gave me his protection—an oath stronger than blood, binding until death.

But I was foolish.

Dissatisfied and blind, I fled to Ironcrest to claim my birthright. Before Vala’s death, she revealed the truth

2/3

1:12 pm 04 0

Chapter 14

-that I had been switched at birth in the Ironcrest forest.

I found them. The Alpha and Luna who shared my blood.

Yet life with them fell painfully short of everything I had imagined.

Finished

“Lady Cora,” Fenrir’s voice snapped me back to the present. “I would be honored if you introduced me to Commander Ivar. You have such a bond with him, why keep it hidden all this time?”

My pulse spiked.

No.

They could never know.

They could never learn that I was not Jax and Vala’s true daughter. That Lylah was.

If the truth surfaced, Commander Ivar could sever his bond with me and pass his lifelong protection to her instead.

‘Gamma Fenrir,’ I said calmly, lifting my chin, “Commander Ivar has chosen solitude. He wishes no further ties to the outside world, and I respect his decision.”

‘Ah, a pity,’ Fenrir sighed. “But understandable. I wouldn’t dare disturb him.”

‘Exactly,’ I said, raising my glass. “Let him enjoy his remaining years in peace.”

We clinked goblets.

I would not let anyone probe any deeper.

This secret was buried, and I would guard its grave.

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Lylah’s POV

Firest

The bruises on my face faded after three days, the pain dulling into numbness. Three days of Rowan ne leaving my side. He watched every meal, every moment of sleep, every breath, as if constant supervision could undo the damage carved into me.

After dinner, he set his glass aside and looked at me with that careful calm he wore when he was decidin things for me.

“Have you packed for the trip?” he asked. “If not, I’ll do it.”

“I can manage. You’ve been here for three days straight. You didn’t even go to work.”

Once, I would have begged him to stay—just an hour more or a single night. Now his nearness pressed against my skin like a weight.

“I’m taking time off. Don’t worry about it,” he said. “It’s time to sleep. You need rest before we leave for the Silvaris Mountains. The journey will be long.”

I nodded and retreated to my room.

“If you need anything, just call me. Don’t even get out of bed,” he said.

Normally, I’d wake to find Rowan asleep on the couch beside my bed, ever watchful. Tonight I’d told him I wanted to be alone.

I nodded again and closed the door.

Fifteen minutes later, as I lay staring at the ceiling, a soft chime cut through the silence—the backup door had been opened,

I was on my feet instantly.

Years of spending his nights buried in his office seemed to have made Rowan forget that this house was threaded with systems attuned to my room. Carelessness did not suit an Alpha, but tonight, it served me.

I pulled on a dark coat, drew the hood low, and slipped into the night.

The night was hushed. Rowan’s figure moved swiftly down the street, his stride purposeful. I followed, silent, my wolf prowling just beneath my skin, senses sharpening with every step.

He entered an old apartment building tucked too close to his estate, half-forgotten and poorly warded.

A slow smirk curved my lips.

So this was how it was.

He wasn’t dealing with pack affairs tonight. The Moonrow family was staying at the packhouse. There was no council meeting, no emergency.

1/3

1:12 pm MM M

Chapter 15

Finisi

Then who?

Unless my suspicions were about to be proven true.

I inhaled slowly, letting the night speak to me.

Her scent hit instantly.

“Cora...” Rowan’s voice drifted from within. He hadn’t even sealed the door behind him.

I moved closer, silent as a shadow, and peered inside.

The room was dim, washed in the dull glow of a single amber lamp.

“You’re late again,” Cora murmured, her words thick with drink and sleep.

“I waited until Lylah fell asleep.”

“How about me?” she whispered. “I can’t sleep. I’m still so restless. I can’t even face my parents.”

“Ssh.” His voice softened, intimate. “I’ll help you relax.”

Under the muted light, their shadows tangled.

“Cora, did you drink again?”

“Father invited your council three days ago,” she said weakly. “To apologize for what happened at the ceremony. I still feel so guilty. I ruined your name in front of your pack.” Her voice cracked. “I’m ashamed.”

“Don’t say that,” Rowan said sharply. “And don’t you ever hurt yourself again. I love you.”

“I love you too, Rowan.”

I’d seen them kiss before. I’d known deep down that it never stopped there.

But seeing it with my own eyes shattered something colder, harder.

Their mouths met. Breath tangled. Cora’s soft moan cut through the air as Rowan’s control frayed, his growl low and hungry.

Fabric slid to the floor. The room filled with heat, with lust, with the raw truth of what he gave her so freely.

I turned away before Selestine could tear free of my skin.

The pain I expected never came. Instead, my wolf paced the edges of my soul, furious, restrained only by my will. I memorized the number on the door as I left.

The surveillance camera office was guarded by an old woman with hollow eyes and trembling hands.

“I need a recording,” I said calmly, “Room 444.”

2/3

1:12 pm MM M

Chapter 15

She hesitated. “But...”

I dropped my bag onto the table. Half my savings spilled inside.

“For three months of proper foods,” I said. “And rent.”

Her face lit up.

Minutes later, the recording was secured and stored safely on my phone.

I returned to Rowan’s estate without passing Cora’s floor again.

Back in my room, I scrubbed my face with cold water, as if it could erase the scent, the sounds, the memory burned into me.

My phone vibrated the moment I stepped out of the bathroom.

“Good evening, Sir Riven,” I said, answering with a soft smile.

Of course, he would call now.

Selene had always had an interesting sense of timing.

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o:8

Finished

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Chapter 16

3rd Person's POV

Fin

"You called... is it because you heard something interesting happened in the Blackfang Pack again?" Ly asked, amusement threading her tone, no longer the shock that had laced her voice before.

"You seem in high spirits tonight, Lady Lylah. Is there a reason to celebrate?" Riven's voice floated from the other end.

Lylah caught the shift immediately.

When he wasn't weighed down by concern, his tone had a lightness that stirred something restless in h hunger to see him in person.

"Yes."

"Remember," he offered, "if you ever need someone to confide in, I am here."

She smiled wryly. "Some things are meant to be kept sir... even from my soon-to-be mate."

Lylah knew without a doubt, that if Riven heard, even he would not believe it.

"Very well," he said, his voice smooth "I called with news. The Academy has tasked me with leading a gr of students to a nearby Pack. When you arrive, I may not be able to meet you myself."

Her eyebrows lifted, a flicker of surprise passing through her. He had bothered to tell her.

"It's fine. Don't trouble yourself," Lylah said, though a pulse of warmth flared in her chest.

"Since Lunar Grace is new to you, I'll have a friend guide you when you arrive. I won't have you wanderi alone."

The gesture touched her. He cared. Even with their bond being formal, he ensured she would not doubt his commitment.

“Thank you, Sir Riven, but it won’t be necessary. I’ve studied the layout for almost a year. By now, I know as well as my own home,” Lylah replied.

“Are you certain?”

“I am.”

Every scrap of media, every rumor, every history of Lunar Grace had been absorbed. She had committed it all to memory, anticipating this moment for months.

“Very well. I’ll see you in five days,” he said, final but gentle.

“Safe travels,” she added just before the call ended.

Just then, faint but unmistakable, a sound drifted through the line—a child’s voice. A boy.

1/3

4:12 pm MM

Chapter 16

“Papa,” it whispered.

Lylah froze, brows knitting as the line went dead.

“Sir Riven... already has a Pup?” she wondered.

Had he mated before? The thought pricked at her curiosity, but she did not dwell,

Finist

In their world, sometimes a bond was transactional, a marriage of status rather than affection. Perhaps, once their mutual needs were fulfilled, he would sever the tie without a second thought.

Lylah exhaled, letting herself sink into her sheets and drifting into a sleep.

Morning crept into the cramped apartment—the kind no Pack member would spare a second glance. Co stirred, scents weaving through the air: aged wood, faint smoke, and something masculine that made the wolf stir with sharp, eager delight.

Her fingers traced the blanket, still warm from Rowan’s presence, and a low, possessive pulse stirred in his chest.

His phone on the nightstand buzzed.

“Rowan,” she started, then stopped herself.

A message

Gavriel:

blinked across the screen.

“Alpha, the guy called Lylah again last night. I sent the recording to you.”

Cora pressed play.

‘Who was this man? Lylah has a male friend? Preposterous.

And yet, a sly smile curved her lips.

‘Finally, Lylah would release her grip on Rowan,’ at least in Cora’s mind.

As for Lylah’s choice, it was none of her concern.

“Who else could he be? Probably some low-ranked warrior from the Pack. Lylah has always been tethered to Blackfang territory, she’s never ventured far enough to make any powerful connection.” Cora muttered.

She then sent Gavriel a curt reply, scaling Rowan’s name into the message before erasing every trace of

the message.

“Rowan would be mine. And tonight, at last, I would sleep untroubled”

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Chapter 17

Lylah’s POV

Finishe

A maid slipped into my room just as I finished my bath, the scent of lavender still clinging to my skin.

“Alpha Rowan had to leave last night for an urgent new project with allies,” she said briskly. “He’ll be gone for two days. He asked me to tell you that you’ll depart for Silvaris when he returns.”

I didn’t even feel anger anymore—only a thin, bitter smile.

The Omegas here were trained so thoroughly in deception that I sometimes wondered how long Rowan had been teaching them.

And the idea of waiting two days for him? Pathetic. I didn’t need Rowan to get there.

I left the manor without another thought and went to find Tiara.

I told her about the plan and when I was done, her eyes lit up like fire.

“A trip to Silvaris? Just the two of us? And you’re going without Alpha Rowan?!”

“Yes. Just us.”

“Why didn’t you ask me sooner?!” She hugged me so tightly I could feel her pulse before springing to her feet, excitement practically radiating from her.

That afternoon, Tiara and I departed.

Mount Silvaris lay within the Starfall Pack’s territory, not far from here, and traveling in our wolf forms promised its own kind of freedom.

But this time, we came prepared—luxury in our human forms, first-class tickets, a taste of a life I hadn’t fully allowed myself to savor until now.

I had been to Silvaris twice before. The first time was alone, a month after Rowan had brought me to his Pack. The second, alongside him, when his legs still betrayed him with pain.

My previous journey had been grueling—cramped, sweat-stinking train compartments and the ever-present threat of Rogues. Curled against him, I let the steady thrum of his heartbeat calm me.

When Rowan’s pain flared, my wolf carried him without hesitation. Twice my size he leaned on me, but I bore it without complaint. Because his case had always mattered more than my own exhaustion

“How foolish I’ve been,” I murmured, flinching at the memory.

“You said something?” Tiara asked, tilting her head.

“Just realizing how many foolish things I’ve allowed myself to endure.”

When we arrived, dusk had fallen over Starfall Pack, its majestic highlands alive beneath the fading light. My wolf leapt in my chest, aching to run.

1/3

4:13 pm M MM

Chapter 17

Finist

After settling our belongings at the inn, Tiara and I readied ourselves.

The crisp air thrummed with the call of the shift, and we let our wolves take over.

‘Lylah, let’s play catch-up!’ Tiara’s voice flickered in the mind-link, teasing and playful.

‘Are you challenging me?’ I shot back, the thrill of the hunt igniting in my veins.

‘I want to see if you’re still fast,’ she laughed, her reddish fur blending with the shadows of the forest

trunks.

It had been too long since I had given Selestine the freedom she deserved.

‘You won’t make it far.’ I warned, claws sinking into the moss, then I bolted.

We ran for hours, our wolves chasing the night.

I had almost forgotten the rush of wind and earth beneath me, how intoxicating it feels to run free beneath open skies. Rowan had shifted only a few times since his injury before giving up entirely.

I had mirrored his restraint, holding my wolf in check so he wouldn’t feel alone in his weakness.

But now, I am free.

Late into the night, we shifted back into our human forms and paused at a roadside food stall.

Throughout the evening, I had sensed another presence, a faint pressure against my mind.link, but I forced myself to ignore it.

“Rowan keeps sending me messages,” I muttered, staring down at the phone in my hand now.

“Ignore it. You promised yourself you wouldn’t let him ruin this moment, right?”

'I'll be back tomorrow, little Moon, and we'll depart for the trip. I can't wait to see you, the message read, every word heavy with his claim.

I rolled my eyes, switched off the device, and shoved it aside.

"Tomorrow we will climb Silvaris and visit the Great Sanctum of the Moon Goddess," I murmured, my eyes tracing the jagged outlines of the mountain slopes.

The sanctum held a sacred prayer I had once entrusted to the wrong person.

Tomorrow, I will take it back.

"But first..." I hesitated, a small smile tugging at my lips as I glanced at Tiara. "I need to buy something. What kind of gift do you think would suit a little boy?"

2/3

4:13 pm 4

The Betrayed Princess Rising

Ruby Walker

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## The Betrayed Princess Rising ( Lylah And Rowan Blackfang's )

Chapter 18

Lylah's POV

"Which boy?" Tiara tilted her head, brows knitting together.

"Sir Riven's."

Finishe

She nearly choked on her drink. "He already has a Pup? And you're expected to care for him? How are yo supposed to focus on your studies?"

“Tiara,” I said gently, steadying her. “He wouldn’t burden anyone unnecessarily. The fact that he’s raised the Pup alone all this time proves his capability. And none of this is the child’s fault. A Pup is always a blessing, no matter the circumstances of their birth.”

She hesitated. “But-”

“Sir Riven accepted my past without question,” I cut in softly. “So I will accept his.”

I had disclosed in my profile how I ended up in Blackfang Pack—how once I left, I would stand utterly alone. A wolf without a Pack was little more than prey.

“Fine,” Tiara sighed. “A Pup, then. That’s far better than some scheming Alpha and his venomous bitch.”

I nodded.

Just then, my phone vibrated across the table.

“Answer it,” Tiara smirked. “Let’s see what kind of performance Alpha Rowan puts on this time.”

I did—switching on the speaker.

“Lylah,” Rowan’s voice came through, smooth and practiced. “I’m at the office. Just finished meetings with several investors for my latest project.”

“I’m fine,” I replied evenly. “I’m eating.”

“Good. Rest afterward, I’ll return tomorrow night. We’ll depart immediately and reach Starfall Pack before

dawn.”

Before I could respond, a woman’s voice drifted faintly through the call—soft as silk, familiar, unmistakable.

Tiara’s face twisted as the line went dead. “Was that your sister?”

“Yes.”

Rowan must have been at Cora’s apartment again.

“How can he even call himself an Alpha?” Tiara scoffed. “Using Pack business as an excuse while he beds

another woman?”

1/3

4:13 pm MM M

Chapter 18

Finish

“Not another woman anymore,” I said quietly. “His mate. Rowan belongs to Cora now. I want no bond- spoken or unspoken-tying me to him.”

Tiara smiled, fierce and satisfied.

“Bless Selene, I love hearing that. Don’t be sad Lylah, you’re no longer on their level.”

“I know.”

Let Rowan and Cora share their cramped den. I chose this place, breathing the clean air of Starfall, gazin upon the vast beauty of Mount Silvaris—far above them.

And I would remain so.

We began our ascent at dawn.

Two hours of aching limbs and burning lungs later, the Great Sanctum finally emerged from the mist.

Carved from gray marble and anchored into the mountainside, the Sanctum loomed like a sentinel of th Moon—ancient, powerful, and humming with quiet magic. Wolves from every Pack journeyed here to offer prayers. Each soul was permitted one amulet, one vessel, one recipient.

I had come here twice before.

Both times, I prayed for the same man.

“Lady Lylah?” The Moonwarden—a bent old wolf in white ceremonial robes—studied me with recognition.

“You remember me,” I said, surprised.

“How could I forget?” he smiled gently. “You were the one who always lingered long after the others left. I’ve been waiting for your return.”

I returned the smile, though it felt fragile,

The last time I was here, Rowan’s injury had kept him from climbing the mount. I remained alone until sunset, pleading with Selene to grant him healing—pouring my devotion into the stone until my knees trembled.

“The amulet I placed here before,” I asked quietly, “Does it remain?”

“Of course,” the Moonwarden replied. “It has been kept intact, your prayer flowing unbroken to its bearer.” He studied me carefully. “Whoever received it is a fortunate soul.”

I nodded. That prayer had already served its purpose.

“I’ve come to end it,” I said. “Please destroy the amulet.”

His expression darkened, unease flickering in his eyes.

2/3

4:13 pm MMM

Chapter 18

Finis

“You never etched your name upon it,” he said slowly. “You offered sacrifice without claim. Are you certain you wish to sever such a prayer now?”

“Yes.” My voice did not waver.

After a moment, he bowed and left.

When he returned, he carried my amulet—a flawless white moonstone—and a stone hammer.

“Do it,” I said.

The crack echoed through the Sanctum.

The moonstone split cleanly in two.

“I don’t wish to keep it,” I added. “You may discard it.”

With a sorrowful nod, as though he understood more than he spoke, the Moonwarden accepted the fragments. “As you wish.”

Tiara and I descended as the sky grew heavy with clouds.

More pilgrims gathered at the gates, their scents mingling in the wind.

At the entrance, I stopped.

The air shifted, saturated with a familiar scent that cut through the crowd like a blade.

My heart stilled.

Then I saw him.

Rowan stood within the Sanctum grounds.

”

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3/3

Ruby Walker

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## The Betrayed Princess Rising ( Lylah And Rowan Blackfang's )

Chapter 19

3rd Person’s POV

The Moonwarden’s expression shifted the moment the two figures stepped before him.

Finis

One was Alpha Rowan, whose name echoed throughout Verdanth, the wolf who had clawed his pack fro nothing and forged it into a force feared and revered in equal measure. At his side stood a woman curle into his arm, her posture claiming intimacy.

Yet she was not the woman whose pendant lay heavy in the Moonwarden’s palm.

“Alpha Rowan,” the Moonwarden said evenly. “What brings you here?”

Before Rowan could answer, the woman glided forward, her voice smooth as silk over steel.

“Alpha, I know this is about repaying a debt, but Lylah doesn’t need your prayers anymore. She’s perfect fine. As I told you before, write Blackfang. Or Corlis Prime. Or...” Her gaze sharpened meaningfully. “Someone else. I think you know who.”

The Moonwarden opened his hands.

“You came for this?” The rune-etched amulet split down its center, the glow shattering like fragile moonlight.

Rowan’s breath caught. For a heartbeat, shock rendered him mute.

Beside him, Cora’s mouth parted in surprise.

Then curved into a smile, satisfaction glinting in her eyes. “This must be Selene’s sign. There’s no need for more prayers.”

The Moonwarden did not look away from Rowan. “This is no sign. It is a choice after much careful thought.”

“Lylah was here, wasn’t she?” Rowan murmured, his eyes sweeping the chamber.

But he was too late.

Lylah had stood at the entrance only moments before—long enough to see Rowan and Cora standing too close, long enough to hear Cora speak the name Rowan should carve into the amulet.

And so, without a word, Lylah had turned away and left.

Cora followed Rowan’s gaze, feigning confusion. “What do you mean? Lylah was here?” Then she smiled. “How unfortunate we missed her.”

Rowan heard none of it.

Lylah had come here alone—had severed the protection she once prayed into existence with her own

hands.

1/2

4:13 pm MMM..

Chapter 19

The bond-blessing she had begged Selene for, night after night, she had extinguished herself.

Finish

“Lady Lylah’s prayer has already worked its miracle, Alpha,” the Moonwarden murmured, his gaze sliding briefly to Cora. “But now I understand why she chose to end it.”

Rowan barely registered the words.

He turned and strode out, his senses flaring as he scanned the sea of faces below.

It was impossible to accept that she had come here without him.

‘Had she come with someone else? With that mysterious guy–Riven?’ The question burned in Rowan’s

mind.

Halfway down the steps, his Beta, Gavriel, was waiting beside the carriage, ready to escort him and Cora back.

One look at Rowan’s face–flushed crimson, eyes burning–made Gavriel freeze. ·

“Did Lylah meet Riven after those two calls?” Rowan demanded, his voice edged with a growl he didn’t bother to suppress.

“N–no, Alpha,” Gavriel stammered. “I’m certain she hasn’t left the estate–”

“Bullshit. She was here.” Rowan roared.

The force of his voice sent Gavriel stumbling back.

Cora rushed forward, slipping behind Rowan and wrapping her arms around him. “Alpha Rowan, stop!”

He shook her off.

Cora staggered, fear crawling up her spine as the Alpha’s wolf surged beneath his skin, power rippling through the air.

This was the first time she had ever seen him like this, so unrestrained and terrifying

Lylah had that much power over him?’ Cora thought bitterly.

Jealousy coiled tight in her chest.

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2/2

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# The Betrayed Princess Rising ( Lylah And Rowan Blackfang's )

Lylah's POV

Finish

I spent two more days in bliss at Starfall Pack with Tiara before returning to Blackfang. Night had already swallowed the estate when I arrived.

The estate loomed in silence, and I allowed myself a fragile breath of relief. With Rowan buried in his 'project', he should have been long gone.

I stepped into my chamber and reached for the lamp.

Then a voice cut through the dark.

"Did you enjoy your trip?" Rowan stood near the window, half-cloaked in shadow.

"What are you doing here?" I demanded.

He didn't answer.

In two strides he crossed the room, his strength slamming me back against the wall. The impact drove the breath from my lungs as pain flared across my shoulder.

"You hurt me," I hissed.

His eyes glowed, wolf-gold bleeding into the whites.

"You erase my name from your prayers. Who replaced it, Lylah?" he growled. "The man you've been secretly calling behind my back? Was he worth lying to me?"

I met his stare, refusing to bow.

"He must mean something to you. Answer me, don't just stand in silence."

His weight pressed harder, dominance crushing, a silent demand for submission.

"I went with Tiara. Now get off me. Don't smear me with your filthy judgments."

“Then why did you leave without a word? Without me?” His voice dropped, dangerous. “Have you already forgotten the vow you made three years ago?”

Three years ago—under a leaking roof in a broken apartment, when the world had turned its back on us—Rowan and I had bound ourselves with a promise to never lie to each other.

I shoved him with all the strength I could muster. He staggered back, stunned.

“Yes. I lied,” I said, lifting my chin. “But what about you? Was that so-called urgent project Corlis Prime— or my sister?” My voice sharpened. “You rush to Silvaris with Cora to erase your name and replace it with hers. Funny how you’re furious I moved faster than you.”

My jaw clenched. “Remember, I’m the one who climbed that mountain and carved the amulet into the stone back then. If I want it undone, it will be undone. You had no right to touch it.”

1/2

4:13 pm MMM..

Chapter 20

Finis

Silence swallowed the room.

“You broke our vow first,” I said evenly. “Don’t lay your failure at my feet.”

Shock rippled across his face, followed by guilt—then fear.

“Lylah...” Rowan’s breathing slowed, his voice losing its edge.

I didn’t respond.

I brushed past him. “Leave.”

He didn’t listen.

In a blur of motion, his arms wrapped around my waist, pulling me back into his chest. His scent—pine iron, and dominance—flooded my senses as he turned me to face him.

“I was wrong,” he murmured, forehead nearly touching mine. “But you misunderstood. I never intended to carve Cora’s name. I meant to bind my Pack’s name instead. I didn’t want you climbing that mountain twice. I was going to explain everything.”

His remorse was too smooth.

“Yes, Cora came with me,” he admitted. “And yes, we’ve grown closer lately because of my alliance with your father. But she means nothing to me.”

My lips curved into a hollow smile.

“Of course,” I said. “I trust you.”

Relief washed over his face.

“I’m so sorry. Jealousy made me lose control.”

His gaze swept over me as if I were something breakable. “Did I hurt you?”

“No,” I replied. “You should go. I need rest.”

Rowan hesitated, then nodded. “Tomorrow we’ll have breakfast together. Then I’ll take you for a walk,”

I watched Rowan retreat, the trace of his care leaving a bitter tang in the air.

Watching him soften—not from guilt, but from the worry of his own rot being exposed—made my wolf bristle in disgust.

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2/2

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