

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

Chapter 111

Lylah's POV

010

B

Finished

By the time we reached the penthouse, all I wanted was to shift. To let my wolf take over, to understand what had passed between us earlier. Whatever we saw in that fractured moment... it hadn't been imagination.

But Ezra didn't give me the chance.

He guided me inside, his hand firm at the small of my back, steering me down the hall as though he were shaping my every step toward my room.

You should change and get some rest," he said. "You were soaked."

'Not as soaked as you." I arched a brow. "Unless the Alpha of Moonclaw enjoys catching pneumonia, you should probably change too, Ezra."

A slow smile curved his lips—dangerous, amused, entirely aware of itself. "Of course. I'll change in my room. Unless you have another suggestion?"

My eyes widened before I could stop them. Heat crept up my neck.

'Right," I muttered, looking away. "In your room. Obviously."

His chuckle followed me all the way to my door.

I thanked him—for tonight, for the way he'd save me from Cora and Rowan without making a spectacle of it. Then he left.

I changed into something dry, but sleep refused to claim me.

The rain had thinned to a restless wind.

I opened the window and let it strike my face, cool and wild. Lunar is flickered below like fallen stars, but they felt distant compared to the tempest inside my chest.

‘Selestine, I called softly.

Silence.

She was asleep, curled deep within me.

Since my first shift at eighteen, we had been inseparable. But sometimes she retreated into a profound slumber, unreachable even by instinct. Tonight was one of those times.

“What we saw earlier...” I whispered into the wind. “I know that wasn’t a hallucination.”

The memory flashed again—shards of another life, another time. A battlefield soaked in blood and moonlight. A crown. A bond that burned brighter than the sky.

“It felt like a fracture from a past existence,” I murmured. “But if that was our life... how was Ezra there

1/3

3:29 pm

Chapter 111

0161

Finished

too?”

My pulse quickened.

“And not just there. He was our mate.”

The word tasted sacred. Terrifying.

The sharp ring of my phone shattered the silence.

“Lylah!” Tiara’s voice exploded through the speaker, high and dramatic as **ever**.

“Tiara?” I breathed, relief rushing through me so fast it left me lightheaded. “I was just about to call you!”

“Of course you were,” she scoffed. “And if I hadn’t called first, would you even remember me? Or have you already made shiny new friends in Lunar is and forgotten your best friend?”

I huffed a laugh. “Relax. I could never forget you. Actually, I have something to tell you tonight. About... Alpha Ezra.”

Her gasp was immediate.

“What happened? Did he finally take you to visit Moonclaw? Parade you through the territory while you wore some ancient Luna crown and his pack members chanted your name?”

“Stop,” I said, laughing despite myself. “You’re ridiculous. But this **is** serious.”

The laughter faded.

“Whenever he is near me... I feel something different. Right here.” I pressed my palm to my sternum. “It’s

my heart recognizes him before I do. And it’s not just me. My wolf feels it too.”

like

Ezra was an Alpha. His dominance was natural—his aura alone could make lesser wolves lower their heads. I’d lived under Alpha authority before. I knew what power felt like.

But this wasn’t a submission.

This wasn’t intimidation.

gaze.

“You lived with an Alpha for five years,” Tiara said carefully. “Even if he was an Alpha asshole. No offense. Did you ever feel this with Rowan?”

I shook my head automatically—then remembered she couldn’t see me.

“No,” I said softly. “And that’s the point. I didn’t.”

With Rowan, what I felt was more like duty—repayment for the kindness he’d shown me. He took me into his pack when my own family cast me aside. He gave shelter to a girl no one else wanted.

I told myself that loyalty was love. That gratitude could grow into something deeper.

But was it?

2/3

3:29 pm

Chapter 111

017

Finished

Was that truly love—or just the desperate devotion of a younger version of me who needed somewhere to belong?

What I felt with him had weight. Expectation. A quiet pressure to give back as much as I'd been given, to prove I was worth the space I occupied.

And sometimes, if I'm honest, it felt suffocating—like I was constantly trying to repay a debt carved into my bones.

This... whatever is happening with Ezra... doesn't feel like that.

It doesn't feel like a debt I owe.

It feels written in my blood.

Wild. Ancient. Magical.

214

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.

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

Chapter 112

3rd Person's POV

The day of the first official meeting for the MDT Project arrived beneath a pale silver dawn.

Finished

Lylah stepped onto the grounds of Lunar Grace long before most of the others. The conference chamber buzzed with low conversation—participants who had passed the selection process gathered in clusters, nearly all flanked by their supervising professors.

Lylah had no one beside her.

‘Professor Clark would come. She told herself that firmly. ‘Just late.&

She refused to call him. She knew his temperament well enough. He despised being disturbed at night or at dawn.

As she stepped inside, the hum of voices thinned—just slightly—enough for her to notice.

“Is she from Modern Healing?” someone murmured under their breath. “I’ve never seen her before.”

“Look at her badge,” another whispered, not bothering to mask the contempt in his face. “She’s from the Traditional department.”

A soft scoff followed. “What **is** she thinking? Every Traditional class student who joins our project always quits halfway through. They don’t have the brains to keep up. And in the end, we’re the ones forced to slow down.”

“I agree.”

The whispers coiled around her like smoke.

Lylah did not falter.

She walked down the aisle, chin lifted, spine straight, and took her seat without haste.

The door opened again.

Conversations died altogether as Corvin Vale entered. Behind him followed the Vale team—the prodigies he personally mentored. Among them was Cora.

Like the rest of the room, Lylah rose and offered a respectful bow as Vale passed.

Cora’s gaze locked onto her instantly.

For a fleeting second, the scent of rain seemed to return.

Cora still hadn’t uncovered why one of those two men had come to pick Lylah up that night—nor why he had claimed, without hesitation, that he was in her service.

‘So the man holding the umbrella...’ Her thoughts tightened, nails dragging absently against the armrest as her wolf paced in restless curiosity.

3:29 pm

Chapter 112

°|

Finished

Then a low, careless voice cut through the quiet.

“Look, Cora, she’s alone today,” Alexander Blackridge said, not even trying to lower his voice. “And without Clark Grimwood, she looks so out of her depth. Just a clueless idiot pretending she belongs among us.”

“Alex,” Cora murmured sharply. “Lower your voice.”

Since the incident in the laboratory, Vale’s demeanor toward the two of them had cooled perceptibly. Cora had no desire to test his patience further.

Alexander only smirked. “I should’ve known. Grimwood was never going to waste his time backing up his own students. She’s probably trying not to cry right now.”

Cora’s eyes flickered back to Lylah.

It was true—Clark Grimwood was nowhere to be seen.

He had claimed Lylah as his student, only to vanish on the morning that mattered most?

What a joke.

Across the room, Lylah suddenly rose and excused herself.

Alexander huffed. “Maybe she’s finally come to her senses and decided to withdraw.”

But Cora didn’t want Lylah to leave.

No—she wanted her to stay.

She wanted to see how long Lylah could last in this den of Modern Healing’s finest—without allies, without connections, and apparently without a mentor.

She wanted her to endure... right up until the moment she broke.

“Let’s see,” she murmured, a smile curving her lips.

The door opened once more, and Lylah stepped back inside. Her footsteps were steady.

Cora’s lips curved faintly.

Still alone.

Lylah crossed the room beneath the weight of watching eyes and reclaimed her seat as if the silence pressing against her meant nothing. Her chin remained lifted, her posture unbent.

Cora studied her carefully.

‘Grimwood has abandoned her and she still dares to lift her chin?’ A slow, satisfied breath left her.

‘Stand tall while you can, Lylah. Her eyes glinted with malice. ‘It won’t last long.

The Betrayed Princess Rising

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.

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

3rd Person’s POV

o:0

Finished

Lylah felt Cora and Alexander’s taunting gazes long before she dared to meet them. She knew they were waiting for her to stumble. And if she didn’t? They would gladly wedge their claws into the smallest crack and tear her down themselves.

She was also aware that her place among these Modern Healing students remained precarious—like a lone wolf standing at the edge of a hostile pack’s territory. One wrong step and she would be driven out She wasn’t afraid.

But she refused to hand Cora the satisfaction of watching her fall.

So today, she would move with precision.

‘Professor Clark didn’t come. He said he wouldn’t shield me again.’

Lylah thought.

‘After everything he’s done for me, taking me in as his student, teaching me what no one else would—I won’t disgrace him. I won’t make a mistake that stains his name.’

Her spine straightened.

After a brief welcome, the practical session began.

Lunar Grace maintained a separate ward dedicated to wolves suffering from severe illnesses aligned with this project. It was both a place of hope and quiet despair.

The moment they stepped inside, the scent struck Lylah.

Illness in a wolf carried a distinct stench. It clung to the air, heavy and metallic, laced with something brittle and dying.

Lylah walked behind the others, silent, observant, her eyes sweeping across the room.

“Welcome, Professor Vale.” A woman bowed respectfully. “I’m Gwyn, the physician overseeing the ward today.”

Vale acknowledged her with a slight nod, already stepping forward.

They moved deeper inside.

Every patient **lay** motionless on their beds, chests rising shallowly. Eyes closed. Faces gaunt.

Lylah swallowed.

They all looked closer to death than life.

“My finest students—Thane Blackridge and Lady Coraline of Ironcrest Pack—will conduct the first examinations,” Vale announced, pride threading his tone.

3:29 pm

Chapter 113

0191

Finished

Thane stepped forward with effortless confidence, Cora gliding to his side.

A low hum of awe swept through the ward the moment the two of them began.

“They do look exceptional together,” one professor commented softly. “That new girl of yours—she did seem promising, Vale.”

“Indeed,” Corvin Vale replied, his lips curving faintly. “I was very nearly persuaded to accept someone else.” His gaze flicked toward Lylah, cool and measured. “I can only imagine the disaster that might have unfolded had it not been Cora who earned her place as my apprentice... but her.”

The words hung deliberately in the air.

Lylah remained still.

Her pulse slowed by sheer will. She would not let their whispers hook into her ribs.

“Professor,” Gwyn hurried back toward them, urgency lining her voice. Behind her, an elderly wolf struggled forward, supported by a younger attendant. “I know your priority is cancer-related cases, but we would appreciate it if you could examine this patient as well. He may not survive much longer if left untreated.”

The old wolf tried to straighten despite his obvious weakness. “Sir...” His voice rasped like dry leaves.

Vale recoiled almost imperceptibly.

Disgust flashed openly across his face.

The elderly wolf stilled at once.

He was painfully thin. His breathing whistled, uneven and labored.

Vale’s sharp eyes swept over him from head to toe.

“Lung stone,” he pronounced coldly. “Primitive. Not even close to tumorous development.”

His gaze hardened as it shifted back to Gwyn. “No. I will not take this case. This illness offers nothing to my research. You can find someone else.”

“But Professor,” Gwyn pressed, desperation edging her voice. “The disease has consumed most of his lungs. This is urgent-”

“Gwyn,” Vale interrupted smoothly, though steel laced every syllable. “Are you implying my project is less urgent?”

Silence fell.

It was painfully clear. Corbin Vale had no interest in a frail stray whose illness offered him no benefit.

His gaze drifted across the ward once more—then stilled on Lylah.

Something calculating flickered there.

2/3

3:29 pm

Chapter 113

A calculating idea slid into place.

214

B

017

Finished

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.

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

1:29 pm

The Betrayed Princess Rising

Chapter 114

3rd Person's POV

'You. Come here.'

Corvin Vale crooked a single finger at Lylah.

Conversations died. Several heads turned.

019

Finished

Lylah stepped forward from the back row and stopped before him, chin lifted, her pulse steady despite the weight of predatory gazes pressing down on her.

If I remember correctly," Vale drawled, flashing a smile that held no warmth, "you're Clark Grimwood's student."

Yes, Professor."

A scoff came from one of the other professors. "Since when does Grimwood take on new apprentices? The old wolf hasn't accepted a student in years. We were certain he intended to let that brilliant mind of his rot in solitude."

A ripple of low chuckles followed.

Vale's lips twitched. "I believed the same—until two weeks ago." His sharp eyes slid back to Lylah. Apparently, he deemed this young lady worthy." His tone softened, but only on the surface. "So tell me... are you truly capable?"

Silence stretched.

Lylah knew that if she hesitated—even for a heartbeat—they would devour her.

Yes, Professor Vale."

A glint of something vile flickered in his gaze.

Good." He turned toward the frail, ailing wolf on the cot. "You have your healer. This student will be the one to treat you."

A murmur rose immediately. Doubt flickered across the room.

Gwyn stepped forward at once. "Professor, she's only a student. This concerns a life. We cannot gamble on inexperience. We need someone seasoned."

Before Vale could respond, another voice slipped smoothly into the tension.

"Seasoned, you say?" Alexander stepped out from the line of senior students, confidence radiating off him in controlled waves. "I've trained under Professor Vale for three years. I've worked on multiple research trials. My name is on papers published across Lunaris—even in Verdanth."

His smile curved. "I'm exactly what you're looking for."

1/2

3:29 pm

Chapter 114

He turned to Lylah, his eyes softening with carefully crafted courtesy. "I'll help you."

Lylah's breath stalled.

"Alexander," Vale said coolly, "did I give you permission to speak?"

Finished

"No. Professor." He bowed his head slightly, the picture of contrition. "But I would like to prove myself again. The incident at the laboratory..." His **jaw** tightened just enough to suggest regret. "I know I disappointed you. Allow me to redeem myself."

Vale regarded him for a long moment before giving a curt nod.

Alexander's smile widened—barely restrained triumph flashing in his eyes before he masked it.

Gwyn exhaled and gestured toward the adjoining chamber. "Very well. Both of you."

They entered the examination room where the old wolf lay on a narrow cot.

His ribs pressed sharply against parchment-thin skin; the silver in his hair had dulled to ash.

"Lunar Grace found him collapsed in the southern district," Gwyn explained briskly. "His condition was already dire when they brought him in. He has no mate, no pups, and no pack to claim him."

Alexander clicked his tongue. "I'm not blind. It's obvious no one has bothered with him in years." His gaze sharpened. "And you expect the Academy to waste its resources on this? I doubt he owns a single coin to repay us once he's back on his **feet**."

"We already committed to treating him without payment, Alexander." Gwyn's expression hardened. "If that's a problem for you, you don't have to volunteer. I'm sure she can handle it just fine."

"Her?" Alexander let out a low, derisive laugh, openly gesturing toward Lylah. "You might want to rethink

that."

Lylah ignored them both.

She slipped into her sterile coat, fastening it neatly at the waist before pulling on her gloves and mask.

Without sparing them another glance, she turned to the old wolf and began the examination.

214

B

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.

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

Person's POV

The patient's eyes were already closed, his breathing shallow and uneven. He didn't stir when Lylah stepped closer to the bed. The draughts he'd been swallowing day after day likely dulled his senses, dragging him into a heavy, unnatural sleep.

Finished

Lylah didn't fuss with elaborate examinations. She gently lifted his hand and pressed her palm to his forehead.

The moment her skin met his, Selestine rose within her—alert, instinct sharpening like a blade unsheathed.

"What's his name?" she asked quietly.

"Yorik," Gwyn replied.

Lylah's expression darkened.

"His fever is dangerously high." She glanced at Gwyn and Alexander. "His pulse is irregular. If we don't bring his temperature down soon, he could seize. Or worse—die."

Gwyn's face crumpled with distress. "But only some minutes ago he was conscious. He even managed to sit up."

A low chuckle broke the tension.

"You touched his forehead for a second, and now you're handing down life-and-death verdicts?" Alexander asked. "What do you think you are? Some Moon-blessed healer?"

His gaze shifted to Gwyn. "I warned you she's an amateur. She was nothing more than a junior assistant in the Traditional Class before Clark Grimwood decided to indulge her." He scoffed. "I'm one of Professor Vale's finest students. And I don't agree with whatever she thinks she's suggesting."

Gwyn stood frozen between them, torn.

She and the other healers had already administered high doses of cooling elixirs and potent herbal infusions. Another measure might overwhelm Yorik's system. She knew it—but she refused to say it aloud, unwilling to hand Alexander the satisfaction of being right.

"Then what do you suggest, Alexander Blackridge?" Lylah asked evenly.

He hadn't expected her to challenge him. His eyes narrowed slightly.

He didn't hesitate. "Surgery." His tone turned clinical. "We cut him open. Remove the stone. Excise the infected root. That way he won't continue wasting nearly every expensive tonic in this ward"

Cold horror washed through Lylah. "You can't be serious."

He tilted his head, smiling faintly. "I am."

1/3

3:29 pm

Chapter 115

Finished

"No, Alexander," Gwyn cut in, her voice tight. "We can't just do that. He hasn't given consent, and look at him—he wouldn't survive it in this condition. The chances of it going wrong are too high."

"Then think of it as experience," he said lightly. "Unless you're admitting you don't have the stomach for it." His gaze flicked toward Lylah. "You females can barely withstand the sight of real blood when it spills. I've cut open dozens of lab rats in Vale's laboratory. This would be nothing."

Lylah's fists clenched until her knuckles blanched.

"You compare him to lab rats?" she demanded, voice trembling with fury. "You're revolting."

"At least I'm competent," he countered coolly. "I offer a logical solution. Unlike you." His eyes dropped to Yorik's frail form. "Let's not pretend this **is** some great tragedy in the making. He has no pack. No one will mourn him if he dies."

For a moment, Lylah couldn't find her voice.

Rage warred with disbelief inside her chest.

She turned to Gwyn, desperate for support—but the young physician stood silent, shoulders bowed beneath the weight of the Blackridge name.

“Prepare the instruments,” Alexander ordered. “My gloves.”

“No.”

Lylah stepped in front of him, but Alexander shoved her aside, sending her crashing into a wooden table.

He slipped on his gloves with deliberate calm, then approached Yorik’s bed with the slow, measured grace of a predator closing in on wounded prey. A syringe gleamed in his hand, its needle catching the dim lantern light.

He leaned over the old wolf.

But just as the needle descended-

Yorik’s eyes snapped open.

Not dull. Not fevered.

Golden.

A growl ripped from his throat.

In a blur of movement, Yorik surged upright. His hand shot out, gripping Alexander’s wrist with startling strength.

Alexander gasped as Yorik twisted his arm mercilessly, forcing him to his knees beside the bed.

2/3

:29 pm

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.

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

A guttural snarl tore through the ward.

‘Argh! You piece of shit! How dare you!’ Alexander roared, his voice shaking the very walls.

Finished

He thrashed violently, trying to wrench himself free, but Yorik had already locked him down with the brutal efficiency of a seasoned fighter. The old wolf had wrapped his legs around Alexander’s neck, cutting off his air with a chokehold that spoke of instinct and long-forgotten battlefields.

‘You’re nothing but a pup playing in a playground,’ Yorik rasped, his eyes blazed with feral fury, the wolf within them flashing through the frailty of his body—old, wounded, but far from dead. ‘What did you hink you were doing, huh?’ His grip tightened. ‘You tried to kill me!’

‘N-no-’

Alexander’s protest strangled in his throat as the pressure tightened.

Yorik, please stop!’ Gwyn cried out, panic cracking her voice.

The old wolf’s gaze swept across the room like a predator assessing a threat. Then it halted.

On Lylah.

The fury in his eyes faltered.

Something softer—something almost reverent—flickered there. ‘You...’

His grip slackened.

Alexander seized the chance instantly, twisting free and scrambling to his feet.

He retreated behind Gwyn with hurried steps that did little to hide the arrogance hardening his face.

‘Is that stray rabid or something?’ he spat. ‘Why the hell did he attack me?’

Gwyn shook her head quickly. ‘No, he isn’t. But... Yorik’s wolf is aggressive. It will take over if he feels threatened. His wolf was always stronger than his human side—even after the illness.’

She paused, a realization slowly dawning across her face.

“Yorik used to say he was from Whitepine...” she murmured. “That he fought beside his Alpha and Commander **Ivar**. He claimed he slaughtered dozens of rogue tribes in his youth...”

Alexander’s **eyes** flicked sharply to the frail old man, then back to Gwyn.

Whitepine?

And beside Ivar—the war god of Vedanth?

1/3

:29 pm

Chapter 116

His gaze darkened with sudden understanding.

That half-mad, sickly stray...

“He was a warrior,” Alexander said hoarsely.

In the next second, his hand shot out, fisting Gwyn’s collar.

“Then why the hell didn’t you tell me?” he snarled. “You wanted to humiliate me, didn’t you?!”

‘N-no.” Gwyn stammered, startled. “We never believed it! Yorik always rambled about his past—we thought it was just the illness talking...”

Their argument faded into the background.

Because Yorik was no longer looking at them.

His eyes were fixed entirely on Lylah.

The storm in them had faded, replaced by something deep and aching.

-ylah took a slow breath and stepped forward.

Finished

My lady...” Yorik whispered, his voice trembling. “By Selene above... you’ve returned... you’re here...”

Lylah frowned slightly.

‘I may be old... and my mind may wander,” Yorik continued softly, “but my wolf remembers. He will lways remember the one who first taught us to bare our claws and fight with fang.”

His head bowed low in reverence.

Behind Lylah, Alexander scoffed harshly. “For fuck’s sake! The old stray’s lost his damn mind again.”

But Lylah barely heard him.

Understanding struck her like a sudden bolt of lightning.

Whitepine.

A warrior.

A comrade of her parents.

Yorik had fought beside them.

And now... he was mistaking her for someone else.

Her mother.

Vala Stillward.

“Yorik,” Lylah called gently.

2/3

3:29 pm

Chapter 116

The old wolf straightened instantly, spine rigid with instinctive discipline.

“Yes, my lady,” he said, voice firm despite the frailty of his body. “I am at your service.”

Alexander frowned, confusion flickering across his face.

A faint smile curved on Lylah’s lips.

“Then will you go exactly as I say?”

Without hesitation, Yorik bowed his head. “Yes, my lady.”

Lylah knew precisely what she was doing.

“Then lie back please,” she said softly. “And stay calm.”

Her gaze held his—steady, reassuring.

“I need you to trust me... just one more time.”

214

041

白

Finished

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.

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

Chapter 117

3rd Person's POV

Yorik did not hesitate.

At Lylah's quiet request, the old wolf lowered himself onto the bed. His movements were slow but obedient.

As Lylah stepped closer, something warm stirred in his chest.

"You remember me?" she asked gently.

Finished

Though in her heart she knew he meant her mother, not her, she still wanted to hear the story—the fragments of memory he carried about the woman she had never known.

"I would like to hear what you remember."

Yorik's cloudy eyes softened, drifting somewhere far beyond the room.

"Back then... at the war camp," he murmured. "I was sixteen. Just shifted. A low-ranked peasant who didn't even know how to throw a proper punch."

A faint, crooked smile touched his lips.

“The other young warriors laughed *at* me. Mocked me. Said a farm pup had no place among them.” His voice grew quieter. “But you never did.”

Lylah listened as she prepared the needle, her movements calm and precise.

“You treated everyone the same,” Yorik continued. “Didn’t matter if they came from a noble warrior bloodline... or from mud and wheat fields like me.”

His gaze unfocused further **as** the memory took hold.

“The first time I saw you running through the forest, you were fast. Faster than anyone. Like the wind itself had chosen a form.” A breath of quiet awe escaped him. “I was just standing there, staring like a fool. Then you and your friends noticed me watching near the bonfire that night. Instead of chasing me away... You invited me over.”

A faint chuckle left him.

“You pulled me into your circle. And for the first time... I found a family.”

Lylah smiled softly.

In her mind, the scene came alive—crackling firelight, young Whitepine warriors gathered beneath the moon, and at the center of it all, a woman she had never met but somehow knew. Her biological mother.

Vala Stillward.

Her chest tightened.

1/3

3:29 pm

Chapter 117

019

Finished

“This will hurt a little,” Lylah warned quietly as she positioned the needle.

“I trust you, my lady,” Yorik said without hesitation. “You would never harm another.”

Lylah inhaled slowly, steadying her hand.

Then she began.

Holding the needle firmly, she guided it into the Fengchi point along Yorik's wrist, just above the crease of the joint. Her movements were careful but decisive as she rotated the slender metal between her fingers, gradually pushing it deeper.

The needle slid further in.

She continued twisting, guiding its path with controlled pressure.

Slowly—impossibly—the tip pierced through to the underside of Yorik's wrist, emerging on the other side.

“What the fuck is she doing?” Alexander snapped, his voice sharp with confusion.

“This technique is called the Bridge of Life. The needle passes through the Neiguan point,” Gwyn explained. “It's an old method often used to bring down severe fevers. Extremely effective—but sadly, most modern Healing students don't bother studying it anymore.”

When Lylah finally withdrew her hand, Yorik remained conscious—but the light in his eyes had grown heavy and distant.

“Are you feeling sleepy?” Lylah asked softly. “Don't fight it. Just close your eyes.”

Yorik obeyed without question.

Within seconds, sleep claimed him.

As Lylah turned away from the bed, a sudden burst of applause from Gwyn filled the room.

The healer stood there, clapping excitedly, her face glowing with admiration.

“Thank you! Truly, thank you!” she exclaimed, even dipping into a small bow. “You found a way to calm him without pumping him full of tonics again. That was incredible!”

Lylah offered a polite nod.

But across the room, Alexander's expression had darkened into something far colder.

His fists clenched tightly at his sides.

This had not been how things were supposed to unfold!

His entire plan—volunteering to treat the sick stray—had been meant to intimidate Lylah. To demonstrate his superior skill. To remind her just how insignificant she was here.

Instead...

3:29 pm

Chapter 117

Finished

He was the one left standing in humiliation.

While the Traditional Class student he had never considered worthy of standing beside him now held the room's attention—**chin** lifted, calm and confident.

“This little leech. Alexander's eyes darkened.

She must be a witch, he thought bitterly.

How else does she keep slipping out of every scheme we set for her?”

214

3/3

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.

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

Chapter 118

3rd Person's POV

At the Lunaris Research Center, a strategic meeting was underway.

Normally, when Ezra was unavailable, Archer West would preside in his place. But today, the Alpha himself had chosen to lead the discussion.

Ezra had just begun addressing the next phase of the project when his phone vibrated.

He glanced at the screen.

Lylah.

Without hesitation, he rose from his seat.

The door slid shut behind him as he answered the call.

“I was just about to call you,” Ezra said, warmth instantly filling his voice. “How was the first training session for your project?”

A soft laugh came from the other end. “Ezra, you sound more excited than I am.”

Finished

“Just want to make sure everything went smoothly. That no one gave you trouble.” His tone sharpened slightly. “Including Grimwood.”

“Not at all,” Lylah replied. “Professor Clark was very supportive. And the training went smoothly.”

A small pause followed. “Where are you right now?”

“At the Research Center,” Ezra said, relief easing the tension in his shoulders now that he knew she was fine.

“Oh right!” she said suddenly. “You mentioned you had a meeting today. I must be interrupting. I’m so sorry!”

“Don’t say that.” Ezra’s voice softened immediately. “You’re never an interruption, Lylah.”

Silence lingered between them for a moment.

Then she spoke again.

“Let’s talk more tonight. There’s something I want to tell you, but I think it’s better to say it face-to-face.”

Inside the meeting room, the Lunaris’

Chief engineers were beginning to grow restless.

Archer West remained standing at the head of the table, arms folded.

1/3

3:29 pm

Chapter 118

Finished

“Stay in your seats, gentlemen,” he said calmly. “Alpha Ezra will return shortly.”

One of the younger engineers frowned.

“But that’s so unusual. Alpha Ezra never takes calls during meetings. Is everything alright?”

“That must be someone very important to him,” Archer said.

“Could it be Master Vargan?” someone suggested. “Or his High Council? Did something happen to Moonclaw Pack?”

Archer shook his head.

“No.”

He allowed a faint smirk to form.

“He’s most likely speaking with... his Luna.”

The entire room went still.

Every voice fell silent. Even the faint hum of the equipment seemed louder.

“Luna?” someone blurted out in disbelief. “Alpha Ezra doesn’t have a Luna yet. If he had found his mate, the entire Moonclaw Pack would have celebrated for seven nights. And how could we possibly not know about it?”

Archer rubbed the bridge of his nose with mild amusement.

“Perhaps,” he said dryly, “he simply didn’t consider us worthy enough to be informed.”

A collective sigh of disappointment spread across the table.

“If Moonclaw Pack truly has a Luna now, it’s very important that we meet her,” another engineer said eagerly. “Have you seen her up close?”

“Yes,” Archer replied with a scoff. “Once.”

All eyes snapped toward him.

“When I visited the Alpha’s penthouse,” he continued. “And she happened to be inside. That’s the closest I’ve ever been to the Luna of Moonclaw.”

“You fool, West!” one of them groaned. “You wasted a priceless opportunity!”

Archer burst into laughter.

“You try it yourself,” he said, shaking his head. “Try getting close to Alpha Ezra’s Luna. You’ll feel enough adrenaline to last a lifetime without ever stepping onto a battlefield.”

He leaned **back** casually.

2/3

3:29 pm

Chapter 118

“Trust me. I’ve already learned my lesson.”

Finished

After the meeting concluded, Ezra stepped out into the corridor.

Damon was waiting there.

It wasn’t often that Ezra shared his worries with his Beta. But today, something weighed heavily on his mind.

“Lylah said she wants to talk tonight,” Ezra said quietly. “Something serious.”

Damon raised an eyebrow. “That sounds like good news, Alpha. Why are you worried?”

“I’m afraid it won’t be.” Ezra exhaled slowly. The usual calm authority in his eyes was replaced by something far more vulnerable. “I’m afraid she’ll bring unpleasant news... something that proves I failed her again.” His voice dropped. “That I failed to give her the best. The life she deserves.”

He held Damon’s gaze firmly. “I wouldn’t forgive myself if that happened again. I cannot lose her.”

A dangerous edge crept into his voice. “I would rather burn all of Verdanth to ashes and challenge Selene herself than be separated from her again.”

“Alpha,” Damon said quietly.

There was no confusion in his expression.

In a life long buried beneath the turning of time, he had stood at Ezra’s side—as his soldier, his blade, his most loyal shadow upon the battlefield. Through war and ruin, his allegiance had never wavered.

Damon had carried the truth of Ezra’s past for far longer than anyone realized. He simply played the fool before others, burying the truth beneath a mask of harmless ignorance.

Ezra studied him for a long moment before speaking again.

“Tell me, Darion... will I fail her again?”

The name—Damon name from their past life—hung heavily in the air.

Never before had he seen his commander this shaken. Damon shook his head without hesitation.

“No,” His gaze did not waver. “Fate has given the two of you another chance. And this time will not be like before.” He paused, the weight of memory lingering in his eyes. “I believe that you and she will finally reclaim the future that once slipped through your fingers.”

◦

214

3/3

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.

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

Chapter 119

Alexander’s POV

Hearing Gwyn praise Lylah felt like a slap across my pride.

白

Finished

That admiration should have been directed at me, not at her—and certainly not because of some ridiculous traditional trick that put a stray wolf to sleep like an obedient pup.

Yorik now lay unconscious on the bed, breathing steadily as if nothing had happened. As if he hadn’t nearly shattered my arm moments ago.

My arm.

The arm of Alexander Blackridge.

The humiliation burned beneath my skin.

I swore to myself I wouldn't forget this insult.

While they were still talking around the bed, I slipped quietly out of the room.

Professor Vale and the rest of the team were no longer in the next ward. I spotted them heading toward the laboratory at the end of the hall.

The moment I approached, Cora turned.

"How did it go?" she asked quickly. Her brows knitted with worry. "Alex, I was getting concerned. Is everything alright?"

"Yes," I answered curtly.

"Where's Lylah?" Cora continued. "You two went together to treat that patient, didn't you?"

Her question drew several curious glances from the other students—including Professor Vale himself.

The old wolf stopped walking and fixed me with a sharp stare.

"Where have you been?" he demanded. "Did it truly take you this long to handle a single old stray, Alexander Blackridge?" His voice hardened. "You've slowed the entire team and embarrassed me."

I lowered my gaze slightly, feigning frustration.

"Professor, I was handling the situation smoothly," I said. "But that woman interfered and slowed everything down."

His eyes narrowed.

"Lylah. The student from the traditional healing class."

A murmur passed among the students.

1/3

1:30 pm

Chapter 119

"What exactly are you implying?" Professor Vale asked coldly. "And where **is** she now?"

I sighed as if exasperated.

0401

Finished

“She panicked the entire time,” I said smoothly. “All she did was stand there and shout. She doesn’t even understand the basics of treating a sick wolf.”

The lie slipped easily from my tongue.

“Frankly, Professor, I believe she should be removed from this project. She’s only causing trouble.”

I paused, then added the final blade.

“Especially now that she’s run off without a shred of shame.”

Lylah’s POV

Gwyn studied me thoughtfully.

“But I still don’t understand, Lylah,” she said slowly. “You’re still so young, and you don’t even carry the aura of a battle wolf. How could Yorik mistake you for one of his seniors from the war camp in his youth?”

Her confusion lingered in her honey-brown eyes.

“Has he said something like that before?” I asked carefully.

“He rambles sometimes...” Gwyn admitted. “But earlier... he was fully conscious. I could tell.”

My chest tightened.

“Maybe... he just thinks my face resembles someone he knew,” I said with a small, strained smile.

Gwyn tilted her head, clearly unconvinced.

“I also come from Whitepine Pack,” she continued. “Maybe I should ask my father about this. He knows many of the warriors who fought alongside Yorik at that time. We might be able to figure out who he meant.”

A flicker of unease shot through me.

“His seniors were famous warriors,” Gwyn added thoughtfully. “Jax and Vala Stillward. Everyone in the northern packs knew their names.”

She paused.

“But they—and their daughters—died years ago.”

My heart skipped.

“I don’t think that’s necessary,” I said quickly, forcing my voice to stay light. “You mentioned Yorik had taken a large dose of calming tonic, didn’t you? That must have affected his mind.”

2/3

3:30 pm

Chapter 119

010

白

Finished

If Gwyn’s father started investigating...

Things could become complicated. Dangerous, even.

Gwyn studied me for another moment before her expression softened.

“Well... if that’s what you prefer.”

She smiled warmly.

“Still, I want to thank you for treating Yorik the way you did.”

I blinked. “What do you mean?”

“Most healer students look down on patients whose treatment is funded by the academy. Especially old wolves who can’t pay for themselves anymore.” Her gaze turned gentle. “But you didn’t.”

She clasped her hands behind her back.

“I’m certain that one day you will become a great healer—one whose name will be spoken with respect in every hall of healing across Verdanth.”

214

W

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.

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

Chapter 120

白

Finished

Lylah's POV

I wasn't surprised to find the ward empty. Professor Vale and the others had clearly already left.

Suppressing a sigh, I turned and headed for the most obvious place they would go next—the laboratory.

And sure enough, they were there.

Alexander leaned lazily against the doorway, speaking with Cora and Thane Blackridge. The moment I approached, his gaze snapped toward me.

His lips twitched.

Predatory.

But I barely managed a single step forward before whispers reached my ears.

“Why did she come back after running away? Does she really have no shame?”

“Seriously. Did her brain suddenly start working again so she thinks she can keep up with the project?”

I frowned, confusion settling in my chest.

Running away?

Before I could speak, Professor Vale stepped forward.

His cold eyes locked onto me.

“I’ve seen many foolish students, but your shamelessness might be the most impressive of them all.” He said, eyes narrowing.

My brows drew together.

“I haven’t done anything that would make me ashamed of myself,” I replied calmly.

His eyes flashed with irritation.

“You should be grateful that I chose to remain honorable and keep my mouth shut after your irresponsible decision to abandon this project,” he said icily. “Imagine if I decided to expose it. You wouldn’t have the **face** to show yourself anywhere in Lunaris again.”

Abandon?

The word struck me like a stone.

“I wouldn’t **leave** something I earned with my own effort, Professor Vale,” I said firmly.

“Oh?” He tilted his head mockingly. “So you’re not planning to run?”

1/3

3:30 pm

Chapter 120

Finished

“No.”

A slow, unpleasant smile spread across his face.

“Such confidence,” he murmured. “Very well. If you insist on staying...” His voice hardened. “Then let me be the one who expels you.”

My eyes widened.

“What?”

“You couldn’t even handle a sick old wolf,” Vale snapped. “You panicked. You screamed. And yet you think you deserve to stand among my students?”

His gaze sharpened like claws. “You’re a disgrace to this program!”

For a moment, I couldn’t even process what he was saying.

Then my eyes drifted toward Alexander.

He stood by the door, watching the scene unfold with a faint, satisfied smile.

My fists clenched at my
sides.

So this was his doing.

“Did you hear me?” Vale barked. “Leave. Now. And don’t you ever show your face in front of me again!”

I didn’t move.

The laboratory had fallen completely silent.

Then-

Footsteps stopped behind me.

And suddenly-

Clap.

Once.

Clap.

Twice.

Clap.

Three times.

The sound echoed through the laboratory like thunder in a cave.

“Impressive,” a deep voice said from behind me. “Truly impressive. Intimidating my student. Accusing her

2/3

3:30 pm

Chapter 120

of incompetence. And then expelling her.”

A pause.

“Expelling the only person who successfully handled a patient on the very first day of training.”

The voice grew colder.

0191

Finished

“Every time I think you’ve reached the lowest point possible, Vale, you somehow manage to sink even lower.”

My heart skipped.

I turned immediately.

And there he was.

Professor Clark Grimwood.

My jaw dropped.

“Professor...”

He had said he wouldn’t come.

He had told me he was leaving town—that he wouldn’t interfere for me anymore.

And yet...

Here he was. Standing in the laboratory doorway like a storm that had finally arrived.

Professor Vale’s **face** darkened.

“Why are you here?” he snapped. “You said you wouldn’t come. You were supposed to abandon your student. Instead, you’ve been spying on my project.”

“Abandon my student?” Professor Clark let out a low laugh. “Spying?” he repeated thoughtfully.

Then his gaze sharpened,

“Well... thanks to that spying, I now have enough evidence to ensure that you will be the one who no longer has a face to show in Lunaris.”

214

3/3

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.