

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

For a fleeting second, something dark crossed Professor Vale's face—so quick it might have been a trick of the light.

Beside him, Professor Clark remained composed, as steady as stone. I could do little more than frown, my brows knitting together as unease crept beneath my skin.

Then-

"T-there... there must be a mistake." Alexander stepped forward, his voice unsteady. "Professor Vale, I haven't given you my full explanation about—"

The words died in his throat the moment his mentor turned to look at him.

The stare was cold enough to freeze blood.

You told me what she did in that ward," Vale said.

Yes. Yes," Alexander rushed to agree.

But the certainty in his voice crumbled.

Around us, the other students began murmuring again.

Someone spoke up from the crowd.

Professor Vale sent both Lylah and Alex to treat that patient. Only Alex came back. He said Lylah panicked and ran away after screaming the whole time in the ward..."

A ripple of whispers followed.

Professor Clark exhaled slowly, disappointment sharpening his tone. "Just to hide your own

incompetence, you slander someone innocent." His eyes flicked over Alexander with thinly veiled disdain. "Your family and the Blackridge Pack must be very proud of you."

A few students snorted under their breath.

Vale's

gaze remained fixed on Alexander, heavy with something far more dangerous than anger.

"You didn't lie, did you?" he asked quietly. "Tell me again exactly what happened, Alexander. Was it you... Or Lylah who treated that patient?"

His voice hardened.

"And did she truly intend to run away?"

Alexander's mouth opened. "I... I..."

Nothing came out.

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3:30 pm

Chapter 121

0:0

Finished

The air grew thick with tension. Even the scents around me sharpened—the nervous sweat of students, the metallic bite of anxiety.

No one moved.

Everyone waited for Alexander to speak.

Oddly, my anger had faded. In its place was curiosity. I wondered what exactly he had told them while I **was** still inside Yorik's ward.

"Gwyn," Professor Clark called.

I hadn't even realized how long she had been here. She stepped forward. "Yes, Professor?"

He gestured toward her. "Would you mind explaining what happened earlier in your ward? Who actually treated Yorik and resolved the situation?"

"Of course." Gwyn nodded easily. "It was Lylah."

A collective gasp burst through the hall.

Gwyn blinked, startled by the reaction. "Why **is** everyone surprised? Isn't that obvious? She came back late because she stayed until Yorik was fully calm. We even spoke for a moment before she left."

More murmurs spread like wildfire.

“So she didn’t come back late because she tried to run away,” someone said slowly.

“Then why would Alex claim that?” another voice snapped.

Gwyn’s confusion deepened. She clearly had no idea how badly things had spiraled while she was in the ward.

The sharp scent of humiliation filled the air—thick and unmistakable.

Professor Vale stood rigidly in place.

For the first time since I’d known him, he couldn’t meet anyone’s **eyes**.

His jaw clenched so tightly the muscles in his face twitched.

Then, without a single word, he turned and walked away.

“Professor-!” Alexander hurried after him.

He barely made two steps before Thane blocked his path, gripping his arm.

“Not now,” Thane muttered.

Before Alexander could protest, Thane dragged him away from the crowd. Cora quickly followed behind

them.

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Chapter 121

Gwyn shifted awkwardly, wringing her hands.

Finished

“I didn’t realize things were so tense here,” she said apologetically. “I was just telling the truth... I hope I didn’t make things worse.”

“No,” several students replied at once. “Not at all.”

The murmurs resumed, this time filled with excitement as they discussed Professor Vale’s abrupt departure.

Then their gazes turned toward Professor Clark.

And toward me.

A wave of cheers erupted through the hall.

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Ruby Walker

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The Betrayed Princess Rising

Chapter 122

3rd Person's POV

Finished

The moment Corvin Vale stormed out, the entire room seemed to pivot toward Grimwood. Every pair of eyes settled on him.

“Professor Grimwood, it’s been so long since you’ve visited Lunar Grace. Will you give us the honor of teaching us again?” someone called out.

“Yes, please. It would mean a lot to us if you replaced Professor Vale for today.”

Grimwood lifted a hand to his ear, letting out an irritated grunt as the chorus of voices pressed in around

him.

He relented *at last*.

“Fine. Fine,” Grimwood said “I’ll replace Vale and lead the project today.”

Lylah couldn’t hide her smile.

She quickly retrieved a white lab coat and held it out to her mentor. But just as Grimwood reached for it, she caught his wrist before he could pull away.

His brows lifted in surprise.

‘What is it now, child?’ he asked dryly. ‘I’ve already agreed to replace Vale for today. Don’t tell me you’re about to start shouting at me too.’

‘I’m not, Professor,’ Lylah replied quickly, shaking her head.

She hesitated for a moment before continuing, her curiosity finally spilling over.

‘I was just wondering... earlier you told me you wouldn’t show up today. Yet here you are now.’ Her brows drew together slightly. ‘Why didn’t you tell me anything?’

Grimwood’s expression sharpened, though there was a quiet warmth beneath it.

‘When I said I wouldn’t show up, I meant I wouldn’t appear as a professor and draw attention from these fools who seem determined to miss me no matter how often I scold them.’ His gaze swept across the room before returning to her. ‘But who said I wasn’t going to watch?’

Lylah’s eyes widened. ‘You’ve been observing since earlier?’

‘Of course,’ he huffed. ‘Whenever a project ends up under Vale’s supervision, I make it a habit to keep an eye on things. History has proven that man possesses impressive talent for turning the simplest task into a spectacular disaster.’ He gave a small snort. ‘I stayed just to watch how badly he would embarrass himself today.’

Then his voice dropped, quiet but edged with steel.

‘I told you I wouldn’t step in for you again,’ he said. ‘But don’t mistake that for permission for fools to run

1/2

3:30 pm

Chapter 122

Finished

their mouths. I will not stand by while some idiot thinks he can slander and humiliate my student in front of everyone and walk away unscathed.’

The remaining hours passed far more smoothly under Grimwood’s guidance. By the time Lylah finished working alongside him, the sky beyond the windows had faded into the soft amber glow of evening.

When she stepped out through the gates of Lunar Grace, she didn't head straight back to the penthouse.

Instead, she turned toward the park.

Iris had shown her a few recommended spots around Lunaris—quiet places where one could shift and let their wolf run freely.

Inside the small changing room, Lylah removed her clothes and hung them neatly. Moments later, her claws pressed into the cool, dew-soaked grass.

The earth welcomed her weight as she stretched, muscles rippling beneath silver-grey fur. Cool grass brushed against her paws while the damp scent of soil and distant pines drifted through the evening air, calming the restless rhythm of her heart.

'I already told Alpha Ezra we would talk tonight,' she murmured inwardly to her wolf. 'There's no avoiding it anymore.'

Her heart pounded hard against her ribs.

Returning *to* the penthouse had never made her this nervous before.

What she intended *to* tell him tonight could change everything between them.

Lylah had always known she couldn't hide the truth forever. But if she confessed it...

Would it truly be the right choice?

'Selestine, she whispered to her wolf, 'do you think this would be easier if things between the Alpha and us were... normal? And if he was just a wolf from an ordinary rank?'

Her paws pressed deeper into the grass as the thought weighed heavily in her chest.

Because confessing her love to the Alpha of Moonclaw Pack—without knowing what Ezra truly felt for her —was like laying her heart bare in his hands.

With no idea, would he hold it...

Or crush it?

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B

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

Chapter 123

3rd Person's POV

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Finished

By the time Lylah returned to the penthouse, night had already settled over Lunaris.

The place was unusually quiet. Even Bambi was nowhere in sight, and for a moment, she assumed Ezra hadn't returned home yet.

Lylah headed to her room, washed away the day, and changed into something more comfortable. Only when she stepped back into the living room did she notice him.

Ezra was sitting on the couch.

His eyes were closed.

Sleeping.

A book rested loosely in his hand, his posture awkward, like he had meant to read but had accidentally drifted off. She approached slowly.

Up close, the dim light softened the sharp lines of his handsome face, but it also revealed the faint exhaustion shadowing it—likely from the meetings he'd attended all day.

A quiet pang of sympathy stirred in her chest.

Carefully, she reached forward, intending to slip the Alpha's jacket off his shoulders and adjust his position so he could rest more comfortably.

But the moment her fingers brushed the fabric-

His hand shot out and clasped her wrist.

His eyes snapped open.

“Ezra-”

She barely managed his name before **his** arm slid around her waist and pulled her down, settling her onto his lap in one smooth motion.

“I thought you were asleep,” Lylah said calmly, though her heart had already begun to race,

“I was,” he replied quietly. “But after my training in Moonclaw, deep sleep became a luxury I rarely get. Warriors are accustomed to staying alert. It’s a habit that never truly leaves.”

His gaze softened as his fingers lifted her chin gently.

“You’re home.”

Lylah nodded.

“You said this afternoon there was something you wanted to talk to me about.”

1/3

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Chapter 123

She nodded again.

640

Finished

A sharp pang of guilt tugged at her chest. The thought that he might have spent the entire day waiting- wondering what she meant-made her uneasy.

Her fingers rose, brushing gently along the line of his jaw.

“It can wait,” she murmured. “I’ll make dinner first-”

“I can’t wait any longer, Lylah.”

His voice was low, rough, the restraint in it stretched thin.

She swallowed, nerves tightening in her chest. What she intended to confess tonight suddenly felt embarrassingly fragile-something that might sound foolish once spoken aloud.

“Ezra,” Lylah shifted slightly, hoping to hide her face. “Put me down.”

But he didn't move.

His hands around her waist remained steady as stone.

"Please," she added softly. "I'm not going anywhere."

Only then did his grip loosen slightly.

Lylah took the chance to slide down from his lap and settle beside him on the couch.

They were still close-too close. Their faces were only a breath apart.

"Okay..." She swallowed, steadying herself. "That night in the rain when you came to pick me up and Rowan was there. Do you remember?"

Ezra nodded, his expression immediately darkening, the warmth in his eyes hardening into something far more dangerous.

"He came for you again," His voice low and edged with anger. "He will never stop trying to make you his-"

"No." Lylah shook her head. "Do you remember the woman who stood beside him that night? Her name was Coraline. She was the one Rowan wanted to make his Luna."

Her voice faltered as she paused, gathering the fragile courage that was building in her chest.

Then she spoke again.

"I want you to be honest with me... outside of this mating contract, was there ever someone? A mate... someone who could have been your Luna?"

Confusion flickered across his face.

Slowly, he shook his head.

2/2

3:30 pm

Chapter 123

Finished

"No."

Lylah blinked, her breath catching for a moment.

Still, she forced herself not to let hope bloom too soon.

“Even in Moonclaw? Wasn’t there someone waiting for you? Someone you knew growing up, a lady from your council, or someone your family hoped you would choose?”

The confusion in his eyes deepened, as if the very idea puzzled him.

“No, Lylah,” he said firmly. “There has never been anyone like that for me.”

He leaned closer then, lifting a hand to cup her chin and gently tilt her face upward until their gazes locked. The distance between them shrank to almost nothing.

“What is this really about?” His voice lower now, threaded with quiet concern. “Why are you suddenly asking me this?”

“Because...” Her throat tightened as the word left her lips.

She swallowed, fingers curling in her lap as if bracing herself.

“I don’t want to make a mistake.”

Her voice trembled slightly, though she tried to steady it.

“I don’t want *to* confess something... without knowing where you stand first.”

She hesitated, her heart pounding so loudly she was certain he could hear it.

“I don’t want to walk into your life and ruin it with my feelings,” she whispered. “I don’t want to stain whatever future you might have by suddenly telling you that...”

Her eyes lowered briefly before she forced herself to meet his gaze again.

“...I think I might be falling for you.”

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3/3

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

Chapter 124

3rd Person's POV

The moment the words slipped from her lips, Ezra's world fell into a hush.

0.31

Finished

Everything else dissolved—the quiet room, the distant whisper of traffic beyond the windows, even the steady drum of his own heart.

All that remained was her voice,

soft and luminous,

lingering in the air like the final note of a song that refused to fade.

“Say it again,” he said, his voice rough with disbelief.

Lylah drew a slow breath, as if bracing herself.

“I think I'm starting to like you,” she repeated softly.

The confession seemed to cost her something. Ezra could hear it in the tightness of her voice.

“Actually, when we entered this mating contract, I didn't expect anything,” she continued quietly. “You know the kind of life I came from. It's nothing compared to yours. Everything there was broken.”

Each word struck him harder than the last.

“It doesn't feel right to keep hiding it after everything we've shared,” she said, lifting her gaze to meet his. “So I'm going to tell you a bit.”

She drew in a slow breath, as though the memories themselves were heavy.

“I was the daughter my parents sent to the rogues' den,” she continued quietly. “A child they would have been willing to kill when the true blood of the Pack returned.” Her fingers tightened slightly at her sides. “So when you offered this contract, I accepted—because I thought it would be my escape.”

She gave a quiet, almost disbelieving laugh.

“But instead, I found the best life I’ve ever had.”

Something inside Ezra’s chest broke open.

Her eyes softened, searching his **face**. “Sometimes I wonder...”

Lylah hesitated.

Then she forced the words out.

“If, during this contract... I fail to stay rational and end up falling for you... would you be mad at me?”

The words left her softly, as though even she was afraid to hear them spoken aloud.

1/3

3:30 pm

Chapter 124

0191

Finished

Before another syllable could follow, Ezra raised his hand. His thumb came to rest against her lips—gentle, careful, as if the moment itself were fragile enough to break.

He shook his head slowly.

“No,” he murmured. His voice was barely more than a breath. “I won’t.”

His palm slid up to cradle her face, warm and steady against her skin.

“I would never.” His gaze softened, something almost reverent flickering in his golden eyes—the unmistakable glow of a wolf stirred by emotion. “Why would I be mad... when you’ve made me the most blessed man alive just by loving me?”

And not only once, he thought quietly. You give it to me twice.

Without another word, Ezra pulled her closer.

He tilted her chin upward and captured her lips.

The movement was sudden. And for a heartbeat, Lylah froze, startled by the swiftness of it.

Then his hand slid gently to the back of her head, steady and careful, while the other rested beneath her chin. The warmth of his lips melted through her hesitation.

Her eyes fluttered closed.

Slowly, she began to kiss him back.

Their lips moved together, hesitant at first, then deeper—as if both of them were discovering a rhythm that had always existed between them.

A spark rushed through Lylah’s chest, bright and unfamiliar.

She had never felt anything like it.

And Ezra...

For him, the world finally seemed to settle into place. As if every fragment of life had aligned perfectly.

But when she asked him whether he had a mate... how could he explain that it had always been her?

The woman he would crown as his Luna....

the woman he would burn kingdoms for, slaughter armies for, and seat beside him on his throne...

...had always been her.

In this life.

And in the one before.

Before Lylah, he had been nothing but a creature of claws and cruelty—a monster sharpened by war and

2/3

3:30 pm

Chapter 124

blood. Even after Selene granted him a second life, something inside him had remained hollow.

Until he found her again.

Finished

Hearing those words from her filled him with a quiet, overwhelming joy.

When their lips finally parted, Ezra rested his forehead briefly against hers.

“I’m sorry,” he whispered. “I was just so happy you said that.”

He lifted her hand and pressed a kiss to the back of her palm, lingering there.

“Thank you.”

Lylah studied him carefully.

“So... I didn’t make a mistake telling you?”

“No,” Ezra said, looking at her as if the answer were the most obvious truth in the world. “You’re the only one I’ve been waiting to hear it from.” His gaze deepened. “Because before you, I had already fallen first. Since the very first time I laid eyes on you.”

Lylah blinked in surprise.

“You mean at the rehabilitation center where my grandma was being treated?” she asked.

Ezra’s wolf stirred quietly beneath his skin.

No,’ he thought.

But under the silver stars of Lunareth, when I first saw a fierce, delicate princess standing before beasts twice her size, protecting helpless pups as if she had never known fear

You were my light. My guiding star. The other half of my soul.’

Out loud, Ezra simply smiled.

“Yes,” he said

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

Chapter 125

Lylah's POV

Relief crashed over me so hard my knees nearly buckled.

0191

Finished

My confession hadn't ruined everything. It hadn't unleashed some hidden disaster waiting to strike—no secret lover on his council. No wounded mate waiting for him back in the Moonclaw Pack. No one who would be hurt by what had passed between us.

Just... him. And me.

Warmth spread through my chest, dizzying and light, until it turned into something dangerously close to giddiness.

Giddy at the thought that I was the one Ezra had always wanted.

It felt impossible. Ezra was an Alpha—powerful, revered, a man the finest ladies of Verdanth would gladly give their hearts to. Men like him were surrounded by admiration wherever they went. The idea that his heart had never truly belonged to anyone before... that it might have been waiting for me... felt almost too unbelievable to hold.

And yet... for this moment, I allowed myself to believe him.

"There's actually something I need to show you," he said.

I lifted my gaze to him and nodded. "Then show me."

Ezra guided me through the doors of his chambers. The moment I stepped inside, the rich scent of him wrapped around me. He led me to sit on the wide bed draped in dark silk before disappearing into the adjoining room.

When Ezra returned, several papers were clasped in his hand.

He laid them across the sheet between us.

Each document was crafted from thick, fine parchment, the Moonclaw Pack's sigil stamped in gleaming silver wax.

“I should have shown you these a long time ago,” he said quietly. “I kept waiting for the right moment, not wanting to burden you, and somehow the moment kept slipping away.”

My brows knit together as I looked at the stack. “What are they?”

“Some of my assets,” he said softly. “They were transferred to their rightful owner the moment you became my Luna.”

My stomach tightened.

“To you.”

My gaze dropped back to the documents.

:30 pm

Chapter 125

Finished

And then I froze.

There was no trace of Ezra’s name anywhere on the pages.

Only mine.

My name.

I traced the lines with trembling fingers, my jaw slackening as the meaning sank in. The wealth of the Moonclaw Pack was legendary throughout Verdanth—vast lands, trade routes, businesses spanning multiple territories. But seeing it like this—in writing, with my name tied to it—

I was staggering.

Honestly.” Ezra continued casually, “you’ve always been better at organizing than I am. It would probably be easier if you kept these in your own room—”

pushed to my feet and took a step back.

No.” The word escaped me before I could stop it.

Confusion flickered across his calm, golden gaze.

‘I can’t.” I shook my head, my heart racing. “How could you give me something like this? How could you rust me so easily? This is enormous.”

The combined value of these properties alone was greater than the wealth of three ordinary packs.

He stepped closer, his towering presence swallowing the distance between us.

“Why not?” he murmured.

His fingers lifted to my cheek, brushing softly over my skin. The touch sent a shiver through both me and the wolf beneath my ribs.

“You... don’t like them?” he asked gently. “If there’s something else you’d prefer, I can—“

“No!” I said quickly, shaking my head again. “That’s not what I mean. I mean you can’t possibly put my name on all of this. If you do, then that means these lands, these properties... they’re mine. And I don’t even know how to manage something like that.”

Ezra studied me in silence, letting me finish.

Then realization softened his expression.

“Lylah,” he said patiently, “I’m not asking you to manage them. My people will handle all of that—my council, my accountants, my stewards.”

His voice softened.

“I just want you to have them.”

2/3

3:30 pm

Chapter 125

My breath caught.

0191

Finished

“You deserve it,” he said softly, his voice low and certain. “There is no one more worthy of what is mine... than you.”

He stepped closer, slowly, **as** though afraid I might retreat again. When his forehead finally rested against mine, he closed his eyes for a brief moment, his breath warm against my skin.

“My Luna,” he murmured, the words thick with something deeper than pride—something vulnerable.

His hand lifted, fingers brushing my cheek as if grounding himself.

“Please,” he whispered, the single word almost pleading. “Don’t refuse me this.”

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

Chapter 126

Lylah's POV

I couldn't bring myself to refuse him.

..

Finished

Something in Ezra's voice—the quiet urgency in it—made the word no impossible to say. His eyes held mine as he spoke, that steady Alpha gaze that could command a pack with a single look... yet tonight it carried something softer. Almost pleading.

Still, I refused to take the documents with me. I trusted they were far safer in Ezra's hands than they would ever be in mine.

Thankfully, he didn't push.

"It's getting late. You should rest," Ezra said after a while.

I nodded.

We had spent longer than I realized sitting on the edge of his bed, talking. The conversation had flowed easily, like a river finding its path—effortless, warm, disarming. Maybe it was the comfort of his room, the quiet strength of his presence, or the strange pull that always seemed to draw me toward him.

Whatever it was, a small thread of disappointment tugged at me when he stood and walked me back to my

room.

When we reached my door, a sudden urge rose inside me—sharp and overwhelming.

Ask him to stay.

The thought burned on my tongue.

Even if our bond existed only in a contract, sharing a room would hardly be strange given our situation

now.

For a heartbeat, I almost said it.

But another voice inside me held the words back.

I turned toward the door.

Before I could step inside, Ezra's hand closed around my wrist.

The warmth of his touch sent a jolt straight through me. He pulled me gently back, turning me to face

him.

And before I could even ask what he was doing-

Ezra kissed me.

His lips captured mine with a hunger that stole the breath from my lungs. The kiss was deep, intoxicating -like being pulled beneath dark water and discovering I didn't want to surface again.

1/3

3:30 pm

Chapter 126

619

Finished

My wolf surged forward, delighted. My knees softened as the heat of the moment wrapped around us.

It was impossible not to melt.

When he finally pulled away, the absence of his lips left a strange emptiness behind.

I had never felt anything like it.

“Good night,” Ezra murmured, his voice rougher than before. “Rest well.”

“Rest well,” I echoed quietly.

Then I slipped into my room before I could embarrass myself further.

Inside, I went straight to the bathroom and stopped in front of the mirror.

My reflection stared back at me.

My lips were swollen from the kiss, a faint flush spreading across my cheeks. But it was my eyes that made me pause.

They looked... alive.

Brighter than they had in a long time.

My phone buzzed on the bed behind me.

I walked over and picked it up.

The moment I answered, Tiara’s voice burst through the speaker.

“Lylah! I’ve called you five times!”

I blinked.

“What happened that you only picked up now?”

For a second, I said nothing.

“Hello? Lylah, are you there?” she pressed. “Is everything okay?”

“Yes, yes,” I said quickly. “I was with Alpha Ezra. I left my phone in my room, so I didn’t hear it.”

There was a sharp intake of breath on the other end.

“Oh—okay, okay. Sorry! I didn’t mean to intrude.” Tiara rushed her words together. “I mean.... of course you were with him. It’s night, and you two are—well—”

“Not like what you think,” I cut in quickly. “We were just talking.”

A pause.

2/3

3:30 pm

Chapter 126

“And... I told him how I really feel,” I admitted quietly. “That I’ve started to like him.”

Silence followed.

But I could practically hear the smile spreading across Tiara’s face.

“Finally,” she breathed. “But what happened after that?”

Her voice turned suspiciously excited.

Finished

“Don’t tell me the Alpha let you walk away after a confession like that. Did he drag you into his bed? Because there is no way the two of you just talked all night.”

I sighed.

“It’s okay if you’re embarrassed,” she continued teasingly. “But something special happened, didn’t it?”

“...Yes.”

Tiara gasped loudly.

“We kissed.”

A beat passed.

Then she groaned in dramatic disappointment.

“Lylah! Even high school pups have more game than you two.”

I rubbed my forehead.

“Tiara...”

“The sooner things move along, the better,” she insisted.

“Better for what?” I asked, exasperated. “This isn’t some race.”

“Of course it is,” she said bluntly. “The sooner you two properly mate, the sooner you’ll give him a pup.”

My face burned.

“A cute one,” she added helpfully. “And I’ll finally become an aunt. I can’t wait for that.”

I groaned.

“Tiara, I really made a mistake answering your call.”

◦

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

Chapter 127

B

Finished

Cora’s POV

It had been three days since the incident—three days since Professor Grimwood had humiliated Professor Vale in front of half the Healing

Department and every student who mattered. And somehow, things had only worsened.

At least for me.

Lylah, no doubt, was celebrating what she believed was her little victory. I could practically imagine that elf-righteous smile of hers, the way she always acted as though fate itself had chosen her.

But victories like that never lasted.

Sooner or later, I would remind her exactly where she belonged.

Not now, though, I had something else to deal with.

The lecture hall was nearly empty when I stepped inside. My heels echoed softly against the polished floor, the scent of ink and old parchment lingering in the air.

Alexander Blackridge sat alone at one of the desks, shoulders tense, gaze fixed on nothing.
approached slowly.

Alex,” I said with a soft smile.

He turned toward me.

The warmth I expected wasn’t there.

His face looked carved from stone, his dark eyes colder than a winter night. It was a look he had never even seen before.

“Why are you here?” he asked.

The sharpness in his voice caught me off guard.

“Alex, what is this?” I frowned slightly. “You’ve been acting strange since yesterday—shutting me out.

peaking to me like this.” Irritation began creeping into my tone. “You’re treating me like what happened a few days ago was somehow my fault.”

“Leave me,” he said flatly. “Stop coming here pretending you care.”

My eyes narrowed.

My fists clenched at my sides.

No.

3:30 pm

Chapter 127

This was crossing a line.

No one spoke to me like that—not even him.

“You have no right to blame me,” I said coolly.

His gaze snapped to mine, sharp and glacial.

049

Finished

Alexander rose slowly from his seat and stepped toward me. Without the usual foolish smile he always wore for me, he seemed... different. Harder somehow.

“All the students laugh at me now,” he said quietly. “They whisper behind my back. My name is ruined, and Professor Vale won’t even look at me anymore. Meanwhile, you walk away untouched.” His eyes met mine, wounded and sharp. “And you’re still saying I can’t blame you? That I don’t even have the right to be angry?”

His eyes flashed—not with anger alone, but something far more vulnerable.

Pain.

“Do you even understand why I did what I did to Lylah that day, Cora?” he continued. “Why I tried to expose her? Why I took credit for treating that patient?” He let out a bitter breath. “Because of you.”

“You used to ask me to stand by your side,” he continued. “You told me how poisonous she was—how she manipulated everyone, how she’d been hurting you all this time.”

His voice dropped.

“All I wanted was to help you, Cora.”

He paused, then added quietly,

“And then when everything fell apart... You stood there with everyone else and called me an idiot.”

I held his gaze without flinching.

“Because you are, Alexander,” I said coldly.

His expression faltered.

“You’re stupid,” I continued. “I asked you to support me—not abandon your common sense in the process.”

I folded my arms.

“What kind of fool thinks it’s smart to slander someone in public and steal credit for her work—right in front of the professors?” I scoffed, my voice laced with scorn. “Even pups have better instincts than that.”

Alexander’s eyes dropped to the floor. The hurt on his face was unmistakable.

But it stirred nothing in me.

“I called you stupid so you’d realize it,” I said, stepping closer. I deliberately softened my voice, letting **false**

2/3

3:30 pm

Chapter 127

warmth seep into my tone. “So you wouldn’t make the same mistake again.”

I reached out slightly.

“Because I care about you-”

Alexander brushed past me before I could finish.

He didn’t even look at me.

The door opened, then shut behind him with a sharp click, leaving me alone in the empty hall.

214

640

Finished

Ruby Walker

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

Chapter 128

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Finished

Alexander’s POV

I stormed out of my room, rage boiling so fiercely inside me it felt like it might burn through my skin. My boot slammed into the trash bin by the door, sending it skidding across the floor with a sharp clang before I drove my heel into the wall.

The impact barely dulled the heat surging through my veins.

My wolf was awake—restless, prowling beneath my skin, craving violence. It clawed at my control, demanding release.

That was exactly why I had to get away from Cora.

Because no matter how furious I was with her, I would never allow that anger to turn against her. I knew this fury would fade eventually, but right now it was too raw, too sharp.

And until it cooled, it was safer if I stayed far away from her.

I stalked down the corridor, my steps echoing against the stone floor, when I suddenly stopped short.

Thane stood directly in my path.

Since that day, we hadn't spoken. Not a single word. He had said that he was disappointed in if that single word could capture the weight of his judgment.

I could explain myself. I had reasons.

But I knew none of it would matter.

So I'd decided to leave things as they were.

I moved to step past him, when Thane shifted, blocking the corridor.

"Move," I said flatly. "I have business to handle. I need to see Professor Vale."

my

action. As

"That's exactly what I wanted to talk to you about, Alex," he replied calmly. "You shouldn't go see Professor Vale right now."

My brow shot up.

"Why?" I scoffed. "Because you'd rather he keep shutting me out? Eventually, he'll forget about me entirely, and you can keep enjoying your place as his prized student?"

His **jaw** tightened. “Don’t twist things. You know exactly why he’s been treating you this way.”

I said nothing.

“If you hadn’t lied,” Thane continued, his voice sharpening, “if you hadn’t taken credit for Lylah’s work on that patient, none of this would have happened.”

3:31 pm

Chapter 128

Anger coiled inside my chest again, tight and vicious.

My wolf snarled in agreement.

“So listen.” Thane went on, “you know how Professor Vale’s temper is. If you keep pushing him-”

I cut him off with a cold smirk and brushed past him.

For once, I had no interest in hearing anyone’s advice.

I kept walking toward Professor Vale’s office, my mind already racing ahead.

I could fix this.

Finished

Professor Vale had always valued my work. If I presented something exceptional—a paper, a breakthrough analysis—he would have no choice but to reconsider.

But just as I turned the corner toward the laboratory wing, I froze.

Professor Vale stood at the end of the hall, speaking with several students.

“Professor!” I called, striding toward him.

The moment he spotted me, his expression turned glacial.

He dismissed the students with a brief flick of his hand. They scattered quickly, leaving the two of us alone in the quiet corridor.

“Alexander Blackridge,” he said, acknowledging me with cool indifference.

“Yes,” I replied, relief flickering through me. “I was actually on my way to find you in the lab. There’s something I wanted to discuss—”

“There’s no need for *you* to come to the lab.”

I blinked.

For a split second, hope surged through me so sharply it almost hurt.

“You mean...” I began carefully. “You’ve already decided to forgive what happened that day?”

His eyes narrowed slightly.

“That is not what I meant.”

A chill crept down my spine.

“What I mean is,” he continued, his voice cold and final, “that you will never step foot in my laboratory again.”

My breath caught. “What?”

“You have been removed from the list of my students.”

2/3

3:31 pm

Chapter 128

Finished

The words struck like a bolt of lightning through my spine.

“What?” The protest tore out of me instantly. “No. You can’t do that!”

Panic tightened around my chest, stealing my breath.

“What will people say about me?” I demanded. “The entire Blackridge Pack will know—my parents too. I’ll be completely humiliated!”

My reputation—my standing—had always been tied to him.

Being Professor Vale’s student wasn’t just an academic position. It was status. Prestige. Power. My parents had paid fortunes to secure that place for me.

And now-

If he cast me out...

Where would my pride stand then?

Where would I stand?

1

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

Chapter 129

Lylah's POV

Finished

It had taken me three full days to gather the courage to confess what I truly felt for Ezra. Three days of pacing, of second-guessing every emotion, of fearing what would happen if I spoke the truth aloud.

When I woke this morning, the memory of last night still lingered in my chest, warm and soft like the last glow of moonlight before dawn. For a moment, it felt unreal—like a beautiful dream I might lose the moment I opened my eyes.

But the feeling stayed..

And the fear that had once clawed at my heart was gone.

Completely gone.

It was as if Ezra had taken it from me and crushed it in his hands. My wolf still felt calm, soothed by his presence, by the certainty of him.

Gratitude filled my chest so deeply it almost hurt.

When I had confessed to Rowan in the past, it had never felt like this. That confession had been heavy, like every word I spoke carried the weight of the world upon my shoulders.

This...

This felt light.

Tiara used to say love wasn't meant to burden you. If it was real, she insisted, it should make life gentler, not heavier.

Easy.

Light.

Exactly how I felt now after telling Ezra the truth.

'Good morning,'

Ezra's voice pulled me from my thoughts as he approached the dining table.

"How's your sleep?" he asked.

"Good," I replied softly. "What about you?"

My gaze drifted over him before I could stop myself.

Ezra was always dangerously handsome—there was simply no other way to describe it. But today he looked particularly striking. He was dressed more formally than usual, his dark suit fitted to his broad shoulders, his presence radiating quiet authority.

1/4

3:3

Chapter 129

My mate.

"Are you heading to another meeting today?" I asked.

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Finished

"Yes," he said. "But I'll try not to come back too late. Maybe we can have dinner together tonight. What do you think?"

A smile curved over my lips.

“That sounds nice. But...” I hesitated, guilt creeping in. “I might actually be the one coming home late. I have my teaching schedule today, and then the MDT meeting.” I bit my lip. “Maybe I should just skip one of them?”

Ezra’s gaze settled on me—deep, steady, impossible to look away from.

He shook his head.

“No. Take both.”

“But—”

“You enjoy doing them, don’t you?”

I nodded slowly. “I do. But then we won’t really get to spend time together today.” I gave him a small, sheepish smile.

Ezra seemed to consider something.

“Wait a moment,” he said.

He pulled out his phone and placed a call. From what I could hear, he was speaking to Damon.

While he talked, my thoughts drifted back to something I had been meaning to tell him.

Something important.

“Ezra,” I called just as he ended the **call**.

“Yes?”

I took a breath.

“I think... I’m going to apply for the graduate program at Lunar Grace,”

The words came out slower than I expected.

“I don’t think I’ve told you this before, but graduating as a healer was always my real dream, not just entering Lunar Grace.” My fingers tightened slightly around my cup. “Back then the opportunity slipped through my fingers. But now, I think I have the chance to pursue it again.”

I hesitated before adding quietly, “But of course, I won’t do it if you don’t allow me.”

Ezra watched me in silence.

pm

Chapter 129

Finished

The weight of his gaze made my heart jump nervously in my chest.

Then he asked simply,

“Is there anything you need?”

I blinked. “Hm?”

“Before starting your graduate classes, is there anything you need? Maybe books, equipment, arrangements, or anything?”

He leaned back slightly in his chair, his expression calm but firm.

“And no, Lylah,” he continued, his voice steady, “I would never stand in the way of what you want.”

My stomach dropped for half a second.

Then he finished,

“Especially when it means chasing your dreams.”

His eyes softened.

“My role isn’t to control you. It’s to stand beside you, support you, and of course... be the home you return

to.”

Emotion rose so suddenly that it caught in my throat.

A smile broke across my lips, my eyes stinging.

“Thank you,” I whispered.

He gave a small nod, as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

Then curiosity returned to me.

“Anyway,” I said, tilting my head slightly, “why did you call Damon?”

Ezra’s answer left me completely speechless.

“To tell him I’ll be late for the meeting.”

My brows furrowed. “Why?”

A faint smile tugged at the corner of his mouth.

“Because I want to see you off first.”

3/4

3:32 pm

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

3rd Person’s POV

After dropping Lylah off at Lunar Grace, Damon guided the car toward the road that would take Ezra to his meeting.

The engine had barely settled into a steady rhythm when Ezra suddenly spoke.

“Call Halvar, he’s the head of today’s meeting. Tell him I won’t be attending.”

Damon’s hands tightened slightly on the steering wheel before he glanced at his Alpha through the rearview mirror.

“Of course, Alpha,” he said carefully. “But why so sudden? Is everything alright?”

“No,” Ezra replied flatly. “Those fools will only drag the meeting out longer than necessary. I’d rather make sure I’m home when Lylah returns. I’m taking the day off.”

For a moment, Damon could only stare.

He had served Ezra long enough to know how deeply his Alpha valued anything related to his work in tech. Ezra missing a meeting—especially one he had personally scheduled—was almost unheard of. Yet here he was, canceling it without hesitation.

“All right, Alpha. I’ll inform him.” Damon didn’t argue.

If this had anything to do with the Luna, he already knew there was no point in protesting. Ezra would sacrifice anything for her.

Anything.

Damon still remembered the man Ezra had been before Lylah came back into his life.

Restless. Angry. Haunted.

He would run through every corner of the Moonclaw territory for hours, as though chasing something that could never be caught. At night, he would sit alone beneath the open sky, his gaze fixed on the moon with quiet, simmering fury—as though cursing Selene for granting him life again, only to keep him separated from Lysara, the other half of his soul.

Remembering those days, Damon could only feel grateful for the man Ezra had become now.

Meanwhile, at the Lunar Research Center, Halvar received Damon’s call.

The moment the news spread, murmurs rippled through the room of gathered engineers.

“**That** can’t be right,” one of them said in disbelief. “Alpha Ezra has never canceled a meeting at the last minute before.”

“But if we ask him about it, he won’t answer,” another added. “And Beta Damon wouldn’t tell us anything either. So what are we supposed to do?”

:32 pm

Chapter 130

019

Finished

Halvar remained silent, a thought slowly forming in his mind.

‘Excuse me.’ He stepped out of the room and into the quiet hallway.

He pulled out his phone and dialed. Normally, he would prefer speaking face-to-face to the man, but the situation right now felt too urgent to wait.

The call connected after several rings.

Master Vargan.” He greeted, “It’s me, Halvar Rosewood from the Lunar Research Center.”

A groan came from the other side of the line, thick with sleep.

You...” the older man muttered. “I was just about to curse whoever dared disturb my rest. Moonclaw’s been receiving nothing but nonsense calls from those idiotic packs lately. What do you want, boy?”

Master, you should come to Lunaris as soon as possible. Something may have happened to Alpha Ezra.”

There was a pause.

Then, a booming laugh erupted through the receiver.

I don’t believe there’s anyone there capable of harming the Alpha of Moonclaw,” Vargan said, a note of musement coloring his voice. “My grandson is not someone who can be taken down so easily.”

Halvar swallowed.

No... perhaps not,” he admitted quietly. “Unless the cause came from someone close to him.”

Silence lingered on the line.

Choosing his words carefully, Halvar continued,

I’ve heard that Alpha Ezra now has a Luna. I don’t know if it’s related, Master, but... something about him has changed. Significantly.”

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3:32 pm

The Betrayed Princess Rising

Chapter 131

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