

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

Chapter 141

3rd Person's POV

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Finished

The difference was that in their previous life, Cora had been Carmen-Lysara's stepsister.

A stray the royal family had taken in and raised as their own daughter.

A devil dressed in the skin of a wounded lamb.

'She's finally facing the consequences of everything she's done,' Ezra said quietly. "Why would you feel oad for someone who caused you so much suffering?"

In that lifetime, Carmen had envied Lysara with a venom that ran deep in her bones.

Every smile she wore had hidden resentment. Every kindness had been a mask. Behind it all, she had done everything in her power to drag Lysara down.

What Ezra had never realized then was that Carmen's hatred had another source.

Him.

Somewhere along the way, the twisted woman had developed feelings for him. Feelings that festered into obsession—and only sharpened her determination to destroy the bond between Ezra and Lysara.

The peak of it all had come on that cursed night.

The palace halls had still reeked of blood when Carmen knelt before him, her hands clutching his armor while he cradled Lysara's lifeless body.

'Mark me,' she had begged, her voice shaking with desperate hunger. "Ezrael... please. She's dead. My sister is nothing but a corpse now. Mark me instead. I'm here. I'm alive. Choose me."

Even now, remembering it made the beast inside him stir with quiet fury.

Moments later, Ezra had severed her head where she knelt.

*Ezra... are you alright?" Lylah's gentle voice cut through the darkness.

Her fingers brushed lightly along his jaw, grounding him. The warmth of her touch pulled him back from the past like a tether.

Ezra blinked. "Yes, I'm fine."

"Really?" Lylah studied him carefully. "You suddenly looked so angry. What were you thinking about?" She hesitated. "If what I said earlier about Cora is troubling you, you don't have to think about it..."

Ezra lifted her hand and brought it to his lips, pressing a soft kiss against the back of her palm. "I'm alright."

"I'll take your advice," Lylah said with a small smile. "I won't think about Cora's illness anymore. You're right—whatever happens to her is their business. Not mine."

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Ezra gave a small nod.

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Even after lifetimes had passed, the woman before him still possessed the same gentle, unguarded heart.

And that was what worried him most.

He feared that one day, someone would try to claim her kindness as if it were theirs to take.

"I'll make dinner," Lylah suddenly said, clapping her hands lightly as she changed the subject. "Is there anything you'd like to eat? I was thinking of making smoothie bowls."

"That sounds delicious."

They moved into the kitchen together.

There was something strangely peaceful about the way they worked side by side—passing ingredients, chopping fruit, blending, and arranging bowls.

More than anything else, it pleased him that Lylah already looked completely at ease here.

When the food was finished, they sat together at the dining table.

The quiet between them was comfortable.

But sometimes Lylah wondered if he ever missed dinners like this with his family back in Moonclaw.

“Damon told me your grandfather visited today,” she said after a moment. “Sadly I didn’t get the chance to meet him.”

“He stopped by briefly,” Ezra replied. He took a sip of his drink before adding, “If you want, I can arrange a time for you to meet that old wolf.”

“Really?” Her eyes lit up instantly, sparkling with excitement.

“Yes.”

“But...” Lylah hesitated. “Please don’t make it too sudden. I want to prepare a gift for him first.”

She fidgeted slightly, a hint of nervousness creeping into her voice.

“And... I’m a bit worried actually. Do you think your grandfather will like me?”

A quiet chuckle slipped from Ezra’s lips.

His gaze softened as he looked at her. “He already loves you more than he’s ever loved anyone else in his family.”

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Cora’s POV

I sat stiffly at the dinner table.

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Thane was there. Isaac too. Logan Silver had joined us as well. Their conversation flowed easily, glasses clinking softly against porcelain plates—but I could barely force a proper smile.

My mood had been ruined ever since my conversation with Rowan that afternoon. All I wanted was to

leave **now**.

But I couldn't. Not here.

Not in front of Thane and Isaac... and the others who believed I was the kindhearted daughter of the honorable Jax and Vala Stillward.

So I stayed—and kept the mask firmly in place.

‘Lady Cora,’ Logan said politely from across the table. ‘Is Alpha Rowan doing alright? I haven’t been able to reach him since the meeting with Alpha Ezra earlier today.’

He was the very man I had introduced to Rowan. Without my connection, Rowan would never have secured an alliance with one of Lunaris’s most respected engineers.

Yes, sir,’ I replied, offering a graceful smile. ‘No need to worry. He’s just a bit tired.’

Logan’s **gaze** sharpened slightly.

Tired,’ he repeated slowly. ‘And angry.’

My smile faded.

What exactly happened during the meeting with Alpha Ezra?’ Isaac asked curiously.

Logan leaned back in his chair, swirling the drink in his glass.

Things became complicated between him and Alpha Rowan,’ he explained. ‘We couldn’t reach the agreement we had planned. I suppose that’s why Alpha Rowan is rather upset right now.’

Isaac hummed thoughtfully.

‘It’s rare to hear of Alpha Ezra having conflicts with anyone,’ he said. ‘Did he and Alpha Rowan have problems before this?’

‘Oh no,’ Logan replied smoothly. ‘Nothing like that. This is merely a business matter.’

But as he spoke, his eyes drifted toward me.

And something in that look made my stomach tighten.

He was hiding something.

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Finished

Something worse must have happened at that meeting.

Whatever it was, I could only pray Rowan hadn't crossed a line with the Alpha of Moonclaw. Ezra was not a man one made an enemy of.

Here in Lunaris, that man might as well be a God. With a single order, he could shake Rowan's standing... or destroy him completely.

"I heard Alpha Ezra already has a Luna," Isaac said casually. "That's surprising."

My hand froze around my glass.

A Luna.

My mind immediately wandered to the woman who held that title. The woman chosen by a man as powerful and perfect as the Alpha of Moonclaw.

Whoever she was, that lucky bitch has won at life.

"Lady Cora? Do you hear me?"

Logan's voice pulled me back.

"Ah-sorry," I blinked quickly. "What did you say?"

"I have a surprise," Logan said. "Some special guests want to meet you tonight. They're from the Whitepine Pack-relatives from your late mother's side, Lady Vala Stillward's family."

My breath caught.

"R-relatives?" I repeated, my voice betraying a faint tremor.

Damn it.

The word alone made my skin crawl.

I had no pleasant memories involving relatives.

None.

I hated them. Every single one of them.

So why were they here?

And why had Thane—along with his foolish friend—arranged for them to meet me?

Still, I forced a gentle smile onto my face.

Perhaps it would be better if I excused myself before those cursed relatives appeared and ruined everything I had built **so** carefully with one inconvenient truth.

I pushed my chair back and stood.

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But before I could take a step-

“Lady Cora, Isaac **suddenly** returned from the entrance hall, *his* voice bright with excitement.

He announced cheerfully. “They’ve arrived.”

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

Cora's POV

They appeared one by one.

And the moment their eyes landed on me, they hurried forward without hesitation.

“Cora! My darling!”

Finished

The woman rushed straight at me and wrapped her arms around my body as if we shared some deep, loving bond.

Her thin, poorly made clothes brushed against my dress, rough fabric scraping against silk. And the smell -gods, the smell. Sweat, damp earth, and stale smoke clung to her like rot. It was enough to make my stomach churn.

This place was reserved for high-ranking wolves only. What possessed them to arrive here looking like that-wearing rags, hair greasy and unkempt, skin still smeared with soil as if they had walked straight out of the forest?

Instinctively, I recoiled.

“Don't you dare touch me,” I hissed under my breath, making sure only she could hear.

But she either ignored the warning or simply didn't care.

“Oh, Cora, my sweet niece,” she cooed fondly, squeezing my shoulders. “Look at you now. You look like a Goddess.”

My skin crawled where her hands rested.

I lightly brushed the place she had touched, careful not to reveal my disgust too openly-because Thane **was** watching us.

“Cora,” he said with a gentle smile, “they're your aunt, uncle, and cousin, right? It must have been a long time since the last time you **all** saw each other.”

I turned toward him and smiled sweetly.

But the moment my gaze slid back to the three strays standing before me, something cold and bitter twisted deep in my gut.

Relatives? Even if I lived a thousand lifetimes, I would never acknowledge them as such.

After Jax Stillward died, and whenever Vala had to travel for her duties, she would send me to their home on the outskirts of the Whitepine forest.

Home. The word almost made me laugh. It had been nothing more than a crumbling shack leaning against the trees. Yet Ulf and Scarlet always strutted around as if they were nobles owning some estate.

I would never forget those days. How they made me work from sunrise until long after the moon rose

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Finished

until my knuckles split and bled. They forced me to sleep in the barn with the livestock.

They dressed me in a rags dress while their own son wore decent clothes.

And worst of all, there was him.

Erik.

Their pathetic son.

An ugly, mangy stray who fancied himself a proud wolf. A boy foolish enough to believe his crooked face deserved admiration.

“Thank you, Thane. For... bringing them to see me,” I said politely to him.

I inclined my head slightly toward Logan and Isaac.

“Excuse me for a moment. I need to use the restroom.”

Without waiting for their reply, I turned and walked away.

But I had no intention of going to the restroom. Instead, I headed straight for the exit.

When suddenly, a hand closed around my wrist.

“Cora.”

My eyes flashed with rage as I turned—and came face to face with Erik.

“Cora, it’s me,” he said eagerly. “Erik. Do you remember me? We used to play tag and clean the stalls together.”

His smile stretched wide **across** his face, revealing crooked, uneven teeth that made my skin crawl.

“Don’t touch me with your disgusting hands,” I spat through clenched teeth.

Erik released my wrist immediately.

Hurt flickered across his face.

“Cora-”

“Enough,” I cut him off coldly. “I want nothing to do with you or your parents anymore. Don’t pretend we’re close. I’m not the same girl I used to be.”

He stared at me in stunned silence for a moment.

Then he gave a low chuckle.

“I can see that,” he said slowly. “You’ve changed completely. You’ve become so beautiful. Regal, even.” **His** gaze **swept** over me. “I even heard you’re going to become the Luna of Blackfang Pack soon.”

“Indeed.” I lifted my chin proudly. “So learn your place. You and your family are no longer worth my

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Finished

time.”

“You’re awfully arrogant now,” Erik said with a crooked laugh.

Then his eyes gleamed with something darker.

“Don’t be too proud just yet,” he murmured, stepping closer. “Because I hold your secret, darling.”

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

Chapter 144

3rd Person's POV

'What...?'

040

Finished

'Your secret,' Erik said calmly. 'The lie you fed to Thane Blackridge and all those gentlemen to secure your place among them. You told them the true daughter of Jax and Vala was dead.'

Cora's eyes widened.

'But I know the truth, Cora,' Erik continued softly. 'The night you were born, when a storm was raging through the forest, two female pups came into the world.' His gaze sharpened. 'And both of them survived. Until now.'

He leaned a little closer,

'You've already found your parents—an Alpha and Luna, no less. So tell me, why are you still trying so hard to bury the existence of the other child?'

Cora's hand shot up, a trembling finger pointing straight at his face.

You obsessive freak!' she hissed. 'Why would you even dig up something like that? You sick bastard. You've always been obsessed with me!'

'I am,' Erik admitted without a trace of shame.

'You should've known that when I asked you to stay and build a life with me. But instead, you ran away to

roncrest.”

A harsh, barking laugh burst from Cora’s throat.

‘Of course I did,” she sneered. “What kind of idiot would willingly rot in poverty with you and your pathetic parents?”

Erik’s expression darkened.

‘Don’t insult my parents.” His voice lost its earlier warmth, turning cold. “I’m not the same fool I used to be. You’ve humiliated us more than enough. And this time, I’m going to take my revenge.”

He met her gaze without blinking.

“I’m going to tell everyone the truth.”

“Don’t!” The word tore out of Cora before she could stop it.

Panic flashed across her face. This time, she was the one grabbing his wrist.

“Just name your price,” she said quickly. “Tell me whatever you want to keep your mouth shut, I’ll give it to you. Just don’t do this. Please.”

Because if the truth came out, everything she had built would collapse.

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Finished

Thane would abandon her. His influential friends would turn their backs.

And Lylah would rise even higher while she fell.

“Not much, actually,” Erik said thoughtfully.

His gaze slid over her face.

“Maybe a kiss. Right here.” He tapped his lips with a crooked grin. “And a beautiful mansion in Lunaris. A car. Some gold so my parents can start a business.”

Cora stared at him as if he had lost his mind.

“You’re insane,” she said, shaking her head. “I don’t have that much...”

Her fists slowly clenched at her sides.

“I can give you enough gold to live comfortably here for five months,” she said coldly. “But that’s all.”

Her voice sounded calm. But deep inside, another thought was already forming.

She had to eliminate three of them.

As long **as** they were alive, the threat looming over her would never disappear.

The next morning, the hallway outside the Healing Department was unusually crowded when Cora arrived. Students gathered in clusters, their voices buzzing with excitement. Applause broke out from somewhere ahead, echoing through the stone corridor.

It sounded almost like a celebration.

Cora frowned and stopped a passing student “What’s going on?”

The student blinked at her in surprise.

“Oh, you didn’t hear?” he said. “All the professors just formally expressed their admiration for a student from the Traditional Healing class—Lylah.”

“W-what...?”

“Yes, Cora. She deserves it after what she did to help Yorik last time.”

214

B

3:33 pm

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

Lylah's POV

I had never imagined something like this would happen.

Finished

The moment I stepped into the hall earlier, Professor Grimwood had seized my arm and dragged me straight into the center of the room. After that, everything had blurred together—voices rising around me, warm congratulations, applause echoing against the stone walls.

But it wasn't the students offering those smiles.

It was the professors.

Every healer in the department had gathered, their sharp gazes softened with approval as they praised me. The attention felt overwhelming, almost unreal.

By the time the crowd finally thinned, my arms were full of bouquets, small wrapped gifts, and handwritten notes of commendation.

"Professor," I said as I walked toward Professor Grimwood, struggling to balance the armful of offerings. "Why didn't you tell me something like this would happen? At least I could have prepared myself."

He snorted, waving a dismissive hand.

"As if I knew," he said. "Those old wolves are usually far too proud to bother honoring a student's achievement."

I blinked. "So... this **is** unusual?"

"Unusual?" He huffed. "This **is** the first time it's happened in years. The last time the department made such a fuss over a student," he said slowly, "was for the Alpha of Moonclaw, when he was still studying under me."

My breath caught.

Professor Grimwood chuckled to himself.

"I thought I'd never see the day again," he continued. "But here we are. And this time... It's his Luna standing in the center of it all."

His eyes returned to me, glinting with quiet amusement. "Funny how fate works, isn't it?"

For a moment, I didn't know what to say.

To be mentioned in the same breath as Ezra-

to follow even a small step behind him-

It felt strangely beautiful.

“I haven’t said it before,” Professor Grimwood added gruffly, “but I’m proud of you.”

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The words hit me harder than all the applause combined.

Professor Grimwood was not a man who handed out praise easily.

And hearing it now made a ridiculous, unstoppable smile spread across my face.

040

Finished

There were no classes scheduled for the rest of the day, so after the celebration ended, I headed down the hall to meet Iris.

My arms were still full of flowers and gifts, and my chest felt light-too light, as if my heart had grown wings. I was so lost in that happiness that I barely noticed anything else.

Not until someone slammed into my shoulder.

The force knocked me sideways, my back striking the wall with a dull thud.

I blinked in surprise.

“Cora?”

She stood a few steps away, her pale face tight with disdain.

“All that fuss over a lowly junior assistant from such an inferior class...” she said coldly. “What a spectacle.”

“And yet I received it,” I replied evenly. “While you-someone from the most prestigious class, trained by the best professor-never have.”

I tilted my head slightly. “I suppose that says quite a lot.”

Something sharp flashed in her eyes.

“If it weren’t for my parents raising you, and my mate’s influence back then,” she added icily, “you wouldn’t even have been able to step foot in this academy, Lylah.” Her voice dropped lower.

“You certainly wouldn’t have met Professor Grimwood.”

Her gaze raked over me.

“You’d still be out there in the outskirts of Whitepine, cleaning stalls and gathering firewood. That,” she finished coolly, “is what your real family looks like.”

I studied her quietly.

“You speak as if you know them better than I do...”

“Oh.” Cora stepped closer, a strange smile tugging at her lips. “Because I do.”

My brows knit slightly.

“I do, Lylah,” she repeated softly. “Those pathetic stray dogs—your biological family.” Her eyes gleamed

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with cruel amusement. “They came to me yesterday.”

I blinked.

I didn’t believe her.

But hearing her speak about them... about the family I had never truly known...

A small flicker of curiosity still stirred inside me.

019

Finished

“Really?” I asked lightly. “If dealing with them is such a burden for you, then why not send them to me instead?”

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

Chapter 146

Lylah's POV

0491

Finished

I had never truly met **Jax** and Vala Stillward. Not once. Let alone any of their relatives.

So if what Cora said was true—not just another lie meant to provoke me—then I would be glad to meet them.

Cora fell silent.

For a moment, she simply stared at me.

Then something flickered across her face—something sharp, almost like realization.

“Just tell them to meet me,” I said calmly. “Give them my contact.”

Her eyes snapped toward me, fury blazing inside them.

“Why?” she demanded. “So you can play the saint while painting me as the villain to them too?”

I frowned.

Wasn't she the one complaining about them just moments ago? Sometimes I truly wondered how her mind worked.

“Forget it!” Cora suddenly snapped.

Her heel struck the floor with an angry stomp that looked almost childish.

“You’re not meeting them!”

And with that, she spun on her heel and stormed away.

I watched her go, confusion knitting my brows.

“My slap yesterday must have knocked the last bit of sense out of her head,” I muttered under my breath.

Shaking my head, I gathered my flowers and gifts and continued on my way.

I had barely crossed the academy lawn when a cheerful voice rang out.

“Lylah!”

I looked up just in time to see Gwyn hurrying toward me.

“Congratulations!” she exclaimed, her eyes shining with excitement. “I’m so happy the professors in the Healing Department finally recognized your incredible talent!”

“Gwyn...” I hesitated.

We had only met once, when I treated Yorik. We barely knew each other, yet she greeted me **with such**

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genuine warmth that it warmed something deep in my chest.

“Did you see what happened earlier?” I asked.

“Of course I did!” she said immediately. “And I couldn’t be happier for you.”

Before I could react, she suddenly dropped into a deep bow.

“Gwyn!” I startled. “What are you doing?”

“I’m paying my respects to a future Great Healer of Lunaris,” she said with a giggle.

For a moment, I was completely speechless.

She was already a trained healer.

I was still just a student.

Yet she showed me such easy respect.

“You’re too kind,” I said awkwardly.

Gwyn gestured for someone standing behind her to step forward.

Only then did I notice the resemblance.

The man had the same bright ginger hair as Gwyn, freckles scattered across his cheeks like tiny constellations.

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Finished

“Lylah, this is my brother—Gary of the Whitepine Pack,” Gwyn said proudly. “Gary, this is the talented lady I was telling you about!”

I blinked.

So Gwyn had been talking about me to her family?

I nodded politely. “Nice to meet you.”

Gary didn’t respond immediately. Instead, he simply stared at me, his green eyes fixed on my face as if he were studying something fascinating.

For a moment, I wondered what on earth was going through his head.

Then he cleared his throat, swallowing hard. His entire posture screamed nervousness.

“I... didn’t expect you to be still young,” he admitted. “Or... this is beautiful.”

Gwyn elbowed him sharply in the ribs.

Gary winced, but he kept smiling sheepishly.

He meant it kindly, I knew.

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Finished

So, Lylah,” Gwyn began, “Gary and I were wondering if you might have some free time someday. We’d like to invite you to-

She stopped mid-sentence.

Her eyes suddenly shifted past my shoulder.

And then she froze.

A low voice sounded behind me.

Lylah.”

The single word carried quiet authority-deep, commanding.

My heart skipped.

izra.

turned slowly.

had no idea how long he had been standing there, but the sharp edge of his aura-cold, possessive, unmistakably displeased-told me he had heard more than enough.

☐

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3:33 pm

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

Finished

Lylah had never truly seen Ezra lose his temper. Not openly. But had she ever felt his anger? Yes—many times.

He was an Alpha, after all. His wolf was far too powerful, far too territorial, to ever be completely hidden. Even the faintest flicker of displeasure could seep into the air around him, heavy and electric, like the hush before a storm breaks.

And right now, the tension curling around him made one thing unmistakably clear.

Ezra **was** far from pleased.

“Lylah.” Her name rolled from his lips in a deep, controlled tone.

Something dangerous coiled in the depths of his striking eyes.

“A—Alpha...” Gwyn immediately dropped to one knee, her head bowed low.

Gary followed a second later, mirroring his sister’s posture.

“Lylah, my Luna,” Ezra’s voice softened as he spoke the title, but the effect was no less overwhelming. He stepped toward Lylah with the effortless authority of a predator claiming his territory.

The word struck the siblings like lightning. Their heads snapped up, eyes widening in disbelief as they stared at Lylah.

Ezra smiled then.

But **it wasn’t** a smile that eased the tension.

If anything, it made the air feel sharper.

“It seems I interrupted your conversation with your friend.” His hand lifted and slid gently through Lylah’s hair, the intimate gesture deliberate.

There **was** no mistaking the message he was sending.

“L—Luna...?” Gwyn’s voice **came** out barely above a whisper.

Lylah began, trying to explain. “Gwyn, I...

“Yes,” Ezra answered calmly before she could continue. “What else would I come here for if not to pick up my Luna?” His gaze flicked briefly toward the siblings. “But since you were talking, I suppose I could wait.”

Gwyn’s earlier plan—to proudly introduce her brother to Lylah—vanished completely from her mind.

Right now, all she could think about was whether she and Gary would survive this encounter.

A cold shiver ran down her spine.

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049

Finished

She silently prayed the Alpha hadn't noticed the way Gary had stared at Lylah earlier... or the compliment he had blurted out with such obvious nervousness.

"My apologies, Alpha," Gwyn said quickly. "I truly didn't know Lylah was your Luna."

She nudged her brother sharply.

Gary swallowed and bowed his head. "Alpha Ezra, I sincerely apologize for my earlier words."

Lylah gasped softly when Ezra's arm slid around her waist, pulling her closer against his side.

Much closer than necessary.

"Rise," Ezra said calmly.

The siblings immediately stood.

Gwyn looked pale, and Gary seemed mortified.

Seeing their expressions, guilt tugged at Lylah's heart.

"You didn't do anything wrong," Lylah said quickly. "Please, don't kneel like that again."

Then she looked at Gwyn.

"You were so cheerful when you greeted me earlier," she added softly, trying to ease the tension. "We're friends, aren't we?"

Gwyn forced a sheepish smile.

she had meant it earlier.

But now that she knew who Lylah truly was... the Luna of the Moonclaw Pack...

How could she treat her **so** casually again?

Still, the siblings nodded.

Yet the easy warmth from earlier had already disappeared.

Lylah tried to reassure them for a while longer, speaking gently until the tension eased slightly. But eventually Ezra guided her away, his arm still resting firmly around her waist.

They walked together toward the sleek black Rolls-Royce waiting outside the Lunar Grace grounds.

‘I’ve contacted my grandfather,’ Ezra said as they approached the vehicle. ‘We’ll be visiting Moonclaw

tomorrow.’”

Lylah blinked up at him.

‘You said you wanted to buy him a gift first,’ he continued. ‘So I came to take you shopping.’”

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“Alright,” Lylah said, nodding softly.

But her voice lacked its usual brightness. A trace of lingering guilt still clung to her tone.

He noticed immediately.

Just before they stepped into the car, Ezra’s voice broke the silence..

“Are you still feeling bad for that friend of yours?”

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Finished

The words were delivered in his usual calm. Yet beneath that measured tone, something more primal stirred—something his wolf did little to conceal.

A dark thread woven through every syllable.

Jealousy

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

The Betrayed Princess Rising

Chapter 148

Ezra's POV

It had been centuries since Ragnar had felt something like this.

But the moment we saw that man staring at my Luna.....

Everything changed.

019

Finished

The way his eyes lingered on her had been impossible to hide. The interest in them had been too obvious. Ragnar had felt it immediately.

And now the feeling remained inside me—dark, coiled tight in my chest like a serpent that refused to loosen its grip.

Even after we arrived at the shopping center, the irritation still simmered beneath my skin.

Lylah had dragged me into one of the boutiques, its glass walls glittering under soft lights. She was currently wandering between display tables, surrounded by attentive staff as she tried to decide on a gift. for my grandfather.

I had told her she could choose anything. The old wolf would adore whatever she picked.

But Lylah still looked adorably conflicted.

Meanwhile, I sat on a couch nearby, watching her.

The restless fury inside me had yet to fade.

“Alpha.”

Damon approached quietly and stopped beside me.

“You still look rather displeased,” he said carefully. “Should I have the staff clear the boutique of other visitors? It might make things more comfortable for you and Luna while she shops.”

“There’s no need,” I replied. “She said she enjoys this lively atmosphere.” My gaze remained on Lylah as I asked him. “What did you find out?”

Damon understood immediately.

I **had** ordered him to look into the two wolves who had approached Lylah earlier.

“Gwyn and Gary of the Whitepine **Pack**, Alpha,” Damon said, lowering his voice as he sat beside me. “They’re from a Gamma rank. The sister **is** a junior healer at Lunar Grace and the brother **owns a** food business.” His **expression** remained neutral as he continued. “Their family is fairly established in **their Pack**. But Gary came to Lunar is recently to expand his business here.”

“Block it.”

Damon blinked. “**Alpha?**”

1/3

3:33 pm

Chapter 148

0491

Finished

“Whatever plans he has to grow his business here—alliances, investments, all of it—shut them down.”

My voice remained calm.

But the command left no room for doubt.

“He’ll eventually realize Lunar is offers him no opportunities,” I continued. “And he’ll return to Whitepine.”

Damon stared at me for a moment before nodding.

“As you command, Alpha. I’ll handle it.”

I leaned back against the couch, satisfied.

The glass of wine in my hand tilted slightly as I brought it to my lips, taking a slow sip.

“But, Alpha,” Damon said carefully after a moment. “What if Luna becomes upset if she finds out you’re doing this?”

I glanced at him.

“Do you think Lylah likes him?”

The chill in my voice spread through the room like frost.

Damon nearly choked.

“N-No, Alpha,” he answered immediately, straightening in his seat.

Of course, he knew better than to suggest otherwise.

The conversation ended there.

But even as silence settled between us, my mind kept returning to the memory of Gary’s expression earlier the way he had stared at Lylah.

The way he had called her beautiful.

Ragnar growled softly inside me.

Then-

A sudden commotion erupted somewhere deeper inside the boutique,

Raised voices.

Shouting.

And in the middle of it-

A scream.

2/3

Finished

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Chapter 148

Lylah's scream.

I was already on my feet before the sound had fully faded.

The world blurred as I moved, my body crossing the distance faster than anyone's eyes could track.

When I reached the source, the scene before me froze the blood in my veins.

A strange male had grabbed a young woman by the collar, his hand tightening around her throat.

And standing directly in front of him was my Luna.

Fury burned in her eyes.

But my gaze dropped to her cheek.

A bright red mark stained her skin.

The unmistakable imprint of a slap.

For a single heartbeat, everything inside me went silent.

Then the last thread of restraint snapped. Ragnar surged forward with a savage roar.

My claws lengthened instinctively, slicing through the air as a deep, feral growl tore from my chest.

And I lunged for the male.

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214

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Ruby Walker

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

Chapter 149

Lylah's POV

A few moments earlier...

Everything had been perfectly normal.

0191

Finished

I was standing between two glass display tables, studying a selection of handcrafted ties while the boutique staff eagerly offered suggestions. I still couldn't decide what would suit Ezra's grandfather best.

That was when someone suddenly grabbed my hand.

'Lady, please... please help me.'

I turned in surprise.

A young woman stood before me, her entire body trembling. Her fingers clutched mine desperately, as if I were the only thing keeping her from collapsing.

'Are you alright?' I asked quickly. "What happened?"

There's a man," she whispered breathlessly. "He's been chasing me since yesterday. He... he wanted me to leep with him."

Her voice shook violently.

When I refused, he started hunting me down everywhere."

My expression hardened.

Before I could respond, heavy footsteps thundered through the boutique.

The man appeared moments later.

Several staff members tried to block him at the entrance, but he shoved them aside like they weighed nothing.

‘Come here, you disobedient slut!’ he snarled, his eyes locking onto the terrified woman. “You think you can run after taking my gold?”

The girl flinched behind me.

Instinct took over before I could even think.

I stepped forward and pushed her behind my back.

“That’s not how you treat someone,” I said coldly, meeting the man’s gaze.

He bared crooked teeth in a mocking grin.

“And who the hell are you supposed to be?” he scoffed. “Move aside. I’m about to punish this little liar for

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Chapter 149

scamming me.”

When he lunged for the girl again, I caught his arm and shoved it away.

Chaos erupted immediately.

Finished

He swung wildly, trying to grab her while I blocked every strike I could. The boutique erupted with shouts as the staff scrambled away from the fight.

But the man was stronger than I expected.

Before I could fully dodge, his hand whipped across my face.

The impact exploded against my cheek.

The force sent me staggering sideways, my vision briefly blurring.

The man seized the moment and grabbed the girl by her collar.

Then-

A scream ripped through the air.

But it wasn’t hers.

“Alpha!” Damon’s voice thundered from somewhere behind the man.

“Argh! My arm!” The man howled in agony.

Blood splattered across the marble floor.

I looked up just in time to see why.

Ezra stood behind him.

One of the man’s arms hung grotesquely twisted where Ezra’s claws had ripped through flesh.

For a moment, I barely recognized him.

Silver light swirled within Ezra’s eyes, bright and terrifying.

The calm, composed Alpha I knew had vanished.

In his place stood a storm.

His wolf.

The air around him trembled with raw dominance, thick and suffocating enough to make everyone in the room shrink back instinctively.

He stepped forward again.

Ready to tear the man apart.

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Chapter 149

019

Finished

“Ezra!” I rushed toward him, grabbing his arm before he could move.

“Don’t!” I pleaded. “You’ll kill him if you keep going!”

My voice cut through the fury like a blade.

Ezra froze.

Slowly, his gaze lowered to me.

The violent silver haze inside his eyes began to fade, revealing the familiar warmth that usually softened whenever he looked at me.

His clawed hand rose to my face.

Despite the blood still dripping from his fingers, his touch was impossibly gentle.

“Are you hurt?” he asked quietly.

His voice brushed against my soul like a soft wind.

“No. Not at all,” I said quickly. “I’m fine. I’m alright, Ezra.”

I forced a reassuring smile.

“Please don’t worry.”

He inhaled slowly, his chest rising as he struggled to regain control.

Little by little, the wildness in his expression faded.

Around us,

the frozen boutique finally came back to life.

Staff members cautiously approached. Someone hurried to offer the trembling girl a glass of water while two security guards restrained the attacker.

“He was attacking this girl,” I said, pointing at the man.

Ezra’s expression darkened.

“Damon.”

“Yes, Alpha.”

The Beta stepped forward instantly.

“You heard my Luna,” Ezra said calmly. “Take care of him.”

His gaze flicked briefly toward the bleeding man.

“And make sure he understands the consequences of disturbing my Luna’s time.”

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Chapter 149

“Yes, Alpha.”

Damon grabbed the attacker by his uninjured arm and forced him to his knees.

A sickening crack echoed through the boutique.

“Alpha! please!” the man wailed. “Have mercy!”

0171

Finished

But Ezra didn’t even spare the man a glance.

His gaze remained locked on me, as though he feared I might vanish if he looked away for even a moment -as though he needed to see that I was still whole, still safe.

It was possessive. Protective.

And strangely enough... I liked it.

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Ruby Walker

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

Chapter 150

3rd Person’s POV

016

Finished

After leaving the boutique, they stepped outside toward the waiting car. Ezra still looked far from calm. His shoulders remained rigid, the tension in his frame unmistakable.

Lylah reached out and placed her hand gently on his arm.

“It’s alright,” she said softly. “I’m alright.”

She could still feel the lingering storm beneath his skin.

An Alpha with instincts that fierce when it came to protecting his woman... Lylah had never experienced anything like it before.

Rowan had been an Alpha too. Yet more often than not, he had asked her to endure discomfort for the sake of his pride. Even when members of the Blackfang Pack treated her with thinly veiled disdain, Rowan had seldom stepped forward to defend her.

Ezra was nothing like that.

But Lylah also understood something else.

“Ezra,” she began carefully, “I want to tell you about Gwyn and Gary.”

His attention snapped to her instantly.

“I know you heard Gary compliment me earlier,” she continued. “And you might have thought we were friends, or that we knew each other well. But that’s not the truth.”

“Gary is Gwyn’s brother. I had never met him before today.” She paused before adding, “And Gwyn and I barely know each other either. We only met briefly when I treated one of her patients.”

Her voice softened.

“So no. It’s not what you think. Gary didn’t have any hidden intentions. He was only being polite.”

Ezra fell silent.

The effect of her explanation was far greater than Lylah realized.

The final remnants of the storm inside him dissolved almost instantly, like mist burned away by sunlight. The sharp edge of jealousy that had been clawing at his mind finally loosened its grip.

His thoughts cleared.

“Thank you,” Ezra said quietly.

His gaze softened as it rested on her. “For telling me that.”

A small smile **finally appeared** on his lips.

3:33 pm

Chapter 150

9431

Finished

“I’ll remember it. If it helps **ease** your mind.”

Lylah didn’t realize how deeply jealousy had stirred his wolf.

Soon after, they climbed into the car. Lylah had already chosen a gift for Ezra’s grandfather, carefully wrapped and placed beside her.

Damon slid into the driver’s seat and guided the car smoothly through the streets as they returned to the penthouse.

But even as the city lights passed outside the window, Lylah’s mind remained occupied by something else entirely.

Ezra’s attack.

‘It was too precise.

She replayed the moment again and again.

When Ezra had struck the man, his claws had torn into the attacker’s arm with frightening accuracy. Not a fatal blow—just enough to disable him.

But the angle... the speed...

‘How did he know exactly where the arm would be?’

With his vision, predicting that movement would have been nearly impossible.

Perhaps it was simply years of training. Ezra had lived for centuries, after all. His combat instincts must have been honed beyond imagination.

Yet the thought lingered in the back of her mind.

“What if there was another explanation?”

The following morning, they began their journey to the Moonclaw Pack.

Moonclaw’s territory bordered Lunaris directly, so the drive wasn’t long. By midday, they had already reached the outer border of the packlands.

An hour later, the car rolled into the land where the Alpha family resided.

When Lylah stepped out of the vehicle, a cool breeze swept across the grounds. It carried the clean scent of pine forests and the soft sweetness of lavender from the vast gardens surrounding the estate.

She lifted her head to look at the mansion before her.

And froze.

Her jaw slowly dropped.

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Chapter 150

Finished

The Moonclaw Pack was known to be powerful—wealthy beyond measure. Everyone knew that.

But standing here, seeing it with her own eyes...

The truth was far more overwhelming.

The estate stretched across the hills like a kingdom of its own, grand stone buildings framed by towering pines and manicured gardens that seemed endless. The quiet luxury spoke of generations of wealth and dominance.

Compared to this place, even the grandest buildings in Blackfang and Ironcrest seemed like little more than shadows of true power.

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