

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

Chapter 151

3rd Person's POV

By the time Ezra stepped out of the car, Lylah was already looking around in quiet amazement.

Ezra moved to stand beside her.

Are you nervous?" he asked softly.

When she glanced at him, he added in a reassuring tone, "Don't be. Only my grandfather lives here now. The butler and the household staff as well. My council isn't present, and most of the pack resides in the packhouse district further down the valley."

His voice gentled further.

'If you'd like to explore it tomorrow, I can arrange it.'

Lylah nodded.

Ezra extended his hand to her.

She placed her hand in his without hesitation.

Together, they walked toward the grand entrance.

The moment they stepped inside the main hall, several staff members rose from their positions. The outler and a group of Omegas-wolves who had served the Moonclaw family since Ezra had been a pup- bowed deeply.

'Welcome home, Alpha. Welcome, Luna.'" Their voices blended in respectful unison.

'Alpha Ezra, welcome back.'" The butler stepped forward.

Albert was an older man with greying hair and a warm, familiar smile,

“It has been far too long since your last visit,” he said kindly. “Master has been waiting for you in his study.”

His gaze shifted politely toward Lylah.

“If Luna wishes, we would be honored to show her around the estate.”

Ezra’s fingers tightened instinctively around Lylah’s hand.

Albert noticed it immediately.

The Alpha clearly had no intention of letting his mate out of his sight.

The butler cleared his throat lightly.

“Of course... if Alpha would prefer otherwise-”

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“Ezra, it’s alright,” Lylah said gently.

She turned to him with a small smile.

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Finished

“You should see your grandfather first. It’s been a long time since you’ve met. I’m sure he has things he wants to say to you.”

Ezra looked reluctant.

But after a moment, he nodded.

He gave Albert a long, warning look—one that made it perfectly clear that Lylah was to be treated with the

utmost care.

Only after he was satisfied did he release her hand and head toward his grandfather’s study.

It had been years since he last walked these halls. The mansion felt both familiar and distant at the same

time.

At the end of the corridor stood a massive mahogany door.

The guard stationed outside bowed immediately.

“Alpha.”

He pushed the door open.

Ezra stepped inside.

“Ah... boy. You’ve finally returned.” Vargan sat comfortably behind a large desk, his silver hair tied loosely at the back, his sharp eyes still burning with the strength of a seasoned Alpha.

Ezra’s expression remained cool.

“I’m only here because of Lylah,” he said flatly. “If not for her, I wouldn’t have bothered returning. I’m busy enough in Lunaris.”

Vargan burst into laughter.

“Well then, may Selene bless that girl,” the old wolf chuckled. “Without her, it seems this pack would never see its Alpha set foot here again.”

Ezra snorted softly.

Vargan rose from his chair, amusement still lingering in his eyes as he walked closer.

“So,” he asked curiously, “what did your Luna think of Moonclaw?”

Ezra answered without hesitation. “Intimidating.”

“What?” Vargan blinked.

Ezra shrugged slightly. “Don’t pretend Moonclaw is some welcoming paradise. This territory was built for

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warriors to survive, not for comfort.”

019

Finished

His gaze flicked briefly toward the window overlooking the view beyond the estate. “There isn’t much here that would entertain her. We’re only staying for a short while. After that, I’ll take her back to Lunaris.”

Vargan snorted in amusement.

“You **still** hate your birthplace to the bone,” he said.

Then his eyes gleamed with quiet mischief.

“But who knows?” Vargan folded his arms, studying his grandson with a smirk. “Perhaps Lylah will appreciate this land far more than your ungrateful hide ever did.”

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B

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The Betrayed Princess Rising

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Cora’s POV

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I really needed to find a way to get rid of Erik—and soon. Because if I didn’t, this was exactly what would happen. That ungrateful stray kept dragging me deeper and deeper into trouble.

Just yesterday, the Lunar Enforcers had called, demanding that I come down to their office. Apparently, Erik had been arrested.

“Whatever crime he committed, even if he dies in there, I don’t care,” I had told them coldly. “I’m not stepping foot in your office.”

“But he said you’re the closest person to him, Lady Cora,” the officer insisted. “You should come. He’s involved in a disturbance at a boutique with someone... not exactly ordinary. He had attacked the Luna—”

I hung up before they could finish.

And now, today, my head was pounding as if a hammer were striking the inside of my skull.

The doorbell rang.

I forced myself up and opened the door.

A courier stood outside.

*Lady Coraline,” he said politely, handing me a sealed envelope. “A letter for you from the Whitepine Pack.”

‘Whitepine Pack?’ A chill slid slowly down my spine.

Still, I took the letter and returned inside.

Only when the door closed behind me did I unfold it.

The moment my eyes landed on the sigil stamped into the wax seal, my heart seemed to drop straight into my stomach.

Ivar the Fearless.

Commander of Whitepine—and several neighboring packs—for more than fifty years.

Commander Ivar.

My eyes scanned the contents, moving from line to line. By the time I reached the end, my blood had

turned to ice.

He was summoning me to his residence.

My hands trembled slightly.

This wasn’t an invitation. It **was** a command. And worse—it felt **like** a threat.

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Why now?

My mind immediately landed on the only possible explanation.

Erik.

That disgusting piece of trash must have told him my secret after I refused to bail him out of the Enforcers' custody.

I knew better than to ignore an order from a man like Commander Ivar.

So by evening, I found myself deep within Whitepine territory.

His residence stood far from the pack's central grounds, hidden among towering pines and shadowed forest paths. The house itself was modest—almost humble.

But the presence surrounding it was anything but.

This was the den of an old War God.

I approached the door and knocked once. It swung open almost immediately.

And there he was.

Commander Ivar.

Even in old age, he stood tall and broad-shouldered, his posture straight as iron.

Power rolled from him like an invisible tide—an ancient aura honed by decades of war and command.

My knees buckled instantly.

I dropped to the ground before him.

“Please forgive me,” I pleaded, my voice trembling as his heavy boots came into view before my bowed head. “Please, sir. I know I was wrong. I—I never meant to deceive you all these years. I never meant to hide the truth... that I was never truly **Jax** and Vala Stillward's blood.”

His voice was rough and deep, like gravel dragged across stone,

“Stand.”

I hesitated.

“You had the courage to make such a move,” he continued coldly. “You should at least have the courage to face the consequences, Coraline.”

Slowly, I rose to my feet.

Tears streamed down my **face as** I lifted my gaze to meet his.

His expression **was** carved from stone.

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“Thane Blackridge. Victor Ross. Isaac Grey. Logan Silver,” he said, each name dropping like a hammer strike. “All of them were honorable wolves.”

His golden eyes narrowed.

“I made them swear an oath to me—to protect you.” A low growl vibrated in his chest. “And yet you dared to lie. Not only to me...” His aura surged violently. “But to them as well?!”

I flinched instinctively.

“You shameless girl!” he roared. “Greedy and deceitful!”

“N-no!” I cried, my voice shaking. “They already know who I truly am. And I didn’t take that privilege for myself alone, sir!”

Then,

An idea sparked inside my mind.

A desperate one.

“But for my mate,” I said quickly, clutching at the opportunity like a lifeline. “I haven’t told you the truth yet because I needed your connections... to help Alpha Rowan of the Blackfang Pack.”

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3rd Person's POV

Cora's words made Ivar pause.

For a moment, the old commander simply stared at her.

"Your mate...?" he repeated slowly. "Rowan Blackfang is your mate?"

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Since the day Cora had vanished from Whitepine—leaving behind nothing but a short letter claiming she, would study in Ironcrest—Ivar had not seen her again.

Out of respect for the girl he had once watched, he had not searched for her. Instead, he had chosen to guard her from afar, ensuring her safety through quiet channels.

Never once had he imagined she might have become the mate of Rowan Blackfang.

"Yes..." Cora sobbed, lowering her head as tears slid down her cheeks. "Alpha Rowan is my mate..."

Ivar flinched.

"Dry your eyes, girl," he said gruffly. "Jax and Vala would be ashamed to see the daughter they raised weeping over a man like that from Selene's kingdom above."

His voice hardened.

"There's nothing so remarkable about Rowan Blackfang that warrants such tears."

But Cora noticed it immediately—the faintest fracture in his anger.

And she seized it.

“Because I love him,” she said between sobs. “I love him so much. Alpha Rowan is a good man. Just recently... things have been difficult for him and his pack.”

Her shoulders trembled convincingly.

“I had no other choice but to use my connections with Thane and other influential figures in Lunaris to create opportunities for him.” She lowered her gaze, voice small and fragile. “As his mate... I only wanted to help him.”

Ivar watched her carefully.

The girl before him trembled, tears falling freely as though her heart might break apart at any moment.

Slowly, the iron edge of his fury dulled.

He had been furious—truly furious.

But standing before him now was still the girl he had once sworn to protect.

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And she was crying.

Even an old war wolf like him could not keep his anger burning against that sight for long.

“Fine,” he said at last.

Cora gasped softly.

“Sir... I’m so grateful...” She dropped to her knees again.

But Ivar quickly caught her arm and pulled her back to her feet.

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Finished

“Enough of that,” he muttered. His sharp gaze pinned her in place. “But listen carefully. You cannot continue this lie forever.”

His voice turned stern again.

“You must find a way to correct this mistake. And tell your mate to learn how to stand on his own feet. An Alpha who relies on borrowed authority is nothing but a title wearing a crown.”

Cora nodded obediently, lowering her head in submission.

After she left, Ivar returned to his study.

The large wooden desk was covered with scattered reports and documents—records he had been quietly compiling over the past year.

Ever since certain suspicions had begun to surface.

They all concerned the same mystery.

The true daughter of Jax and Vala Stillward.

The child who carried their honorable bloodline.

Ivar leaned back in his chair, rubbing his temple as he considered the scattered information.

“I’ve traveled across nearly every pack in Verdanth searching for that girl,” he murmured.

His assistant stepped forward quietly, setting a cup of tea beside him.

“Which territory have I not visited yet?” Ivar asked.

The man hesitated before answering. “Moonclaw Pack, sir.”

Ivar stilled.

Moonclaw.

“That’s Alpha Ezra’s territory,” he said slowly. His voice held a note of respect rarely heard from him. “The only Alpha in Verdanth I hold in truly high regard. I avoided visiting there because I didn’t wish to disturb

him.”

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Yet as he spoke, another name surfaced in his mind.

Vargan Moonclaw.

The old lord of the pack.

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Finished

In the years when Ivar led relentless campaigns against rogue that plagued the borders of many packs, Vargan had supported his forces without hesitation—sending warriors, supplies, and every resource the Moonclaw Pack could spare.

A rare kind of ally.

Ivar frowned thoughtfully.

“Why do I suddenly feel like... I should visit that land now?”

His assistant smiled faintly. “Perhaps it is Selene’s guidance.”

Ivar tapped his fingers slowly against the desk.

He had never considered the possibility before.

But what if...

What if the daughter of Jax and Vala had somehow ended up there?

The thought stirred something deep within him.

A pull.

Strong and insistent.

It had been many years since he last saw Vargan Moonclaw. And he was certain the generous old lord would welcome him without hesitation.

Ivar rose from his chair.

“I will leave for the Moonclaw Pack tonight.” he said firmly.

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The Betrayed Princess Rising

Chapter 154

Lylah's POV

Three days and two nights had passed since we arrived at Moonclaw.

Yet I still hadn't met the master of this estate.

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By the third morning, restlessness gnawed at me from the inside. We would be leaving soon, and I hadn't even greeted Ezra's grandfather properly.

"Then what was the point of coming here at all?"

Ezra had gone out earlier with Damon to greet members of the pack. The Alpha's rare presence was required across the territory, and I knew better than to interrupt duties like that.

So instead, Albert—the kind butler who had served the Moonclaw family for decades—accompanied me through the vast gardens surrounding the mansion.

The air smelled of lavender and pine, carried by the cool mountain breeze.

"Albert," I said as we walked along the stone path, "does Alpha Ezra's grandfather still not wish to see me? I haven't even been able to give him the scented candle I made."

The other gifts I bought from the boutique had already reached him.

But the candle... that one I wanted to give him myself.

Albert smiled gently.

"Luna, it isn't that Master doesn't wish to meet you," he said reassuringly. "He's been recovering from a rather stubborn flu. He didn't want to risk you catching it."

I nodded.

That made sense.

I remember I knew a few herbal remedies that could ease such symptoms. Lemon and certain wild herbs worked particularly well. Perhaps I could prepare something for him.

We continued gathering lavender from the garden beds, the purple flowers swaying softly beneath the warm sunlight. The entire place felt peaceful—almost dreamlike.

Movement caught my eye.

An elderly man stepped onto the garden path.

He had a thick white beard and weathered features, but there was nothing frail about him. His posture remained straight, his movements steady. The sharpness in his eyes reminded me of a wolf who had

survived countless battles.

He walked forward slowly.

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And directly toward a small hole in the garden path.

“Sir!” I called out quickly. “Watch your step!”

Too late.

His foot slipped straight into the hole, and he staggered forward with a sharp grunt.

I handed my basket to one of the maids and hurried over to help him.

“Are you alright?” I asked, offering my arm to steady him.

He straightened with a faint groan, rolling his shoulder.

“I didn’t expect someone to leave a trap like that in the middle of a garden...” he muttered.

Then he waved away the concern. “I’m fine, young lady. Thank you for helping.” His eyes finally settled on my face.

For a brief moment, he simply stared.

And strangely enough, I do the same.

There was something familiar about him—as if I had seen him before. Maybe in a portrait. Or an old record.

“Commander Ivar,” Albert said politely, stepping closer. “This is Lylah, the Luna of the Moonclaw Pack.”

The old man froze.

But I was certain my shock was greater.

Commander Ivar.

The legendary war God whose name was known across countless packs. The man who had led more battles than most Pack generals could survive. The deep scar that cut across his brow was proof of it.

“Luna,” Commander Ivar said, bowing deeply. “It is an honor to meet you.”

“The honor is mine,” I replied quickly.

He straightened immediately.

Yet his gaze lingered on me longer than expected.

As if he were trying to place a memory.

‘Have we met before?’

I couldn’t recall ever seeing him in person.

“Alpha Ezra and his Luna rarely visit the estate, Albert explained with a smile. “It’s indeed quite rare to see

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them here together. He gestured politely toward the old commander. “Luna, Commander Ivar is an old friend of Alpha Ezra’s **grandfather**.”

“Really?” My eyes widened slightly. Then you came here to visit him?”

“Not exactly **Commander** Ivar replied with a small chuckle. “I actually came for another matter.”

He rubbed his beard thoughtfully.

“But I did see **that** old wolf earlier. We ended up talking for quite a while. It’s been years since we last shared a proper conversation like the old days back in the war camps.

I blinked in surprise.

“Commander Ivar... is Alpha Ezra’s grandfather feeling better now? I heard he’s been **ill**.

“Ill” he repeated.

Then he barked out a rough laugh.

“Not at all. That old wolf was sitting in his study perfectly fine—making me listen to his endless fuss for

hours!”

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Lylah’s POV

I didn’t waste another moment.

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Clutching the small box containing the candle, I hurried toward the study where Ezra’s grandfather was said to be. Albert followed close behind, wringing his hands nervously.

“Luna, please forgive me,” he said for what must have been the tenth time. “I truly did not mean to lie.”

“It’s alright, Albert,” I replied, though my steps didn’t slow.

When we reached the door, the guards pushed it open.

“I’m so sorry for the interruption,” I said as I stepped inside.

The study smelled faintly of old books and cedarwood. Towering shelves lined the walls, packed with volumes that looked older than the mansion itself.

Near one of the bookcases stood a tall figure with his back to me.

His gray hair was tied neatly at the nape of his neck. A dark velvet tunic draped over broad shoulders that still carried the quiet strength of a seasoned wolf. Boots polished to a deep sheen completed the image of authority.

The old lord of Moonclaw.

“But I couldn’t leave without seeing you,” I continued quickly. “When I heard you were feeling better, I thought... I truly hoped to greet you in person. That was the whole reason I came here.”

For a moment, he didn’t move.

Then slowly, he turned.

Our gazes met.

Only his eyes were visible, the lower half of his face hidden behind a cloth mask. Yet those eyes—ancient, sharp, and unmistakably powerful—felt as if they could see straight through bone and marrow.

“Luna,” he greeted, his deep voice resonating through the room as he stepped closer.

I dipped into a respectful curtsy. “I’m Lylah.”

“Ah, His eyes warmed slightly, “Yes, I know. Ezra has told me your name and quite a lot about you.” His gaze lingered on me thoughtfully. “And you’ve been restless because you couldn’t see me?”

I hesitated before answering honestly.

“I thought... You didn’t wish to meet me.”

The old wolf barked out a rich, booming laugh.

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“Luna of this pack, you are delightfully innocent,” he said with amusement. “Can’t you see this ridiculous cloth covering my face, silly girl? I caught a stubborn cold. I’ve been hiding myself away so no one else would catch it.”

Heat rushed to my cheeks.

“But your concern touches me,” he continued. “And why would I refuse to meet the Luna who has captured my grandson’s iron heart?”

Relief loosened the tight knot in my chest.

At least it hadn’t been a rejection.

His eyes dropped to the small box in my hands.

“Alpha Ezra told me you sometimes struggle to sleep,” I said, lifting the gift toward him. “This is a scented candle. If you light it before resting, it should help calm your mind.”

For a moment, he simply stared at it.

Those deep eyes glimmered with something that looked almost like... admiration.

Without hesitation, he accepted the box.

A wide smile spread across my face.

“If only that boy knew the real reason I sometimes lose sleep is because of him,” the old wolf chuckled. “When he’s away, I sleep like a bear in winter.”

His laughter rumbled warmly through the room.

“But thank you, sweet girl. I’ll make sure to light this every night.”

Noticing my hesitation, he added with a grin,

“Don’t mind my words. **Ezra** and I have always had a... complicated relationship. Love and **war**, you could say. That boy has been difficult since he was a pup and I’ve never been the gentle sort of guardian.”

I nodded quietly.

A question hovered on the tip of my tongue—about Ezra’s parents—but I swallowed it. It didn’t feel **like** the right moment.

“Albert!” the old lord suddenly barked.

The poor butler, who had been standing stiffly near the door the entire time, nearly jumped out of his

skin.

“Yes, Master!”

“Why are you standing there **like a** carved statue? Go fetch some tea and cake for Launa.”

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“Yes, Master. Right away!”

Albert hurried out of the room at once.

Ezra’s grandfather turned back to me, his sharp gaze softening slightly.

“Will you stay and talk with an old wolf for a while?”

I nodded without hesitation. “Of course.”

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3rd Person’s POV

The sun was already sinking behind the jagged pine ridges when Ivar finally finished searching the southern territory of the Moonclaw Pack.

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He had spent the entire day combing through the region—questioning officials, visiting outposts, and speaking with anyone who might know the girl he sought.

Yet the trail remained cold.

The daughter of his fallen students—the true blood of Jax and Vala Stillward—was nowhere to be found.

With a tired sigh, the old commander lowered himself beneath the shade of a towering pine. The scent of resin and earth filled the cool evening air as his assistant settled beside him.

“I thought this would be easy,” Ivar muttered, rubbing the bridge of his nose.

His assistant reached into his satchel and pulled out a folded parchment.

“This arrived the night before we departed, sir,” he said, offering it over. “A letter from Lady Cora. You haven’t had time to read it.”

Ivar took the parchment and unfolded it.

His sharp eyes scanned the page, line after line of desperate ink scratching across the paper.

By the time he reached the final line, the parchment was already crumpling in his grip.

With a low growl, Ivar crushed the letter into a tight ball.

“What does it say, sir?” his assistant asked cautiously.

“She’s begging,” Ivar said bitterly. “Begging me to allow Rowan Blackfang to continue using those connections a little longer—until whatever ambition he’s chasing is achieved.” His jaw tightened. “And she asks me to remain silent. To keep the truth buried for now.”

A rough, humorless bark of laughter escaped him.

“Tell me,” he said, leaning his head back against the rough bark of the tree, “how am I supposed to stay silent after such betrayal?”

His voice hardened.

“Cora betrayed my trust.” His gaze darkened as it drifted toward the distant forest. “Perhaps... if I had stopped her when she ran off to Ironcrest back then and raised her myself, she might have grown into someone with proper dignity.”

The old wolf exhaled slowly.

“She would never beg like that. Let alone throw away her pride just to keep a man like Rowan Blackfang on

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his feet.”

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Finished

Five Days Later – Moonclaw Estate

The fifth day in Moonclaw finally arrived. Though Lylah would have happily stayed longer, both her work at Lunar Grace and Ezra’s responsibilities in the research center could not be neglected indefinitely.

So that morning, they prepared to leave.

On the front lawn of the estate, Lylah stood with Vargan as they exchanged their farewells.

A short distance away, Ezra and Damon waited beside the car.

“Next time you visit,” Vargan said gruffly, “make sure you come alone. Or at least bring only Damon.” He snorted. “Because Ezra will surely drag you away again like he’s doing now.”

Lylah laughed softly.

“Don’t worry,” she promised gently. “I’ll come back as soon as I can.”

Even with the cloth still covering the lower half of his face, she could see the smile crinkling in the corners of the old wolf’s eyes.

“I’ll hold you to that, Lylah,” he said. “I’ve already thought of half a dozen things we could do together.” His eyes gleamed with mischief. “Tell me, have you ever hunted before? The forests here are overflowing with prey.”

He gestured toward the sprawling wilderness surrounding the estate.

“I’ll teach you. We’ll track them down and shoot them ourselves.”

Lylah smiled, quietly amused by how different he seemed from the man he had pretended to be in disguise.

“I’d love that,” she said. “You’ll have to teach me how to use a sniper rifle properly, sir.”

They shared another brief embrace before she turned to leave.

But just as she stepped back, Lylah leaned closer and whispered into his ear, a playful smile tugging at her lips.

“And I’d be even happier...” she whispered softly, “if you tried to read my future again—just like you did the first night we met.”

Vargan froze.

Then he jerked back as if struck by lightning.

“W-what?”

Lylah chuckled lightly.

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“Yes, Master Vargan,” she said teasingly. “You didn’t really think I wouldn’t recognize you, did you?”

Her eyes sparkled with quiet amusement.

“That night in front of the penthouse... then when you came to see me at Lunar Grace, you dressed yourself as a wandering wolf.”

She tilted her head.

“You may have looked like a completely different man now... but I recognized you the moment I saw you.”

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

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3rd Person's POV

Jargan **was** utterly dumbfounded.

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Finished

His heart pounded violently in his chest—so hard it felt as though it might leap straight out of his ribs. In all his long life, he had never felt anything quite like this.

Let the girl standing before him looked completely serene.

Innocent.

Her bright eyes gleamed with playful mischief, like a fox peering through fresh snow.

Master Vargan,” Lylah asked curiously, tilting her head, “where did you even find that fake beard and those wanderer clothes?” She laughed softly, clearly amused. “You absolutely nailed the disguise. I truly believed it. But... why did you choose to pretend to be a wanderer?”

Lylah...”

The old wolf swallowed.

For the first time in decades, the mighty lord of Moonclaw felt strangely nervous.

Oh, Selene...” he muttered under his breath. “Are you angry with me now?”

Angry?” Lylah blinked in confusion. “Why would I be angry?”

Because I lied to you,” Vargan admitted heavily. “I deceived you. I hid my identity to **get** close to you.”

Lylah stared at him, surprised.

The truth was, she had been confused at first. Doubt had crossed her mind. But yesterday, while Albert had been guiding her through the manor's halls, he had shown her an old portrait of Ezra's family.

The moment she saw it, everything had clicked into place.

'I'm not angry,' Lylah hesitated before adding, 'I'm more concerned than anything else. Something bad could have happened to you while you were wandering around in disguise. The guards won't be nearby.'

Vargan stared at her.

For a moment, he couldn't even find the words.

'Oh, girl...' he murmured hoarsely.

Even after discovering his deception, the only thing she worried about was his safety. The old wolf felt something warm stir in his chest.

'I'm sorry for making you worry,' he said sincerely. 'The truth is... I was overjoyed when I heard Ezra had finally found his Luna.'

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He paused.

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Finished

'But then I learned that your bond with him began as nothing more than a contract.' His brows furrowed. 'I was afraid that if you knew who I was, you might panic and run. So I approached you in disguise instead.' He exhaled slowly. 'I meant you no harm, Lylah.'

'Don't worry,' she replied gently. 'I understand.'

Back then, she probably would have been terrified if Ezra's elder had suddenly appeared during the early days of their mating contract.

'My relationship with Alpha Ezra may not have begun the way most do...' she continued thoughtfully. 'But over time, some things have started to change.'

Vargan's eyes widened.

Wait.

Was she saying-

“Hold on,” he said quickly, staring at her in disbelief. “Are you telling me you’ve actually started developing feelings for my stone-hearted grandson?” He sounded as if the idea itself was utterly impossible.

Lylah laughed softly.

“Would it be **so** wrong if I did?”

“No-no, that’s not what I mean!” Vargan said quickly, waving his hands. “I’m just shocked.” He shook his head with a disbelieving chuckle. “I never thought he’d win your heart so quickly. That boy has always been hopeless in matters like this.”

A mischievous glint appeared in his **eyes**.

“From what I’ve seen over the years, the only thing my grandson has ever managed to do is make she- wolves cry-heartbroken, furious, and declaring him the most impossible male alive.”

Lylah’s mouth formed a small O of surprise.

Seeing her reaction, Vargan burst into booming laughter, his shoulders shaking with delight.

Then he looked **at** her again, his expression softening.

“So that means you’re not planning to leave him, are you?”

Lylah didn’t hesitate. “I won’t.”

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Ruby Walker

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

Lylah's POV

I still wanted to talk to Vargan. There were so many things I hadn't asked him yet.

But before I could say another word, Ezra appeared and quietly inserted himself between us.

Reluctantly, Vargan let us go.

040

Finished

As our car rolled out of the estate grounds toward the Pack's border, I caught sight of several Moonclaw warriors sparring in the distance. The moment they noticed Ezra, they immediately stopped.

One by one, they bowed their heads to their Alpha.

I smiled softly at the sight.

Though I hadn't had the chance to meet them properly during my stay, I silently promised myself I would the next time I visited.

The following morning, life returned to its usual rhythm. Teaching classes at Lunar Grace. Endless studying.

I was walking down the long stone corridor with a stack of documents in my arms when a familiar head of fiery red hair caught my attention.

"Gwyn!" I called.

She turned immediately.

"Luna," Her eyes widened, and she seemed suddenly nervous.

I sighed gently.

"Gwyn, do you remember what I told you?" I said with a small smile. "We agreed we'd act like friends. There's no need to **call** me that."

She flushed.

"Right. Yes, **Lun-** I mean... Lylah."

My gaze dropped to the luggage she was holding.

“Are you going somewhere?” I asked.

She nodded slowly, a hint of sadness flickering across her face.

“Starting today, I’ll only be working here once a week,” she explained. “I’m transferring to a treatment house closer to Whitepine.”

“Why?”

3:35 pm

Chapter 158

0:9

Finished

She sighed softly. “Gary decided he’s going back to Whitepine as well. I’m not entirely sure why... he just said the opportunities he hoped to find here aren’t suitable anymore.” She shrugged.

“I thought it would be better if I stayed closer to my family.”

I nodded, though the news left a faint ache in my chest.

It **was** a little sad.

“I’ll come visit you,” I promised.

Her smile brightened immediately. “I’d like that.”

We hugged briefly before parting ways.

Then I continued toward Professor Grimwood’s office, and my thoughts drifted back to what Gwyn had said.

Why did her brother suddenly decide to leave?

The change seemed strangely abrupt.

When I reached the office, I knocked lightly before stepping inside.

Professor Grimwood sat behind his desk, already surrounded by stacks of documents.

“Professor,” I said, placing the files on his desk. “I’ve brought all the documents you requested yesterday.”

“Ah, good,” he replied without looking up. “Just set them there.”

I did as he said.

“And don’t forget,” he continued, finally glancing **at** me, “register your name on the Lunar Grace website and list me as your chosen mentor.”

He waved a hand dismissively.

“The Dean has been rambling lately about ‘nepotism,’ as if he didn’t claw his way into that seat through favors and bribes himself.” He snorted. “Even though I’ve already chosen you, complete the formal registration. Otherwise, he’ll nag both of us to death.”

“I understand, Professor,” I said with a nod.

After excusing myself, I stepped back into the hallway.

Today marked the beginning of the new semester.

As usual, the professors had opened a small number of mentorship positions for students from packs throughout Verdanth.

The quota **was** incredibly limited, nowhere near enough for the number of hopeful applicants. By morning, the hallways **were** already overflowing with people.

3:35 pm

Chapter 158

“Lady Soren, welcome to Lunar Grace.”

The voice caught my attention.

I turned.

Cora stood there, accompanied by a girl I vaguely recognized.

Raven–black hair. Sharp, confident eyes.

Soren.

She was from the Blackfang Pack. I remembered her now.

0191

Finished

“You’re the top student from your Pack’s College,” one of the boys nearby said admiringly.

“Securing a place here should be easy for you.” He smirked. “Besides, isn’t your family rich enough to simply bribe a professor?”

Soren laughed lightly, brushing a strand of dark hair over her shoulder.

“I’m not interested in that.” Her eyes gleamed with confidence. “The professor I want to study under isn’t someone who can be swayed by money.”

“Oh?” someone asked curiously. “Then who did you choose?”

Soren lifted her chin proudly.

“Who else?” she said. “The master of the highest-ranked healers in Verdanth. Professor Clark Grimwood.”

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

Chapter 159

Lylah’s POV

o:o

Finished

“Wow, Soren. That’s quite an ambitious choice,” the boy said with a low whistle. “But I heard a rumor...”

Soren lifted an eyebrow. “What rumor?”

I really shouldn’t have been listening. This conversation had nothing to do with me.

Yet curiosity rooted me to the spot.

If she were accepted under Professor Grimwood, it meant I would have someone studying under the same mentor. The thought was oddly comforting.

“I heard Professor Grimwood is only accepting one student this semester,” the boy continued. “And the spot’s already been filled.”

Soren scoffed.

“What? Only one? That’s ridiculous.”

Her sharp eyes narrowed.

“And you expect me to believe it’s already taken? Please. I’m not stupid enough to fall for that.”

“I’m serious,” the boy insisted. “The one he chose is someone who used to work as a junior assistant in the Traditional Healing class.”

He paused, thinking. “If I remember correctly, her name is Lylah.”

My breath stilled.

“Lylah...” Soren repeated slowly.

Her eyes darkened slightly.

“Don’t tell me she’s the same Lylah from the Blackfang Pack.”

“I don’t know which pack she’s from,” the boy said with a shrug. “But if she’s already been chosen, then your rival isn’t someone you should take lightly. I’m just warning you.”

Soren’s lips curled faintly.

“I’m certain I’m far more capable than whoever that girl is,” she said coolly. “Once Professor Grimwood reads my records and sees my talents, he’ll choose me instead.”

Cora placed a hand lightly on Soren’s shoulder.

“I’m sure you will,” she said in a warm, encouraging tone. “You’re far better than her.”

But beneath the sweetness of her voice, the message was obvious.

3:35 pm

Chapter 159

Finished

She was pouring oil onto a flame.

I quietly stepped away before the conversation could continue.

If Soren eventually learned the truth... I had a feeling she wouldn't accept it easily.

Her father was one of Rowan's council members in Blackfang—and a healer who had graduated from Lunar Grace himself.

Someone like her wasn't used to losing.

I had just turned the corner of the corridor when a familiar voice called out behind me.

“Lylah!”

I turned just in time to see Iris rushing toward me.

“There you are!” she said, slightly out of breath. “I've been looking everywhere for you! Where did you disappear to?”

“Just delivering some documents,” I replied. “You were looking for me? What's going on?”

Iris grinned.

She knew I had just returned from Moonclaw, and the mischievous sparkle in her eyes said everything.

“First of all,” she said, poking my arm lightly, “don't forget your promise. You still have to tell me everything about your visit to the Moonclaw Pack.” Her excitement bubbled over as she grabbed my hand.

“And for that,” she continued dramatically, “I've already found the perfect place for us to hang out.”

“Oh?”

“A brand-new restaurant is opening in Lunaris tonight,” she exclaimed. “Everyone's talking about it. They say it might even rival the one owned by Victor Ross—my brother's friend!”

“Iris—”

“We're absolutely going tonight!” she cut in quickly. “I haven't seen you in nearly five days. I missed you.”

She squeezed my hand and looked at me pleadingly.

“So please, Lylah. Can we go?”

I exhaled softly.

Then I nodded.

Iris beamed as she had just won a battle.

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

Chapter 160

3rd Person's POV

Finished

Evening settled over Lunaris in a wash of amber light when Lylah and Iris finally reached the restaurant Iris had been talking about all afternoon. A line of wolves stretched far beyond the entrance, curling along the lantern-lit path like a silent procession.

Lylah slowed.

Her gaze drifted across the waiting crowd and the faint rumble of engines from the expensive vehicles rumbled across the lawn. Luxury cars. Dozens of them. Influential wolves in Lunaris, without a doubt.

A flicker of unease stirred inside her.

The last time they had eaten at Victor's restaurant, things had turned unpleasant rather quickly. But the worry wasn't for herself.

It was for Iris.

What if another insolent worker decided to treat them the same way?

Her eyes slid to Iris, but the girl seemed completely unbothered, humming softly as she stared at the building ahead.

That alone eased Lylah's tension a little.

Iris," Lylah asked quietly, glancing at the long line, "why are all these people waiting outside?"

ris followed her gaze and shrugged.

I guess we have to wait too. The place **is** small, so they only let people in a few at a time.”

Lylah frowned.

‘Seriously? That line is ridiculously long. What’s so special about this place that wolves are willing to wait like this just to eat?’

The food is incredible, apparently. But the prices are ridiculously low. Everyone says it feels less like a business and more like a charity.” Iris grinned. “Like some ridiculously rich Alpha got bored one day and impulsively decided to open a restaurant.”

She paused, then added with amusement,

“**Isaac** said Victor nearly lost his mind when he heard about it.”

Lylah chuckled under her breath.

They had just settled into the line when someone brushed past them.

The woman slipped directly in front of them as if the rest of the waiting customers didn’t exist. Raven- **dark** hair spilled down her back, and her crimson lipstick was sharp enough to look like a warning.

3:35 pm

Chapter 160

Soren.

949

Finisher

Iris immediately stiffened.

“Excuse me,” she said, her voice firm. “Please step aside. You’re cutting the line.”

Soren turned slowly, as though the request itself amused her. Her gaze slid lazily over Iris and then dropped to Lylah.

A faint curl of disdain twisted her lips.

“What are you two doing here?” she asked coolly. “It’s not as if you could afford a place like this.”

Iris blinked, stunned. “What did you just say?”

“I’m only stating the obvious,” Soren replied, her eyes flicking over their clothes.

A ripple of irritation stirred beneath Lylah’s skin.

Iris crossed her arms. “Does that mean you think you can cut the line? If you don’t move, I might have to speak to the manager. My brother knows the manager who runs this place.”

Soren only laughed softly.

“Your brother?” she repeated, her gaze turning colder. “Not your connection then.” Her lips curled. “I’m not surprised. There’s no way someone like you could make connections with the influential wolves of Lunaris.”

Her eyes hardened.

“And no,” she added sharply, “I won’t be stepping aside for someone beneath me.”

Lylah felt her wolf stir restlessly beneath her skin.

Soren’s words had been unnecessarily rude.

A slow breath left Lylah’s lungs before she spoke.

“If insulting people makes you feel better,” she said calmly, “then I can only imagine how miserable your life must be, Soren.”

Soren’s eyes narrowed immediately.

“How do you know my name?”

Before Lylah could answer-

A familiar voice cut through the tension.

“Lylah?”

2/3

3:35 pm

Chapter 160

They turned.

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Finished

Cora stood a few steps away, surprise flickering across her face as her gaze moved between them.

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