

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

Chapter 181

3rd Person's POV

+5 Pearls

The moment Cora stepped out of the hotel, an unnatural stillness settled over her skin, raising a chill that had nothing to do with the night air.

Then the wind shifted.

The scent hit her all at once.

Blood.

It flooded her senses, thick and metallic, clinging to the back of her throat with every breath. Her pulse spiked instantly, dread curling deep in her chest as she stepped forward onto the lawn.

And froze.

"No..." The word came out weak, disbelieving. She shook her head as if denial alone could undo what her eyes were already seeing. "NO!"

Bodies were scattered across the ground.

Rowan's guards had been slaughtered, their remains torn apart with a brutality that spoke of something far more savage than a simple execution. Limbs lay severed at unnatural angles, flesh ripped open, blood pooling darkly beneath them and soaking into the earth. The scent alone was enough to make her stomach twist.

Then her gaze caught on a familiar figure.

"Gavriel!" The scream tore out of her as she stumbled forward, her composure shattering completely. "Gavriel-no! this can't be happening!"

The Beta lay among the dead, his body marked by deep gashes and signs of a vicious struggle. Which only made the truth more horrifying-whatever had done this had still overpowered him.

Cora's breathing grew uneven as her instincts screamed in warning.

Her wolf stirred restlessly beneath her skin, recoiling at the lingering trace of something dangerous, something dominant.

'What kind of beast could do this?'

And more importantly... who would dare?'

"Who did this?" she demanded hoarsely, her voice carrying into the empty night. "Who would dare slaughter the Beta of Alpha Rowan's Blackfang Pack?!"

Her hands trembled as she pulled out her phone. She called Rowan once. Then again. And again, until ten unanswered calls blurred together into one rising wave of dread.

Swallowing hard, she forced herself to think and dialed another number-the only member of Rowan's

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council currently in Lunaris.

'Lancel," she said the moment the call connected. "Come here right now! I need your help!"

There was a brief pause before a female voice answered.

'Cora? How unusual."

0491

+5 Pearls

'Soren," she said sharply, her tone tightening. "This isn't the time for whatever game you're playing. Put your father on the phone. This is urgent. Someone has slaughtered the guards, Gavriel is dead, and my mate is missing. I need support to handle this."

Silence stretched on the other end.

When Soren spoke again, his voice carried a careless indifference. "He can't. My father hasn't received any orders from Alpha Rowan regarding this."

Cora blinked, "What do you mean?"

'We don't act without the Alpha's command," Soren replied smoothly. "And we certainly don't move on yours, Coraline."

'I am the Luna of the Blackfang Pack!' she snapped, anger breaking through her fear. "When my mate is absent, I am the one you all answer to!"

A chuckle echoed through the line, laced with mockery.

'Not yet," Soren said coldly. "You're nothing more than a temporary ornament at my Alpha's side. Don't delude yourself into thinking you have any authority over us."

The line went dead.

Cora stood there in stunned silence, her grip loosening around the phone as the weight of his words sank

At Ezra's penthouse, the atmosphere had already been tense, but the moment the door slammed open, it shifted into something far heavier. The Alpha entered with controlled force. In his arms, he carried his Luna, her unconscious form held securely against his chest.

From the outside, Ezra appeared perfectly composed. But beneath that still surface, a storm raged unchecked. The sight of her like this-lifeless in his arms, unresponsive-dragged something buried deep within him back to the surface.

A night he had never truly escaped.

The night he lost her.

"The healer will arrive shortly, Alpha," Damon reported, keeping his tone steady despite the tension thick in the air. "Luna will be alright."

Ezra gave no response.

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His focus never wavered from her as he carried her into his bedroom and gently laid her down on the bed.

Even after that, he did not release her.

His hand remained closed around hers firmly, as if letting go-even for a breath-would mean losing her all over again.

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The Betrayed Princess Rising

Ruby Walker

**Ruby Walker** is a rising voice in the world of romance and spicy fiction. With a gift for weaving deep emotions, sizzling chemistry, and unexpected twists, her stories are a blend of passion and drama that captivate readers from start to finish. Ruby's writing style is bold and irresistible—perfect for those who crave intense, addictive love stories.

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he healer arrived without delay—the finest in Lunaris, and the only one Ezra trusted with something this fragile.

he was a graceful, middle-aged woman, her presence calm yet commanding, carrying the quiet authority of someone who had mended both flesh and spirit for decades.

”

he examined Lylah carefully, her hands hovering, then pressing lightly, her senses reaching beyond the physical—into the subtle currents of life that only a seasoned healer could read.

: did not take long.

Alpha,” she said at last, straightening. “Your Luna is unharmed. There is alcohol in her system, very little, but enough to affect someone unaccustomed to it. Her body rejected it, and it caused her to lose consciousness.”

Ezra's jaw tightened, his wolf stirring uneasily beneath his skin. “Only that? No foreign substance? No interference? Someone doesn't simply collapse from drinking.”

he healer met his gaze. "I found no trace of anything else. But..." she paused, her expression turning thoughtful, "if something was used, it was crafted to vanish. Some dangerous substances leave no residue."

low, dangerous rumble built in Ezra's chest, though he forced it down.

efore he could press further, Lylah stirred.

her lashes fluttered, her breathing shifting as she slowly returned to consciousness.

Jamon stepped forward at once, gently ushering the healer out, leaving the two of them alone.

Ezra..." her voice came soft, still heavy with sleep.

I'm here." He was at her side in an instant, dropping to one knee beside the bed. His hand enclosed hers.

hile his other brushed her forehead with instinctive tenderness.

How do you feel?" he murmured.

Mmm... sleepy..." Lylah yawned, her body relaxing as she leaned into his touch, nuzzling faintly against his palm like a contented pup seeking warmth.

The tension in his chest loosened-just a fraction.

Did I... fall asleep as soon as I got home?" she mumbled, her brows knitting slightly. "I didn't even change. And I feel so sticky right now."

His gaze darkened for a fleeting second.

She doesn't remember the last few hours.

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Relief came, sharp and guilty.

+5 Pearls

"No," he said smoothly, masking everything. "You were already drifting off in the living room. So I brought you here."

"Mmm..." She shifted, unconcerned. Then her eyes blinked open a little wider, confusion slipping in. "Wait... I am in your room?"

He didn't hesitate. "Yes."

She studied him for a heartbeat, then simply hummed, accepting it with disarming ease. "Alright."

A week passed in an almost unnatural calm. Lylah never once spoke of that night again because, as far as she knew, there was nothing to remember.

And while that spared her...

It left Ezra in the dark.

His wolves he had sent to hunt for Rowan Blackfang returned one by one, empty-handed.

As if the bastard had vanished into shadow itself.

The first three nights, Lylah refused to sleep alone.

"Stay," she had murmured, her voice soft in the dim light, her fingers curling around his sleeve. "Just until I fall asleep."

Ezra stayed.

Every time.

And in those three nights... he did not sleep at all.

How could he? His wolf was restless, pacing beneath his skin, hyper-aware of her presence-her scent woven into his sheets, his space, his very breath. She lay in his bed as though she belonged there. Vulnerable in a way that made something primal in him tighten with both reverence and hunger.

One night, unable to resist, Ezra leaned closer.

His lips brushed her forehead-so soft and fleeting it was barely more than a breath, careful not to disturb

her.

Still, his chest ached.

"Too pure, his wolf whispered.

Ezra's gaze lingered on her sleeping form, shadows gathering in his eyes.

'You are too perfect for this world... The thought came heavy, almost suffocating.

And in a world like theirs, that kind of purity did not remain unclaimed. A sharp pain twisted through him, raw and merciless.

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+5 Pearls

‘It invites hunger,’ he thought bitterly. The kind that seeks to ruin, to stain, to break.

My Lysara... The name barely formed in his mind, reverent and aching all at once. ‘Selene cursed a soul as perfect as yours... and I curse my own weakness, for all I can do is shield you, with my life and everything that belongs to me.’

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Lylah’s POV

+5 Pearts

Today, as Damon drove me to Lunar Grace, Ezra joined us. His presence settled something restless inside me, like my wolf finally easing after pacing too long. When we arrived, just as I reached for the door, he caught my wrist. With a gentle tug, he pulled me back, tilting my face up toward his.

His lips found mine, and he kissed me long enough to steal the breath from my lungs.

Even now as I walked toward the academy's treatment center, that sensation lingered, a warm, fluttering echo low in my stomach.

A call pulled my attention back. It had been nearly three weeks since Iris's accident, and seeing her name lash across the screen made something inside me lift with sudden overwhelming joy.

Lylah, I'm fully recovered! I'm going back to work tomorrow!" Her voice was bright.

opened my mouth, ready to scold her, to tell her she needed at least another week of rest, but she rushed

>n.

Beta Damon stopped by yesterday. He brought the cookies you baked for me."

smiled despite myself. I had been asking Damon to deliver them whenever I was too busy to go myself.

Then Iris giggled. "Why did I only just realize he's... actually very handsome?"

arched a brow, even though she couldn't see me. "Oh? You like him?"

What? No-"

Oh, no need to be shy, Iris. As far as I know, Damon doesn't have a mate. And neither do you." I let the easing slip easily into my tone, returning all the times she'd done the same to me. "Maybe you two just met at the right time. A date, perhaps? I can arrange it."

Lylah!" she snapped, scandalized, her voice bursting through the line and making me laugh.

Before I could push her further, a ward assistant tapped my shoulder.

There's a patient who just arrived-she's in a frenzy. We need you to check on her immediately."

murmured a quick goodbye to Iris and followed.

Today's MDT rotation placed me in charge of the she-wolf ward-pregnancy, fertility, and the fragile lives carried between. As we approached, the sharp scent of fear hit me first, followed by a piercing scream that scraped against my cars.

The patient thrashed violently against the bed, her limbs straining with unnatural strength, Her  
woll was close to the surface-I could feel it, clawing, panicked. But her eyes were wide with terror.

And standing over her, gripping her down, was Soren.

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+5 Pearls

“Shut your mouth, Crystal,” Soren hissed, her voice laced with ice. “Stop clawing at me and let me  
do my job. Unless you want to die the same way your pup is.”

My wolf surged forward, teeth bared.

Before I realized it, I had crossed the room.

My hand shot out, gripping Soren’s shoulder and yanking her back.

“If you can’t treat a patient with care, then step aside,” I said, “No healer has the right to speak  
like that.”

Soren turned to me and froze.

Her eyes widened, not with anger, but with unmistakable fear.

“Lylah? Why are you here? Leave. I know this patient-I’ll treat her.”

“Treat?” I echoed, glancing at the trembling woman on the bed. “All I hear are threats.”

“Please,” the patient rasped, her voice raw. She pointed a shaking finger at Soren, her lip curling.  
“I don’t want that Blackfang-spawned bitch anywhere near me.”

Soren stiffened. “She was my friend,” she said, but her gaze remained locked on me. “Her pup died  
in her womb days ago. And if I don’t remove it now, the infection will spread. She’ll die too.”

My chest tightened, the words sinking like stones.

But the woman-Crystal-laughed.

“My pup isn’t dead! It’s yours that died, Soren.” Her eyes blazed with manic certainty. “I’m going to  
be a mother. Not a monster like you-spreading your legs for any male, letting them seed you, only  
to tear the life out of your own womb like it means nothing.”

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3rd Person's POV

040

+5 Pearls

The moment Crystal's words sank in, a low, involuntary rumble vibrated deep within Soren's chest—more instinct than sound, the wolf in her bristling at exposure.

That secret... her darkest one... had been buried so deep even she pretended it no longer existed. Hidden beneath layers of pride and discipline, carefully guarded to preserve the image of an honorable, high-ranking council daughter.

And now it had been dragged into the open.

Worse—revealed in front of Lylah.

Her enemy.

“S-she wants my pup to suffer the same fate as hers because she envies me,” Crystal clutched desperately at Lylah's arm, her nails trembling, her scent sharp with fear and fever. “Please lady, don't let her touch it!”

The brief contact sent a wave of unnatural heat searing through Lylah's skin. In that instant, clarity settled in—Soren had been right.

The infection had already sunk its claws deep into Crystal's mind, warping her thoughts, unraveling her reason, until fear and delusion became one and the same.

"I won't let anything happen to you," Lylah said reassuringly, "Calm down. Breathe. You're safe here. No one will harm you."

Relief washed over Crystal's face, fragile but sincere.

With swift efficiency, Lylah turned to the assistants, issuing precise instructions. The room shifted into motion-preparations made, tools readied. Moments later, Crystal was gently eased into unconsciousness, her breathing evening out under the anesthetic.

But before Lylah could return fully to her task, Soren caught her arm and pulled her aside.

"Don't tell me you're about to cause a scene now, Soren," Lylah said sharply, irritation flickering in her tone. "There's a life at stake. I won't waste time on petty drama."

"Wait," Soren insisted, her grip tightening just slightly. For once, there was no arrogance in her posture- only urgency. "What Crystal said earlier... it was the fever talking. You know that. You can't let something like that take root in your mind." Her voice lowered, almost breaking. "And you will not leave this room and spread it, Lylah. You won't."

Lylah tilted her head, studying her with unnerving calm.

"You mean the part about you being pregnant multiple times and getting rid of them?"

The words landed like a blade.

Soren's face drained of all color, her wolf recoiling in panic beneath her skin. "That's not true!" she

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+5 Pearls

snapped, though the sharpness cracked under strain. "Crystal is lying. She's trying to ruin me, to drag my name through the dirt here in Lunaris! I am a noble-born lady. I would never-never-do something so disgraceful!" Her breath hitched. "And you, Lylah... don't you dare believe otherwise!"

The desperation in her voice was raw, almost unbearable.

And telling.

It confirmed more than any confession could.

Lylah's expression, however, did not change.

"Do you think my lack of respect for you stems from your personal affairs?" she said coolly. "No. I despise you for who you are—your nature, your choices, your arrogance." She paused, her gaze sharpening. "What I just heard holds no more weight to me than the passing wind."

Soren blinked, stunned. "You... you're not going to use it against me?"

Lylah let out a quiet, humorless breath.

'Are we close enough for me to waste my energy dragging you down further than you already are?' she asked.

The words cut—but to Soren, they felt like mercy.

A fragile, disbelieving hope flickered in Soren's eyes. "You... you'll keep quiet?"

"Yes," Lylah said simply. "Your personal life is not my concern."

For a moment, Soren could only stare at her, her throat tight, her pride warring with relief. "Thank you..."

But Lylah had already turned away, her focus snapping back to what truly mattered.

The patient.

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## Chapter 185

3rd Person's POV

+5 Pearls

The moment Cora heard that a patient had arrived with a dead pup still inside her womb, she had already decided the outcome: Death.

It was inevitable. No student in this MDT project possessed the skill to handle a case that severe—not even under pressure, not even with a senior stepping in. Even Professor Corvin Vale had deemed it hopeless.

So when she strode into the ward, she expected stillness. Silence. A covered body.

Instead, she was met with movement.

The patient was gone.

“Where is she?” Cora demanded, her sharp gaze sweeping the room.

“She’s been transferred to the treatment room after the surgery succeeded, Lady Cora,” the ward assistant replied quickly.

Cora stilled. “Alive?”

“Yes.”

A flicker of disbelief crossed Cora’s face, quickly hardening into something colder.

“Who performed the surgery?” she asked, her tone dropping. “Even Professor Vale said there was no hope. Who dared take that case?”

The procedure was successful because of Lylah, lady,” the assistant said. “She led the operation... with Soren assisting her.”

For a heartbeat, the air seemed to freeze.

‘Lylah and Soren?’ Cora repeated, her voice snapping like a whip. “Together?”

Something ugly twisted in her chest—hot, suffocating. Fury, sharp and immediate. Betrayal, bitter as poison.

Soren.

That insolent, defiant girl who had placed herself against Cora... was now working alongside Lylah?

And not just working, but succeeding. Without the slightest fanfare.

Cora exhaled slowly, though it did nothing to steady the storm building beneath her ribs. Her wolf paced restlessly, hackles raised, threatened by something it could not yet see but instinctively feared.

No.

She would not allow this.

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+5 Pearls

The mere thought of them standing side by side felt dangerous.

She turned sharply, striding out of the ward with purpose, intent on finding Soren-only to nearly collide with her in the corridor.

Perfect.

"I heard you and Lylah performed surgery together this morning," Cora said, her voice deceptively calm, though her eyes gleamed with accusation. "What is this, Soren? Have you decided to become her ally?" Her lip curled. "Have you forgotten that stray was the one who stole your place under Professor Grimwood? And now you lower yourself to serve her?"

Cora's tone sharpened, cutting deep. "You must have lost your mind."

A low, dangerous tension settled into Soren's posture. Her wolf stirred, bristling at the insult.

"Mind your own business," Soren replied coolly, her voice edged with steel. "Focus on improving your own skills. Then perhaps you'll be capable of performing what we did."

Cora recoiled as if struck.

'What?' she barked, her composure cracking. "You insolent-did you just insult my skills? You think you're better than me?"

Soren didn't hesitate. "Oh, I know I am, Coraline."

The name landed with deliberate weight.

'And after witnessing Lylah's skill," Soren continued, her gaze slicing through Cora with merciless precision, "I finally understand the scale of your inadequacy. You're not even worth comparing to her," her voice dropping into something cold and lethal. "And among everyone in this MDT, among all of Professor Vale's students, you are the only one who wears that title like a lie."

Silence fell.

Cora's eyes widened, shock flashing into fury so intense it bordered on feral.

"You've grown far too comfortable with your words," Cora said, "I will see to it that my mate hears of this. And when he does... neither you nor your father will like the outcome."

Soren let out a soft, mocking whistle, utterly unimpressed.

"Mate, mate, mate," she drawled. "Always hiding behind Alpha Rowan's shadow."

Her lips curved faintly, but there was no warmth in it.

"Though I suppose it makes sense, considering that's exactly how you earned your place here." Her gaze darkened, cutting straight through Cora's pride. "It does make me wonder... if his influence were taken from you, just how far beneath you'd fall?"

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Chapter 186

Lylah's POV

Today's surgery went smoothly, and knowing Crystal was safe was enough to exert the welds on *way des* I headed home feeling lighter than I had in days.

But the moment i arrived at the penthouse, Ezra told me there was an important insiness dinner-end. that he wanted me to join him. He apologized for the suddennews.

And just like that, we were already on our way to the venue.

Damon brought the car to a smooth stop in front of a restaurant so lavish it barely looked real. Even before stepping inside, I could feel the subtle pressure of wolves within, dominance humming beneath polished marble and glass.

As a maid led us down a private corridor, I glanced up at Ezra.

“Who exactly are we meeting?” I asked. “It’s not like you to insist I attend.”

His expression didn’t shift, but his presence brushed against **mine**. “You’ll see,” he said. “You’re **my** Luna For something like this, you should be present.”

His Luna.

The words settled deep in my chest, heavier than they should have.

The door opened.

The moment we stepped inside, two men rose from their seats, and I froze.

“Dean Peter Blackmaw... and Sir Logan Silver?” The names slipped from my lips before I could stop them.

Peter Blackmaw—the man who always carried his authority like a crown no one could touch—was already bowing. Not a shallow nod. Not a polite acknowledgment.

But a deep, unquestioning submission.

“Alpha Ezra, it is an honor to be invited...” he began, before his gaze shifted to me.

Recognition flickered,

Confusion followed.

“May I ask...” His voice faltered slightly. “Why is one of Lunar Grace’s students here with you? I’m certain I’ve seen this lady before. She was also present at the meeting with Alpha Rowan Blackfang.”

A crease formed between my brows.

A meeting with Rowan?

When?

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Finished

The question barely had time to take shape before Ezra moved.

His arm slid around me, drawing me into his side. The gesture was possessive and territorial. His wolf stirred beneath the surface, brushing against mine like a warning wrapped in velvet.

“Ezra,” I started under my breath.

“So,” he cut in smoothly, his tone calm but edged with something far more dangerous, “you’ve seen my Luna before.”

“Y–your Luna?” Dean Peter’s face drained of color, the scent of his shock sharp in the air. “Why was I never informed? That this lady has been your Luna all this time?”

Before I could react, he dropped to his knees in front of me..

The movement was so abrupt it made my breath hitch.

Guilt stirred, unwelcome and immediate. Aside from the occasional sharp glare and curt tone, he had never truly wronged me. Not enough to deserve such a display.

“Please, rise, Dean,” I said quickly.

His head remained bowed.

“I have made a fool of myself, Luna,” he said hoarsely. “A blind, arrogant fool. I never once thought to question who you truly were. If any of my words or actions have ever offended you...

I beg your forgiveness.”

“You’ve done nothing that requires it,” I replied, softer now. “This is unnecessary.”

“You are so merciful,” he murmured.

I shifted my attention to Ezra as Peter and Logan returned to their seats, their composure strained but intact.

Leaning slightly closer, I lowered my voice so only he could hear.

‘Ezra,” I whispered, “what exactly is the purpose of this dinner?”

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Ezra's POV

I let the silence stretch as I watched Peter and Logan sit rigid across from me. Their bodies were too **still**, controlled—but their wolves betrayed them. Fear bled into the air in sharp, sour waves, the instinct to submit curling low beneath their skin. They were choosing every word, every breath, with care.

Good.

That was exactly why I had arranged this dinner.

Peter, especially, needed to learn. What he and Rowan had done—what led to that accident that happened to my Lylah—was not something I intended to forgive.

Never.

Vargan had insisted on coming the moment I told him Lylah was here. He arrived not long ago, bringing Ivar with him—the same Ivar whose name alone could unsettle seasoned warriors. The shift in Peter and Logan's scent when they saw them had been immediate... thicker, heavier with unease.

Now, Ivar remained seated beside me, a silent storm contained in human form, while Vargan had taken Lylah outside.

I set my glass down with deliberate calm. "Let's not waste time."

Both men stiffened further.

"Rowan Blackfang proposed a collaboration with Lunar Grace," I continued, my voice even, "and you accepted without hesitation."

Peter swallowed hard. "Y—yes, Alpha. But only because my proposal to you was declined before—I believed it was an opportunity. I didn't know..." His voice tightened. "I didn't know the nature of his connection to your Luna. Had I known, I would never have allowed him anywhere near her."

“Alpha Rowan has learned his lesson,” Logan added quickly, his tone careful. “He wouldn’t dare cross you again.”

A quiet chuckle left me, cold and humorless.

“Wouldn’t he?” I tilted my head slightly. “He drugged my Luna. At that meeting.”

Peter’s hands curled into fists. “How dare he…”

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“Peter,” I said mildly, gesturing to the man beside me, “you remember who this is, don’t you?”

Peter’s gaze flickered to Ivar, and something like shame flashed across his face.

“How could I forget,” Peter said. “Commander Ivar was my trainer and mentor when I was still young- back when I still had the fire for battle.”

Ivar leaned back in his chair, utterly unimpressed.

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Finished

“And here I am, too ashamed to admit you were ever my student, Peter,” Ivar said coldly. “To see you now —stripped of your morals, standing behind a man like Rowan Blackfang? Power has truly fainted your heart.”

“It’s not like that,” Peter insisted, his voice strained. “I truly didn’t know what kind of person Alpha Rowan

was.”

Logan said nothing, but the embarrassment rolling off him was just as loud.

I let the tension coil tighter before speaking again.

“The project you started with Rowan,” I said, my gaze settling on Logan, “Damon tells me you’ve been seeking additional investors.”

Logan nodded stiffly. “Yes, Alpha.”

“I’ll fund it.”

Both of them froze.

“Not partially,” I added, picking up my glass again. “I’ll fund the entire project. From beginning to end.”

Logan’s eyes widened, disbelief flickering across his face. “Alpha...?”

I took a slow sip, savoring the moment before setting the glass down again.

“One condition.”

The air shifted. Even their wolves seemed to lean in.

“You will remove Rowan Blackfang from his position as a core holder,” I said, my voice dropping just enough to let the command settle deep. “Strip him down to something insignificant. You will take control of the project, and every move you make will be reported to me.”

I held Logan’s gaze, my dominance settling over him like a quiet, inescapable weight.

“Let me be crystal clear,” I added softly. “Rowan Blackfang will hold no power here whatsoever.”

Logan looked like he’d forgotten how to breathe.

Beside me, Ivar scoffed. “What are you hesitating for, Silver? Opportunities like this don’t come twice. Take it. As for Rowan... you can deal with that problem later.”

Logan swallowed hard, then bowed his head.

“Yes, Alpha.”

I leaned back and raised my glass again, letting the moment settle.

The sip was slow.

Satisfaction burned rich on my tongue.

**2/3**

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3rd Person's POV

“What did Vargan say to you?”

Finished

The question had been prowling at the edges of Ezra's mind all evening, restless and insistent, refusing to be ignored. Even after dinner, he hadn't taken Lylah straight back to the penthouse. Instead, he led her. through the quiet stretch of the city park.

Lylah glanced at him, her expression calm—unaware of the weight of his gaze, or how closely he was watching her every reaction.

“Grandpa asked about my health and told me not to push myself too hard.” A faint smile lingered on her lips. “He even gave me chamomile tea from Moonclaw and told me to call him that.”

“He didn't try to convince you to return to Moonclaw with him, did he?”

“He did,” Lylah admitted easily, giving a small nod. “But I told him my place is with you. So if I visit Moonclaw again... it will be with you.”

The simplicity of her words struck deeper than any vow. Something fierce and possessive stirred within Ezra, as if it had just been handed the one thing it would never willingly surrender.

“Ezra-!”

Lylah's startled gasp was swallowed as he pulled her sharply against him, one arm locking around her waist. His lips crashed onto hers, the kiss sudden, consuming. It tasted of fragrant wine and something darker—something wild that belonged only to him.

Lylah didn't resist.

She melted into him, answering with a quiet fervor that only fed the fire. Her hands moved instinctively, tracing the hard lines of his body—through his hair, along his arms, over his chest...

...and then lower—drawn by something neither of them dared to name.

“S—stop.” The word came rough, dragged from him like a growl forced back into restraint.

Ezra tore himself away, breath unsteady, his eyes flashing with something dangerously close to snapping

restraint.

“Don’t,” he added, more quietly this time.

Lylah tilted her head, confusion softening her features. “Why?”

Ezra dragged a hand down his face, as though trying to gather himself before he unraveled completely. “Lylah... we should stop here. Before we-” His voice dipped, strained. “Before we do something we might regret.”

‘Before I lose control completely... and don’t stop.

14.470UELL

Chapter 188

Pleashed

Far from the city’s glow, deep within the territory of Blackmaw Pack, the forest breathed with a different kind of life. The trees stood thick and ancient, their tangled canopies swallowing the moonlight whole.

Rowan Blackfang moved through the narrow path like a predator who refused to be cornered. Since fleeing Ezra’s presence that night, he hadn’t returned to Lunaris. Instead, he lingered here, watching. waiting, pulling strings from the shadows while Cora covered his absence with carefully crafted lies.

“Alpha.” Azrel, the Beta Rowan had chosen after Gavriel’s death, approached with a respectful dip of his head. “A message from Logan Silver.”

Rowan didn’t slow. “Speak.”

“The Coravia project has secured new investors,” Azrel reported. “Logan didn’t name him, only that he’s extremely wealthy.”

A slow smile curved Rowan’s lips. “Good.” His voice was low, “I don’t care who he is. As long as the project grows strong enough to eclipse Ezra when the time comes.”

At the mention of Ezra, something dark coiled tighter in his chest. The memory of that night—of blood, of loss—still burned.

Gavriel and his guards.

All dead.

Rowan’s eyes hardened, his wolf bristling beneath the surface, restless for retribution..

‘He’s a cold-blooded killer. A monster.’

His lips twisted.

‘When Lylah uncovers the truth of what he is, when the mask shatters and all she sees is blood staining Ezra’s hands, will she still choose him... or will she recoil from the monster beneath?’

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Ruby Walker

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

3rd Person’s POV

The next morning, Lylah returned to the academy as usual. Her steps carried her first toward the treatment center, a quiet urgency beneath her calm exterior. Crystal had been on her mind since yesterday.

But the moment she stepped inside, something felt wrong.

The air was sharp with panic.

The ward assistant lay sprawled across the floor, as if she had been shoved aside, her tray scattered, glass shattered into glittering fragments.

“Go! Don’t come near me! Go away!” Crystal’s voice.

Lylah didn’t hesitate. She surged forward, pushing through the door.

A stranger stood inside the room.

His presence was intrusive, suffocating, laced with dominance that had no place in a healing ward. And Crystal had scrambled off the bed, rushing toward Lylah as if she were the only barrier between *her* and death itself.

“Who are you?!” Lylah’s voice snapped through the room, sharp as a blade.

Crystal clutched the back of her coat, trembling violently. “Please don’t let him take me...”

The man barely spared Lylah a glance. “Move,” he said flatly, his tone steeped in arrogance. “Hand her over. She’s carrying something that belongs to me.”

“No!” Crystal broke into a sob. “I told you—I lost it! I lost my baby!”

A dark chuckle slipped from his lips. “And whose fault was that, Crystal? Yours. If you had stayed where you belonged instead of running, none of this would have happened.”

‘I won’t stay with someone who made my life hell!’

Understanding struck Lylah instantly.

This was him—the father of the pup. The one she had taken from Crystal’s womb just yesterday.

Behind her, Crystal’s voice collapsed into a desperate wail. “P-please... don’t give me to him,” Her hands clung to Lylah like she was drowning. “He’ll hurt me again. He always does. He never stops...”

Something inside Lylah snapped. Rage burned through her veins.

She stepped forward. “Get out!” The command landed heavily.

The man’s gaze sharpened, finally taking her in. Then he scoffed.

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Finished

“Who do you think you are, ordering me?” His lips curled. “Do you even know who I am? I’m the nephew of Lunaris’s High Mayor. With a word, I could have you thrown out of this land, mutt.” His eyes darkened. “Now hand her over.”

Lylah didn’t flinch. “I will never hand a victim back to her abuser.”

“You know nothing about us!” he roared, his wolf snapping closer to the surface. “I’ve already shown her mercy. That woman should be dead for betraying me-”

He never finished.

Lylah moved. Her claws flashed, slicing clean across his chest. The sound of tearing flesh split the air.

He staggered back, eyes widening in shock as blood bloomed across his shirt.

Then slowly—his lips twitched.

Something twisted and ugly surfaced in his expression.

“How foolish you are...” he muttered.

But Lylah was already moving again.

She struck without hesitation—blow after blow, her attacks driven by fury and instinct. Each hit landed harder than the last, forcing him back, breaking his stance, painting the room with the metallic scent of blood.

He faltered.

Then cheated.

With a sudden, desperate move, he swept her legs out from under her.

The shift in balance was enough.

Lylah stumbled, and in the next second, his hand clamped around her throat.

He yanked her back against him, her spine slamming into his chest as his grip tightened mercilessly. Air vanished from her lungs, his weight crushing her as his arm locked in place, cutting off every breath.

“Got you, little rascal,” he snarled.

At the same time, the door slammed open.

Soren burst in.

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

Chapter 190

3rd Person's POV

Finished

The disturbance rippled through the ward like the sharp crack of bone, and Soren felt it before she even saw it. Her wolf stirred, a dangerous growl coiling beneath her skin as she pushed through the doors.

And then she saw him.

Bill.

Recognition snapped into place like a trap. He is the son of a high-ranking official in Lunaris. Someone Soren had known since youth. But whatever connection they once shared—it had long since rotted.

Rage surged, hot and vicious.

Soren didn't hesitate. She moved. Across the room, Lylah was already struggling in Bill's grip, her body pinned tight, her breath cut off as his arm locked around her throat.

Nearby, Crystal trembled, her fear sharp in the air.

"You die!" Soren's voice tore through the room, edged with the feral snarl of her wolf. "How dare you lay hands on my fellow healer!" She lunged, claws breaking through skin as her control slipped just enough. Her fingers raked across Bill's arm, forcing his hold to falter.

Others poured in—guards, summoned by the ward assistant. Authority crashed into the room with them, swift and brutal. They seized Bill, dragging him back as blows landed hard and fast.

His grip loosened.

And Lylah collapsed, her body giving out as she hit the floor, pale and breathless, lungs struggling to draw in air again.

Soren dropped to her side instantly.

“What were you thinking?!” she demanded, voice sharp, though something tight and shaken threaded beneath it.

“He was trying to hurt Crystal,” Lylah answered.

“Yes,” Soren snapped, frustration flashing in her eyes. “And he could have killed you instead. He nearly did.” Her jaw clenched. “You chose that? You made yourself a shield?”

All her life, Soren had never seen anyone go that far—risking everything so completely—for the sake of

another.

And Crystal wasn’t even Lylah’s friend.

Yet she had been willing to sacrifice herself like that.

“Water!” Soren ordered, her voice cutting clean through the lingering chaos. “Give it to her!”

**12:47 am**

Chapter 190

N

Finished

The command carried instinctive authority—the ward assistants moved without hesitation. When the water came, Soren steadied Lylah carefully, her grip firm but controlled as she lifted the cup to her lips.

Meanwhile, Bill—beaten and battered beneath the guards’ merciless restraint—was dragged out of the ward, his fate all but sealed as he was taken away to face punishment for the chaos he had unleashed.

A soft sound drew Soren’s attention.

Crystal had dropped to her knees beside Lylah, her voice trembling. “Lady... I owe you my life. Twice now. You saved me from that devil...”

Soren exhaled slowly, running a hand through her hair, forcing her wolf back into silence.

“That was a stupid move,” she muttered, though the edge in her voice had dulled.

Lylah lifted her gaze. “But if you were in my position, you would have done the same. Wouldn’t you?”

Soren didn’t answer.

Because she couldn't.

Deep down, beneath instinct and pride and everything she had been raised to believe—She knew Lylah was right.

The chaos began to fade, voices lowering, tension unraveling thread by thread. But not everyone looked

away.

The man who had stormed in to help remained still, his gaze fixed on Lylah a moment longer than it should have been.

“You...” Recognition flickered in Gwyn's father's eyes.

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