

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

Chapter 201

Ezra's POV

I wouldn't lie-not even to myself.

047

Finished

When I first heard Lylah wanted to return to Rowan's pack, something dark and possessive stirred beneath my skin. Displeasure coiled tight in my chest, sharp and instinctive. My wolf did not like it. Neither did I.

I didn't want her anywhere near him or his pack members again. Not now. Not ever.

"It's for my juniors from Blackfang College," Lylah explained softly, her eyes bright with hope as they searched mine.

"Juniors?"

She nodded. "I never thought they'd still remember me. When my mentor called this afternoon, I was shocked. And so happy." Her voice softened, almost disbelieving. "I can't believe someone still does... still remembers me."

A quiet scoff nearly slipped past my lips.

Of course, they remembered her.

Anyone who had ever crossed paths with someone as amazing as her would.

"Did you miss them?" I asked, my voice lower than intended.

"So much," Lylah admitted, her smile tinged with nostalgia. "And Tiara too. I miss my best friend, that silly girl."

I gave a small nod, though the tension in my throat remained, thick and unyielding.

Still, I forced it down.

For her.

Releasing a slow breath, I reached out and cupped her cheek, my thumb brushing lightly against her skin.

“We’re going tonight,” I said.

Her eyes widened instantly, lighting up in a way that made something deep in my chest loosen.

“Thank you-thank you so much!” Lylah threw her arms around me, the hug brief but tight and warm. Enough to quiet the beast inside me-for now.

Then she pulled back, hesitating slightly. “Ezra, there’s one more thing.”

I raised a brow. “What is it?”

“Can we not use your car?” she asked, almost sheepish. “Maybe something... more ordinary? I don’t want to draw attention.”

1:05 pm P

Chapter 201

OTC

Finished

B

A corner of my mouth lifted.

She was still thinking about others, even now.

“Of course,” I said.

We left under the cover of night. Just the two of us and Damon, who had already arranged a nondescript vehicle as I instructed. By the time we reached Blackfang territory, the sky was still draped in darkness, the air thick with the scent of pine, earth, and wolves.

Lylah’s bestfriend were already waiting at the border.

The moment she stepped out, Tiara rushed forward, pulling her into warm embraces, their laughter cutting through the quiet of the early dawn.

“Alpha Ezra,” Tiara greeted, bowing her head respectfully as I approached. “Thank you for bringing my friend back. If you permit, I’d like to take her to my house for a while. Just to catch up. May I?”

“You may,” I replied. “I’ll return at sunrise.”

Gratitude poured from her in a rush of thanks, but I barely registered it.

My attention was on Lylah.

She stepped close, rising onto her toes to press a soft kiss against my cheek—a fleeting touch, gone too quickly. Then she was gone, slipping into Tiara’s car, her laughter fading into the distance.

I turned without a word and slid back into the car. Damon followed.

“It’s on the outskirts of Blackfang,” I said, my voice returning to its usual cool edge. “Close to Lunaris’ border. Rowan’s people won’t notice our presence there.”

“Yes, Alpha.”

The drive was short.

The building we stopped at was unremarkable—small, quiet, easily overlooked.

“Alpha Ezra, welcome,” the man greeted, bowing slightly as we stepped out. He ushered us inside, where the air hung heavy with the scent of crushed herbs, brewing potions, and something older—something laced with quiet, lingering magic.

A healer’s domain.

“I was quite surprised when you called,” Pascal said as he led us further in. “It is an honor to examine you, Alpha. I’ll conduct the check, and thereafter, I’ll explain the results.”

I nodded.

The examination was swift and efficient.

Soon, we were seated again, the air thick with the faint bitterness of crushed leaves and brewing tinctures.

2/3

pm

Chapter 201

047

Finished

He opened his mouth to speak.

When I lifted a hand, stopping him.

I turned slowly, my gaze shifting-not to Damon, but past him.

To the shadows.

“Zyrelle,” I said calmly, though my voice carried a quiet command that rippled through the room.
“You’ll hear better if you come out.”

I pause.

“Step out of your hiding place.”

516

1

3/3

The Betrayed Princess Rising

Ruby Walker

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Ezra’s POV

Silence answered me.

Heavy. Waiting.

Then, slowly, the door creaked open. A familiar presence slipped through the threshold.

Zyrelle.

She stepped into the dim light, her posture straight, her gaze sharp as ever.

“Lady Zyrelle?!” Damon started, clearly caught off guard. “What are you doing here?”

Pascal looked just as stunned.

I wasn’t.

Not even a little.

7440

Finished

“How did you know I followed you and Lylah all the way here?” Zyrelle demanded, folding her arms across

her chest.

A faint scoff left me.

“You think I wouldn’t notice?” I said coolly. “A gray wolf trailing our car since Lunaris-moving like a shadow doesn’t make you invisible, Zyrelle. Not to me.” My gaze sharpened. “You may hide from others, but you forget-I know my own blood.”

She clicked her tongue, unimpressed. “Fine. Then I’ll say it plainly.” Her expression hardened. “I followed you here to make sure Lylah isn’t trying to trap you.”

My brow lifted. “Trap me?”

“Yes.” Her voice rose, frustration breaking through. “Why would she even want to return to her ex’s pack? And you,” she gestured sharply at me, “you came without any guards, Ezra. You could’ve been ambushed! And then what? Moonclaw ends up Alpha-less because you decided to take a midnight stroll into enemy territory?” She shot me a look.

Ah.

There it was.

Concern, wrapped in anger.

I leaned back slightly, unfazed.

“Why would I need guards,” I replied, voice smooth, “when the best one-Moonclaw’s future commander -was already following me without being asked?”

1:05 pm P Ppp.

Chapter 202

A faint smirk tugged at my lips.

“I should be thanking you, Zie. Really.”

She rolled her eyes, clearly annoyed-but she didn't deny it.

Finished

Before she could continue her tirade, I spoke again, my tone shifting-quieter, steadier. “But it's good that you're here.”

That caught her attention.

“There's something I need to tell you.”

The air changed.

I paused, letting the weight of my next words settle before I spoke them.

“This isn't an order,” I said. “Not from your Alpha. This is a request from the family. Or a friend. Whatever you consider me. Someday, when I'm no longer around-”

I stopped.

The words tasted wrong, even to me.

But I forced them out anyway.

“Protect Lylah. Protect your Luna.”

Silence.

“Make sure she's safe. No matter where she is.” My voice dropped, stripped of command-something far more raw beneath it. “You don't show it, but I know how much you care about our family. About me. About Moonclaw.”

I held her gaze.

“You can do this.”

“Ezra...” Her voice cracked, something close to panic surfacing. “What the hell is this? Why are you talking like you're going to die?”

“Alpha,” Damon added, his tone tight, uneasy. “What are you saying?”

I didn't answer.

Instead, I gestured toward Pascal.

The old healer hesitated, his expression heavy.

Then he spoke.

“Alpha Ezra’s human vision...” he began slowly, carefully. “It has deteriorated severely. This condition is very rare.” His voice faltered.

2/4

pm

Chapter 202

Ella

Finished

“In less than a year... he may lose his sight completely.”

The words settled like a death sentence.

Zyrelle went pale. “What?”

Damon stiffened.

I remained still.

“I don’t think I can face Lylah like that,” I said quietly.

Blind.

Broken.

I exhaled slowly.

“I don’t want to see her look at me with sadness.” My fingers curled slightly at my side.

“And if I face her in my Ragnar form...” My jaw tightened. “I would only terrify her.”

Moreover... her wolf hadn’t even recognized me as her mate.

I would be nothing more than a monster.

“No.” Zyrelle stepped forward immediately, shaking her head. “There has to be a way. Talk to her, Ezra. She’ll understand-I know she will.”

“Alpha, you can’t make decisions like this alone,” Damon said firmly. “If Luna finds out like this, it will destroy her.”

Maybe.

Or maybe it would set her free.

“Pascal,” I said instead, cutting through them both. “Aside from my vision, what else?”

The old healer froze.

For a moment, he didn’t answer.

Then he swallowed. “It’s about your bloodline, Alpha.”

My gaze sharpened.

“If you intend to have pups with your Luna...” he continued, voice low, strained, “there is a high probability the child will inherit your condition.”

Zyrelle’s breath hitched.”

Pascal pressed on, though each word seemed heavier than the last. “Your body is extraordinary-
your

3/4

:05 pm P p pp.

Chapter 202

Finished

immunity, your strength... it is unlike anything I have seen in all my years. But your offspring will not necessarily inherit that resilience.”

“If this condition passes on...” his voice dropped to almost a whisper, “it will not only affect their vision. They will live a cursed life.”

516

4/4

1:05 pm

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

Chapter 203

3rd Person's POV

Finished

And Ezra would not allow his child-their child-to inherit the same cursed fate that had shadowed his blood. The thought alone made something primal in his chest snarl in defiance. No. Lylah had already endured too much. He would bear the burden himself if he had to, even if it meant ruling as an Alpha without an heir to carry his name.

“A child isn't necessary for us,” Ezra said at last, “Lylah and I can live without one. For now.”

Zyrelle inhaled sharply, a protest rising to her lips-but it died before it could take form. She had heard enough in his tone, in the quiet finality beneath it, to understand the weight of his decision. Her chest tightened, and all she could do was nod.

“But miracles do happen, Ezra,” she said softly, searching his face. “Don't close yourself off to that. It's not like you at all. It doesn't suit the cousin I know.”

He inclined his head, acknowledging her words, though they did little to ease the storm within him.

Because deep down, he knew the truth.

What male would not long for a child born of the woman he loved? To see her eyes reflected in a pup that carried both their blood, their souls entwined in flesh and blood.

It was instinct. It was nature. And denying it felt like silencing a part of himself.

Elsewhere, Lylah had been taken to Tiara's house. Tiara lived there with her grandmother, an elderly she-wolf whose kindness had always set her apart.

Where other Blackfang pack members had always regarded Lylah with suspicion, the lady had only ever offered gentle smiles and open arms.

The moment Lylah stepped inside, the old lady's gaze lit up, gleaming with unmistakable joy.

“You’ve come back, child!” she exclaimed, her voice trembling with delight. “Tiara told me you went all the way to Lunaris-so far, beyond even the reach of my thoughts. I’m afraid I might never lay eyes on you again.”

A flicker of guilt crossed Lylah’s face. “I’m sorry I didn’t say goodbye before I left, Lady Jeanne.”

The old she-wolf waved it off with surprising energy. “Nonsense. You’re here now-that’s what matters.” Then her expression turned knowingly bright. “And I hear you’ve found your mate,”

A soft blush warmed Lylah’s cheeks as she nodded.

The old woman’s delight only deepened, “Good! Very good, my dear.” Then I have something for you.”

Later, Lylah found herself settled into the very room she had always visited back then. Time seemed to have paused there-every corner steeped in memory, every familiar detail tugging gently at her heart.

1/2

1:05 pm Pppp.

Chapter 203

049

Finished

She had just finished bathing, the scent of lavender still clinging faintly to her skin, when the door creaked

open.

Tiara slipped inside, a playful smile playing across her lips. In her hands, she carried a small cup.

“This is from Nana,” she said, placing it carefully on the table.

Lylah eyed it with curiosity. “What is it?”

Tiara’s grin widened, “A fertility draught,” she said lightly. “A blend of sacred herbs meant to bless a she- wolf’s womb. It’s especially potent for those who’ve already found their mate, Lylah.”

Lylah froze. “What? Tiara, I—”

“Shhh.” Tiara pressed a finger to her lips, amusement dancing in her expression. “Don’t try to fool me. I know exactly what mated wolves crave.”

She leaned closer, her voice dropping into a teasing whisper.

“And your mate is an Alpha, no less. You think he doesn’t want a pup? An heir to carry his bloodline?”

Her gaze softened, though her smile remained knowing.

“Lylah... Alpha Ezra would definitely want a child with you!”

516

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:05 pm

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

Chapter 204

3rd Person’s POV

Heir.

22 Finished

The word lingered, pressing against Lylah’s chest like an unseen weight. Ezra’s successor. The future Alpha of the Moonclaw Pack.

She had never truly thought of it that way.

Whenever the idea of a child had crossed her mind, it had always been something softer—their child. A life born from love, from the quiet, fragile bond they were still learning to build.

She had forgotten what it meant for an Alpha.

Forgotten the expectations that came with his blood, the legacy that demanded to be carried forward.

A sharp clap snapped in front of her face, jolting her from her thoughts.

“Why are you drifting off like that?” Tiara frowned, studying her closely. “Lylah, are you alright? You suddenly look sad. Nana didn’t mean anything by it. She only made that because she’s happy for you-for your mating.”

“I know,” Lylah said softly, her fingers curling slightly at her sides. “This isn’t about that. But about Ezra and me.”

She hesitated, her voice faltering before she forced herself to continue. “The truth is... we’ve never really talked about having a child.”

“What?” Tiara’s jaw nearly dropped. “You mean you both chose to put it off?”

Lylah shook her head, a faint flush rising to her cheeks. “No. It’s not that.” She drew in a breath. “We’ve never been together like that.”

For a moment, Tiara could only stare at her, utterly stunned.

“But how is that even possible, Lylah?” she demanded, blinking rapidly. “You live under the same roof. How could nothing have happened? Has he never... asked you?”

The question struck something in Lylah.

A realization.

Ezra had never once brought it up. Never hinted, never pushed, never even let the subject linger between them.

“...No,” she admitted quietly.

Tiara swayed where she stood, pressing a hand to her temple. “Oh, he’s really... something else.”

There was unmistakable admiration in her tone now. “An Alpha who can restrain his instincts like that? He

1/3

1:05 pm pppp.

Chapter 204

must care about you more than anything and wait until you're ready."

Finished

But then Tiara's expression shifted, something more thoughtful-and slightly concerned-flickering in her eyes. "But still, that's not exactly normal. Anyone knows that urge doesn't just disappear."

She crossed her arms, glancing at Lylah.

"Lylah, have you ever asked if he's in pain?"

Lylah blinked. "Pain?"

Tiara hesitated, searching for the right words. "If males have been holding back for this long... without any kind of release... it can be very uncomfortable for them. Even painful. You're a healer-you know that better than I do."

Lylah's lips parted slightly, her breath catching.

Concern unfurled in her chest, sharp and immediate.

'Ezra... enduring something like that?'

'And he hadn't said a word.'

'Of course he wouldn't, Lylah thought, 'He would never burden me with anything he believes I shouldn't carry-even when I've asked him again and again to let me share the weight of it.'

"You're right, Tiara," Lylah said, her voice firming with quiet resolve. "I'll talk to him."

Meanwhile, beneath the wash of sunlight, a sleek white Maybach rolled to a smooth stop before the towering gates of the Blackfang Estate.

The car door opened.

Rowan stepped out first, his presence immediately shifting the atmosphere, like a predator returning to claimed territory, Cora followed closely behind, slipping her hand around his arm as if to anchor him.

After days of disappearance, he had finally returned.

They had chosen to come back, seeking a brief escape from their work in Lunaris. When she heard that Blackfang College would be hosting a series of events, she eagerly persuaded him to come along and watch.

"Rowan, I'm so happy," Cora murmured, leaning her head against his shoulder, her hand grazing his chest. "We finally have time just for us."

His expression did not change-his gaze remained cold, distant as winter frost. Not even did he lift a hand to return her touch.

2/3

1:05 pm p p pp.

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

Chapter 205

Cora's POV

“Cora!”

Finished

Orion's voice cut through the courtyard as he strode out from the manor, urgency sharp in every step.

I had invited my family here in Blackfang with the hope of drawing us closer. But standing beside Rowan now, feeling the cold distance rolling off him like a winter wind, I realized just how fragile that hope truly

was.

It was already coming apart.

I didn't know what had changed, but since returning from what he had vaguely called 'unfinished business' in Blackmaw Pack, Rowan had not been the same. Harder. Colder. Untouchable.

Even when I pressed him about Gavriel's death, he brushed it off with a careless shrug-claiming it was the work of some rival, insignificant and not worth speaking of.

But I knew a lie when I heard one.

Swallowing the ache that flared when he pulled his arm from my touch, I forced a smile toward Orion.

“Welcome to Blackfang,” I said lightly, as though nothing was wrong.

Rowan remained silent.

“Cora, Alpha Rowan-Mother and Father are already waiting for lunch,” Orion added, glancing between

“Really?” I said, turning to Rowan with quiet expectation.

But his expression did not soften.

“Send my apologies to Alpha Eldric and Luna Daia,” Rowan said, his tone distant, clipped. “I have matters that require my attention.”

My heart sank. “Rowan... they traveled all the way from Ironcrest. You can’t be serious.”

“I’ll see them at dinner.”

He leaned down, pressing a brief kiss to my cheek-but there was no warmth in it.

Then he was gone.

The silence he left behind felt heavier than his presence.

“What happened to him, Cora?” Orion muttered,

I blinked, pulled from the hollow space in my chest. “What?”

1/2

1:05 pm P p pp.

Chapter 205

“Don’t pretend you don’t see it. Rowan has changed. Drastically.”

A flicker of irritation stirred beneath my grief. “What exactly are you implying?”

Finished

“The way he looks at you...” Orion hesitated, then pressed on. “There’s no warmth. I don’t even see love for you in him anymore. Is that why he keeps postponing your mating ceremony?” His eyes sharpened. “Did something happen in Lunaris? Did another she-wolf catch his attention-”

The crack of my hand against his face echoed through the courtyard.

“Watch your tongue, Orion,” I snapped, my wolf bristling beneath my skin. “Just because you’re my brother doesn’t mean I’ll hesitate to cast you out if you cross me.”

Without waiting for a response, I turned and walked inside, my pulse still raging.

The dining hall was thick with tension.

Father and mother sat at the head of the table, their presence alone enough to make the air feel heavy.

I forced myself forward.

“Rowan sends his apologies,” I said carefully. “He won’t be joining us for lunch.”

The moment the words left my mouth, Father’s fist slammed against the table.

The impact rattled the silverware, the sound sharp as a warning growl.

“Eldric!” Mother snapped, her tone cutting through the rising tension.

“What kind of insult is this?!” Father’s voice thundered, his Alpha aura flaring, pressing against my chest like a weight. “I come all this way, and he dares dismiss me like I am nothing?”

His gaze shifted to me-cold, assessing.

“And you couldn’t even make him stay? This is a future Luna?” His gaze hardened with disdain. “You have no hold over your mate, Cora. Powerless. That title will be nothing more than an ornament on you.”

My vision blurred, stinging with unshed tears.

Before I could speak, Mother rose swiftly and crossed the room.

“Oh, my sweet daughter,” she murmured, gathering me into her arms. “None of that is true. Don’t cry”

516

2/2

1:06 pm pppp.

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Chapter 206

Cora's POV

Finished

“Eldric! Don't speak to our precious daughter like that.” Mother's voice cut sharply through the room, her wolf bristling beneath her skin.

Father only scoffed, “Our daughter is a future Luna, Daia. You cannot keep treating her like some sheltered pup.”

Sheltered.

The word scraped against something raw inside me. Anger coiled low in my chest, my wolf stirring in quiet protest.

Before I ever found them, I had spent fifteen years in Whitepine-safe, perhaps, but never up to my standards. It was a life that hardened me, shaped me... anything but sheltered.

Father's lip curled slightly, his gaze turning distant, calculating.

“Rowan has grown arrogant,” he continued. “Lunaris has filled his head with illusions of power. A few alliances with their finest engineers, and now he believes himself untouchable.”

“That's not true, Father,” I said, forcing steadiness into my voice.

His eyes snapped back to mine, sharp as claws.

“You will not defend him.” His tone dropped, laced with authority. “Everything he has—he has because of you, Cora. You were the bridge. You connected him to Thane Blackridge, to Logan Silver, to every influential figure that gave him footing in Lunaris. Without you, he would be nothing.”

I stayed silent.

“And now?” Father’s chest rose and fell, his control thinning. “This is how he repays you? He insults us- spits on Ironcrest itself.”

Still, I said nothing.

“You know Logan personally,” he pressed, stepping closer. “If you had brought those connections to me instead-if you had honored your own blood-Ironcrest would hold that power now, Not Rowan, Not Blackfang.”

I blinked slowly,

I had almost done that.

Almost.

But then I remembered that night-the hushed voices behind closed doors, Father and Mother speaking as if I were already absent from my own future. Praising my intelligence, my bright spirit... only to dismiss it all with a single truth.

1/2

1:06 pm pppp.

Chapter 206

I was only a daughter.

A female.

A piece to be mated off.

In the end, it would be my brother Orion who would inherit Ironcrest and carry on Father’s legacy.

Not me.

So why would I pour everything I had into a future that would never be mine?

At least with Rowan... when I became his Luna, the power I built would circle back to me.

047

Finished

“Father... it isn’t like that,” I said softly, letting my voice tremble just enough. Tears gathered in my eyes effortlessly. I knew exactly how to turn the tide. “I love you. I love our family. But Rowan needed me then... and when I become Luna, I’ll make sure Ironcrest benefits as well. I promise.”

Mother's expression softened instantly,

"You hear that, Eldric?" she said, turning sharply to him. "Our daughter is so thoughtful and devoted. You should be ashamed of yourself. Apologize to her."

Guilt flickered across Father's face, dulling the edge of his dominance.

He stepped forward.

"I won't forget Ironcrest," I continued, my voice breaking as I let the tears fall freely. "I just need you to be patient. The harvest will come, Father, and when it does, it will be worth everything."

Something shifted in his eyes-guilt, just as I'd intended. I almost smiled.

"Daughter... I'm sorry," he said at last, his voice quieter now. "I should not have spoken to you that way."

"It's alright," I whispered. "I understand."

"Oh my sweet Cora," he murmured, pulling me into his arms.

516

2/2

:06 pm pppp.

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Chapter 207

3rd Person's POV

Finished

After leaving Cora that afternoon, Rowan drove straight to his office in Blackfang. With his stay in Lunaris, most affairs had been left in the hands of his subordinates-everything should have been running lawlessly. And yet, the moment he stepped back into his own territory, something felt off.

Too still.

Too empty.

His gaze swept across the room, a faint crease forming between his brows.

Where were the vases of fresh flowers that used to brighten every surface?

Where was the tray of food that always sat untouched in the corner of his desk?

Where was the soft glow of the scented candle that lingered with a calming fragrance, carefully placed as though it mattered?

Gone.

All of it.

Because those were things Lylah had done.

And now she was gone..

Never to return to him.

A hollow ache tore through Rowan, sharper than any blade, deeper than any wound his wolf had ever endured.

“Lylah...” His voice was low, breaking in the silence. “Everything in my life died the moment you left...”

The words scraped out of him, raw and unguarded. His wolf stirred restlessly beneath his skin, grief turning feral, clawing for something it could no longer reach,

Guilt struck next-sudden and merciless.

It hit hard enough that his knees nearly gave way,

“Lylah... come back,” he whispered hoarsely, the plea collapsing into silence.

No answer came.

Only emptiness.

It was well past sunset when Rowan returned to his mansion. The corridors were quiet-Eldric, Daia,

1/3

1:06 pm pppp.

Chapter 207

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Finished

Orion, and Cora had gone out for a stroll, leaving the space steeped in stillness. Without hesitation, he headed for the second floor..

To Lylah's room.

His hand lingered on the door for a brief second before he pushed it open.

The air inside felt dead..

The room had lost its warmth, its life-stripped bare of the presence that had once filled it so effortlessly. His wolf recoiled at the absence, restless and agitated.

But on the bed-

There were still remnants.

Gifts he had given her. Simple trinkets she had made for him in return. All the pieces Lylah had once sold at the pack's flea market-items Gavriel had retrieved under Rowan's orders.

"Azrel," Rowan called through the mind link.

Moments later, his new Beta stepped into the room, bowing his head slightly. "You called for me, Alpha?"

Rowan didn't look at him. His gaze remained fixed on the scattered items, now dulled beneath a thin layer of dust. "I need you to arrange... a spectacle."

Azrel hesitated. "A spectacle, Alpha?"

"These," Rowan said, stepping closer, his fingers brushing over them as if they might come alive again. "These were things Lylah made for me herself. Post them. Make it large-something that spreads across media. Ensure it reaches Lunar. But keep it anonymous."

Azrel's brows knit slightly. "What is the intention, Alpha?"

Rowan's jaw tightened, something darker slipping into his expression. "She needs to see it. She needs to feel it. Write it in devastation. Make it clear how broken I am now that I've lost my little moon." His wolf stirred, possessive even in loss. "She'll understand."

Azrel nodded. "It will be done, Alpha,"

It didn't take long.

By nightfall, the post had spread-carefully crafted, deliberately placed. Azrel had even hired professionals to ensure it would appear where it mattered most.

On Lylah's screen.

Lylah sat across from Tiara at dinner when her phone lit up.

A post and words soaked in sorrow.

Tiara leaned over, eyes narrowing as she read.

2/3

1:06 pm pppp.

Chapter 207

Finished

"I knew it," she snapped, straightening. "There's only one person dramatic enough to pull something like this! Alpha Rowan."

Lylah said nothing at first, her gaze lingering on the images.

"That jerk is trying to guilt-trip you," Tiara continued, scoffing. "Don't even look at it. Close your phone!"

But Lylah didn't move. Her brows slowly drew together. "These aren't things I made for him."

Tiara blinked. "What?"

"I know what I gave him, Tiara," Lylah said quietly. "The shawl I made was blue. Not green. And these shoes..." She shook her head faintly. "They're store-bought. I don't recognize half of these things."

Silence fell between them.

Then,

"Oh my-" Tiara stared at the screen again, horrified. "You're telling me he went through all that effort and still got it wrong?"

Lylah let out a soft, humorless breath. “Because Rowan never cared about what I gave him. All he cared about was making me feel guilty.”

Tiara groaned, dragging a hand down her face. “Wow. The secondhand embarrassment!”

516

W

3/3

1:06 pm P p p p

The Betrayed Princess Rising

Ruby Walker

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

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

Chapter 208

3rd Person’s POV

Finished

Tiara knew Rowan had grown desperate after Lylah left-how that restless edge had slowly twisted into something far less dignified.

But this?

This was something else entirely.

Pure humiliation.

If word spread beyond Blackfang, the pack’s reputation would be stained.

“What on earth has gotten into him?” A scoff escaped Tiara’s lips as she folded her arms, “This is beyond embarrassing. I’ll have someone take it all down by morning.”

“Why is Rowan bothering now?” Lylah’s expression remained indifferent. “Back then, every time I gave him anything I made with my own hands...” Her voice faltered for the briefest moment before hardening again. “He never even looked at them. Just shoved them away into some cupboard like they meant nothing.”

A faint, bitter smile touched Lylah’s lips. “Regret? Maybe. But it’s far too late for that now. None of his stunts will change anything.”

Tiara studied her carefully, then nodded. “I’m glad you see it that way, Lylah.” A smirk tugged at her mouth. “Though I have to admit seeing this embarrassing side of him is so entertaining. And compared to the perfect Alpha Ezra...”

She stopped abruptly, her brows knitting together before she shook her head, correcting herself. “No. That comparison doesn’t even make sense. They’re not in the same league!”

Lylah chuckled softly, the tension easing as they began exchanging light, teasing remarks at Rowan’s

expense.

Tomorrow would be the highlight of Blackfang College’s events—the equestrian race, where young students would ride and compete. It should have been a day of excitement, of laughter, and thrill.

But Lylah found herself pacing now, unease coiling tightly in her chest, Ezra had promised he would arrive that morning.

But he hadn’t.

Her fingers tightened around her phone before she finally called him.

The line clicked, and his voice came through—lower than usual, rougher, like something restrained beneath the surface.

“I’m sorry,” he said. “Something came up. I need to stop by the treatment center for a while.”

Lylah’s heart lurched. “Ezra, what happened?!”

1/2

1:06 pm Pppp.

Chapter 208

1440

Finished

“Sshh.” His tone softened, attempting reassurance. “It’s nothing. Just a fever.”

“No. I don’t believe you, Ezra,” she said, her voice tightening. “Are you hiding something from me? Why would you suddenly come down with a fever?”

The words lingered-and then guilt struck her.

What if he had already been unwell back in Lunaris? What if he had hidden it, simply to honor her request to come here? That was just like him-to put her first, always, even at his own expense.

“I’ll come pick you up after the event is over,” Ezra said gently. “Don’t worry about me, alright?”

Lylah fell silent.

Her thoughts turned, searching for something that made sense. Ezra was strong-far too strong for something like a simple fever to slow him down this much. So was there another reason he seemed distant?

Could it be that he simply didn’t want to step into Rowan’s territory?

That explanation settled far too easily in her mind-far easier than believing he was actually unwell.

Once the thought settled, Lylah chose not to press further.

“...Alright, Ezra. When I’m done here, we’ll return to Lunaris right away,” she said.

“Don’t rush back on my account,” he murmured. “Stay, enjoy your time there. I’ll be right here when you’re done.”

516

W

2/2

1:06 pm P p p p.

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

Chapter 209

3rd Person's POV

047

Finished

The next day dawned under a scorching sun. Blackfang College's wide lawn had been meticulously prepared-rows of seats stretched beneath sweeping canopies, offering shade from the relentless heat. The air thrummed with anticipation, heavy with the mingled scents of wolves gathering in force.

Tiara tugged Lylah toward a row that offered an unobstructed view of the arena, her steps purposeful and quick.

But before they could take their seats, a sharp, biting voice cut through the hum of the crowd.

"Move. You can't sit there."

Tiara spun around, her eyes flashing. "And why not? Last I checked, this event isn't yours to command, Griselda."

Standing before them was a she-wolf with tightly curled auburn hair-Griselda. Her presence alone was enough to sour the air. She had disliked Lylah from the very beginning, her hostility as constant as her need to cling to power.

"Oh, Lylah," Griselda said, her lips curling into a saccharine smile that didn't reach her eyes. "Who would've thought I'd see you again?"

Her gaze flicked to Tiara. "Apologies, but these rows have been reserved by Lady Cora-for her friends."

Of course.

Aside from gossiping, Griselda had another talent-devotion. No, obsession. She worshipped Cora with an almost embarrassing fervor, ever since news spread that their Alpha had chosen her.

“Cora?” Lylah asked, her voice calm. “She’s here?”

Griselda’s smile sharpened. “Naturally, She arrived with Alpha Rowan yesterday. They’ll be watching the race together.” Her eyes gleamed with quiet malice. “You should find another seat, Lylah. I’m sure you wouldn’t want to watch them too closely anyway.”

Lylah remained unmoved, her expression unreadable.

But beside her, Tiara’s wolf flared hot with anger. Her face flushed as she stepped forward. “You don’t get to decide that. These seats are first-come, first-get. And if you’ve forgotten-Lylah was invited here as an honored guest. She can sit wherever she pleases,”

“Honored guest?” Griselda echoed, her tone dripping with mockery. “And does that make her more important than the future Luna of the pack?”

“You-” Tiara snapped, fury crackling beneath her skin. “You pathetic Cora’s worshipper. Of course you’d defend her to your last breath.”

“Tiara.” Lylah’s hand closed gently around her arm, “It’s fine. Let’s sit somewhere else. I don’t want these seats anyway.”

1/2

1:06 pm pppp.

Chapter 209.

e Finished

Without another glance at Griselda, she guided Tiara away.

There were plenty of empty seats-farther from the reserved rows, far from Cora and her carefully curated circle. Lylah chose one without hesitation.

But just as they settled, the announcer’s voice rang across the grounds.

“Alpha Rowan of Blackfang and Lady Cora have arrived!”

The atmosphere shifted instantly.

Heads turned. The crowd stirred, then surged, drawn toward the entrance like wolves answering a call. Rowan stepped into the arena with Cora at his side.

And they weren’t alone.

Another figure walked with them-a tall, striking male whose presence carried a different kind of weight. There was something in his bearing, something sharp and distant, that marked him as not of Blackfang.

“Jude Knight of the Blackmaw Pack,” the announcer declared.

“One of Rowan’s allies in Lunaris,” Lylah murmured under her breath, a flicker of recognition in her eyes.

Jude had been one of the pups Jax Stillward had saved from the bear attack-alongside Thane Blackridge and the others.

Tiara leaned slightly forward, her gaze lingering. “Who is that? But I can see why he’s famous.”

Jude moved with effortless charisma, his aura open and warm, drawing others in without resistance. Students quickly gathered around him, laughter rising as he greeted them with easy charm.

In contrast, Rowan stood like a pillar. And beside him, Cora basked in the attention, her smile soft but calculating.

Then-

Cora’s gaze lifted.

And locked onto Lylah.

516

2/2

1:06 pm

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

3rd Person's POV

"Lylah!"

Cora's voice rang clear across the lawn, bright and commanding enough to draw every gaze in her direction.

Including Rowan's.

Finished

Until that moment, he had stood in bored detachment, his presence looming but distant. But the instant his eyes found Lylah, something shifted. His wolf stirred. Disbelief flickered across his features, quickly swallowed by something deeper, more dangerous.

She was here.

The very one who had haunted his thoughts for nights unending... standing once more within his territory.

Cora was already moving, her smile warm as she approached Lylah.

"Why didn't you tell me you were coming?" she asked, her tone laced with practiced sweetness. "You should have said something, Lylah. Did you come alone? How could your mate allow that?"

Lylah felt Rowan's gaze settle over her like heat-heavy, inescapable. Her spine straightened instinctively.

"I'm here because the College invited me," she replied evenly. Nothing more.

She would not let him think she had returned for him. Not even for a moment.

Cora let out a soft laugh. "Don't be so distant. This used to be your home, Lylah. After this, you should come by the manor for a while."

"I don't have time," Lylah cut in, her voice cool as steel. "My mate is waiting for me. We'll be returning to Lunaris as soon as the event ends."

The words hung in the air.

Jude, who had been quietly observing, lifted a brow. "Lunaris?"

"Ah," Cora turned to him smoothly, never missing a beat. "Lylah is staying in Lunaris as well, sir. She works as a junior assistant at Lunar Grace."

She neglected to mention that Lylah was now an undergraduate too-studying under one of the best professors.

‘Anyway, Lylah,’ Cora continued lightly, ‘this is my friend, Sir Jude Knight. He owns several boutiques that I frequently visit. One of the most renowned designers in Verdant.’

As always, Cora wore her mask flawlessly-graceful, generous, the perfect image of warmth. And with it, she cast Lylah into shadow.

1/2

1:06 pm Pppp.

Chapter 210

* Finished

To anyone unaware, it would seem as though Lylah were the cold one. The ungrateful one.

And Jude, it seemed, had already fallen into that illusion.

‘Nice to meet you,’ Lylah said simply.

Jude blinked, clearly expecting more. ‘That’s all?’ he said, a hint of disapproval creeping into his tone. ‘Cora greets you so kindly, and that’s your response?’

Lylah met his gaze, utterly unbothered. ‘Is there a problem with that?’

‘Not a problem,’ he said, though his expression tightened. ‘But you could at least show some warmth. Some respect.’

Cora lightly touched his arm, her smile gentle. ‘It’s alright, Jude. I’m not offended.’ Then she turned back to Lylah, her voice bright once more. ‘Aside from his brands, Jude is also famous for his looks-he models as well. Next time, we should visit his boutique together. Perhaps you could even get his autograph-’

‘And why would Lylah want that?’

Tiara’s voice cut in sharply, her patience clearly spent.

Her wolf bristled close to the surface, irritation evident in every word.

‘She already has a mate far more handsome than your friend,’ Tiara continued bluntly. ‘So no. She won’t be collecting autographs like some starstruck pup, Cora. Save that for those desperate enough to care.’

516

2/2

1:06 pm P P pp.

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