

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

Chapter 21

Lylah's POV

For three days, Rowan remained at the manor.

Finishe

He lavished me with care each day. I tried to send him away with minor pack matters, but he handled every task swiftly and still found time to return to my side.

By the time the fourth day dawned—the day I was meant to leave—panic had taken hold.

My thoughts clawed at one another, searching for a way to push him out without drawing suspicion. I was still trapped in that spiraling unease when Gavriel and Rosella arrived just before lunch.

We ate together beneath the manor's vaulted ceiling, porcelain plates and polished silverware reflecting the false warmth they wore so convincingly. I kept my expression cool, my emotions tightly leashed as I

ate.

"Lylah," Gavriel began lightly, swirling his wine, "you've truly outdone yourself. Convincing an Alpha to disappear from his office for days?" He chuckled. "The entire tower is buzzing. They thought he'd vanished."

"Gavriel," Rowan warned from across the table,

"I didn't ask him to stay," I said calmly.

Rosella's smile widened, syrupy and sharp. "Don't be modest. Alpha Rowan wished to spend time with you. Surely you sensed that?"

My stomach twisted. They loathed me, but before Rowan, every claw was perfectly sheathed.

"That's it," Gavriel said smoothly, "We actually came to request your help, Lylah."

I met his gaze. “What kind of help?”

“We need Alpha Rowan at the Corlis Prime Accord Gathering tomorrow. Every Alpha investor will be present, and his absence would speak louder than his presence.”

“The alliance is already secured,” Rowan replied coolly, “Tomorrow is a formality. Don’t turn it into a spectacle in front of Lylah.”

I knew these events. Corlis Prime project inaugurations were never simple formalities; they were lavish pack gatherings of feasting and calculated conversation, consuming a full day before spilling into the night.

“I think you should attend,” I said.

Tomorrow evening, I will be gone. I couldn’t afford complications.

Gavriel straightened slightly, hope flickering behind his eyes.

“You are the face of Corlis Prime,” I continued, keeping my tone neutral. “It would be seen as disrespectful

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if you weren’t present.”

Rowan turned fully toward me.

The air shifted, his Alpha aura pressing closer. “Is that truly what you want, Lylah?”

Both Gavriel and Rosella held their breath.

... Fine,” Rowan said at last. “If you ask it of me, I’ll attend.”

Finis

Gavriel beamed, instantly donning his grateful mask. “Thank you, Lylah. Truly. I don’t know what we would’ve done without you.”

I didn’t respond.

This pack was full of wolves dressed in silk and smiles, fangs hidden until your back was turned.

Still, relief washed over me. Soon, I would be free of this place.

Rowan left before dawn the next morning. After securing my luggage, I went to my mentor’s office to collect the final documents.

“This is your Junior Assistant application,” Mr. Stone said, handing me the folder. “The official copy has already been approved and stamped. You’ll receive it once you arrive at Lunar Grace.”

“Thank you so much, Mr. Stone.”

His eyes softened. “Take care of yourself, Lylah. I hope the path ahead gives you everything you’ve work for.”

As my mentor at Blackfang College, he had borne witness to every sleepless night and every trial I endured to earn my place in Medical and Healing—only for it to be taken from me in the end.

“I will never forget you,” I said honestly.

Clutching the folder, I stepped outside into the afternoon light,

And froze.

I moved on instinct, tucking the documents behind my back.

Lylah.” Rowan stood there, smiling.

“Rowan?” My heart stumbled in my chest.

“Did I startle you?” he said lightly. “I came to pick you up

He looked every bit the Alpha—his charcoal tuxedo hugging his broad frame, the pack sigil gleaming faintly like a warning over his heart.

Rowan extended his hand. “Come. The Alpha investors want to meet you.”

“I—but I can’t Rowan—”

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0:9

Finisher

“You were one of the few who stood with me when I built Corlis Prime from nothing,” he said, his voice firm yet gentle. “So today, I want you beside me before every investor’s eyes, Lylah.”

Before I could step back, his arm slid around my waist. My wolf stirred uneasily beneath my skin.

“I promise it won’t take long,” he murmured. “We’ll be finished before dusk.”

He guided me toward his sleek black car, already opening the door. “And don’t worry about proper attire,” he added, a knowing glint in his eyes. “I’ve already taken care of everything.”

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Ruby Walker

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

3rd Person’s POV

Finishe

Rowan brought Lylah to one of the most exclusive boutiques in Blackfang Pack—the kind that catered only to Alphas, royals, and those who ruled by power. The glass facade gleamed like a challenge, its interior scented with rare florals and silk.

“I don’t need more clothes,” Lylah protested quietly.

Rowan didn’t slow.

His hand remained firm at the small of her back, “You do tonight.”

The doors opened instantly, attendants bowing at the sight of the Alpha.

Inside stood Gavriel and Rosella.

Gavriel blinked in surprise. “Alpha? Why bring Lylah here?”

“Because she requires a gown for the main event,” Rowan replied, calm and final.

“A gown?” Rosella echoed, exchanging a puzzled glance with Gavriel. “She’ll be attending?”

Neither of them had expected Rowan to deem Lylah worth including.

“Lylah is an integral part of Corlis Prime’s rise,” Rowan said evenly. “Of course she will attend

The shift in the room was subtle but unmistakable. Gavriel and Rosella’s expressions tightened—displeasure flickering beneath carefully trained neutrality. Beneath it, Lylah sensed something else: unease. The kind that preceded a truth she already suspected.

The dressing room door opened.

Cora stepped out.

She wore a silk mermaid-cut gown, its hue perfectly matched to Rowan’s suit.

“Alpha Rowan,” She said sweetly, “do I look-

Her voice faltered when she noticed Lylah.

“Lylah?” Cora’s smile cracked, “What are you doing here?”

Rowan’s arm tightened around Lylah’s waist, possessive, instinctive. “She’ll be attending as well, Cora

The words struck like a blow.

“W-what?” Cora stared, disbelief written across her face.

If Lylah attended, every carefully crafted moment Cora had planned—every opportunity to stand beside Rowan, to be seen as his official partner—would vanish. Rowan’s attention would inevitably gravitate

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toward Lylah.

Cora’s nails dug into her palm, her wolf snarling beneath her skin.

Finishe

“Give her the finest gown you have,” Rowan instructed the Pack’s chief stylist who worked at the boutique ‘One that complements my suit.”

‘Yes, Alpha.”

Before Lylah could protest, the stylist guided her forward. The dressing room doors closed, swallowing her whole.

Cora’s composure was shattered.

The boutique hummed with whispers now, eyes following Rowan, then drifting back to her. Cora heard

every word with painful clarity.

‘Did you see that? Alpha Rowan brought another woman again.”

“That’s Lylah. She’s his true partner, not Lady Cora.”

“Then why does Lady Cora cling to Alpha Rowan so openly? Aren’t they sisters? Has she no shame?”

Each word burned into her ears like silver.

Cora wanted to scream. To rip the door open and drag Lylah out by her hair.

‘Lady Cora,” Gavriel murmured, stepping closer while Rowan’s attention was elsewhere. “Lylah has been outting on an act lately, this is just another attempt to secure Alpha Rowan’s attention. Control yourself. here is no reason to feel threatened.”

Cora forced a smile, smooth and practiced. “Of course, Beta Gavriel. I understand her little game.”

But resentment festered deep in her chest, dark and corrosive.

Cora remembered when alliances had to be forged in Ironcrest. She was the one who remained at Rowan’s side, staying close, anticipating his needs, offering help in every form it took.

When exhaustion weighed on him, she eased it away with skilled hands. And when duty pulled Rowan beyond Blackfang’s borders and Lylah could not follow, it was Cora he summoned to accompany him.

Lylah knew none of them.

The closeness between Rowan and Cora had not formed overnight.

‘She thinks she’s the only one who’s ever mattered to him: Cora seethed. How naive

Her eyes slid to Gavriel, her tone gentle. “Beta Gavriel, Lylah has little experience with gatherings of this stature. Would you escort Alpha Rowan outside? I’ll see to Lylah’s preparations”

Beneath the smile, her intentions were anything but kind.

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

Chapter 23

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Finished

Lylah's POV

Elowen of Blackfang Pack was renowned as the finest stylist across Verdanth, so exclusive that even nobles flinched at her price. Yet here she was, circling me like a sculptor before unfinished marble, tending to every detail.

“You have beautiful hazel eyes,” she murmured, meeting my gaze through the mirror. “And your features -Crafted by Selene herself, truly. It's a crime you've never enhanced them with makeup.”

I barely knew how to respond.

My life had always been consumed by study, helping Rowan, sleepless nights. Vanity had never been a luxury I could afford.

And this was the first time anyone here had spoken of me with admiration.

“Your hair,” Elowen continued, lifting a silken strand, “so long and glossy. I'm sure many females here envy you.”

The door slammed open with a sharp crack.

Cora.

“Elowen,” she said sweetly, “could you step out for a moment? I need a private word with my

Elowen hesitated only a second before bowing her head and slipping out.

I rose slowly and turned to face Cora.

“What is it?” I asked, not bothering with pleasantries.

Her lips twisted. “Why are you still here, Lylah? Shouldn’t you have left Blackfang today

“What are you talking about-”

sister.

“Oh, spare me” Cora cut me off sharply, stepping closer. “There’s no need to pretend in front of me anymore. You know everything already. Your sudden rejection from the academy, Rowan’s intervention, how I conveniently took the place that should have been yours.” She smiled, slow and cruel You panicked when you realized his attention was slipping, didn’t you? So you staged this little display”

I said nothing

“**Poor** Lylah,” she crooned. “You truly believed you were the only one for Alpha Rowan. When In reality you were merely useful.” Her gaze burned. “But when he needed comfort? When he needed warmth? He

came to me.”

My chest tightened.

“Do you remember that night?” Cora pressed. “When Father hosted that business gathering in Ironcrest?”

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I did. It was three years ago.

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Finisher

Rowan had known how strained things were between Eldric and me. He had told me I didn't need to

attend.

And I hadn't argued.

That night under Ironcrest's stars, I gave Rowan my sacred maidenhood, and he claimed me," Cora said softly, savoring every syllable, "Our wolves awakened, recognized their other half. The bond snapped into place." She smiled. "We are mates."

The bond he had never claimed with me.

Rowan had told me he loved me countless times, but he had never once named me his mate.

'And after that?' she went on. "I traveled with him countless. Pack to pack. Council to council. While you exhausted yourself tending Blackfang, burning through your strength, collapsing with fevers... I was at his side." Her smile sharpened. "You were never that special."

She wasn't wrong.

There had been times I couldn't accompany Rowan—when duty chained me to Blackfang, when my body failed under the strain. I had been grateful he never forced me.

I understood now why.

'Why, Cora?' I asked, the word hollow. "Why hide it? Why pretend to be good with me only to stab me in the end and steal what I believed was mine?"

Her eyes flared, her wolf surging to the surface.

'Steal?' Cora snapped. "I am the true daughter of Alpha Eldric and Luna Daia. The Ironcrest Princess. Your place was never yours, it was stolen from me for ten years!"

So every smile, every promise of sisterhood—it had all been a lie.

I felt only regret that Cora had never been honest about her hatred.

"And yes," Cora screamed, hysteria bleeding through her control, "I will take everything back! Everything you think you own! Including Rowan!"

"No need to act so pathetic," I met her gaze, calm as ice. "Take him. You can have my leftovers."

Her lips twitched, her expression darkening.

"Pathetic?" she hissed. "I'll show you what pathetic really looks like."

Her hand moved in a blur—too fast.

Cora snatched the small razor Elowen had used to trim my hair from the vanity

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The Betrayed Princess Rising

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

The Betrayed Princess Rising

Chapter 24

Lylah's POV

“Cora!” I screamed.

0:1

Finishe

She answered by dragging the razor across her own thigh, the blade slicing clean through flesh and the

flawless silk of her dress.

“Lylah please! don't ruin my dress!” She whimpered theatrically, but her **lips** curved in sick satisfaction

The truth slammed into me then, cold and precise.

I met her gaze without blinking. The chill in my eyes mirrored the ice settling in my chest.

“Is that all?” I asked quietly when she stopped. “If you want Rowan to believe I hurt you, that won’t be enough. You should add more.”

Cora scoffed. “This is plenty. Enough for him and for you to blame yourself for daring to show up here.”

“No.”

I moved faster than I thought.

In a blur, I wrenched the razor from her hand and slashed it across her dress again. Fabric tore with a vicious sound, the gray silk splitting wide and ruined beyond repair.

Cora’s scream was shrill, piercing,

“How dare you!”

The door burst open before she could say more.

“What happened?” Rowan’s voice thundered into the room.

Our eyes locked for a heartbeat—then his gaze dropped to the blade still clenched in my hand.

“Oh, Selene!” Rosella rushed to Cora’s side at once. “Look at Lady Cora’s dress!” She rounded on me, outrage painted across her face. “Lylah, how could you do this? You cut her dress?!”

Tears shimmered in Cora’s eyes, appearing as if summoned on command. She staggered toward Rowan.

“Alpha..” Her voice trembled, fragile. “I only wanted to help Lylah prepare, to ease her nerves. I never meant to offend her, but she thought I was scolding her.. and she lashed out.”

“How disgraceful,” Gavriel muttered. “Ungrateful, as always.”

Rowan didn’t respond immediately.

His gaze swept over Cora’s torn dress—then froze on the thin line of blood on her thigh.

“Alpha... it hurts,” she whispered. “Will it scar?”

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Finishe

He didn't answer her.

His attention was entirely on me now.

His pupils flared, molten gold flooding the dark as his aura surged outward. The air thickened, pressed down on my shoulders, the unmistakable weight of an Alpha asserting dominance.

"Explain," Rowan commanded. "I want the truth."

I lifted my chin, unbowed. "You already heard it."

I didn't beg. I didn't plead.

For the first time, there was no guilt clawing at my chest—no instinct urging me to submit.

"You disappoint me," Rowan said coldly.

Then he turned away.

He gathered Cora into his arms with infuriating care and carried her from the room without another glance at me.

Gavriel stared after them, shock flickering across his face.

Even he—who had always watched me with thinly veiled hunger—looked unsettled, as if he couldn't believe I had dared cross that line.

"You've made a grave mistake," he said sharply. "Why are you still standing there? Go after them. Apologize to Lady Cora if you want to keep your place—"

"Save your concern, Beta Gavriel," I cut in, my voice edged with quiet scorn. "There's someone who needs it far more."

Gasps rippled through the boutique attendants who had gathered at the doorway.

I said nothing else.

I walked past them and out into the fading light of dusk.

Thanks to Cora, I was finally free to do what mattered.

I hailed a taxi and turned my back on the boutique, setting my course for Rowan's estate.

"Tiara, I reached out through the link. T'm ready. Any obstacles on your end?"

'None,' she replied. I'll pick you up at the manor and take you straight to the station.

The moment I reached the manor, I moved swiftly. The first thing I did was disable the surveillance in my room. Then I packed my suitcase, every last thing that belonged to me, and carried it downstairs.

Tiara was already waiting.

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Chapter 24

I sd in the passenger seat, and the car roared to life.

We need to move fast,” she murmured, pressing harder on the accelerator. “Once Alpha Rowan re you’re gone, he’ll come after you.”

“He won’t.” I said quietly.

The wind tore past us as the car sped forward, the road blurring beneath our wheels. It felt like flyi

I closed my eyes.

Selestine stirred inside me, awake and restless.

It’s time. Tonight, we’re leaving. And with this step,

I Lylah Moonrow, severed the bond to the Blackfang Pack completely.

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

Chapter 25

3rd Person's POV

At the station. Tiara held Lylah in fierce embrace and felt off he torn their eyes.

“Good luck. Lylah Tiara murmured her voice Bredding, “Cos you war. It **summer**, if they open internship openings for wolves or expert on Take care of yourself”

“I will.” Lylah swallowed the ache rising in her chest Thank you the everything my promise.”

They waved until distance stole the shape of one mother who

Then Lylah stepped onto the rain and moments away in lurches forward

Originally, she had booked an economy seat but later night Kiven hates a weed at upgrading her to executive class were the simple thing in the world Feld can waiting when she arrived

Now Lylah reclined against a seat upholstered in silken fabric the face veiled but told. There smelled faintly of cedar and luxury. Warm food was served on porcelain plates. The seat lulled her senses, and her eyelids grew heavy

Then the executive door slid open.

Conversation died instantly.

As if some unseen force tapped at her instincts, Lylah's dreamer another. Her eyes suggest pen

Is that... Alpha Ezra of the Moonclaw Pack” someone whispered, reverent awe filling fr

What blessing did Selene grant me today to see him in person

Escorted by an attendant, the man stepped **inside**.

se

Power rolled off him in invisible waves, thick enough so higher than They spend the new seat next to Lylah

“Excuse me, the attendant said softly, “Alpha Ezra's seat is headed you. If he mess anything, please inform us

“Y-yes, Lylah breathed.

Too late.

Her body had gone utterly still

Alpha Ezra of Moonclaw—traveling without guards, with *ceremony*—was beside her. The infamous Alpha whose name alone could bend spines and silence connect Selene herself must have been

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watching.

Finis

Lylah dared to study him from the corner of her eye. When she was younger, she'd thought no man could surpass Rowan—the most handsome Alpha in Vedanth. But the presence beside her eclipsed that man entirely.

Ezra wore a long, raven-black coat trimmed with dark fur at the collar. Tinted glasses concealed his eye yet his sharply sculpted features radiated unquestionable authority. He was tall and immaculately composed, exuding a dominance so potent it made Lylah's chest throb in an unfamiliar way.

Suddenly, the Alpha shifted slightly, head angling toward her.

As if he could feel her staring.

"Alpha," Lylah managed, clearing her throat. "Would you like me to unfold your blanket?"

"Yes." His voice was low and rich, a vibration that slid beneath her skin. "Please place it on my lap. Thank you."

Her pulse stumbled.

"That voice... A strange familiarity brushed her thoughts, unsettling and warm.

"It's no trouble," she said, doing as he asked.

"Is this your first journey to Lunar Grace?" he asked.

Lylah blinked, startled that he'd initiated conversation.

"I've visited Lunar lands before on holiday. But the academy itself...I've only ever seen it from the outside."

"You should see it from within," Ezra replied. "Visitors are permitted."

"I will," Lylah said, nodding. "I'll be studying there."

For a fleeting second, she saw the corner of his mouth lift—barely there, but unmistakable.

Questions crowded her mind.

“Why would an Alpha of his standing travel by public transport? Why Lunar Grace?”

Yet instinct warned her not to pry. Some truths were not meant for casual conversation. So she remained silent for the rest of the journey.

They arrived as the sky bled into a faint dawn.

Without thinking, Lylah took hold of her suitcase and guided him onto the platform.

As she walked beside him, his scent—sandalwood, winter night, something undeniably intoxicating—wrapped around her senses, leaving her faintly unsteady.

Near the exit, she spotted a man holding a sign with her name, standing beside a sleek, jet-black vehicle

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Chapter 25

that practically hummed with power.

“Alpha,” Lylah asked hesitantly, “is your Beta or escort coming to collect you? Have they arrived?”

Ezra didn’t answer.

Instead, the man with the sign stepped forward.

Finisi

“Lady Lylah,” the man said with a polite incline of his head. “I’m Damon. I’m here to take you to your apartment.”

‘Riven’s assistant,’ she realized.

“Thank you,” Lylah said, then paused, glancing back at Ezra. “But Alpha Ezra traveled on the same train I did. He is your Alpha, isn’t he? Could you contact his Beta to arrange a pickup? And please inform Sir Riven that we may be late.”

Since Riven belonged to the Moonclaw Pack, his assistant must as well. Yet Damon showed no surprise at the sight of the Alpha standing there.

Instead, his lips curved into a knowing, almost amused smile.

“Ah I’m sorry, allow me to correct my introduction,” he said smoothly. “I am Damon, Beta of the Moonclaw Pack.”

He glanced toward Ezra with unmistakable loyalty. “And no need to inform anyone, you’ve already gotte along so well with Sir Riven.”

Lylah’s breath hitched. She could only gape at him.

Damon straightened, gesturing toward the vehicle. “Now then, let us head out together!”

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Lylah’s POV

“Alpha Ezra is Sir Riven? My...mate?”

I froze, the words striking like a blow to the chest.

It felt as if the sky itself had collapsed on me. By Selene’s grace—how could this be real?

Fini

My status would change overnight? Legally bound. Claimed. Wife to Alpha Ezra and Luna of Mooncla Pack?

I had to be dreaming.

“I know this must feel overwhelming,” Damon said gently. He stayed outside the car, offering me an apologetic smile. “There are complications if Alpha Ezra registers at the Mate-Market under his curren name. Riven was the name his family used when he was a boy, so that’s the one he uses.”

Of course. If an Alpha of his standing entered the Mate-Market openly, the system would implode.

Every unmated female within a hundred packs would swarm it like a blood-moon frenzy, drawn by power, rank, and the promise of an Alpha bond.

Still-why did someone like him need the Mate-Market at all?

A man like Alpha Ezra could command devotion with a glance, loyalty with a breath. He didn't need a system to find a mate!

"Lylah."

His voice came from beside me, low and warm, and stirred something in my blood. "I'm sorry for the confusion. If you wish to stop this, say the word. I don't want you feeling cornered or disadvantaged."

Disadvantaged?

I had just been struck by fate itself.

"I need our mating status acknowledged by law, Alpha," I said quietly

His gaze sharpened. "So do I. I knew you wouldn't walk away so easily." A pause, then softer, "Despite the shock, shall we continue?"

My throat tightened. There was no turning back now. I've arrived at Lunar, and it was too late to seek

another mate.

I nodded.

Alpha Ezra extended his hand. "Then let's go."

I didn't know what compelled me, only that my body answered before my mind could protest.

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When my fingers touched his, heat surged through me. Selestine stirred with a pleased rumble, recognizing what my heart was only beginning to accept.

Husband. Mate.

As he led me forward, I studied his broad back, the effortless authority in every step. I would have to le this new life–this new place at his side.

Damon drove us through the waking streets of Lunaris City, where the spire of the Academy of Lunar Grace pierced the dawn mist. We slowed–but not at the apartment prepared for us.

We stopped at City Hall.

Ah. The mating license.

“But it’s still too early,” I murmured. “Are they even open?”

“That’s already been handled,” Alpha Ezra replied calmly.

I felt foolish for asking. The man beside me was an Alpha. The world rearranged itself around his will time slowing to accommodate him.

We stepped out of the car and moved toward the entrance. The staff greeted him with deep, reverent bows. Then their attention shifted to me, their smiles warm and respectful.

We were escorted inside and guided to our seats–me beside the Alpha, Beta Damon standing watch at shoulder.

A folder was placed before me.

“My medical clearance,” Alpha Ezra said. “All recent. And my assets declaration.”

I stared. “I appreciated the medical, Alpha. But I don’t need to know your assets.

“Lylah.” His voice was firm. “I am your legal mate in the eyes of the law. It is my duty to give you security Besides,” a faint smile curved his lips, “what wife doesn’t know her husband’s holdings?”

I fell silent, my thoughts spinning.

He had planned everything. Far beyond anything I had expected.

“Alpha. Luna.” A staff member approached. “We’ll need a photo of you together.”

Alpha Ezra rose immediately.

“Luna, please,” the staff added, glancing at me.

Luna.

The title still felt unreal as I stood. How was I supposed to grow into this role so quickly?

With careful respect, they led us into the photo room. Alpha Ezra removed his sunglasses, and my breath caught.

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Chapter 25

Finis

They were to breathtaking- deep ocean blue edged with quiet dominance, framed by firm brows and Pasek lashes

Been without fixed gave, their force pressed into me, sinking beneath skin and bone, tugging at the bon wwwwing in my chest

” connecting wrong?” he asked softly. “You’ve been quiet.”

I’m fine, I said to quickly

“Alph, Loma” the phonographer interrupted, smiling “Let’s do a formal shot for the records first. Then you may one however you like.

We stopped into place. Alpha Bara stood close to me, far closer than necessary. My pulse thundered, my wolf pacing, restlessly under my skin.

The phknographer chuckled.

“What’s wrong?” Nigha Para asked

“It’s just sweet, the man said. “The Luna’s cheeks turned as red as rose petals.”

Damn it.

Alpha Yizra gjanced at me, a smile forming on his lips.

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Chapter 27

Cora's POV

Blackfang Pack.

Fari

The formal signing ceremony had ended long after midnight, but the Accord Gathering itself bled in dawn-wine, vows, and whispered alliances beneath the chandelier.

I spent the entire night at Rowan's side, his arm possessively curved around my waist as we received the guests together. The gash Lylah had left on my leg still throbbed faintly beneath the fabric of my new gown, but Rowan's heightened concern had made every sting worthwhile.

Pain had its uses.

Now morning sunlight spilled through the glass panes of Blackfang's grand greenhouse, turning the vines and hanging blooms into rosegold. Breakfast was being held here for the allied Alphas—each accompanied by a Luna.

The moment Rowan and I stepped inside, chairs scraped back. They stood.

I smiled, allowing the air to fill with murmurs as their gazes settled on me.

“So Lady Cora of Ironcrest Pack is Alpha Rowan's Luna all this time?”

“Not officially yet. The mating ceremony hasn't been performed.”

“Interesting. Last time Alpha Rowan visited my territory, he was accompanied by another woman. But look at them, their auras align.”

“Yes. Lady Cora is not only beautiful but renowned for her intelligence as well. With her and Alpha Rowan leading Blackfang Pack together, Corliss Prime will shine brighter and stand unrivaled in the future.”

I inhaled the rose-sweet air and already glimpsed a future shining ahead.

With Lylah gone, the attention was mine alone.

This reverence, this recognition, was what I had deserved long ago.

Rowan and I took our seats.

Moments later, Gavriel approached, his voice lowered, but my wolf heard every word with ease.

“Alpha, her room is sealed. She won’t respond. I think she’s still sulking.”

Rowan’s expression darkened. “So she refuses to come?”

He nodded.

“Leave her be then.”

Gavriel bowed and retreated.

1/3

4:13 pm MM M

Chapter 27

I turned to Rowan, feigning concern. “You invited Lylah to join the breakfast?”

“Yes. She can’t simply lash out and hide. She still owes you an apology

“Don’t dwell on it, Rowan.”

As much as I wanted Lylah to bend the knee and offer an apology, I had no desire for her to appear her and steal the attention away.

“Her behavior yesterday was indeed unexpected, even I was shocked by how cruel she could be. Beat I understand why she was upset.” I paused deliberately. “That’s why I sent her an apology?”

Rowan’s attention snapped to me at once. I held my smile.

“And?” he asked.

“Lylah blocked me.”

The air around him shifted, his alpha aura spiking. “Then say no more. Don’t contact her again. I’ll deal with her myself.”

“But what if she believes I’m influencing you?” I asked softly, lowering my gaze. “I don’t want her to rese me even more.”

Rowan reached for my hand, squeezing it.

“Don’t worry. Lylah doesn’t stay angry for long,” He exhaled, dismissive. “The security wards haven’t alerted me to anything. She’s still in her room, sleeping it off. Her anger will fade.”

I nodded obediently. “Alright.”

But realization unfurled within me like a slow smile.

After all these years under the same roof, Rowan still did not understand Lylah at all.

Lylah wasn't prone to anger—but once her logic set like iron, she never bent easily. And I knew her well enough to recognize the silence for what it truly was.

By now, she had already chosen her path and left.

Not that it mattered.

Where would Lylah even run to? She had no family nor allies. When her savings dwindled, she'd come crawling back, broken and desperate, begging for Rowan to take her back.

And by then, Rowan would already be mine.

I lifted my teacup, savoring the taste of victory just beginning to bloom.

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4:13 pm MMM..

Chapt

Ruby Walker

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

er 28

Fin

I pulled out the slingshot I'd bought on Mount Silvaris with Tiara.

“Pup?” Damon's eyes widened.

I nodded slowly. “The voice I heard earlier, he's Alpha Ezra's son, isn't he?”

“A pup,” Alpha Ezra said evenly, “is what we called a child born of a bonded mate, Selene’s blessing.” His gaze lingered on me. “This one, however, I created myself. Does the name still apply?”

My breath caught.

“W-what do you mean, Alpha?”

Did he play me? Confusion knotted in my chest. Wolves cannot create pups alone.

Beta Damon merely scratched the back of his head, not explaining.

“Daddy,” the voice chimed behind me, bright and obedient. “I did exactly as you asked. I behaved. I did wreck your office!”

I turned.

And my world tilted.

Alpha Ezra’s “son” was a robot.

A small one, shaped like a boy no taller than my thigh, crafted with unsettling precision. His eyes were wide and luminous, innocent in a way that almost hurt to look at.

“Daddy,” he tilted his head, “You bring a friend!”

I stepped closer without realizing it. Curiosity drowned my shock.

“Alpha,” I whispered, “was this... the voice I heard during our call?”

The robot’s gaze flicked to me, scanning—analyzing—learning. His eyes reminded me of a wolf pup’s on its first full moon night.

“You’re my Mommy!” he declared suddenly. “Daddy finally brought Mommy home!”

I jolted upright, heart pounding.

“So you heard Bambi’s voice, Luna?” Beta Damon laughed. “No wonder you kept asking about a pup.”

“Bambi?” I echoed.

“That’s his name,” Damon explained. “A robotic companion Alpha Ezra designed himself a year ago. He records, analyzes behavior, and adapts emotionally. If other Packs ever learn of this, it will shock the whole Verdanth.”

I stared at Ezra, awe threading through my disbelief.

2/3

4:13 pm MMM

Chapter 28

“This is... incredible.”

He remained composed, as though he hadn't just created something that could rewrite the future of Verdanth.

“Mommy, look into the camera,” Bambi said excitedly. “I'm saving your data!”

I did, unable to resist.

“Take Lylah to her room,” Alpha Ezra instructed.

“But Alpha, I will guide you first-”

“No need.” His tone was firm, absolute. “This is my home. I know it well.”

Not wanting to offend him, I simply nodded.

Bambi squealed happily and motioned for me to follow, then shifted, metal folding like living sinew as body rearranged itself into a small silver wolf.

I laughed, warmth blooming unexpectedly in my chest.

Damon followed me to my room, and I was grateful. My mind was too full to stay silent.

“Your Alpha...” I began carefully as we arrived. “He's a man who carries more than he ever reveals. He hasn't stopped surprising me since I arrived.”

Alpha Ezra's reputation had always preceded him—wealth, a powerful pack, a name spoken with caution across Verdanth. But this? To secretly develop technology so advanced, to conceal it so completely that I escaped even the notice of other Alphas?

It was unthinkable.

If Rowan ever learned of it, the outrage alone would set the realm ablaze.

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3/3

Ruby Walker

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

Chapter 29

Lylah's POV

Fin

“About that... Alpha Ezra prefers not to publicize his progress,” Beta Damon said at last, his voice even guarded. “Attention attracts outsiders and spies are everywhere in Moonclaw and Lunaris. Rest well, I If you need anything, you may call for Bambi or me.”

With that, he took his leave.

Both the Beta and his Alpha were so unusual

And to call what Alpha Ezra had achieved progress felt almost insulting. This was not progress, this was dominance through innovation.

Across Verdanth, only a handful of packs had successfully integrated advanced technology into their territories, Rowan's pack had long stood at the top of that hierarchy.

Or so we had believed,

Bambi shifted back into human form with a soft mechanical hum, silver-blue light flickering briefly

beneath his skin.

‘Mommy, I’ll show you how to operate the smart systems in the room,’ He said brightly. His face shimmered, transforming into a living interface, icons floating seamlessly across her features.

When he finished, I bent down and gently patted his head.

His hair was impossibly soft. Warm and almost alive.

I had never had a pup of my own. Yet Selestine stirred within me, my wolf purring in quiet approval at t

gesture.

“Thank you,” I murmured. “You’re a smart little blessing.”

Bambi’s eyes lit up. “Mommy said I’m a smart little blessing!”

4 laugh slipped from me before I could stop it. “You can go play with your Daddy now.”

“No. Daddy told me to stay with you. It’s your first day here.” He shook his head firmly

“Alright, then,” I said, straightening just as my phone rang.

Tiara.

“Lylah!” she cried the instant I answered. “I prayed to Selene ten times today for your safety! Why didn’t you tell me you’d arrived in Lunaris?”

“I’m sorry,” I said gently. “Everything happened so fast. We went straight from the station to finalize the mating, license, then came directly to the apartment. I didn’t even have time to check my phone.”

“Oh, praise Selene,” she breathed. “I was convinced rogues kidnapped you and sold you halfway here.”

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4:13 pm 040MY

Chapter 29

Bambi rolled closer to me with a faintly indignant sound.

“Don’t worry, Tiara. My Daddy wouldn’t kidnap Mommy. And he’s not a rogue?”

I winced as Tiara’s sharp gasp pierced my ear.

“Lylah! Is that the pup you told me about? He’s so loud—he’ll drive you mad!”

I laughed. “He’s not a real pup, but a robot. My mate designed it himself. And **Tiara** it turns out that mate isn’t just a warrior as we assumed.”

Then, I recounted everything from the moment we boarded the train until now. Tiara punctuated the story with constant gasps, near-shrieks, swearing by Selene’s name and other goddesses I didn’t even know existed.

“I didn’t know you were so pious when you’re shocked,” I teased.

“This is unbelievable!” she insisted. “My best friend is a Luna now. I swear, I’ll rub it in Cora’s face un she chokes on her pride.”

I bit my lip. “Don’t. Alpha Ezra hasn’t formally announced anything yet.”

Tiara exhaled sharply. “Fine. I’m just furious she’s been acting as if the Blackfang Pack already belongs her ever since you left. She never leaves his side.”

That revelation stirred no surprise in me.

“Lylah,” Tiara said, her tone sharpening. “Choosing you from thousands on the Mate–Market, rushing th mating license, then giving you everything without hesitation. Are you sure Alpha Ezra hasn’t been watching you all this time?”

I frowned.

“No. I think he simply understands the weight of a mate bond and how a true Alpha treats what is his.”

She scoffed. “That’s how an Alpha should be. Not like the jerk ruling Blackfang. Unfortunately for me. that’s my fate.”

“I don’t want to talk about Rowan,” I said quietly.

Selestine shifted restlessly at the sound of his name, displeased.

We ended the call soon after.

Only then did I notice the sleek black box resting at the foot of the bed.

Bambi hopped over, lifted it with surprising care, and placed it in my hands. A small card lay on top.

‘Happy Birthday!

Inside was a set of silk pajamas, the fabric gliding through my fingers like liquid moonlight–cool, luxurious, infused with faint warmth that responded to my touch.

2/3

4:13 pm MM.

Chapter 29

A smile curved my lips as something pulsed softly in

Alpha Ezra had kept his promise.

204

my

chest.

▯

Finish

3/3

Ruby Walker

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

Chapter 30

3rd Person's POV

Fin

That night, after washing up, Lylah drifted into sleep far faster than she had expected, exhaustion pull her under almost immediately. Bambi lingered in her room for a while, its systems quietly observing, before switching to silent mode and slipping out into the depths of midnight. It glided toward the oth suite—a space cloaked in darkness, all black stone and shadow, steeped in the unmistakable scent of an Alpha.

Their mating was nothing like that of other wolves. What Lylah and Ezra desired was not passion or ri but a bond recognized by law and authority. There had been no mating ceremony beneath the moon. marking ritual, no shared bed. He had not branded her skin with his claim, nor had they slept entwine mates were expected to.

In his chamber, Ezra sat on the edge of the bed, power contained beneath stillness, when Bambi slippe inside without a sound.

“Daddy,” the robot reported in its soft, precise tone. “Mommy has washed up and is sleeping. She appe comfortable in this territory.”

A flicker of pride gleamed in Ezra's eyes. “Good.”

“She contacted a friend from the Blackfang Pack. Name: Tiara. Their conversation included you.”

Bambi replayed the recording, every word preserved.

When Ezra heard Lylah’s voice—calm, detached, saying she had only met him today, that everything he done was simply his duty as Alpha—his wolf surged restlessly beneath his skin.

Shadow crept across his gaze.

In the depth of his chamber, his voice dropped to a murmur thick with restraint.

“She truly... doesn’t remember.”

Morning came quietly.

Lylah stirred, showered, and stepped out into the apartment, the stillness wrapping around her.

The space felt vast without him, the air strangely charged, as though power lingered even in his absence.

“Good morning, Mommy”

She nearly jumped.

Bambi rolled toward its charging dock, cheerful as ever. Lylah approached it, the word Mommy still striking her like a lightning bolt each time.

“Bambi,” she said carefully, “how about we change the way you address me?”

1/3

4:13 pm M

Chapter 30

Fin

The robot tilted its head. processing.

“Lylah. I will call you by your name, as your friend does. Or Luna, like Damon calls you?”

“No,” Lylah replied too quickly. “Lylah is fine.”

She took a breath. “Is your Daddy awake yet? I was thinking of making him breakfast. What does he lik

“I cannot confirm,” Bambi answered. “My energy cycle is incomplete. Please ask Daddy directly.”

Lylah sighed. “Of course.”

Straightening her shoulders, she walked toward Alpha Ezra’s room.

The tall, dark wooden door loomed before her, carved with subtle sigils she hadn’t noticed before—markings that hummed faintly, as though recognizing her presence.

She lifted her hand to knock,

And froze.

Voices drifted through the door.

“You’ve grown far too indulgent,” a deep, authoritative voice thundered. “Has power convinced you that you don’t need a Luna? A family? An heir to secure the bloodline?”

“Vargan—”

“I am your elder!” the man snapped. “Even if you wear the Alpha crown, you will not address me without respect.” A sharp pause.

“General Zorath offered his daughter, Thalassa. You rejected her before the council, said she was unworthy of your interest. Alphas present their daughters, and you dismiss them as weak, dull, unfit to bear your mark. Is it truly your will to let the Moonclaw bloodline rot and end with you?”

Ezra’s reply was cold, edged with lethal calm. “They seem to satisfy you well enough. Choose one for yourself. Produce more sons.”

“Ezra!” Vargan roared. “You arrogant bastard! Selene will rip your name from the stars!”

“Watch your words,” Ezra cut in smoothly. “You may challenge me on anything but this. Raise the matter again, and I will inform Zorath that you have accepted his daughter as your mate.”

His tone chilled further. “I doubt he would object.”

Heavy silence followed.

Outside the door, Lylah clamped a hand over her mouth.

That voice... it was Ezra’s, yet not the man she’d spoken to.

This one was ruthless, calculating, his authority sharp enough to draw blood. The power she had only ever

2/2

4:13 pm

Chapter 30

sensed now revealed itself fully and it cent fear sewerling from her ayne

Her heart pounded as she stepped back, ravestiere cracking thesough her mind

Just how many secrets did her trate keep hidden beneath that calm, besied conve

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