

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

Chapter 211

3rd Person's POV

Tiara's words struck like a whip across them-sharp, unrestrained.

For a moment, silence rippled outward.

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Finished

Cora's eyes shimmered, fury barely contained beneath the polished surface of her smile. Jude looked on with mild amusement, though a trace of displeasure lingered in his gaze. Rowan, however, did not hide it -his expression darkened, his wolf stirring with clear disapproval.

"How could you say that, Tiara Ashcroft?" Cora snapped, her composure slipping for a fraction of a second. "How dare you?"

The edge in her voice sharpened-then vanished just as quickly, her mask sliding back into place.

"It's fine," Jude said smoothly. "There's no need to force her if she doesn't wish to visit."

Tiara didn't bother responding. With a scoff, she caught Lylah's wrist and pulled her away, unwilling to waste another second in their presence.

But the interruption had cost them.

The seats were now filled, claimed by eager spectators drawn in by the rising excitement. The only ones left... were the very seats nearest to Cora and her circle.

A low growl built in Tiara's throat, her wolf bristling in protest.

Lylah simply placed a calming hand on her shoulder. "It's fine," she murmured.

Reluctantly, Tiara sat.

The event began soon after-cheers rising, applause echoing, petals scattering across the field as riders prepared to take the arena. The air pulsed with energy, thick with pride and competition.

Lylah tried to focus on the spectacle before her. And for a moment, she managed.

But voices carried easily among wolves.

“So she’s the daughter your parents adopted and Rowan’s former lover?” Jude’s voice drifted over, thoughtful.

“Yes,” Cora replied lightly. “But that’s all in the past. Lylah and I are on good terms now.”

“Cora, can you stop lying?” another voice cut in.

Lylah’s gaze flicked sideways.

Orion stood beside Cora. She hadn’t even noticed his arrival.

“You and she aren’t fine,” he continued, his tone laced with contempt. “Not when she’s still disrespectful,

1/3

1:06 pm Pppp.

Chapter 211

still envious of you, and always trying to bring you down.”

He leaned closer to Jude, lowering his voice. But not enough.

Finished

“Let me tell you, sir. Back then, Lylah chased Alpha Rowan relentlessly without a shred of dignity. She disgraced my parents. Disgraced Ironcrest name. And now she’s with another male using the same tactics. Throwing herself at whoever will take her. She has no self-worth or pride at all.”

The words were meant to provoke.

But Jude didn’t react as expected.

Instead, he regarded Orion evenly. “Isn’t she also your sister?” he asked. “You shouldn’t speak of her that

way.”

“Orion,” Cora said softly, though a warning threaded beneath her tone. “Lylah is still our family.”

“Family?” Orion let out a harsh laugh. “No. I don’t consider her that.” His voice rose, carrying.

“She’s nothing but a burden. Always has been.”

Lylah didn't react.

Not a flinch. Not a word.

But someone else did.

Tiara turned sharply, her eyes blazing. "A burden?" she echoed, her voice cutting through the noise like a blade. "You mean the same 'burden' who stepped in when you were being bullied at school as a helpless pup? The one you used to trail after everywhere? The one who knitted your scarves and patched your clothes?"

Orion's face flushed instantly.

"And now you stand here, running your mouth?" Tiara continued coldly. "If I were you, I'd think twice before speaking again, little boy."

A ripple of laughter spread through the nearby crowd.

Orion stiffened, humiliation burning through him.

Cora's gaze darkened, her hand curling tightly at her side.

And then-

A phone rang.

Lylah glanced down. Ezra's name lit the screen. Without a word, she rose and stepped away to answer.

The moment she moved, Rowan stood as well, instinct already pulling him after her.

But a hand caught his arm.

2/3

1:06 pm Pppp.

Chapter 211

"Stay," Cora said softly, her grip gentle but firm. "She's upset right now. Let me handle this."

She smiled, flawless as ever. "I'll talk to my sister."

2 Finished

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516

3/3

W

1:06 pm pppp.

The Betrayed Princess Rising

Ruby Walker

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Chapter 212

Lylah's POV

Finished

The call came out of nowhere like a sudden gust of cold wind cutting through the suffocating heat of hell.

The moment Ezra's name lit up my screen, I answered without hesitation.

Sometimes I wondered if he could hear the quiet unrest inside me-if the bond between us was more than instinct, something deeper, something that let him feel me even when I couldn't quite reach him the same

way.

Because how else could he have called at the exact moment my restlessness was at its peak?

The second I heard his voice laced with that familiar warmth-it wrapped around me like a shield.

"I'm right beside you," he murmured.

"Lift your gaze," he added softly.

I did and my breath caught.

Parked just beyond the clearing was the same car that had brought me to Blackfang.

Not one of Ezra's sleek, intimidating luxury vehicles-the kind that turned heads and commanded attention-but the ordinary one I had asked for.

The sight alone unraveled something inside me. Every ounce of irritation Cora and Orion had stirred melted away, dissolving like frost under sunlight.

A smile found its way to my lips.

"Lylah!" The sharp call sliced through the moment.

I turned.

Cora stood a few paces away, arms folded, posture stiff with barely concealed tension. Her wolf lingered just beneath her skin-I could feel it, restless and watching,

"Why didn't you mention you came to Blackfang with your dear mate?" she asked, her tone dripping with mock sweetness. Her gaze flicked past me, landing on the car, "The one you were just speaking to... that's him, isn't it? Waiting out there?"

She stepped closer, her heels soft against the grass,

"How thoughtful," she continued, voice laced with something thinner beneath the sugar. "Coming all this way just to ease his little mate's worries."

I said nothing.

"Lylah," she went on, tilting her head slightly, "it seems I was mistaken about you. You've found yourself quite the attentive mate." Her eyes gleamed faintly as they returned to the car. "So why keep him hidden

1/2

1:06 pm pppp.

Chapter 212

all this time?"

There it was.

Not just mockery.

Something sharper.

Something restless.

Finished

“He must be sitting inside, watching us right now,” she added lightly. “Why not invite him to the estate? We could all have dinner together... with Rowan as well.”

“Bold of you to assume I’d ever set foot in that place again,” I said.

Her expression flickered.

The sweetness cracked-just for a moment-replaced by something colder. Something far less controlled.

“Oh, Lylah,” she said, her voice dropping. “How arrogant.” A smirk tugged at her lips. “As if I didn’t notice the way you looked at my mate. Practically drooling when Rowan stepped into the arena.”

“But I suppose I can’t blame you,” she continued. “You may have found yourself a sweet little companion... but that car?” Her gaze drifted again, dismissive this time. “It says quite a lot about his status. He’s not nearly as powerful or as wealthy as Rowan, is he?”

A quiet breath left me.

“Drooling?” I echoed lightly. “You’re mistaken. I was trying very hard not to vomit in front of everyone.”

For a split second, something dark flashed across Cora’s face.

Before she could respond, I stepped closer-just enough for my voice to lower.

“Instead of wasting your breath praising him like he’s some kind of prize,” I murmured, “why don’t you put that energy to better use? Go keep your precious Rowan entertained with your presence. So the sad, mediocre bastard stops slithering back to bother me.”

I smiled.

Then walked past her.

Behind me, her composure finally cracked.

“You liar!” Cora snapped, her voice rising. “Rowan is busy! He doesn’t have time to do that!”

1:06 pm pppp.

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Chapter 213

Cora's POV

That mutt had grown fangs.

Finished

12

I didn't know where Lylah had found that kind of boldness, but there was no denying it anymore-she had changed. Completely..

The girl who once shrank at the slightest guilt, the one who would hurt herself just to ease my displeasure,

was gone.

In her place stood someone else entirely.

Someone who had slapped me twice.

Someone who had dislocated Soren's shoulder without hesitation when Iris fell.

And just now, someone who had learn how to speak to me with the same venom.

My jaw tightened as I stared after her retreating figure, my wolf pacing restlessly beneath my skin.

Then-

My phone vibrated.

The sound snapped me from my thoughts. I glanced down, frowning at the unfamiliar number.

My frown deepened as I read the message.

‘Rowan isn’t as busy as you think. Not too busy to revisit his past. Not too busy to orchestrate something right under your nose.’

‘That night at the Coravia-Lunar Grace dinner, check the kitchen surveillance.’

“Then at the hotel when you wondered where he had gone for so long and the next thing you found was his men and his Beta dead.”

My breath caught.

My fingers tightened around the phone, trembling despite myself.

“Who is this?” I muttered under my breath, unease coiling tightly in my stomach.

I tried to call back.

Nothing.

The number didn’t connect. It couldn’t connect. A one-sided line.

Whoever sent this isn’t an amateur. And they knew too much.

1/3

1:06 pm p p pp.

Chapter 213

My pulse quickened, my thoughts spiraling. Rowan fooling me? No. That didn’t make sense.

And yet the doubt had already taken root.

Finished

By the time I returned to my seat, the noise of the crowd felt distant, muffled beneath the storm building in my head.

Rowan hadn’t moved. He remained where I’d left him, speaking calmly with Jude as if nothing in the world had shifted.

But as I looked at him now...

Questions clawed at me.

Too many.

The cheers, the laughter, the pounding hooves in the arena-everything blurred into a dull hum.

Then-

“Lady Cora, look!”

Griselda’s voice cut through sharply.

I turned.

A pickup truck had pulled up near the entrance of the arena. Two Blackfang guards stepped down, gripping an enormous bouquet between them-lush, over-the-top blooms in shades of deep midnight and icy pale blue, so massive it took both of them to carry it.

Gasps rippled through the crowd, admiration rising like a tide.

They approached me and bowed.

“Lady Cora, this is for you.”

“For... me?” I glanced back at Rowan, my heart stuttering.

His gaze was already on me.

“You once said you wanted a holiday beneath a blue sky,” he said. “But I’ve been too busy to give you that.”

“Rowan...” At his words, every question, every flicker of doubt inside my head instantly dissolved, swept away by something warm and intoxicating. I leaned into him, wrapping my arms around him without hesitation. “Rowan, thank you. You’re so sweet to me.”

“Go on,” he murmured. “Take a closer look.”

I didn’t need to be told twice,

I moved toward the bouquet, the scent of fresh blooms mingling with the air as Griselda and the others crowded around me, their voices rising in admiration.

2/3

1:06 pm pppp.

Chapter 213

“Lady Cora, you’re so lucky. Alpha Rowan truly adores you.”

2 Finished

“That’s nothing new,” one of them chimed in admiringly. “Alpha Rowan has always loved showering Lady Cora with gifts. If anything, he’s only grown more and more romantic.”

A soft laugh escaped me, light and pleased.

This is perfect.

Everything was exactly as it should be.

And more than that, Rowan had chosen to do this here. In front of everyone-in front of someone’s face.

My gaze drifted, until it landed on where Lylah sat.

516

3/3

1:06 pm Pppp.

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

Chapter 214

Cora’s POV

Lylah remained seated, her gaze resting on the bouquet.

02 Finished

My bouquet. A gift from Rowan-undeniable proof of his devotion, his attention, of how deeply he cared for me. Around me, admiration swelled like a rising tide, she-wolves’ voices lifting in praise, in envy, in quiet awe. I stood at the center of it all-exactly where I belonged as Lylah watched.

Alas, her expression remained too calm.

Flat.

I didn't like that.

It would have been far more satisfying to see it crack-to watch even a flicker of jealousy break through. Because I knew beneath that cold mask she always tried to wear, she had to feel it.

Envy.

"Do you know why he sent me this?" I said lightly, turning to Griselda-but raising my voice just enough for it to carry and reach the nearby rows.

To reach her.

"Because he feels guilty for being so busy lately. Rowan works tirelessly for me, Griselda, and still..." I gestured toward the flowers with a soft laugh. "He insists on making up for it."

"I told you, Lady Cora," Griselda chimed in eagerly, her voice just as loud, just as deliberate. "Alpha Rowan loves you deeply. And you deserve every bit of it. You always stand beside him as his equal."

Her

gaze

shifted toward him. "Alpha Rowan... isn't there something you'd like to say to Lady Cora?"

Rowan remained composed, his presence steady. "This is a College event," he replied evenly. "It would be inappropriate. I'll speak to Cora later in private."

Griselda smiled, sharp with meaning. "Ah... something meant only for the two of you, then. Right?" Her voice dipped, turning pointed. "Only Lady Cora brings out that side of you, Alpha. With your past, you never did. I suppose some people simply aren't worthy of it."

"Griselda, don't say that," I murmured, though I made no effort to hide the quiet satisfaction threading through my voice. "Lylah has her own happiness now. She has a mate. It's best we don't dwell on what she once had with Rowan."

"Wait-what?" another voice broke in. "Lylah has a mate?"

The reaction came exactly as I expected.

Curiosity spread like wildfire, questions rising from every direction, sharp and eager. Wolves leaned in, drawn by the scent of scandal.

1/2

:06 pm

Chapter 214

Perfect.

A slow smile curved my lips.

Finished

“Oh? You all didn’t know?” I asked, feigning mild surprise. “Weren’t some of you her classmates here at Blackfang College?”

“We had no idea,” someone admitted.

“Well,” I said smoothly, “Lylah has already found a mate in Lunaris.” I let the words settle before adding, almost casually, “In fact, just earlier, he told her he’d be sending her a gift as well...”

“A gift?” Griselda echoed, brows lifting.

“Oh, that’s quite normal,” I replied with a soft, knowing smile. “Males do enjoy spoiling their mates.”

“But what could he possibly send?” Griselda’s lips curved, her tone sweetened to something almost poisonous. “Surely nothing that could even begin to compare to what Alpha Rowan has given you, Lady Cora. Not every male has the means... or the worth.”

I lifted a hand to my mouth, though I made no effort to hide the soft, pleased sound of my laughter.

Around me, the others followed.

Laughter spilling out in low, cutting waves, as sharp as predators, a pack closing in on wounded prey.

516

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1

2/2

1:06 pm P p p p.

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Chapter 215

Lylah's POV

Finished

Earlier on the call, Ezra had mentioned sending me a small gift. To make up for his sudden fever and his inability to be here with me he said. I had refused immediately. There was no need for it. I didn't want to burden him over something so trivial.

And yet now, watching the grand bouquet Rowan had sent to Cora, I couldn't help the faint, amused thought that crossed my mind.

Did males have the same instinctive timing to send their mates gifts? Or was it merely a coincidence that both Rowan and Ezra had chosen today of all days to send something?

Around Cora, Griselda and the others hadn't stopped speculating, mocking about what kind of cheap offering my mate might send.

Strangely, I didn't feel anger.

Only light. A quiet ease settled in my chest. More than anything, I hoped Rowan's display was sincere- that it wasn't meant to provoke me, to stir something I had already buried.

I see another car pulled in behind Cora's pickup.

A sleek sedan this time. Then the driver stepped out, carrying a box in both hands, and made his way across the arena-straight toward me.

I rose slowly to my

feet.

"Lady Lylah," he greeted with a respectful nod.

"Yes, it's me," I confirmed.

"I was asked to deliver this to you," he said, holding out the box. "A gift."

“And from?”

“Riven.”

The name made something warm flicker in my chest.

Riven.

The name Ezra had used on the Mate-Market when fate quietly wove our paths together. Back then, I had been completely unaware of who he truly was. The stranger I spoke to so easily, the male I would bind my life to, the one I would find again beneath Lunaris skies.

Ezra... and all his quiet, unexpected ways.

A soft smile curved on my lips.

“Please open it,” I said softly.

1/3

1:06 pm P

Chapter 215

9 Finished

“Of course, Lady.”

He untied the simple white ribbon, and the sides of the black box folded open.

A faint curl of smoke drifted upward-soft, pale, almost ethereal.

Gasps and murmurs rose around me.

“What did her mate send?”

“A cake, obviously. That smoke was such a common, old trick to reveal that. Nothing special.”

The whispers grew louder, laced with poorly concealed amusement.

But as the mist slowly cleared...

I saw it.

A single rose.

Not ordinary-nothing close to it. Its petals shimmered in rich hues, like the first light of dawn spilling across the sky-soft peach melting into blush, kissed with warmth that seemed almost alive.

My breath caught.

It was so beautiful.

And for a moment, all I could do was smile, something in my chest tightening quietly at the thought behind it.

Then, Laughter broke through.

“Lylah, what exactly is that?” Griselda’s voice rang out, smooth and lilting, yet laced with unmistakable scorn. “A joke? Your mate has a rather cruel way of amusing himself, humiliating you before the entire Blackfang pack.”

“At the very least, he could have sent a proper bouquet,” another chimed in lightly. “Not a lone stem plucked from some forest thicket.”

Griselda’s lips curved, “Look at what Alpha Rowan has given Lady Cora. That is how a mate honors the she-wolf he truly cherishes.”

She pause.

Then, softer. Colder.

“Unless, he doesn’t.” Her gaze flickered with quiet malice. “Tell me, Lylah, what does he truly see when he looks at you? Some foolish pup who’ll beam with happiness over a worthless little flower?”

2/3

1:06 pm P p pp.

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Chapter 216

3rd Person’s POV

Finished

For Griselda and her circle-wolves who thrived on Cora's favor and lingered at her side like obedient shadows-this was the moment they had long been waiting for.

A clear, public display of where Lylah stood.

And the most satisfying part?

They hadn't even needed to lift a single finger.

"Griselda," Cora said gently, her tone wrapped in polite concern, "don't you think that was a little harsh?" She tilted her head, feigning thoughtfulness. "Perhaps Lylah's mate just understood her better. He sent what he believed suited her best. I do know my sister-she's always preferred simpler things."

"But, Lady Cora, that isn't simple. That's worthless." Griselda replied smoothly, "A male gives according to what he believes his she-wolf is worth. Does he see Lylah as worthless?"

Besides Lylah, Tiara felt something in her chest splinter. She stepped closer, her wolf bristling protectively beneath her skin.

"I know Alpha Ezra didn't mean any of that," she said, her voice very low but firm.

Lylah, however, remained calm-untouched by the storm around her. "Whatever they say, I like everything he gives me. Including this."

In his seat, Rowan watched.

Silent.

But his expression had hardened, his gaze darkening as he took in the unfolding scene.

'Fools,' he thought.

They truly believed Lylah's mate was incapable of something greater.

But Rowan knew exactly who Lylah's mate was-and he was certain this was only the beginning of the

game.

Before Rowan could rise, however, two figures stepped forward from the stands, drawn by the commotion.

They were Odin, the headmaster of Blackfang College, and his mate, Edith-sister to Eldric of the Ironcrest Pack.

“My mate and I couldn’t help but notice the rather interesting scene unfolding here,” Odin said, his tone warm. “We were curious what had captured everyone’s attention.”

“Sir,” Griselda said quickly, dipping her head. “Alpha Rowan has gifted Lady Cora a magnificent bouquet.” She smiled brightly, then gestured toward Lylah with thinly veiled pity. “And at the same time, Lylah’s

1:06 pm Pppp.

Chapter 216

mate sent her something as well. Though...” Her lips twitched. “It’s rather unfortunate.”

Odin’s gaze shifted.

“That is a lovely rose,” he remarked calmly. “I don’t see anything wrong with it.”

But beside him, Edith suddenly stepped forward.

047

Finished

The moment her eyes fell upon the flower within the box, her breath caught.

“Selene above...” she whispered, her voice trembling. “Is that a Dawn Rose?”

Cora let out a soft laugh, brushing it aside. “It is charming, isn’t it? I’m sure you find it quite pretty as well, Aunty.”

“No, Cora,” Edith said, her tone sharpening, eyes still fixed on the bloom. “You don’t understand.”

The air shifted.

“That is one of the rarest plants in all of Verdant. Its existence is nearly mythical—most packs will never see one in their lifetime. And if one does surface...” Edith exhaled slowly. “Its value could rival the cost of arming ten packs.”

A ripple of stunned silence spread.

“And its worth goes far beyond gold.” She added. “Each petal holds potent healing properties—an alchemical miracle in itself. It is said the flower first bloomed under the tears of the Healer Goddess,

Panacea.”

“Lylah studies healing at Lunar Grace Academy,” Tiara interjected quietly-then fell silent, a soft gasp escaping her as the realization struck.

Edith’s gaze softened as understanding settled in. A smile touched her lips.

“I see,” she murmured. “Then her mate chose perfectly-not something merely costly, but something that embodies her.” Her eyes lifted to Lylah “You are very cherished, Lylah. He sees you as beautiful and divine as the Dawn Rose itself.”

516

2/2

:06 pm Pppp.

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Chapter 217

3rd Person’s POV

Lylah’s gaze settled on the flower, her fingers brushing lightly over its delicate petals.

A Dawn Rose.

Finished

She had only ever known it through whispered legends among healers, through the pages of the books she studied. Never had she imagined she would stand before one let alone touch it with her own hands.

And this bloom looked impossibly fresh-as though it were the first to awaken after years, the first Dawn Rose to bloom since the last had long faded.

‘Where had Ezra found it?’

“Lady,” the deliveryman said gently, drawing her attention, “this flower requires very specific care. It must be planted again immediately and kept away from direct sunlight. If tended properly, it can remain in bloom for over three years.”

Lylah nodded, still slightly dazed. “I understand. I’ll find a pot and

“There’s no need.”

She blinked.

proper soil.”

“You may remain here and enjoy the event,” he continued with a polite smile. “Everything has already been arranged. We will transport the flower to Lunaris at once and have it planted in your residence.”

Her brows furrowed slightly. “But I won’t be returning to Lunaris until tonight. Maybe even tomorrow.”

“Then... will Riven be taking it himself?” Lylah asked, confusion threading her voice.

Before an answer could come, a sound cut through the air,

Low at first. Distant.

Then louder.

Heavier.

Every wolf in the arena stilled, instincts flaring as heads tilted upward in unison,

The sky trembled,

A helicopter descended, its blades slicing through the air as it hovered above the ground.

Murmurs broke out instantly.

“Whose pack’s aircraft is that? Blackfang’s?”

“No. I’m sure Alpha Rowan has never owned anything like that. That can’t possibly be his.”

1/2

06 pm p p pp.

Chapter 217

Finished

A rope ladder dropped from the hovering craft.

And then-a man descended with practiced ease, his movements sharp, controlled.

‘I’ll secure it,” he said simply upon landing. “It will be delivered safely to Lunaris.”

Lylah nodded. “Thank you.”

The box was carefully closed, handed over, and within moments, the man ascended again.

Then the aircraft lifted.

Gone as suddenly as it had appeared.

Leaving a stunned, heavy silence. Around the arena, jaws had dropped. Griselda and her circle stood frozen, hands covering their mouths, their earlier mockery stripped bare.

“W-we really thought it was just a normal flower,” someone blurted, nearly tripping over their own words. “So we just assumed it was cheap! And Lady Cora who used to fancy things didn’t say anything, so how were we supposed to know?!”

“Of course you thought so,” Edith said coolly. “To even witness a Dawn Rose in bloom, we must wait -sometimes decades. And only a rare few in history have ever had the fortune to possess one.”

Cora’s expression drained, paling from ashen to something lifeless.

And Rowan-

Rowan could hardly believe what he had just witnessed.

years

Ezra had crossed into his airspace with such audacity. Turning the event into a spectacle before his entire pack members, a blatant display of dominance meant to shame him in his own territory. A low growl rumbled from deep within Rowan’s chest, his wolf rising, bristling at the unspoken challenge.

Even as the day wore on and the event came to an end, the murmurs never ceased.

But no longer did they revolve around Cora’s grand bouquet. Now, every whisper circled Lylah’s single

rose.

That night, Lylah pressed her phone to her ear as she called Ezra, her thoughts restless.

There were far too many things she needed to ask him about his far-from-ordinary gift.

516

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1:06 pm P p pp.

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Chapter 218

Lylah's POV

Finished

“Ezra, you sent me something extraordinary today,” I murmured the moment the line connected, my voice softer than I meant it to be. “Something that hasn’t surfaced anywhere in Verdam for decades.”

He didn’t hesitate.

“Do you like it?” he asked, as if what he’d done carried no weight at all.

A quiet breath slipped from my lips.

“I do. I really do.” My fingers curled into the sheets. “But... why? Why give me something worth enough to arm ten packs-something so rare it barely exists anymore?” I swallowed. “Do I really deserve that?”

The question escaped before I could stop it.

Lylah. His voice softened, warm and almost indulgent. “It was an apology. I told you I wouldn’t be there with you.” A quiet breath followed. “Even so, you deserve far more than something like that.”

My heart fluttered-traitorous and light.

“That gift. he continued, his voice dipping lower, threaded with quiet promise, was only the beginning. If I could, I’d place the rarest things in the world at your feet.”

Warmth spread through me, leaving me both touched and overwhelmed.

“You’re going to make me completely unreasonable,” I said, a soft laugh slipping out. “At this rate, if someone hands me an ordinary bouquet, I might stare at them and ask where the legendary artifact is”

A quiet chuckle drifted through the line.

“Good.” Ezra murmured, unmistakably pleased. “Then no one will ever dare compete.”

Then, softer,

“Lylah, I love you.”

My breath caught.

“And I won’t prove that with words alone,” he went on. “I’ll prove it in everything I do—every choice, every action. Again and again, I’ll show you that my love for you only grows stronger. I want nothing more than to cherish you better than I ever have before.”

Silence settled between us—gentle, but heavy.

“Ezra... in this life Selene gave us, no one has ever treated me better than you” My voice softened. “So why do you speak as if you’ve failed me?”

“You haven’t,” I added quietly. “Not once. You’re already more than enough”

0445

Finished

Chapter 218

The silence deepened.

For a moment, I wondered if he would answer at all.

“I...” His voice returned, rougher now, as though he held something back. “I’m just... grateful. To have you.”

A small smile curved my lips.

“And I’m grateful for you too,” I murmured. “But you don’t need to keep proving yourself to me like this. I trust you. I believe in you.”

A quiet breath passed through the line.

“Thank you,” he said.

But something in his tone had changed—heavier, deeper. Emotion pressed against his restraint, something unspoken lingering just beneath the surface.

Even across the distance, I could feel it.

“Alright,” I said gently, letting a smile color my voice. “Damon messaged me. The Research Center scheduled an online meeting. Don’t forget to eat before you sleep.”

A brief pause.

‘Good night, Ezra.’

A soft hum answered me.

Then the line went still.

I lay back against the bed, staring at the ceiling as my thoughts drifted. Ezra’s voice lingered, his words echoing in the quiet.

‘Lylah,’ Tiara called from beside me, pulling me back.

‘You know tomorrow’s the final day of the event, right? But the students won’t be competing.’ She asked,

I turned toward her. “Then who will?”

‘The alumni,’ she said, shifting closer, her eyes bright with interest. “You’re going to participate, aren’t you?”

A small laugh slipped from me as I shook my head, “No, Tiara. I won’t.”

‘Why not?’ she pressed. “Back in Ironcrest, you told me you trained as a rider since you were a pup. Your grandmother taught you herself. You were good—you even had your own horse.”

My gaze softened as the memory surfaced.

‘Yes,’ I said quietly. “Her name was Nyx.”

I let the name linger, fragile on my tongue, as if I might lose it again if I spoke too quickly.

2/3

1:07 pm P p pp.

Chapter 218

A dull ache settled deep in my chest.

“That was a long time ago, Tiara,” I murmured. “Before my parents sold her.”

516

9 Finished

3/3

:07 pm pppp.

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 219

Lylah’s POV

Finished

“Sold?” Tiara’s eyes widened, her voice sharp with disbelief. “You never told me how you and Nyx were separated. So when Alpha Eldric cast you out of Ironcrest, he sold her too?”

She pushed herself up from the bed, fixing me with a piercing look.

I nodded slowly. “They did.” My voice was steady-too steady. “After my grandmother passed, they ordered the stable hands to abandon Nyx. They hated seeing me ride.”

The memory rose anyway, unbidden.

“I used to sneak her grass, bring her water from the river with my own hands,” I continued quietly. “But it wasn’t enough, Tiara. Day by day, she grew thinner... weaker.” My fingers curled into the sheets. “So when they finally sold her...” I swallowed. “I didn’t stop them.”

The words tasted like ash.

“She deserved better,” I whispered. “A better owner. A better life far from Ironcrest.”

Far from me.

I kept my face composed, but the ache clawed its way up, raw and relentless. It was a wound I had buried for years-one that refused to stay forgotten.

“Oh, Lylah...” Tiara’s voice trembled, but there was fury burning beneath it as tears slipped down her cheeks. “That damned Eldric and Daia... they’ve taken everything from you. Far more than you ever let

on.”

I reached out, brushing the tears from her face with a faint smile. “Nyx is fine now. I’m sure of it.”

The lie-or perhaps the hope-felt fragile.

“That night before they took her away, I went to see her to say goodbye.” A faint breath left me.

“It might sound foolish, but Nyx’s eyes didn’t look sad.” I swallowed. “And somehow that was enough for me.”

Tiara sniffed, wiping at her tears. “I hope she found a kind new owner-someone who treats her the way she deserves.”

“Me too,” I murmured.

But deep in my heart, the prayer had never stopped,

Every time I recalled the Ironcrest wind whipping through my hair, the steady rhythm of hooves beneath me as we tore across open fields, my chest ached with longing. My dark-maned companion. My Nyx.

‘I hope I can see you again someday!’

1/3

1:07 pm P ppp.

Chapter 219

The next morning, we returned to the arena.

0440

Finished

Tiara had been right-the students were no longer participants, only spectators now. The air buzzed with excitement, thick with the mingled scents of wolves gathered in anticipation.

We chose seats far from Rowan's section, away from Griselda and her circle's prying eyes.

I was half-listening to Tiara, our conversation light, when the crowd suddenly stirred.

Applause broke out.

A horse and rider entered the arena.

I barely registered the announcement.

A woman-slender, poised-stepped forward, leading a horse by the reins. The animal moved with quiet grace, its coat dark as midnight, its mane flowing like liquid shadow beneath the sun.

Black as midnight.

Achingly familiar.

"Is that Cora?" Tiara gasped, rising to her feet. "This has to be a joke. Since when can she even ride? And whose horse is that?"

But I was already standing.

My eyes locked onto the horse-its height, the way its mane caught the light, the shape of its eyes-

Something in my chest tightened.

"Lylah..." Tiara's voice turned cautious as she studied my face. "Don't tell me that horse... is that Nyx?"

"No..." I said, though my voice wavered faintly. "Nyx would be older now. Taller. Fully grown."

But still, something about that horse felt achingly familiar.

A bloodline.

I knew it.

Cheers swelled around us as Cora guided the horse to the center of the arena, basking in the attention like it was her birthright.

"Lady Cora! What a surprise! Thank you for honoring us with your participation!"

"Your horse is as stunning as you!"

Behind her, Orion stepped forward, carrying the saddle and tack, his voice loud enough to carry across

the arena.

2/3

Chapter 219

047

Finished

“She’s a purebred racer, the kind a Pack’s warriors use for training,” he announced with quiet pride. “In case you weren’t aware, her mother-Nyx-was born in Ironcrest before being purchased by the Starfall Pack six years ago. And from her, this mare was born.”

The world stilled.

Nyx.

The name struck like a blow to my chest.

“Mina,” Cora said sweetly, her laughter light as she turned to the crowd. “Everyone, meet Mina-my horse.” She stroked the mare’s neck with practiced ease, her smile widening. “A gift from Alpha Eldric and Luna Daia for their beloved daughter.”

516

3/3

1:07 pm Pppp.

The Betrayed Princess Rising

Ruby Walker

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

Chapter 220

Lylah’s POV

My breath caught.

I stepped closer, drawn as if pulled by some invisible tether.

Mina-so like Nyx-stood there, as if the past had risen from memory.

040

Finished

“My grandmother was a skilled rider,” Cora began, her voice casual, but her eyes glinting with something sharp. “She rode into battle twice, and her horse never faltered.” Her gaze shifted to me, piercing. “Lylah, Father told me you rode too. Surely they gifted you a horse as well?”

No.

Nyx had been mine from the moment she was a foal, a gift from Grandma alone. Eldric and Daia despised. seeing me move beyond their narrow definition of a daughter, and when I dared defy them, they tore Nyx from my life.

The same Eldric and Daia who had locked me in a barn for daring to ride had now seen fit to gift a horse

to her.

“And everyone,” Griselda snapped, striding forward, venom in every syllable, “that’s what a true gift looks like. Not from your mate-oh no, his fortune could never measure your worth—but from your parents. Being born to high status far outshines any pitiful wealth bought through mating, doesn’t it?” Her eyes flicked to me, razor-sharp.

I paid her no mind. My gaze was fixed on Mina-perfect, exquisite, every movement a reflection of Nyx.

“Orion, the whip,” Cora commanded.

I froze.

“I’m going to ride her today,” she said, eyes flicking toward Rowan’s seat. He was already watching.

“No!” I shouted, voice sharp, claws digging into my palms. “You cannot use a whip! Are you insane?”

“Lylah,” Cora said smoothly, lips curling upward, “are you going to tell me how to handle my own horse? I am the owner. I decide how she is treated.”

“That doesn’t mean you have the right to hurt her,” I growled, moving closer, my wolf rising in silent fury,

Her smile only widened, savoring my helplessness. Orion had finished securing the saddle, and at her stretch, he placed the whip into her hand.

“Really?” Cora’s eyes glittered with vicious amusement as they locked with mine. “Let’s see how wrong you really are.”

She swung herself onto Mina, settling into the saddle with lethal grace. Her grip on the whip tightened. I felt my pulse spike, claws aching to tear through the tension.

1/2

1:07 pm p p pp.

Chapter 220

The first crack of the whip split the air, Mina whinnying in sharp, pained protest.

色

Finished

“Cora! Stop!” I bellowed, voice echoing across the arena. “Stop! Now!”

“Step back, Lylah,” Griselda said, her voice a knife. “Know your place. Only Lady Cora decides how her beast is treated.”

“Beast?!” I snarled, teeth bared. “That isn’t a beast-it’s a foal, barely grown! If Cora treats her like that, Mina won’t obey-she’ll fight!”

Griselda scoffed. “Oh, as if you ever rode before.” Her friends cackled.

“Hyah!” Cora jerked the whip with a sharp crack.

It lashed across Mina’s flank, and the mare bolted, hooves pounding like war drums against the arena floor, her tail streaming behind her like black smoke.

Cora didn’t ease up, driving her onward as the crowd erupted in cheers and applause, praising what they called “bravery.” My chest tightened, a wolfish ache of fury clawing at me. Mina had borne her on her back obediently for only a heartbeat before instinct and fear began to flare.

“This is far too simple,” Cora called over the din, her voice smooth and melodic, yet laced with a cutting edge. “I told you all-she is obedient. Mina recognizes me as her rightful master and yields entirely to my will!”

No sooner had the words left her lips than Mina reared violently, her front hooves cleaving the air, almost sending Cora tumbling from the saddle.

The mare then surged forward like a living tempest.

516

(1)

2/2

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