

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

Chapter 221

3rd Person's POV

Finished

If moments ago Mina had seemed obedient beneath Cora's command, now she had become something else entirely.

Wild.

Untamed.

The mare tore across the arena like a storm unchained, muscles rippling beneath her dark coat as raw power surged through every stride. Her hooves struck the ground with thunderous force, each impact reverberating through the earth like war drums.

"Stop!" Cora shrieked, her composure shattering. "Stop it, you wretched beast!"

The whip came down again and again.

Each crack split through the air, mingling with Mina's panicked neighs. The scent of fear spread quickly, thick enough for every wolf to taste.

Until,

The whip slipped from Cora's grasp.

No-!" Her voice broke, laced with real terror now. "Mina, stop! I command you!"

Around them, the spectators surged to their feet. Panic rippled through the crowd, murmurs swelling into a restless, frightened noise as instincts stirred and wolves shifted uneasily in place.

Lady Cora's lost control!" Griselda's voice cut sharply through the chaos, shrill with alarm. "Help her!"

I'll get the guards!" Orion called, already backing away before turning and disappearing into the crowd.

Someone do something!" Griselda cried, spinning wildly. "Shift! Stop it-bite its leg if you have to-just stop that animal!"

But no one moved.

Fear held them frozen. Even wolves, predators by nature, hesitated before something so violently out of

control.

Only one reacted.

Lylah.

She was the first to break from the paralysis, her instincts snapping into place faster than thought. In a blur of motion, she tore out of the arena, sprinting toward the horses gathered outside. Within seconds, she reed one, vaulted onto its back in a single fluid movement, and seized the reins.

Her mount surged forward at her command.

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Straight into the arena.

Gasps rippled through the crowd. No one had expected anyone to be reckless enough to charge toward the rampaging mare.

“Lylah...?”

The name rippled through the crowd in hushed disbelief, spreading like a tremor. Wolves stared, struck silent-caught between awe and instinct.

“Hold on,” Lylah said, her voice steady despite the chaos.

She drove her heels in, urging the horse faster. The wind tore at her hair as she closed the distance, her focus locked on Mina and the struggling figure on her back.

It didn’t take long.

With a sharp pull of the reins, Lylah guided her mount alongside the frantic mare, matching her pace. stride for stride.

‘Help me!’ Cora cried, her face flushed with panic, all pride stripped away. In that moment, she didn’t even seem to register who had come. “Before this damned animal kills me!”

Hold on,” Lylah repeated, jaw tight.

she watched, waited-timing it perfectly.

When the horses aligned, when the rhythm of their strides synced,

She moved.

In one swift motion, Lylah pushed off and vaulted onto Mina's back.

Her landing was light. Controlled.

Not the rigid posture of formal training, but something looser-deeper-like instinct etched into bone. The effortless balance of someone who had ridden for years.

'You...' Cora twisted, her expression shifting from shock to something uglier.

Humiliation flickered across her face-and then, without warning, she drove her elbow hard into Lylah's

ribs.

Lylah hissed, pain flaring sharp beneath her skin.

But she didn't let go.

Her hand snapped out, catching Cora's wrist with an iron grip. "You were just begging to be saved," she said coldly. "So keep your arrogance to yourself for now."

"I didn't ask for you," Cora shot back, breathless, clinging to the saddle. "The guards, Rowan, they'll come

for me."

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A bitter edge slipped into Lylah's voice.

"Rowan?" she said, tightening her hold as Mina surged beneath them. "He hasn't moved an inch even now."

Her gaze flicked toward the stands, cold and cutting.

"Even if you were thrown off and crushed beneath her hooves."

Someone had dragged a thick mattress onto the arena floor, right into Mina's path.

Seizing the moment, Lylah moved.

With precise timing, she shoved Cora off the mare's back. The other girl tumbled down-caught by the mattress just as Mina thundered past.

Gasps erupted across the stands.

Now Lylah had the reins.

Her legs tightened firmly along Mina's sides, anchoring herself as the mare surged beneath her, wild and unyielding.

Ahead, a solid wooden barrier loomed-close.

Too close.

"Mina... listen to me," Lylah murmured, her voice low but commanding as she leaned forward, one hand stroking the mare's neck, grounding her. "You will stop. Alright? I'll count to three..."

The pounding of hooves echoed like a war drum.

"Three..."

The barrier rushed closer.

"Two..."

Her grip tightened.

"One. Stop!"

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3/3

12:48 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.

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3rd Person's POV

Lylah yanked the reins hard, drawing them tight against Mina's neck.

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The mare let out a sharp, piercing cry, her hooves striking the ground with a jarring, splintering force.

They were too close.

If Mina chose to keep going, they would both be crushed against the barrier.

But Mina didn't.

Three strides from impact-

The mare stopped.

Trembling. Breath heaving.

"Good girl..." Lylah whispered, her voice unsteady as she leaned forward, pressing close to Mina's ear. "That's it... Thank you."

The chaos stilled.

Mina had yielded.

Slowly, Lylah ran her fingers through the dark cascade of the mare's mane, grounding them both, feeling the silk of it slide through her touch.

"You're indeed Nyx's blood..." she murmured softly. "I remember how stubborn she used to be when she was upset." A faint, fragile smile touched her lips. "And you... You're just like her. Fierce, hot-headed little thing."

Mina snorted, the sound almost indignant, her tail flicking in restless energy.

Across the arena, Cora lay sprawled atop the mattress, clutching her shoulder where she'd struck the ground. Her gaze locked onto Lylah-sharp, burning. Griselda rushed to her side, but Cora shoved her and the others away, her pride wounded far deeper than her body.

Around them, the arena erupted.

Applause crashed like thunder, wolves rising to their feet. Lylah's name spread through the crowd, carried in voices thick with awe, reverence.

Cora's jaw tightened.

These pathetic fools, She thought bitterly, her jaw tightening. 'Praising Lylah like she's some kind of goddess of salvation.'

"Sister Lylah... that was incredible!"

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"You didn't just stop her. Mina has taken a clear liking to you!"

"You have such skill in riding as well? Why did you hide it?"

A low growl coiled from the base of Cora's throat.

"Griselda," she said coldly, her voice edged with something darker, "bring me a blade."

Griselda faltered. "Lady Cora... what are you—"

Finished

"That beast nearly killed me," Cora cut in, her gaze sharpening as something feral flickered beneath the surface. "I ordered all of you to stop it but not a single one of you moved. So useless." Her lips curled, her eyes flashing as her wolf pressed forward. "If none of you have the spine to act..."

Her fingers tightened.

"I'll handle it myself."

Meanwhile, Lylah slipped down from Mina's back, landing with quiet grace. The mare immediately nudged her head against Lylah's hair, a soft, seeking gesture that drew a gentle laugh from her lips.

Lylah lifted her hand, smoothing it along Mina's face, her touch calm and reassuring.

“You’re fine now,” she murmured.

People rushed toward her then, their earlier awe replaced with concern, voices overlapping in anxious waves. Through them, Rowan forced his way forward, shoving his pack members aside without hesitation.

“Little moon,” he said, his voice low with raw urgency. “Are you hurt?” His hand hovered at her cheek.

Lylah jerked away, stepping back, her gaze hard. “Don’t touch me.”

The rejection landed like a strike.

“Lylah!” Orion called.

The brother who had barely spared her a glance since Cora entered his life now looked at her with unmistakable concern etched into his features.

“That wasn’t funny,” he said, his voice hardening. “It’s been years since you last rode. One wrong move, and you would’ve been killed.” His eyes narrowed, sharp with restrained frustration. “And you still think that was something worth showing off?”

“Lylah.” Tiara said gently, taking her hand, “that wasn’t worth risking yourself just to save Cora.”

Lylah shook her head.

“I didn’t save Cora,” she said quietly. “I saved Mina.” Her gaze drifted back to the mare, something deep and unspoken passing through her expression. “Nyx’s daughter...”

Recognition flickered across Orion’s face. He remembered. The bond Lylah had once shared-and now, seeing Mina stand calm beside her, yielding only to her touch...

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“Move!”

The word cut through the crowd like a blade.

Heads turned as the shift rippled through the crowd. Cora cut a path through the onlookers, fury blazing in her eyes, her wolf pressing close to the surface, hungry for blood. The dagger in her hand caught the sunlight.

“Give that damned beast to me.”

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3rd Person’s POV

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The soft, honeyed smile Cora had worn when she first led Mina into the arena was gone—stripped away, as if torn apart by something far more primal and in its place remained something colder, sharper... a predator’s expression.

“I’m going to kill that animal,” she declared, her voice sharp and unyielding. “It nearly killed the future Luna of the Blackfang Pack.”

A hush fell.

The spectators recoiled instinctively, stepping back as the dagger in her hand gleamed under the light.

Ahead of her stood Mina.

And in front of Mina—

Lylah.

She didn't move. She simply stepped forward and planted herself between them, her body a quiet, unyielding barrier. A fortress.

"I will slit her throat myself!" Cora roared, her control fracturing.

"Cora, stop."

Rowan's voice cut through the chaos as he caught her wrist mid-stride, dragging her back toward him.

"Have you lost your mind?" he demanded, eyes hard. "What do you think you're doing?"

"What am I doing?" Cora turned on him, her voice trembling now. "Rowan, that beast almost killed me. She deserves to die for it."

"She's an animal," Rowan said sharply. "She didn't act out of malice. She reacted to you." His gaze flicked toward Mina, then to Lylah. "Look at her now. Under Lylah's hand, she's calm. She yielded."

That only made it worse.

Cora's eyes burned brighter, something darker twisting inside them as she watched.

Mina stood quiet beneath Lylah's touch-docile, trusting, as if that bond had always existed. As if the spirit of Nyx had found its way home to the one she had always belonged to.

"Give her to me, Lylah," Cora said, her voice dropping. "My father brought that horse for me. She's mine." Her lips curled. "Not some stray foal you lost years ago."

"No."

Cora stepped forward-

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"Enough." The command cracked through the arena like a whip.

All eyes turned.

Finished

Eldric stood at the edge of the crowd, his presence carrying the quiet weight of authority. Beside him stood a woman none of them recognized-her bearing rigid. her stance disciplined. There's nothing Blackfang about her, only the insignia pinned to her chest.

A warrior.

"No one touches that horse." Eldric said flatly. "It no longer belongs to you."

Cora froze. "Father...?"

"The transaction has been completed." he continued. "The horse now belongs to this lady. Hand it over."

Lylan's breath hitched.

Zyrelle...?'

Recognition flickered in her eyes.

"Father, what are you saying?" Cora's voice sharpened. "You and Mother just gave her to me yesterday. There's no way you've already sold her."

-There are more suitable gifts for you," Eldric replied coolly. "A horse is hardly fitting for a princess. This one will serve better under someone training to command."

Lylah stared.

Had he taken back Cora's gift?

That... was unexpected.

Cora's gaze turned razor-sharp as it settled on the unfamiliar woman. "How much?" she demanded. "How much did you pay for her? I'll buy her back."

"Cora." Eldric warned, his tone darkening. "Don't push this."

"Oh?" The woman-Zyrelle-tilted her head slightly, her expression calm, almost amused. "Five wagons of gold. A chest of diamonds. And additional silver, copper, and bronze."

A pause.

"For a single horse."

Cora's breath caught. It was an absurd price. Far beyond the worth of a young mare, no matter her bloodline.

Zyrelle held up a document, its seal catching the light-a formal contract.

The crowd parted on instinct as she stepped forward, wolves yielding to the quiet authority she carried. She came to a stop before Lylah and lifted a hand to rest lightly against Mina’s neck.

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Lylah leaned in, her voice barely more than a breath.

“What are you doing?”

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Chapter 224

Lylah’s POV

Finished

Zyrelle ran her fingers through Mina’s mane with unhurried ease, as though the chaos of moments ago had never existed. The mare leaned subtly into her touch, calmer now, her breathing steady.

“What am I doing?” Zyrelle murmured, almost to herself. “Tidying up a little mess.”

I stepped closer, searching her face. “But how? How did you even know I was here?” My voice lowered, edged with disbelief. “And you even stepped in before Cora could hurt Mina. You help me.”

I paused.

“I thought you didn’t like me.”

Behind us, Cora’s protests rose-sharp, fractured, laced with fury-before cutting off abruptly. A dull thud followed.

When I glanced back, she had collapsed into Rowan’s arms.

‘Guards!’ Alpha Eldric’s command rang out, laced with authority. “Call the healer!”

Wolves scattered at once, instincts snapping to obedience. Rowan lifted Cora without hesitation and carried her away, the crowd parting before him. One by one, the arena emptied, the restless energy fading until only a few of us remained.

Zyrelle’s lips curved faintly.

Oh Luna,” she said softly, almost amused, “isn’t that a rather swift judgment? Why would I dislike you?”

Her gaze lingered on me, thoughtful.

In truth, I quite like you. You’ve brought color into my cousin’s life.” A glint of warmth touched her expression. “You are the light in a world he’s long kept gray and cold.”

My breath stilled.

‘I would hardly hate the woman Ezra treasures,” she continued, her tone steady now. “Not when he’s entrusted me with watching over you-protecting you from afar.”

My eyes widened. “Ezra asked you to do that?”

Zyrelle arched a brow. “Of course. Otherwise, do you think I would waste my time in a place like this?” Her gaze swept the arena with faint disdain. “A Pack that doesn’t even know how to treat you with the respect you deserve. Tell me, what exactly drew you here?”

I exhaled slowly, the weight of it settling in my chest. “This will be the last. I promise.”

She studied me for a moment-then nodded, satisfied. “Good.”

Together, we led Mina out of the arena.

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The mare's earlier frenzy had vanished entirely; now she walked beside us with a quiet, almost playful energy, her hooves striking the ground in a steady rhythm.

When we reached the outer grounds, I spotted a waiting pickup.

"That will take her ahead," Zyrelle said. "To Lunar. Her new home."

My head snapped toward her. "Mina is coming with us to Lunar?"

Zyrelle gave a small nod. "Everything has already been arranged."

A warmth bloomed in my chest-unexpected, fragile.

"Mina will leave with me," she added, matter-of-factly. "We depart tonight. Damon will come for you

tomorrow."

I froze.

"Tomorrow?"

"Yes. Ezra won't be able to come himself. He's still at the treatment center."

The words struck like lightning.

My heart dropped.

"... He's still there?" My voice barely came out. "But Damon and him... they said everything was fine!"

A bitter realization settled in.

They had lied.

To keep me from worrying.

To keep me away.

"Zyrelle," I caught her hand, my grip tightening. "I'm not waiting until tomorrow. I'm going back to Lunar tonight with you. I need to see him!"

“There won’t be time to arrange a comfortable journey-”

“I don’t care,” I cut in, the urgency rising in my chest like a tide. “I just need to get there.”

A flicker of something-approval, perhaps-crossed her eyes.

“And don’t tell him I’m coming,” I added quietly.

A part of me burned-hurt, frustrated... worried.

That night, everything moved quickly.

Zyrelle made the necessary arrangements, ensuring Mina was secured and ready for transport. I packed

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what little I had and said my goodbyes to Tiara and her nana, the weight of departure pressing quietly against my chest.

Then, under the cover of night, we left.

The aircraft rose into the darkened sky, cutting through the wind as the lands below faded into shadow.

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

Chapter 225

Lylah's POV

Finished

With the aircraft, the journey to Lunaris passed in a blur-distance collapsing beneath steel wings and restless skies. By the time we landed, urgency had already taken root deep in my chest.

Zyrelle saw to Mina without hesitation.

As for me...

For the first time, I didn't hesitate to claim what I was.

A Luna.

My voice carried that authority as I ordered Ezra's guards to take me straight to the treatment center.

The car had barely come to a halt before I was already moving.

I pushed the door open and ran.

I didn't care who watched, didn't care about the sterile corridors or the wolves who stepped aside at the sight of me. My pulse roared in my ears, my vision blurring as tears forced their way free.

'Ezra... where is he?' I demanded, over and over, until someone pointed the way.

Iran faster until I reached the door and pushed it open.

hated thresholds like this.

Hated the way they pulled me back into memory-into that room in Ironcrest Rehabilitation house, where the air had smelled just as sharp, just as lifeless... where Grandma had drawn her final breath as I tood helplessly by. The past clawed at me, threatening to take hold again.

But then,

I saw him.

Ezra stood at the center of the room, solid and real.

‘Ezra...” My voice fractured, barely more than a whisper as everything inside me broke loose.

I crossed the distance without thinking and threw myself into him, my arms wrapping around him as tightly as I could, as if letting go would make him disappear.

“Lylah?” His voice was filled with disbelief, his hands coming to my waist, steadying me. “How are you

here-”

“You lied!” I struck his back, the words tumbling out between breaths. “You lied! You lied! Both of you! You and Damon-you told me you had a meeting, that everything was fine! while you were still here, still being

treated!”

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Finished

“We didn’t. His hand moved over my back, grounding, gentle. “I did have a meeting yesterday. I’m here now for a check-up. I was going to Blackfang tomorrow to bring you back. You were supposed to return

tomorrow.”

“Tomorrow?” I pulled back from him, anger flaring through the fear. “And if I hadn’t known? I would’ve stayed there, thinking you were fine while you were still here alone?”

My chest tightened painfully.

“What kind of mate does that make me?” My voice shook. “Not being here with you? I hate it-I hate that you keep everything to yourself like this!”

The words spilled out before I could stop them.

His hand rose, brushing away the tears I hadn’t noticed falling.

He leaned down slightly, bringing himself to my level, his gaze steady-soft, but heavy with something deeper.

“I was afraid, Ezra,” I admitted, my voice breaking again. “Afraid something had happened to you.” I shook my head faintly. “Don’t do this again. Please... just that.”

A small, simple plea.

“I won’t,” he said quietly.

Relief hit me all at once, leaving my legs weak beneath me.

Before I could steady myself, Ezra moved.

In one effortless motion, he lifted me from the ground as if I weighed nothing at all.

A soft gasp escaped me.

“What are you doing?”

He carried me to the bed and laid me down with quiet care.

Then he followed, bracing himself above me, close enough that the heat of him seeped into my skin. His scent-sandalwood and winter night-wrapped around me, rich and intoxicating, slipping past every barrier until it settled deep within me, stirring something instinctive.

“I shouldn’t,” he murmured, his voice low, conflicted. “You’re still angry with me. But you’ve just arrived- I’m not letting you stand like that.”

When he shifted even an inch away, I instinctively reached for him, my palm pressing gently against the warm, steady rise of his chest.

I drew him closer until our breaths mingled, then brought our lips together in a slow, deep kiss filled with

every unsaid word.

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Chapter 226

Lylah's POV

I hadn't realized-until that moment-how desperately I had missed him.

The taste of his lips.

It consumed me, unraveled me.

Finished

Some distant part of me knew I should pull away, that I must look shameless, like a she-wolf ruled entirely by lust. I should have been embarrassed. I should have stopped before I lost myself completely.

But I couldn't.

Ezra answered me just as fiercely, as if he had been holding back the same hunger. Our lips moved together, finding a rhythm that felt both urgent and inevitable. My fingers tangled in his dark hair, holding him close, while his arm slid beneath my head, cradling me with a quiet possessiveness.

When breath finally forced us apart, he didn't move away.

His lips traced along my jaw, my chin, my cheek-down to the sensitive curve of my neck. Each touch sent a sharp, electric thrill through me, making my breath hitch, toes curling, my body soften beneath him.

I melted into it.

Into him.

A quiet, drowsy warmth began to settle over me, my limbs growing heavy, my thoughts drifting.

"Y-you're right..." I murmured, my voice soft, barely there. "I'm tired from the flight. And I probably smell like sweat..."

"You smell like heaven," he said without hesitation, his voice low, certain. "You always do."

"Really?"

He didn't answer with words.

Instead, he buried his face into the crook of my neck, breathing me in as though grounding himself there. The bed dipped beneath our combined weight.

"Ezra..." I managed, already half-lost to sleep. "You should find somewhere else to rest... before the healer finds us on the floor tomorrow..."

A soft, warm chuckle brushed against my skin.

It was the last thing I heard before sleep claimed me.

Morning came wrapped in mist.

Lunaris was still cloaked in soft gray when the faint sound of movement stirred me awake. My eyes

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fluttered open, the world still dim-but the room was no longer quiet.

There were others here.

“Did they wake you?” Ezra’s voice came, low and close, so near it nearly startled me.

Finishand

I turned slightly, blinking the last traces of sleep away. Two healers stood nearby, one of them holding small vials filled with dark red.

“No...” I shook my head faintly. “You said it was just a fever. Why are they taking your blood?”

Unease curled quietly in my chest.

“This is my family’s treatment center,” he replied calmly. “The healer is from Moonclaw-someone I trust. It’s only a routine check. Nothing more.”

“Ah...” I nodded, though the unease lingered faintly.

Only then did I realize-

I was still pressed against him.

Curled into his side, my head resting against his chest as if I had never moved. His arm was still around me, holding me there without thought.

So while they worked... Had I been like this?

“What is it?” he asked softly, his fingers brushing my cheek.

“Nothing.” I muttered quickly, heat rising to my face.

Before I could say anything else, he leaned down again, capturing my lips in a slow, familiar kiss-

The door slammed open.

“Alpha!”

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Damon’s voice broke through the room, urgent, breathless. “I went to Blackfang yesterday, and Luna is gone from Lady Ashcroft’s house! Please forgive me, I—”

He stopped.

His eyes landed on us.

On me. Curled against Ezra on the bed, wrapped in his arms as though I had always belonged there.

Silence stretched.

“Hi, Damon,” I said, my face burning.

A deep flush crept up his neck almost instantly.

“Luna is fine,” Ezra said smoothly, entirely unbothered. “You may leave us.”

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Damon nodded stiffly, retreating with far more haste than dignity. The door closed.

And suddenly-

I could feel the heat of it all.

“Where are you going?” Ezra asked as I slipped out of bed.

I fled straight into the bathroom, shutting the door behind me as if it could hide the embarrassment burning through me.

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Chapter 227

3rd Person's POV

Finished

The treatment center had only just begun to stir to life. Wolves moved through the halls in quiet efficiency, their footsteps soft against polished floors, their scents weaving together in a subtle, restless current. Zyrelle stepped into it all with effortless composure.

Her sharp gaze swept the corridor-and quickly landed on the Beta of Moonclaw, stationed just outside Ezra's ward.

He looked strained.

"Lady Zyrelle," Damon greeted, though there was a stiffness to his posture, a faint pallor to his face. "Are you here to see Alpha Ezra?"

"I am."

A flicker of hesitation crossed his expression. "I would advise not, for now. He would prefer not to be disturbed."

"Oh?" Zyrelle arched a brow. "So he can order me at his convenience to watch over his Luna, but when I wish to speak with him, I'm to be turned away?" Her lips curved faintly. "I think not, Damon. I've indulged that selfish cousin of mine long enough."

Without waiting for permission, she brushed past him and pushed open the door.

Inside, the room was quiet.

Ezra wasn't in bed. He stood by the window instead, tall and composed, the morning light casting a pale glow along his figure.

Zyrelle approached, her gaze sweeping over him with clinical precision.

“Tell me,” she drawled, tilting her head slightly, “Does your mysterious illness now include allergic reactions?” Her eyes flicked to his lips. “Or is there another explanation for that?”

Ezra didn’t so much as flinch.

“Not an allergy,” he said calmly. “Kissing.”

Zyrelle blinked.

Once.

Twice.

For a brief moment, even she looked genuinely caught off guard. Then she exhaled slowly, catching the faint, lingering scent in the air-

Lylah.

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Chapter 227

Ah.

So that was why Damon had looked like he’d rather be anywhere else.

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“Where is your little storm of a Luna?” Zyrelle muttered, folding her arms. “Honestly Ezra, you played me. You had me believing she was some quiet, calm woman.” Her eyes narrowed slightly.

“She is anything but.”

Ezra’s gaze shifted toward her, curious now. “Explain.”

Zyrelle let out a breath, equal parts disbelief and reluctant admiration. “Do you have any idea what your Luna did yesterday? At Blackfang?”

And then she told him.

Everything.

The arena. The chaos. The rampaging mare. Lylah throws herself into danger without hesitation-claiming control where no one else dared.

Zyrelle recounted it all, her tone laced with incredulity, though beneath it lingered something else.

Respect.

“I thought watching over her would be effortless,” she said dryly. “Instead, I found myself bargaining with the Ironcrest Alpha, paying an absurd fortune for a single horse, and rushing it to Lunaris before your dear Luna decided to tear the entire arena apart for it.”

Silence followed.

Then-

A slow, unmistakable pride settled into Ezra’s expression.

“I never said my Luna was easy,” he replied. “If she chooses something... she will see it through.”

Zyrelle huffed softly. “Choosing is one thing. Nearly getting herself killed over a half-grown foal is another.” She shook her head. “If that insufferable Cora had laid a hand on that horse, I don’t doubt your Luna would have lost control entirely.”

Her lips twitched faintly.

“You’ve found yourself a dangerous little creature, Ezra.”

For a moment, something flickered in his gaze-something that almost resembled regret.

Not for her actions.

But for not being there to witness them.

Thank you,” he said at last, his tone quieter now. “For doing what I asked. For watching over Lylah and standing by her side.”

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Finished

Zyrelle stilled,

Then, dramatically, she placed a hand over her chest.

“Oh, Selene above, did the Alpha of Moonclaw just thank me?” She gasped, her voice laced with mock shock. Her eyes gleamed, though warmth softened their edge. “This is historic. Someone fetch a chisel-1 want this carved into the Moonclaw halls immediately.”

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The Betrayed Princess Rising

Ruby Walker

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

Chapter 228

3rd Person's POV

Finished

Lylah didn't step out of the bathroom until the room had quieted. Until Zyrelle was gone and the lingering heat of embarrassment had finally faded from her face.

Even then, a faint flush remained.

She felt guilty for Damon.

Though, in truth-she knew he understood. As Ezra's Beta, Damon knew better than most what it meant when a mated Alpha was finally alone with his Luna together.

Still...

Lylah kept her gaze fixed firmly out the window as they left the treatment center, avoiding the Beta's eyes entirely.

Outside, Lunaris unfurled beneath a pale, silver-washed sky, its vast expanse breathing with quiet life. The air carried the crisp scent of pine and distant frost, brushing against the senses like a whispered promise of winter.

*Zyrelle told me about you and Mina," Ezra said, breaking the quiet.

Lylah turned to him slightly. "She helped me free her from Cora. I haven't thanked her properly for that."

I already did," Ezra replied. "On your behalf as well." There was a pause before he continued, his voice lower. "She understands what Mina means to you. She was relieved she was able to take her out of Cora's hands."

Lylah's expression softened-but only for a moment.

"I wouldn't have minded if Cora truly cared for her," she said quietly. "If she had loved Mina the way a creature like that deserves. But she didn't."

Her fingers curled slightly in her lap.

"I think Alpha Eldric and Luna Daia must have told her about Nyx. About the horse I used to have." Her voice dipped, edged with something old and bitter. "So she wanted to show me. That she owns Nyx's blood now. That she could do whatever she pleased and make me watch."

Ezra didn't look surprised.

Deep down, he had never believed Cora capable of loving anything beyond herself.

"You never told me you could ride like that," he said instead, his gaze settling on her. "I feel like there's still so much about you I don't know."

Lylah let out a soft breath.

"And the same goes for you," she replied gently. "We never really had the chance to spend time together

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Chapter 228

since we mated."

Silence settled between them.

Because she was right.

Duty had always come first. Her studies. His responsibilities.

They had been bound together.

But not yet truly known each other.

"...Then let's change that," Ezra said at last. "Will you go out with me?"

"Yes. Somewhere a little more special than the usual." Lylah smiled, soft and bright.

A quiet warmth settled in his chest at the sight of it.

“Damon,” Ezra said, glancing forward, “turn around.”

The car shifted direction at once.

Finished

Soon, they arrived at the southern edge of Lunaris, where the city softened-where grandeur gave way to something simpler, more alive. A small bazaar stretched along the roadside, vibrant and unpolished, filled with voices, laughter, and the mingling scents of tangerine, paint, and earth.

They walked side by side through the narrow paths between stalls, passing artisans and traders, their wares laid out in colorful displays. Lylah’s eyes sparkled as she looked around, curiosity lighting her features.

Ezra noticed every detail.

Every shift in her expression.

Every quiet moment of wonder.

“Young lady...” an elderly wolf called gently from a low stall, her goods arranged neatly upon Handcrafted vases of various shapes and colors caught Lylah’s attention at once.

cloth.

She drifted closer.

“Ezra, I need one,” she said, already scanning the collection. “For the Dawn Rose you gave me.”

The old woman smiled warmly. “A Dawn Rose... what a rare and exquisite gift. Your lover must hold you very dear.”

Ezra stepped closer, his presence calm but unmistakable.

“I intend to give my Luna only the best.”

The woman’s smile faltered.

Her eyes widened.

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Finished

“Alpha-” She straightened at once, bowing her head deeply. “Forgive me. I only arrived in Lunaris recently to sell my wares. I didn’t realize...” Her voice trembled slightly. “You must be Alpha Ezra of Moonclaw.”

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

Chapter 229

3rd Person's POV

“I am.” Ezra confirmed.

“And she...” the elderly wolf turned, her gaze settling on Lylah with dawning realization. “...Luna.”

Finished

A flicker of unease passed through Lylah. She had seen it before—that shift, that sudden tension when others realized who they stood before.

Before it could take root, she smiled and stepped forward lightly.

“Could you help me choose one?” she asked, her voice warm and gentle. “I’d really love your opinion.”

The old wolf blinked. Then softened at once. “Of course, Luna.”

And just like that, the moment eased.

They lingered there, moving from one piece to another, speaking quietly. Ezra stood nearby, watching as Lylah interacted with such ease. There was something in her presence that softened everything it touched, calming the air, easing the tension in those around her, as though even the restless instincts of wolves quieted in her wake.

When they moved on, they drifted through other stalls as well-most of them run by traders from outside Lunaris.

By the time they returned to the car, something had settled heavily in Ezra's mind.

'There are too many wolves here who don't know we're mated,' he said at last, his tone low.

Lylah let out a small, easy laugh. "That's because they're not from Lunaris. And we never really made it known in the first place."

But the Alpha had gone quiet.

A faint edge of displeasure stirred beneath his calm.

He hadn't minded before.

Not truly.

But now walking among wolves who didn't recognize the bond between them... who didn't know that the woman beside him, radiant and perfect, was his Luna,

His wolf protested.

It bristled beneath his skin, restless and sharp, a low, instinctive defiance rising within him at the thought

of it.

"Then we make it known," he said finally.

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Lylah blinked, tilting her head. "What do mated wolves usually use to show it clearly?" She asked, tapping her chin thoughtfully. "Rings?"

"Too small." The answer came without hesitation.

Her brows lifted slightly.

This man... what dangerously bold idea had he come up with now to announce to the entire world that they were mated?’

In the Pack’s formal ceremonies, crowns and cloaks would declare it without question-symbols of power, meant for ritual and spectacle.

But that was not what he wanted.

He wanted something more practical yet no less undeniable.

‘We’ll go to a jeweler,” he decided. “We’ll have something made.”

Something that would tell the world exactly who she belonged to.

Before Lylah could respond, Damon’s phone rang, slicing through the quiet.

The Beta stiffened slightly before answering.

Alpha...” he turned around. “It’s Archer West. He says he’s tried reaching you several times.”

Ezra’s expression darkened.

He had ignored it-for a reason.

Put him on speaker.”

Damon obeyed.

Archer’s voice flooded the car, tight with urgency as he went straight to the point-they needed Ezra at the research center immediately.

A low, displeased growl rumbled from the Alpha’s chest, deep and resonant. The air itself seemed to ighten around it.

Damon cut the line at once, before the engineers on the other end could hear it. For their own sake.

‘I’m not going,” Ezra said, irritation sharpening every word. “Archer should know better. If I don’t answer, it means I don’t wish to be disturbed.” His gaze hardened. “Damon, tell him-”

A hand touched his.

“No,” Lylah said softly. “Don’t scold him.”

Ezra paused.

Her touch lingered, steadying.

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“They need you,” she continued, her voice calm. “We can go there first.”

His gaze shifted to her.

“I want to go,” she added, leaning lightly against his arm, her eyes bright with quiet curiosity. “I’d like to meet the wolves you work with.”

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

Chapter 230

3rd Person’s POV

The moment Archer West delivered the news, the research center erupted into motion.

It was as if someone flipped a switch.

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Wolves scattered across their workstations snapped to attention, their instincts sharpening under the weight of what was coming. The air shifted-tense and electric-as urgency rippled through the halls.

“Move!” Archer barked, clapping his hands once, sharp and commanding. “Clean this place up. Beta Damon said they’ll be here any minute!”

That alone sent them scrambling.

Because this wasn't just the Alpha arriving.

He was bringing his Luna.

The one they had only ever heard about. And today, she would finally step inside.

"Your table-clean it! There are crumbs everywhere!" Archer snapped, already moving from one station to another.

"West," Halvar muttered, leaning in with narrowed eyes, "are you sure Alpha Ezra is actually bringing his Luna? Or is this just your way of forcing us to clean for once?"

Archer shot him a look. "Even if he wasn't, do you think it's wise to let Alpha Ezra walk into a place that looks like a storm tore through it?"

"Unless you'd like to be replaced," he added coolly, "start working!"

Halvar didn't argue again.

He disappeared.

By the time the low hum of a Rolls-Royce engine cut through the air outside, the entire building had transformed.

Every surface gleamed.

Every wolf stood alert.

Waiting.

The car rolled to a smooth stop at the entrance.

The doors opened.

Ezra stepped out first, his presence alone enough to shift the air. Lylah followed at his side. Behind them, Damon moved like a shadow-silent and watchful, his instincts tracking every subtle change around them.

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Archer and Halvar stood at the front, backs straight, expressions carefully composed.

Then they bowed.

“Alpha. Luna. Welcome to Lunar Research Center.”

Their voices rang out in perfect unison-so synchronized it felt almost unnatural.

Damon arched a brow, amused.

These were the same wolves who snapped and argued like feral dogs on any given day?

Now they looked like well-trained pups waiting for praise.

They led the way inside.

“Luna,” Archer began, his tone respectful-careful, even-“please pardon any disorder. Our work here is demanding.”

Damon swept his gaze across the room and nearly laughed.

Disorder?

He had never seen the place this clean.

“Luna,” Halvar added quickly, stepping in, “we’ve arranged cheesecake and coffee for you. We hope it suits

your taste.”

“Thank you,” Lylah said warmly, her smile soft, her voice gentle. “That’s very kind of you.”

Murmurs stirred behind them.

“She’s nothing like Alpha Ezra,” one engineer whispered.

“So polite,” another breathed. “She hasn’t stopped smiling since she arrived.”

“Keep your voice down, idiot.”

“If it pleases you, Luna,” Archer continued, stepping forward slightly, “we would be honored to show you around our workspaces.”

“I’d love that,” Lylah said with a light laugh. “I want to see the place that’s been keeping my mate-and all of you-so busy.”

“Of course, Luna,” Archer said, practically glowing.

So pleased, he didn’t realize he had stepped closer.

Too close.

A low growl cut through the air.

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It stopped him cold.

Finished

Every wolf in the room stiffened. Archer froze mid-step. Damon looked away, already knowing what would come next.

“Just lead us,” Ezra said, his voice edged with something dark and unmistakably possessive. “And don’t do anything beyond that.”

“Y-yes, Alpha.” Archer stammered, retreating at once.

Damn.

He had nearly reached for the Luna... right in front of the beast.

Another inch, and he might have gone home missing a hand..

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