

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

Chapter 261

Tiara's POV

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Finished

“Sorry to keep you waiting, handsome,” I heard Beatrix purr as she approached him, her voice smooth as silk. “You must be bored by now. Don’t worry I’ll make it better.” From where I stood, I watched her place the glass into Damon’s hand without hesitation.

A flicker of disbelief stirred in me.

What kind of situation had he walked himself into?

From that day I first saw him, Damon had been all sharp edges-cold, rigid, distant. Not once had he smiled. Not once had his gaze lingered on anyone, least of all me. I had been certain he had no interest in females at all.

But now-

“Thank you,” he said, his voice low as he accepted the drink.

The way his gaze ran over Beatrix shattered that assumption completely.

A moment later, he pushed himself to his feet-unsteady. My eyes narrowed.

He’s already drunk.

‘Now that I’ve accepted your treat,” Damon said, wiping at his lips as if erasing the taste, “we’re even. I’ll be leaving.”

“Wait,” Beatrix caught his arm smoothly. “You’re not stable. It’s dangerous to leave.” Her voice softened, coaxing. “Why not stay? Rest a while, I can help you relax. You can leave in the morning.”

Her meaning was unmistakable.

“No.” Even through the haze, his refusal was firm.

Idiot, I thought, irritation flaring. Why drink yourself into this state?

Something in me snapped.

Before I could think better of it, I stepped forward.

“You heard him,” I said coolly, fixing Beatrix with a steady look. “He’s not interested in sleeping with you. Go find another male who is.”

Her gaze cut toward me, sharp with annoyance.

Ignoring it, I reached for Damon, catching his arm as I leaned closer, my voice dropping into a quiet hiss meant only for him.

“Don’t misunderstand,” I murmured near his ear. “This is just to save you from humiliating yourself and dragging Lylah’s name into whatever embarrassing scandal this becomes, Beta.”

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Chapter 201

Finished

You....” His eyes narrowed slightly, recognizing me. Suspicion flickers through the haze.

Then, after a beat, Damon exhaled. “Fine. Get me out of here. I’ll pay you whatever you want.

A thrill sparked through me.

Not for the reward-but for the game.

“What do you want? Gold coins? connections?” he added, voice rough. “I can give you access to all of it here in Lunaris.”

I could secure those things myself.

But hey, where was the fun in that?

Turning back to Beatrix, I slipped closer to Damon, letting the illusion settle into place.

“He’s mine tonight,” I said lightly, a teasing smile playing on my lips. “We already have plans at my hotel.”

For once, Damon didn’t resist when I guided his arm around my waist.

Together, we walked away-leaving Beatrix simmering behind us.

Morning finally came. But not quickly enough. Being alone in my room with Damon-the silence thick, my wolf restless, every instinct sharpened by his nearness-had been its own kind of torment.

By the time I stepped out of the bathroom, dressed, and finished the last touches of my makeup, a low, warning growl rolled from behind me.

I met my reflection for a fleeting second before turning.

Damon was awake now. Sitting up in the tangled sheets, bare-chested, his presence filling the room like a predator barely restrained.

‘You...’ His voice came out rough, edged with irritation and something more primal for a man who had been begging for help just hours ago.

I arched a brow as he looked around, taking in his scattered clothes, the unfamiliar space, before his gaze snapped back to me.

Dark with accusation.

‘You’re a wicked little trickster, Lady Ashcroft,’ he said, jaw tightening as his wolf bled into his tone. ‘You took advantage of that situation and used me.’

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12:54 pm

The Betrayed Princess Rising

Ruby Walker

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Chapter 262

3rd Person’s POV

“You wicked little wolf,” Damon growled, his voice low, threaded with irritation.

“I’m not little.” Tiara arched a brow, entirely unimpressed by the edge in his tone.

Finished

“And what exactly did I ‘take advantage’ of?” she continued, stepping closer without hesitation. Confidence rolled off her in waves, her wolf rising to meet his-not submissive, not yielding in the slightest to the dominance in his Beta blood. “The only thing I did was save your reckless face. If anything, Beatrix wasn’t entirely at fault.”

Her gaze sharpened as she pressed further. “A she-wolf like her doesn’t just walk up and offer herself unless you’ve given her a reason to.”

Damon’s jaw tightened.

“There’s nothing between her and me,” Damon said, his voice steady despite the tension coiling tight beneath his skin, his wolf bristling at the implication. “She’s involved with a friend of mine. He’s away from Lunaris and asked me to keep an eye on her. That’s all.” His jaw flexed slightly. “She just has a habit of making things difficult.”

Even as he spoke, disbelief lingered.

‘Of all wolves i could have crossed paths with, why her?’ Damon thought.

The last time he had seen Tiara was in Blackfang, when he had gone under Ezra’s orders to pick up Lylah. Instead, the furious redhead had confronted him, accusing him and Ezra of tearing her away from her

best friend.

And now that same little fire stood here, in Lunaris, having just dragged him out of a scandal.

‘Selene help me, he thought grimly,

Tiara, meanwhile, studied him with open curiosity.

Something didn’t add up.

Last night, drunk and bold, Damon had insisted on stripping away every last piece of clothing. Yet now he stood there as if his own bare skin felt foreign on his body. Wasn’t he the kind of male who would bear himself confidently before countless she-wolves?

Strange.

He had a reputation as a handler of females, smooth and experienced. But Tiara wasn’t naive. She could

tell the truth.

A wolf who had never truly been touched before carried a different kind of presence—and right now, Damon reeked of it. The faint edge of tension in his scent, the subtle unease beneath his composure...

A slow, knowing smile curved her lips.

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“Still untouched, aren’t you?” she said lightly.

Damon’s eyes snapped to hers.

“That man at the bar must have been lying to me,” she went on, clearly amused. “Damon, feared Beta of Moonclaw, you’ve never actually slept with anyone. Poor big bad wolf... all that power, all that reputation, and you’re still a virgin?”

“How dare you assume that?” His reaction was immediate, sharp.

Tiara only laughed softly, placing her hands on her hips. “You might fool others, but not me. I can tell. I’m far more experienced in this than you are.”

“That’s not true.”

Her laughter deepened. “Your reaction says otherwise.”

Damon fixed her with a hard, commanding stare—one that would have unsettled most wolves.

It did nothing to her.

“If that’s the case,” she continued, clearly enjoying herself now, “it explains why you were so desperate to escape Beatrix last night. You even offered me quite the reward just to get you out of it.”

“What?” Damon blinked, thrown off.

At that exact moment, Tiara’s phone buzzed, the sharp vibration slicing through the tension.

She didn’t hesitate, snatching it up.

“Lylah!”

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12:54 pm P

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Chapter 263

3rd Person's POV

Finished

Tiara had never been patient with calls. So the moment she saw her best friend's name flash across the screen, she switched to video without hesitation.

"You haven't said a word since yesterday," Lylah's voice came through, laced with suspicion. Her brows drew together as she took in the background. "And where are you right now? A hotel? You've already arrived in Lunaris and didn't tell me?"

Tiara laughed lightly, unbothered. "Sorry. I didn't want to disturb you and your mate." Her tone turned teasing. "Don't worry about me—I'm perfectly settled. In fact, I've even found myself some rather entertaining company."

Across the room, Damon stiffened, his eyes widening slightly.

"Who?" Lylah pressed immediately.

Tiara's gaze slid toward Damon, slow and deliberate-challenging. Her smile curled with mischief as she held his eyes.

He shook his head almost imperceptibly.

A silent plea.

Don't.

"Tiara," Lylah insisted, impatience creeping into her tone. "Answer me. You're always reckless. I don't want you getting into trouble. Lunar is isn't like Blackfang."

Tiara's expression softened-just a fraction. "I'm fine, Lylah. Truly. No trouble." Her lips curved again. "If anything... I stumbled into a bit of luck."

Damon exhaled quietly, tension easing only slightly as he listened.

Luck, she called it.

Him.

Eventually, Lylah sighed. "Alright. I'll let it go for now. I have to end the call. I'll see you at the Night of the

Renewal."

"See you," Tiara replied, and the call ended.

Silence settled.

Then her gaze returned to Damon.

Her smile hadn't changed-still bright, still bold-but there was something sharper beneath it now. Something dangerously captivating.

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12:54 pm P P P

Chapter 263

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Finished

Damon had never been easily swayed by beauty. He had seen too many, known too many she-wolves who relied on it.

And yet there was something about her.

Something that pulled.

"Don't you dare tell Luna Lylah about-"

“About your little incident?” Tiara cut in smoothly. “Relax, Beta. Why would I burden my dear friend with that?” She tilted her head, eyes gleaming. “But if you break your promise, I might reconsider.”

His expression darkened slightly. “Your payment.”

“Exactly.” Her smile widened. “You promised me quite the reward.”

Damon frowned faintly. “How much did I promise?”

Truthfully, he couldn’t remember.

Tiara tapped her chin thoughtfully, drawing out the moment before naming the amount.

For a brief second, Damon wondered if she had invented it entirely.

Still...

She had helped him.

And he wasn’t a wolf who ignored debts.

“I want it transferred before this afternoon,” Tiara added lightly. “There’s far too much I plan to buy before the Night of the Renewal.”

A smirk tugged at his lips despite himself. “You’re a spoiled little wolf.”

She didn’t deny it. Tiara only lifted her chin slightly, a glint of pride in her eyes. “I am.”

Damon had little choice.

After cleaning up and dressing, Damon left the hotel to handle the transfer himself. Not through any account tied to Moonclaw. Because if the Alpha found out, the consequences would be unpleasant. So instead, he drew from his private reserves.

When it was done, he sent Tiara a simple message.

“Done.”

He stared at the number for a moment-the sheer amount he had just handed over to a woman he had met less than a day ago.

Strangely...

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Chapter 263

Finished

He didn't feel anger.

No regret.

No irritation.

If anything, there was only a quiet sense of release. As though something tightly wound inside him had finally loosened. And a flicker of satisfaction.

Almost... enjoyment.

Then a dangerous thought slipped into his mind, uninvited.

'Was this what I'd been missing all along?'

A firebrand of a she-wolf to indulge and keep me on edge?'

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12:55 pm P p p

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Chapter 264

3rd Person's POV

Finished

The Night of Renewal marked the turning of the lunar cycle-the moment when the moon completed its final phase and began anew. With it came the promise of a new year. Across Verdanth, wolves would gather beneath the night sky to honor it, their instincts stirred by the shifting pull of the moon.

And now, that night stood just one day away.

Lylah and Tiara chose to welcome it in their own way-wandering through Lunaris, preparing together.

They had been circling the sprawling shopping district since the afternoon, the city alive around them with anticipation. By evening, they found themselves stepping into a refined jewelry boutique, its glass displays gleaming under soft golden light.

‘I want to buy charms for the bracelet I go. I’m planning to give it to Ezra.’ Lylah said, then lifting her wrist lightly. ‘He gave me this one before, so I thought it was only right if I gave something in return.’

The moment the bracelet around her wrist caught the light, Tiara’s breath hitched.

‘Lylah...’ she whispered, leaning closer, her eyes widening. ‘That’s a natural diamond bracelet. Do you even realize how rare that is?’ She stared, stunned. ‘Goddess. That must be worth a fortune!’

‘Really?’ Lylah blinked, clearly unaware.

Tiara let out a soft laugh, shaking her head. ‘I shouldn’t be surprised. This is what happens when a wealthy Alpha spoils his mate...’ Her smile softened, genuine warmth threading through it. ‘You’re right, you need to give him something in return.’

They turned their attention to the display, searching for charms.

The boutique carried the latest designs from across Verdanth. Pieces crafted with precision, each one aintly humming with its own subtle energy. It was a world far removed from Blackfang, where such uxuries were rarely found their way into everyday life.

At first, Tiara had only meant to accompany Lylah.

Now, she found herself just as absorbed. Her fingers were trailing over necklaces, eyes catching on pieces she would have once dismissed as unattainable.

‘Tiara, I’m done,’ Lylah said after a while, stepping closer. ‘I’ve picked the charm for Ezra.’

Tiara pulled her attention away from the display, curiosity lighting her expression. ‘Already? Let me see.’

Lylah showed her.

The charm was unmistakably Lylah’s taste-simple, elegant, quietly radiant without demanding attention.

But as Tiara’s gaze drifted to the price,

Her breath nearly stopped.

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12:55 pm P ppp.

Chapter 264

Finished

“What happened?” Lylah asked quickly, alarmed.

“I-no, nothing!” Tiara said, forcing a laugh. “I’m just really happy for you.” And she was.

Because she remembered.

There had been a time in the Blackfang Pack when Lylah was bound to Rowan not as a mate, but as something far lesser-when she couldn’t even afford something as small as a hair tie.

Now...

“Tiara, do you think this is too much?” Lylah asked hesitantly, biting her lip. “Did I overspend using Ezra’s money? But it’s for him... I couldn’t just pick something ordinary.”

Tiara blinked at her, then shook her head immediately. “What? No. Not at all. If anything, this is probably the first expensive thing you’ve bought this month.” Her grin turned playful. “And I’m very sure Ezra would agree with me-you’re seriously under-spending with that Verdanth Black Card he gave you.”

Tiara leaned in slightly, nudging her. “Lylah... you’re doing your mate a disservice. Go spend his wealth a little more.”

There was no teasing edge to it this time.

Only quiet satisfaction.

Because, at last, her best friend was living the life she deserved.

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12:55 pm

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

Chapter 265

Lylah's POV

Finished

“I think I should get something for myself too. Maybe that one,” Tiara said lightly, pointing toward a delicate necklace on display—a fine gold chain with a soft pink gem catching the light. “Is it pretty?”

“It suits you,” I replied without hesitation. “Add it to my order. I’ll pay for it.”

Tiara blinked, then laughed.

“No, Lylah. I’ll pay for my own.” She waved it off easily. “If you want to treat me, just buy me a cake later. That’s more than enough. Okay?”

“But...” I hesitated, something uneasy stirring beneath my ribs.

I knew she had money—but she’d also told me this morning she hadn’t come to Lunariss just to visit. She was here to find work. Blackfang had become unstable, uncertain, and she hadn’t secured anything yet.

“Tiara, I don’t mean anything by it...” I said gently. “If I pay for this, you can save your money until you settle into a job.”

“My savings?” Tiara laughed again, bright and unbothered. “Trust me, I have more than enough.” Her eyes gleamed with mischief. “Remember that unexpected encounter I mentioned during our call? Looks like Selene decided to reward me with a rather generous little fortune.”

[frowned. “What does that mean? You didn’t do anything risky, did you?”

‘Of course not,’ she said quickly. “It’s clean.”

I wasn’t convinced.

Still, whatever it was, Tiara looked too pleased—too alive with excitement—for me to press further.

I'd ask her later, when we were alone, when the air wasn't so light.

For now, I let it go.

We moved to the waiting couch while our purchases were wrapped, slipping into easy conversation about the Night of Renewal-the moon, the celebrations, the way all of Verdanth seemed to hum with anticipation.

Then, nearby, raised voices cut through the calm. Sharp enough to slice the air.

I hadn't caught the words at first. I was too focused on Tiara. But I felt the tension creeping in, like wolves bristling before a fight.

And then,

"So you're saying this woman bought the limited-edition kunzite necklace I reserved for Lady Coraline?"

The voice hit first.

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12:55 pm

Chapter 265

Familiar.

My head snapped up.

Griselda.

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Finished

"This woman?" she continued, disbelief and disdain lacing her tone as she jabbed a finger at Tiara. "Tiara Ashcroft? We're from the same pack. I know exactly what she is. There's no way she could afford something like that."

I was already on my feet.

"What's going on?" I demanded, my voice sharpening, my wolf stirring beneath the surface.

Griselda stood there, sharp-featured and unyielding. And beside her-

Jude Knight.

Recognition flickered. I'd seen him before at that Blackfang College event. He was part of Rowan and Cora's inner circle.

"What the hell are you even doing in Lunaris, Tiara?" Griselda snapped, her gaze cutting into her.

Tiara didn't flinch.

"Why?" she shot back coolly. "You don't own this city. I have every right to be here."

Griselda let out a sharp, humorless laugh, edged like a warning growl.

"I'm just surprised you made it this far," she said, her gaze raking over Tiara with open disdain. "Lunaris isn't exactly kind to wolves of your standing. And I certainly didn't expect you to afford that necklace." Her eyes slid toward the display, narrowing, something calculating flickering beneath. "Or was this intentional?"

The air tightened.

"You knew Lady Cora liked that necklace," Griselda continued, her voice turning pointed. "So you bought it first to spite her. To upset her. Didn't you?"

The accusation hung in the air.

For a moment, even I was stunned by the absurdity.

Tiara blinked once.

Then her lips curved.

"Intentional?" she echoed, almost amused. "Please, Griselda. I'm not her pathetic lapdog. I don't waste my time studying what Cora likes just to spite her."

Her gaze hardened. Something raw and feral tore through the surface. Her wolf pressing forward as if ready to bare its fangs.

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Chapter 265

Finished

"If I wanted to make her cry, I wouldn't bother with petty games. I'd do it right in front of you, and make sure neither of you ever forgot it."

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B

12:55 pm

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

Chapter 266

3rd Person's POV

Finished

Tiara's words fell like venom. Whatever sympathy she might have once held for Cora had long since withered, burned away by what had been done to Lylah. And she had no intention of hiding her disdain.

Across from her, Griselda stiffened, genuine shock flashing in her eyes before she carefully smoothed it over with a mask of wounded propriety.

"Oh Goddess, what a poisonous tongue," Griselda murmured, pressing a hand to her chest as though stricken. "Sir Jude, did you hear that? Tiara Ashcroft, how can you be so vile? Lady Cora will soon be your Luna. She has shown you nothing but kindness, and yet you..." She sighed, shaking her head. "So cruelly insulting her over something so trivial."

At first, Jude had been indifferent. A necklace was nothing.

But then Tiara, Lylah's friend, spoke.

Something in him shifted.

His wolf stirred beneath his skin, rising fast and sharp, hackles bristling with instinctive protectiveness. He had always avoided entangling himself in the strained dynamic between Cora and her so-called adopted sister.

Now, for the first time, he thought he understood.

"Enough, Griselda," Jude said, his voice clipped. "We'll find something else for Cora." His gaze slid past her, landing on Lylah with a chill edge. "Something far more valuable than that necklace."

"No..." Griselda answered, "Lady Cora said she wanted this exact design. There's none left in all of Verdanth. Tiara, can't you just-"

“Hand it over?” Tiara cut in, her tone suddenly calm, almost bored. “No. I saw it first. I wanted it. So I bought it.” She tilted her head slightly, her gaze cool and unwavering. “If Cora truly desired it, she should have reserved it. In a store like this, the rule is simple-first come, first served.”

Jude’s patience snapped.

He turned to her fully, his eyes darkening. Something colder and more dangerous is surfacing. “Is this your first time, Lady Ashcroft?”

“What?” Tiara blinked, caught off guard.

“Your first time owning something of real value?” His lips curved faintly, but there was no warmth in them. “The way you cling to it, your greed, is rather telling.” His gaze dragged over her, measured and cutting. “And to insult Cora over a mere necklace? Frankly, it’s embarrassing. I suggest you keep it hidden once you have it or your family in Blackfang might wonder how you could afford such luxuries.”

He paused, voice dropping into something silkier, sharper. “Though, I suppose here in Lunaris, a young and beautiful she-wolf has... many easy ways to earn.”

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Chapter 266

The words struck like claws raking across flesh.

For a heartbeat, silence fell.

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Finished

Jude allowed himself a small, satisfied smirk. The famed designer-so poised, so admired-had just revealed her true nature for all to see. Spat without hesitation at an innocent woman.

“Perhaps this piece will suit your taste, sir,” the clerk interjected nervously, stepping forward with a velvet-lined tray.

Jude’s attention shifted.

His hand lifted, fingers reaching when suddenly,

A blur.

No one saw the moment Lylah moved. One second she stood still beside Tiara. The next, the air itself seemed to split.

A sharp, wet sound tore through the room.

The scent of blood flooded the space-rich and metallic.

“Lylah!” Griselda gasped, fingers flying to her lips. Horror flooded her features, pale and trembling. “Y-you attacked Sir Jude...!” Her voice broke, then rose, “How could you?!”

Jude staggered back a fraction, eyes widening-not in pain, but in stunned disbelief.

Warm blood slid down his skin where her claws had sliced cleanly through. Yet it was not the wound that held him frozen.

It was her.

Lylah stood before him, her breathing slow and deliberate, her fingers still tipped with elongated, gleaming claws. The calm-looking girl was gone.

In her place stood something feral. Her eyes burned violet and wild, catching the light like a predator poised to kill.

“Insult my friend again and I’ll rip your spine out through your mouth...” Lylah took a slow step forward, “...and wear it as a necklace for Cora to choke on.”

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12:55 pm P p p p

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Chapter 267

3rd Person's POV

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Finished

To Jude, Cora's adopted sister had never looked like anything remarkable-just a slender, delicate she-wolf with a quiet presence. He had once dismissed her as a pampered brat, the kind who cloaked cunning beneath a mask of calm, like a viper hidden under stone.

But that illusion had shattered.

What he felt from her now was different. An aura, subtle yet suffocating, shimmered beneath her skin- ancient, predatory, nothing like any wolf he had encountered before.

"We're not escalating this," Lylah said, her voice soft but absolute, carrying the unmistakable weight of command. "Is my order and Tiara's ready? We'll pay and leave."

The effect was immediate.

The clerks moved in a frantic blur, their instincts bowing before a power they could neither name nor resist.

Within moments, a paper bag was thrust into Lylah's hands. None of them dared glance toward Jude or Griselda again, as though the very air forbade it.

"S-sir... your hand..." Griselda stammered.

Blood dripped steadily from his wound, staining the pristine darkness of his suit, the sharp metallic scent curling thick in the air.

But Jude didn't so much as look at her. His gaze remained fixed on the space Lylah had just vacated, something unreadable flickering in his eyes.

"I-it's bleeding badly, we have to-"

He turned and walked away.

Griselda hurried after him, her heels clicking against the pavement until they reached the car. Even then, Jude refused treatment. Crimson spread across his sleeve, soaking into the fine fabric, but he sat unmoving, jaw tight.

"You will not speak of what happened tonight," he said coldly, cutting her off before she could try again. "To anyone. Do you understand?"

The injury was trivial. It would heal.

But the humiliation? The disgrace of being wounded by a she-wolf-no matter how strange she was—

would not.

Meanwhile, Lylah walked beside Tiara beneath the dim glow of Lunaris streetlights, her senses still sharp, her wolf restless beneath her skin.

“Are you sure you’re alright?” she asked again, her voice gentler now, though her eyes remained alert.

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Chapter 267

Finished

“I’m fine.” Tiara replied with a small laugh. “Honestly, the one you should worry about is that man. Who was he, anyway?” She shook her head. “Goddess. I can’t believe there would be someone who wastes their time fawning over useless Cora.”

Jude left Griselda at the entrance of her apartment building, offering nothing more than a clipped dismissal. His car scarcely slowed before surging back into motion, its engine snarling as it disappeared into the night.

But Griselda didn’t go inside.

Heart pounding, she turned and made her way toward Cora’s residence instead. This was something Cora needed to know.

However, she arrived to find an unexpected scene.

Cora sat at dinner with Alpha Rowan, the air between them thick with unspoken tension. Though he was present, his mind seemed distant, his expression cold as winter steel as he regarded his future Luna.

Griselda hesitated at the threshold, a chill creeping up her spine.

“Griselda,” Cora straightened, her tone smooth but edged with curiosity. “How unexpected. What is it?”

“Lady Cora... it’s about Lylah...”

At the name, both Cora and Rowan shifted, their attention sharpening instantly.

“Yes?” Cora prompted, her eyes narrowing slightly. “What has she done now? Caused another scene?”

Griselda swallowed, her voice trembling despite herself.

“At the boutique earlier... Sir Jude Knight and I were choosing a gift for you when Lylah intervened. She took it-boldly, without hesitation.” Her breath hitched. “And when Sir Jude confronted her, she attacked

him.”

She pause.

“She lost control,” Griselda whispered, the memory sending a shiver through her. “Her wolf surfaced. It was so violent... feral... completely uncivilized.”

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Chapter 268

Cora’s POV

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Finished

“What do you mean Lylah lost control and acted uncivilized?” Rowan surged to his feet before I could even speak, his presence swelling like a storm about to break. “That’s not who she is. She was never like that when she belonged to me!”

The words struck harder than a slap.

Heat flooded my face, sharp and humiliating, as if every pair of unseen eyes in the room had turned toward me. My wolf stirred uneasily beneath my skin, bristling at the careless claim in his tone.

"I knew it," Rowan went on, pacing now, restless, predatory. "It's that male she's mated to now. He ruined her. If she had stayed in Blackfang, if she had stayed with me, she would still be the gentle, graceful Lylah I knew."

Griselda had chosen the worst possible moment to arrive.

Rowan had already been in a foul temper when I asked him to dine with me. Now, the air itself felt charged, thick with the tension of an Alpha on edge.

'Griselda,' I said quickly, forcing my voice into something steady. "Let's speak outside."

I swallowed the sting Rowan had left behind and led her away, out of his suffocating presence.

'Lady Cora, what happened to Alpha Rowan?' Griselda asked once we were alone, her voice soft with concern. "Were you two arguing before I arrived? I'm sorry if I came at the wrong time."

'It's nothing,' I replied smoothly, though my chest still burned. "Rowan is just exhausted. He's been dealing with endless matters lately. After all, disagreements between mates are common, right?"

She seemed reassured enough, nodding before launching into her story.

I listened in silence as she recounted everything about what happened at the boutique without hesitation.

When she finished, I placed a gentle hand on her shoulder.

'Don't worry,' I said. "I can buy another necklace. I'll speak to Jude as well. He won't hold this against you."

Her expression faltered. "But he made me promise not to tell anyone, Lady Cora."

A faint smile touched my lips, cool and measured. "Then I simply said I didn't hear it from you."

Understanding dawned instantly.

Relief softened her features, and before I could react, she threw her arms around me.

Her sudden touch sent a jolt through me-unwelcome. The scent of a lower-ranked wolf clung to her, setting my instincts on edge.

I endured it for a heartbeat before she pulled away.

Finished

Once Griselda disappeared down the corridor, I brushed a hand over my dress, smoothing expensive fabric that needed no fixing. The faintest trace of her scent still lingered, and my wolf recoiled in disgust.

That's when my phone rang.

Father.

I answered at once, composing my voice. "Yes, Father?"

"Cora," he began, his tone measured, "your mother was wondering if it would be possible for you to celebrate the Night of Renewal at Ironcrest this year."

I hesitated only briefly. "I'm sorry, but I can't. I need to remain in Lunariss with Rowan. And Professor Vale has given me an assignment I must complete." I lowered my gaze slightly. "I'll return another time."

"Very unfortunate," he replied.

Then, after a beat, his tone sharpened. "Have you spoken to Rowan about my proposal? The collaboration you suggested that day. It's been days since he's contacted me. He used to initiate such matters himself."

My pulse quickened.

"Yes," I said, forcing steadiness into my voice. "Rowan has agreed. He's just busy. Please, be patient."

A lie.

I had asked Father not to reach out to Rowan first too. What I didn't say what I couldn't admit-was how much Rowan had changed lately. I refused to let the truth pass my lips that Rowan was beginning to crawl back to Lylah.

"Daughter," Father continued, "there is another matter I wish to discuss."

My heart began to pound. "What is it?"

"It has been quite some time since you and Rowan have been together," he said evenly. "Most of the Pack knows, and you are often seen at each other's side. And yet..." His voice hardened. "There is still no formal claim, no ring on your finger. Wolves are beginning to question-I have even heard your name compared to Lylah's."

"I will not have my precious daughter reduced to whispers across Verdanth," he continued. "It is time, Cora. You and Rowan must begin planning your mating ceremony."

The words settled heavily, like iron chains locking into place.

“And if that is not possible,” he added, his tone leaving no room for argument, “then an engagement ceremony will suffice.”

556

B

12:55 pm P p p p.

The Betrayed Princess Rising

Ruby Walker

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

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

Chapter 269

Lylah’s POV

Finished

What happened at the boutique yesterday left something sharp and bitter lodged beneath my skin. More than anything, I was furious for Tiara-she had only just arrived in Lunaris, and instead of seeing the city at its best, she was dragged into petty hostility with Cora’s circle.

So today, I decided to make it up to her. We would go out together, just the two of us-

Except... things rarely stayed simple.

By coincidence, Luca had also asked me to go for brunch. When I mentioned that I would be bringing a friend, his excitement was immediate and overwhelming.

“I’ll book the entire restaurant!” he had insisted. “And order everything on the menu. It will be my treat for you and your friend, Lady Lylah.” There had been no room to argue.

Which was exactly why I brought it up to Ezra that same evening.

The night before...

“Ezra,” I began carefully after dinner, “Luca feels indebted to my late mother and insists on taking care of me now. He wants to take me out to eat... but I’m worried it might be too much for him.” I hesitated, glancing down briefly. “That restaurant is very expensive.”

Ezra leaned back slightly, thoughtful-but only for a moment.

“I see,” he murmured.

And just like that, a solution came to him, as if strategy was second nature.

“I’ll ask Archer and a few of my colleagues from the research center to dine there as well,” Ezra said smoothly. “I’ll handle the reservation, but have it appear as though Luca arranged everything. He’ll still receive a bill-but only a quarter of it. Just enough to satisfy his pride without raising suspicion.”

I blinked at him. “That’s actually brilliant!”

Then realization hit me.

“But that means you’ll be paying for both Luca’s bill and Archer’s-”

I stopped.

Because Ezra wasn’t listening anymore.

His hand had already found mine.

Without a word, he guided me away from the dining table and toward the couch, his touch firm, possessive in a way that made my wolf stir beneath my skin. I settled beside him, my pulse quickening for reasons I didn’t care to name.

1/3

Chapter 269

“Tell me,” Ezra said softly. “Who would you rather have pay the bill, me or Luca?”

“You,” I answered honestly. “You have far more resources.”

A faint smile touched his lips.

“Exactly, my love,” he murmured. “So what are you worrying about?”

♪

Finished

Relief loosened something in my chest. “Thank you,” I said, still a little stunned at how effortlessly he had solved yet another problem for me. “You can join us too, if you’d like. Tiara would love to see you again.”

“Is that all?” he asked gently, his voice lowering.

Something in his tone shifted.

Familiar.

Dangerous.

“Don’t you think I deserve a better reward than that?”

Before I could respond, he pulled me closer, the heat of his body wrapping around me like a claim I couldn’t ignore. His larger frame loomed above mine, presence heavy, instinctive-like a wolf closing in on what was his.

“I’m still on my moon cycle,” I reminded him quietly, my voice barely above a whisper.

Yet something feral inside me snarled at my own protest.

We hadn’t done ‘that’ since my moon cycle began this month. Ezra had grown restless, and I... I had gone half-crazy with the same aching need.

“I knew,” Ezra said, unbothered. “I have a better idea.”

My cheeks burned instantly.

Before I could protest, he gave me that pleading look-wide, innocent puppy eyes that didn’t match the wicked hunger gleaming beneath, “Just this once.”

Then, gently but firmly, he pulled me down until I lay sprawled on my back.

His face hovered teasingly over my belly, then drifted lower, lips brushing skin as he smirked up at me with sharp, predatory intent,

“You’ve never done this before?” he asked, eyes darkening.

I shook my head, heart racing.

“Then let me show you how,” he said, voice husky.

His grin turned feral as he lowered his head.

2/3

12:55 pm P

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

Chapter 270

3rd Person's POV

The brunch turned out far smoother than Lylah had expected-almost unnervingly so.

Finished

Blackfang and Whitepine lie miles apart, divided by distance, blood, and allegiance. Tiara and Luca had never crossed paths and had no reason to trust one another. And yet, they slipped into easy laughter and conversation as though they had grown up beneath the same moon.

Still, Lylah couldn't say she was surprised. Tiara had always been like sunlight-warm and irresistible, with a presence that could melt even wolf of warrior rank. Leaving them grinning like carefree pups around

her.

After they parted ways with Luca, Lylah and Tiara wandered through Lunaris Park. Time seemed to loosen its grip on them as they talked, teased, and laughed beneath the rustling canopy. The world softened around them until Lylah's phone buzzed with a voice message from Ezra, pulling her back. He had been waiting at the restaurant.

By the time they returned, dusk had already begun to bleed into night, and what was meant to be a simple stop turned into an early dinner.

Lylah had assumed Tiara would bond quickest with Luca of Whitepine.

She had been wrong.

It was Archer-Ezra's colleague, a man carved from discipline and sharp edges-who fell first. Beneath Tiara's charm, his stern exterior cracked with surprising ease, revealing a far more talkative, even gossipy, side.

“Lady Ashcroft,” Archer West drawled, already leaning too close, his voice softened by admiration and wine, “I can’t believe someone as precious as you was born into a wretched pack like Blackfang. And has Rowan as your Alpha.”

Tiara laughed, light and unbothered. “Unfortunately, Sir West. But I’ve already said my goodbyes to that miserable place.” Her smile sharpened just slightly. “And Rowan? Please pray that I never cross paths with him here.”

Glasses of red wine were poured and emptied in steady succession, its rich aroma blending with the rising musk of Lunar is wolves gathering outside-drawn together to welcome the Night of Renewal.

By the time the moon began its slow ascent, silver light spilling over the skyline, Tiara had slumped against Lylah, flushed and utterly drunk.

“Ezra,” Lylah murmured, glancing at her friend with a sigh, “I don’t think we’ll make it to the bridge tonight. Look at her-she’s completely out. I’ll take her back to the hotel.”

She shifted Tiara’s weight, already bracing herself. “Don’t worry. You can head up to the penthouse and wait. I won’t be long.”

Damon was nowhere around. So Lylah didn’t ask—maybe Ezra had let his Beta have the night free.

1/2

12:55 pm Pppp.

Chapter 270

0191

Finished

Ezra watched her intently, a hungry darkness simmering just beneath his calm expression. “You promise?” he asked in a low voice. “We had plans tonight.”

He had been mentally replaying every detail of what he intended to do with her the moment they got back.

A faint smile touched her lips. “I know. I’ll make sure Tiara is safe... and then I’m all yours completely.”

Half-dragging, half-supporting Tiara, Lylah managed to get her into a taxi and slid in beside her.

Lunar is pulsed to life as they drove.

Wolves filled the streets, their energy electric. Laughter, music, the distant echo of howls rising toward the swelling moon-it all vibrated through the air. The sky itself seemed brighter, charged with something

ancient and restless.

Lylah turned her gaze to the window, letting the glow of the city wash over her.

That was when she noticed it.

A dark sedan, trailing them.

At first, she thought nothing of it. But then her senses sharpened, instincts prickling beneath her skin. The faint but undeniable scent of danger curled in her chest.

‘It had been there before... hadn’t it?’

Since the Restaurant.

Her eyes narrowed.

The sedan surged closer.

Suddenly, its headlights blazed, flooding the taxi with harsh white light. The horn blared, long and aggressive, slicing through the night.

“What the hell is that lunatic idiot doing?!” the driver snapped, gripping the wheel. “Lady, get your head down! He’s trying to ram us!”

The world seemed to tighten.

Lylah’s arms instinctively wrapped tighter around Tiara, her body tensing as something primal stirred

awake within her.

2/2

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