

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

Chapter 271

Lylah's POV

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I tightened my hold around Tiara, instinct overriding everything else. If that lunatic behind us meant to ram the car, I would take the impact, not her.

Headlights shattered across the glass like splintered silver.

Then, tires screamed. The sedan lunged forward-

-and slammed violently into the road divider.

Our taxi jerked to a halt.

My breath came ragged, heart pounding against my ribs as the world rang with the echo of the crash. For a moment, I couldn't move. Couldn't think. Then instinct snapped me back.

"Check on her," I told the driver quickly, easing Tiara back as I pushed the door stepped out.

open

and

The night air hit me cold.

I moved toward the wreck.

The front of the sedan was crushed, glass fractured like a spiderweb. The window hung open just enough for me to see the driver slumped inside,

And my blood ran cold.

"Rowan...?"

Rowan looked like something dragged straight out of a battlefield-nose crooked, blood spilling from his split lip, the sharp, metallic scent thick in the air. His hair hung wild over his eyes, shadowing a face carved with pain and something far more dangerous. But his chest still

rose.

Alive.

I reached out, my fingertips barely grazing a stray lock of his hair. When his hand suddenly lashed up, clamping around my wrist like a steel trap.

“Was this what it takes...?” His voice came rough, grinding like stone against stone, yet unmistakably awake.

His eyes opened. They burned into mine-predatory, fever-bright, laced with a possessiveness

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that made my own wolf recoil and bare its teeth beneath my skin. “For me to feel the touch of your soft finger again, little moon?”

My breath hitched. “Let go of me.”

“If it takes some broken bones and a little bit of blood...” A slow, unhinged smile dragged across his lips, like a predator savoring the hunt even while wounded. “Then I’ll do it again. As many times as it takes.”

“You’ve lost your mind, I snapped, yanking against his grip. “You endangered everyone on this road. For what? This twisted little performance?”

Something flickered in his expression-hurt and raw and sharp beneath the haze.

“Why are you speaking to me with that tone?” Rowan rasped. “Do you know what it does to me... to see you like this?”

Selene above.

The scent hit me then-faint, but unmistakable.

Wines.

Of course.

Reckless. Careless. And worst of all... unrepentant.

Even now, there was satisfaction curling at the edges of his expression.

“Lylah...” Rowan murmured, voice dropping, almost reverent. “At least now we’re standing before each other again.”

Sirens wailed in the distance, growing louder, cutting through the charged air. Lights spilled across the street as Lunar Enforcers’ cars closed in, their presence sharp and commanding.

Still, Rowan’s gaze never left me.

I pressed my lips together and stepped back, breaking his hold.

His hand lingered in the air, reaching after me-empty.

“Hold on, Lady.” An enforcer stepped in front of me, blocking my path.

“I don’t know him,” I said evenly, forcing my voice into something calm despite the tension coiling beneath my skin. “He was driving drunk and caused this mess. He has a mate, I can call her to come here.”

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The enforcer studied me, his wolf lingering just beneath the surface, sharp and assessing. “You were the first at the scene. We’ll need you as a witness. So stay.”

The area was quickly locked down. And soon, the enforcers moved around the wreck, checking Rowan, assessing the damage.

Minutes later, the same officer returned, with something different in his expression. He held up a phone.

My pulse quickened.

“Are you Lylah?” he asked.

“I am.”

His gaze flicked to the screen before returning to me. “Then you just lied to me. Alpha Rowan of Blackfang has only one contact listed on his phone. You.”

My stomach dropped.

“Lady Lylah,” he continued, his tone firming with quiet authority, “you’ll need to come with us to the treatment center and do what’s required as the closest one he has.”

Through the cracked glass of the wrecked car, I caught it-

the slow, calculated grin, tearing at the edge of Rowan’s blood-soaked lips.

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Ruby Walker

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The enforcer's grip closed around Lylah's wrist and guided her toward the patrol vehicle with quiet force. The taxi driver lingered in stunned confusion, glancing between them and the unconscious Tiara slumped in the back seat.

Muttering under his breath, he followed, trailing behind them toward the treatment center.

At the treatment center, time seemed to crawl-each second stretching thin, heavy with tension.

An hour passed before a ward assistant finally approached Lylah. "You may see him now. He's been treated."

Her lips pressed into a thin line.

Outside, Lunar is gleamed beneath Selene's blessing. Yet inside here, Rowan had found a way to drag her back into his chaos, staining everything with his presence.

Lylah stepped into the room.

But she barely made it a pace inside before her body was yanked backward. An arm locked around her waist, another braced near her throat, pinning her hard against the wall.

The scent hit her first.

Blood. Mixed with his suffocating pheromone.

Rowan stood before her-far too steady for a wolf who had just crawled out of a wreck. A crooked grin carved across his bruised face.

"Don't comment on why I'm standing already, little moon," he murmured, voice low, roughened but laced with something darkly amused. "I wouldn't want you worrying about me."

Her eyes flashed. "Don't mistake my presence here for concern. If not for that idiotic enforcer and your deranged little stunt, I wouldn't be anywhere near you."

"Lylah..." His voice dragged over her name, thick, almost indulgent. "You really wound me."

Rowan lifted a finger, brushing along her jawline as if he still had that right.

"I know you felt it," Rowan went on. "Earlier, when you saw me bleeding out in that wreck, unmoving, you froze. I could smell it on you. Your wolf woke up for me, didn't it? It broke you seeing me like that."

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Lylah let out a sharp, humorless laugh.

“My wolf?” She tilted her head, eyes cold. “Don’t flatter yourself. It reacts to danger, not to you.”

Her gaze dragged over him. Disgust unmasked.

“You were bleeding out like a stray mutt on the road, Rowan Blackfang. Of course I paused. Anyone would. Don’t twist instinct into something pathetic just to feed your delusion.”

Still, he hovered close.

“You can deny it all you want. But I could stay like this, if that’s what it takes to keep you close within my reach, little Moon.” Rowan murmured.

“I don’t want to be close to you.” Her voice cut sharp as a blade. “How many times do I have to say it? Whatever bond we had is over.” Her chest rose with restrained fury. “I have a mate, Rowan. Someone I chose. Someone I love.”

The words struck.

Hard.

“And I don’t even remember the life you keep clinging to!”

Something inside him snapped.

Rowan’s wolf surged just beneath his skin—restless, wounded, and feral. It pressed forward, baring its teeth through him as his eyes ignited into molten gold.

“But you were mine longer,” Rowan growled. “I was the one who dragged you into my pack when your so-called parents spat you out like filth. Me. I was the one who sheltered you, who took care of you—long before him.”

His hands flexed at his sides, claws threatening beneath flesh.

“And then one day, you suddenly chose him.”

His gaze darkened, something raw bleeding through. “Why, Lylah? Because he’s stronger in your eyes? Because his bloodline stands unbroken, while mine had to crawl its way up? Because you

never saw him ruined-crippled and helpless-never had to carry him, clean him, hold him together when he couldn't even stand on his own?"

He stepped closer, desperation and fury twisting tight beneath his skin.

"Was that fleeting, flawless image enough to erase everything we bled through together?!"

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Lylah stilled.

So he remembered those days when she had cared for him at his lowest.

And still he had betrayed her.

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Tainting every sacrifice she had made, and choosing to share his bed with her own sister.

Finished

"I swear to you," Rowan rasped, voice turning lethal, "I will rise higher than him! I will tear that blind Moonclaw bastard down! I will crush Ezra beneath my feet-"

The crack of the slap cut through the sterile ward room.

Lylah's hand struck his face with brutal force-directly across his already broken nose.

Blood spilled fresh.

Rowan snarled, the sound ripping from his throat. "Lylah-"

"You said seeing you like that broke me?" she shot back, and struck him again. Harder. "No, Rowan."

Her eyes burned.

"It never did. And it never will."

Lylah stepped back, severing the space between them completely.

Rowan stood there, breathing unevenly, blood dripping from his nose onto the sterile floor- his gaze turning cold, something darker settling in its depths,

Lylah turned to leave.

And didn't notice-

When the bracelet slipped from her wrist, it fell soundlessly to the floor at Rowan's feet.

He looked down.

Then slowly bent to pick it up. His fingers curling around it as something unreadable flickered across his expression.

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Rowan lowered his gaze to the bracelet lying in his palm. Slowly, he lifted it. Pressing it to his nose, drawing in a breath as if it were something far more precious than anything. Beneath the lingering scent of antiseptic and blood, there it was.

Her scent.

His fingers curled tighter around it.

The piece itself was simple-rosewood threading, carefully bound, a delicate charm resting at its center. It reminded him of her in a way that made something dark twist inside his chest. Nothing grand or extravagant. Just hers.

Just like the things he used to give her before.

His gaze dropped to the charm.

A crescent moon diamond. An unmistakably part of a pair.

Something meant to be shared. Worn by two.

Rowan's eyes gleamed, something sharp and dangerous cutting through the haze.

"So the other one..." he murmured, voice low, rough with something far from sane, "must be hanging around that Moonclaw bastard's wrist by now."

His grip tightened.

"I don't accept that." His lips curled faintly. "By every right, it should be mine." His voice dropped into something possessive. "You're mine, little moon. Always mine, Not him."

The door opened behind him.

"You called for me, Alpha?" Azrel stepped inside, his posture respectful, though his gaze flickered briefly-uneasy-at the sight before him.

Moonlight spilled through the tall windows, casting pale silver across the room.

Across Rowan's face.

Twisted into something dangerously unhinged.

"I have a task for you," Rowan said, not looking up, his attention still fixed on the bracelet.

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"There's a message I want delivered. This time, I don't want it hidden."

His lips curved.

“I want him to know exactly who it came from.”

His thumb brushed over the charm, slow, deliberate.

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“Ezra of Moonclaw,” Rowan continued softly, “should know that my little moon came to see me tonight.”

“And that she left me a gift.”

Lylah finally managed to get Tiara back to her hotel. The redhead was still deep in the haze of alcohol, limbs loose, words spilling without restraint as Lylah guided her inside.

“Lylah!” Tiara slurred, blinking up at her with unfocused eyes. “I swear we were just at a treatment center... healers in white clothes everywhere... potions... oh, Selene-who’s dying?!”

Lylah sighed softly, easing herself down onto the bed.

“We stopped to drop off a wounded dog we found by the roadside,” she said calmly, brushing damp strands of hair from Tiara’s flushed face. “It was just an animal ward. Nothing more. Now close your eyes and sleep.”

Tiara blinked slowly, processing.

“Ah... animal treatment center...” she mumbled, her body finally relaxing into the mattress. “Lunaris really does have everything... even their animal care is better than Blackfang’s main cure house...”

Her voice faded.

Moments later, she was asleep.

Lylah let out a breath she hadn’t realized she’d been holding, her shoulders finally loosening as she sank into the chair beside the bed.

Ezra did not make himself easy to reach. His personal line was locked behind layers of protection-accessible only to his pack members and a chosen few. It was necessary. Too many had tried to pry into his life, to breach his privacy, to use information as leverage against him.

But tonight, in his moonlit study, his phone flickered-a message from an unknown number

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cutting through the silence. There was no mistake, no accident. Whoever sent it intended to make sure he received it.

And the moment he read it-

His eyes flashed silver.

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Past midnight, Rowan tore the IV from his arm.

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The line snapped free with a wet sound, blood trailing down his skin as he ripped away the remaining monitors and bindings without hesitation. Pain barely registered. It was drowned beneath something far stronger-something primal.

Hunger.

Obsession.

He moved like a creature unchained, vaulting through the window instead of the door, landing hard and already moving. His senses flared wide, wolf rising fully beneath his skin as he dragged in the night air. Searching for her scent.

Faint, lingering threads of Lylah clung to the wind, and he followed without thought. The bracelet was clutched tight in his palm.

Azrel had never seen his Alpha like this.

But he wasn't Gavriel-he didn't dare to step in, not when Rowan had unraveled into something so feral, driven mad by the ghost of a past that refused to loosen its claws. So he followed at a distance, silent, obedient, unease gnawing at his instincts.

Neither of them noticed the shift in the air.

The subtle distortion. The way the night itself seemed to still-

Until a presence stepped into existence before them.

Rowan's lips curved.

Azrel froze.

"A-Alpha Ezra..." the Beta stammered, instinct forcing his head lower despite himself.

Ezra stood beneath the spill of moonlight, still as carved stone.

"You have my Luna's bracelet," he said, his voice calm-too calm. "I came to take it back."

His

gaze flicked briefly to Rowan's bloodied state, then returned, sharp and measured.

"Voluntarily would be the only way you leave this standing. Because in your current state, you

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have no chance of surviving.”

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“Hah-” Rowan spat, something jagged and unstable tearing through his voice. “Careful, Ezra.” His lips stretched into a crooked, fevered grin, blood catching at the corner. “Lylah came to me herself, walked right into my reach, and placed this in my hand herself.”

His fingers curled tighter around the bracelet.

“Do you know what she told me? That I should keep it. A reminder until the day she comes back where she belongs.”

A soft, broken laugh slipped from him.

“When she leaves you, when she’s done pretending with your precious bond. Because no matter what claim you think you have-” His gaze snapped up, wild, blazing. “Her heart is still mine.”

Silence fell.

“Don’t stain my Luna’s name with delusions you’ve convinced yourself are truth,” Ezra. replied.

Still calm.

Still composed.

But something beneath it thinned.

Like tension pulled too tight.

Facing Rowan had always been the one thing that tested that control. Across lifetimes, across second chances granted by Selene-some things did not change.

Rowan, least of all.

“Give it back,” Ezra said again, quieter now. “I made a vow not to spill another Alpha’s blood. But I’m willing to break it if you insist.”

Rowan laughed-sharp and unhinged.

“You think you can hurt me?” he shot back, stepping forward despite the instability in his stance. “Don’t put yourself on a pedestal, Ezra. Every time you’ve ‘won’ against me...” his lips curled, “...it was because I allowed it.”

His eyes darkened.

“One move from me, and everything you have will slip from your grasp.” His voice turned cold.
“Including her.”

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Rowan wasn't thinking clearly.

The healer's medicine still clouded his system, dulling reason, feeding the instability already clawing at him.

He couldn't feel the shift in the air.

The way the night bent.

But Azrel did. Every instinct screamed. And before the moment could snap and the Alpha of Moonclaw lost control,

He fled.

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It happened in less than a breath. One moment, Ezra stood a few paces away. The next-

He was already there.

Towering over Rowan like a reaper summoned by blood and moonlight.

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Rowan never had the chance to move. One blink, and the world was ripped out from under him. His body slammed into the damp earth, the impact knocking the air from his lungs as cold grass pressed against his back. Above him, the Renewal sky stretched wide, silvered by Selene's light.

But he couldn't focus on the moon.

Not when the wolf stood over him.

Massive and ancient. Monstrous in a way that did not belong to any ordinary Alpha.

Ezra's full form loomed above him, a creature carved from shadow and moonlight. His claws pinned Rowan to the ground, pressing into his chest-not yet breaking bone, but promising it with terrifying certainty. Silver eyes burned down at him.

Not just power. Something older. Something that made Rowan's wolf recoil.

"Azrel!" Rowan choked, panic clawing up his throat. "Azrel!"

Silence answered him.

Nothing but trees and the suffocating dominance crushing him into the earth.

“You left?” His voice snapped, desperation twisting into rage. “You coward! You dare abandon your Alpha?!”

No one came.

For the first time, Rowan realize was alone.

He tried to shift. Tried to summon his wolf. But his body betrayed him-still weakened from the crash, his focus shattered beyond repair.

Beneath Ezra, he was no Alpha.

Only prey.

“What... are you?” Rowan rasped, fear threading through his voice despite himself. His gaze dragged over the towering beast, something he had never encountered-not in battle, not in any pack across Verdanth. “What twisted thing you actually are?”

His lips curled, defiance lashing even through terror.

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“You’re not natural... not an Alpha. You’re a monster.” His voice sharpened. “You killed Gavriel that night, didn’t you? And now you dare touch her-my little moon-with those blood-soaked claws-”

‘Gavriel.’

Ezra’s voice echoed in Rowan’s mind.

‘So you remember. Good. Then tonight, I’ll send you to him.’

“No!” Rowan’s body strained, panic finally breaking through. “You can’t!”

But doubt crept in.

His chest tightened beneath the crushing weight, his breath turning shallow and erratic.

For the first time, he wasn’t sure he would survive.

“Don’t, Ezra!” His voice cracked. “Don’t you dare kill me!” The bracelet slipped from his grasp, falling uselessly into the grass. “Or I’ll call the Lunar is enforcers!” he spat, desperation clawing into threat. “I’ll expose you, drag this into their laws, let every wolf in this city see what you really are! And Lylah-” The pressure on his chest increased.

Just enough to steal breath.

To remind him how easily it could end.

‘You orchestrated that crash,’ Ezra’s voice cut through him again. ‘You endangered my Luna. Forced her into your mess. She stayed out of mercy to ensure you still breathed.’

‘I don’t need enforcers, Rowan Blackfang.’

The claws pressed deeper.

‘I don’t need Lunar is law.

Silver

eyes

flared.

“Tonight, I decide what

you are!’

“No!” Rowan broke, the last of his defiance collapsing into raw survival. “Please! I won’t- I won’t call anyone! I won’t say a word! Just don’t kill me!”

Silence.

Then,

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the weight lifted.

Air rushed back into his lungs as Ezra stepped away, releasing him just as suddenly as he had pinned him. Rowan dragged in a breath, choking on it as his body trembled beneath the aftermath.

Ezra lowered his head, fangs closing carefully around the fallen bracelet.

A heartbeat later, he vanished into the night like a gust of wind, leaving nothing but the echo of his presence behind.

Later that night, guided by Azrel, the healers found the Alpha of the Blackfang Pack sprawled deep within the forest. Unconscious, broken, barely clinging to life—they rushed him back to the treatment center.

Treated what they could.

But Rowan barely felt it.

Pain consumed every inch of his being, but it dulled beneath something far worse.

Not fear. Not even humiliation. Something darker. Something that burned.

A hunger for vengeance.

His lips moved, voice raw, barely more than a whisper.

“This isn’t over...” His eyes flickered, hatred coiling deep within. “I’ll come for you, Moonclaw bastard. And next time....you’ll bleed for it.”

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Lylah’s POV

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I woke sometime past midnight, my throat parched, the hotel room wrapped in a suffocating stillness. My phone vibrated in my hand, and Ezra's name flashed across the screen.

Beside me, Tiara slept undisturbed. Careful not to wake her, I slipped out of bed and answered.

"Come to room 240. I'm here."

The line went dead before I could speak.

For a moment, I simply stood there, stunned.

Room 240 was right next door. Ezra was here?

Then it hit me-the promise I had made. I was supposed to go straight back to the penthouse after dropping Tiara off, but Rowan, the enforcers, and that stupid crash delayed me.

Guilt clawed up my chest, sharp and immediate.

I rushed out, heart racing, and knocked on the door far more times than necessary.

It swung open.

"I'm so sorry. I know I should've come back earlier, but there was-"

I didn't get to finish.

I was dragged inside with brutal force, my back colliding against the wall. My words never made it out-Ezra claimed them, his mouth crashing onto mine. The kiss was ravenous, wild enough to startle me-not just desire, but something deeper, more primal, as if he intended to consume me entirely.

"Ezra..." I gasped when he finally pulled back, just enough to let me breathe. "What happened? Are you alright?"

But I already knew the answer.

I could feel it.

There was something coiled beneath his skin-something volatile. A dark current of fury and hunger, barely restrained. Even his scent was different, edged with damp earth and something metallic.

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“I just...” His voice broke, rougher than I’d ever heard it. “Waiting for you. It’s unbearable. It tears at me when you were away.”

I blinked, startled by the rawness in his confession. “It was only a few hours. We’ve been apart longer before when I visited Blackfang.”

His jaw tightened. “Yes. But after that, I realized I’m not meant to be away from you.” His voice came out rough, threaded with something dangerously close to a growl. “When you’re gone, it tears through me. I can’t think, can’t rest. I need your scent, your presence, or I lose myself. It makes me reckless. Strips away every ounce of control I have.”

His voice dropped lower. “And I did try to control it. I swear I did.”

“I know,” I whispered, brushing my fingers over his cheek. His skin was cool, as though the midnight air had seeped into him. “But I’m here now. You don’t have to feel that way anymore.”

I hesitated, guilt threading through my voice. “I’m the one who broke my promise. I said I’d be completely yours after bringing Tiara here... and I didn’t come back.”

His eyes darkened, something possessive flickering within them.

“Then don’t stop me now,” he said, his voice dipping into something deeper, commanding. “Let me claim you. Completely.”

The words sent a rush of heat through me, sudden and overwhelming. It pooled low, heavy, and insistent, making my breath hitch. My wolf responded with a quiet, eager thrum, drawn to him without resistance.

“Yes,” I whispered.

That was all he needed.

In an instant, I was lifted, carried effortlessly as if I weighed nothing, and laid upon the bed. Whatever restraint inside Ezra snapped.

Every touch seared as though he were carving me into his being. The distance, the hours of waiting, the tension—they poured through his movement, in every deep, deliberate thrust, every grazing brush of his rough fingers that set fire to every nerve in me.

I tangled my fingers in his hair, pulling him closer, but something else caught my attention.

That scent again.

Not just him-but the wild. Damp moss. Night air thick with pine and soil. And beneath it... the faint trace of blood.

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As if he had just returned from the forest. From the hunt.

A shiver ran through me, but it didn't frighten me.

It thrilled me.

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That night, every breath came in fragments-soft gasps, whispered moans lost between us. It was overwhelming, intense, teetering on the edge between pleasure and something sharper, something electric that lit every nerve alive.

I surrendered completely-to him, to the pull, to the Alpha who consumed me

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3rd Person's POV

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Lylah had barely slept an hour before she stirred again. Dawn was already bleeding into the sky, soft peach hues stretching across the horizon as Lunaris awakened beneath Selene's fading glow. Her body answered with a languid protest-every muscle deliciously sore, limbs heavy and trembling with sweet exhaustion.

Yet that deep, velvet heat still pulsed low in her core, slow and insistent, like liquid starfire refusing to cool.

The memory of him inside her refused to fade.

Ezra was asleep when she slipped from the bed-his powerful frame finally at rest, eyes closed, his breathing slow and steady.

Quietly, Lylah dressed and left the room, her steps careful as she made her way to check on Tiara.

"Well, well," Tiara's voice rang out the moment Lylah stepped inside. "Look who finally returns."

Lylah blinked.

Her friend was already awake. Bathed, dressed, and far too sharp-eyed for someone who had been carried in, drunk and barely conscious, only hours ago.

"Lylah, you don't need to force yourself to walk yet," Tiara went on, hands settling on her hips as a wicked Cheshire-like grin spread across her face. "I can already imagine how much that must've hurt alongside good it felt... judging by the sounds you were making last night."

"You heard us?" Lylah gasped, heat rushing instantly to her face.

Tiara froze for half a second before clapping a hand over her mouth.

"Oh, Goddess! So I wasn't dreaming?" Her eyes lit up. "I was just testing you! And you confirmed it! So the music last night really was you and your Alpha."

Lylah walked past her quickly, doing her best to hide the flush burning across her cheeks. “Stop it, Tiara.”

“Where is he now?” Tiara pressed eagerly.

“In the room next door,” Lylah answered, keeping her voice steady as she poured herself a glass of water. “Sleeping.”

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Finished

“Right. Even a big Alpha with godly strength needs to recharge,” Tiara chuckled, “So? Tell me, Lylah, how was it? Are the rumors true?”

Lylah nearly choked.

“I mean,” Tiara continued shamelessly, “I’ve heard they are not like ordinary males. They are absolute beasts in bed. Once they start, they just can’t stop. Rutting like they’re starving, going for hours and hours without even thinking about slowing down-”

“Tiara,” Lylah cut in, coughing lightly as she set the glass down. “He’s my first. I don’t have anything to compare him to.”

A softer note slipped into her voice despite herself.

“But...” she admitted, glancing away, “you’re not entirely wrong.”

Tiara let out a delighted laugh. “I knew it!” Her eyes gleamed with mischief. “Look at you, Lylah darling, you’ve changed. Gone was my innocent, shy best friend. I can tell that now you’re just as hungry as he is, aren’t you?”

Lylah shot her a look, though the faint smile tugging at her lips betrayed her.

Their conversation flowed easily after that, laughter weaving between them. Tiara, thankfully, seemed to remember nothing of the little crash accident the night before, and Lylah chose not to bring it up.

Then, suddenly,

“Did Alpha Ezra come alone?” Tiara asked, tilting her head. “Or did that woman... what was her name? The one who took Mina from Cora, come with him? Or his Beta?”

“Lady Zyrelle,” Lylah corrected gently. “She’s his cousin. They’re close, but they rarely meet now, both too busy with their own responsibilities.”

She paused, thinking.

“And Damon... I haven’t seen him. He might’ve spent the Night of the Renewal elsewhere, perhaps with his family. I’ve never seen him with any she-wolves either.”

“I doubt that,” Tiara said flatly.

The sharpness in her tone made Lylah look at her.

“Family?” Tiara scoffed softly, something edged slipping into her voice. “Come on, Lylah. I’d bet he was holed up in some bar tucked into a corner of Lunaris.” Her lips curved, but there was no humor in them.

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Chapter 277

VPN

94

“Just because you haven’t seen it,” she added, quieter now, “doesn’t mean he’s that clean.”

Lylah’s eyes narrowed slightly.

“Wait, you sound like you know Damon. Do you?”

Finished

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10:12 Fri, Apr 10

The Betrayed Princes 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 278

3rd Person's POV

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VPN

finished

Tiara's eyes widened for the briefest heartbeat. So fast most would've missed it-but not fast enough to hide the sharp flicker of panic that flashed through her gaze.

"I know Alpha Ezra's Beta? Of course not!" she shot back a little too fast, her tone bright with forced ease. "Where would I even meet such an irritating male?"

She crossed her arms, lifting her chin.

"I said that on instinct, Lylah. You know the rule: never trust a male who looks too clean. Those are the most dangerous," Her lips curled, a hint of fang. "A hidden beast just waiting for the hunt."

Lylah chuckled softly, though her eyes lingered on Tiara a moment longer than usual.

It wasn't often she saw her friend so unsettled. Tiara was usually the bold one, the unshakable one.

"If Damon really is like that," Lylah said lightly, "then maybe he's a perfect match for you."

"Lylah!" Tiara snapped, her face flushing, her wolf bristling beneath her skin.

Strange.

Very strange.

But Lylah chose not to press further.

A day later, Lunariss' grand business hall stood alive with power and ambition. A meeting for the newest tech venture was held. The air thrummed not just with conversation, but with the subtle tension of Lunariss' influential wolves measuring one another, scent and dominance weaving invisibly through the room.

Rowan sat among them, clad in a tailored aubergine velvet suit that clung to his broad frame. Purple bruises marring his face had not diminished his arrogance. In fact, they seemed to sharpen it.

His gaze swept the room, calculating potential allies and rivals.

Only one representative stood for the Lunariss Research Center-Archer West.

1/3

VPH

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Chapter 27

Ezra was nowhere to be seen.

A slow, vile smirk curled Rowan's lips.

99 Finished

"Do you see him?" he drawled, voice low and laced with venom as his gaze slid to Azrel. "That Moonclaw bastard you pissed yourself over and bolted like a gutless dog and left your Alpha to bleed?"

There's no answer.

Rowan's smirk widened.

"No? Exactly. After making such a display, Ezra fled. Seems he finally realised what it means to cross me."

Azrel said nothing.

He stood rigid at Rowan's side, lips pressed into a thin line, face stiff as stone. But beneath his crisp linen shirt, a deep, angry gash still burned across his back-a brutal reminder from Rowan of what happened when a Beta chose fear over loyalty.

"Next time you let fear rule that pathetic spine of yours instead of me," Rowan murmured, his voice a low, venomous growl that made the air thicken, "I'll carve the lesson into your flesh until even your wolf begs for mercy."

The day before, Lylah had received a letter sealed in wax bearing Vargan's name-an invitation to Moonclaw Estate, to celebrate the marking of the new moon.

It had filled her with quiet joy.

She had agreed and replied immediately.

And, of course, she intended to bring Tiara with her.

Now, with time still left in Lunaris before their departure, Lylah decided to visit the stables where Mina had been relocated.

"Luna," the caretaker greeted warmly, bowing his head. "Welcome back. You must have come to see Mina,"

"I have," Lylah said, a small smile touching her lips as she held up a sack of green apples. "How is my little friend doing?"

"Very well, Luna. She eats so well and runs even more. Though... you might be surprised she isn't such a little foal anymore. Because just recently, she..." He hesitated.

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Finished

Lylah's smile faltered. "What is it? Is Mina alright?"

"Oh, she's perfectly fine," he said a touch too quickly. "It's just... with the breeding season drawing near, some of the mares have become rather... bold." He cleared his throat. "Mina, in particular, seems quite taken with one of our purebred war stallions."

Lylah blinked. "What?"

"She was in heat for five days straight, she pursued him, cornered him." He looked faintly scandalised. "And then she finally got him. They were quite loud, Luna." He exhaled, rubbing the back of his neck. "She's so relentless. We've had to separate them and keep her confined for her own good."

Lylah's eyes widened, the words taking a moment to settle.

Of all the things she'd expected to hear today, this was nowhere on the list.

Nyx's daughter had turned out to be far more spirited than she ever thought.

Beside her, Tiara’s reaction couldn’t have been more different-she threw her head back and howled with wild, unrestrained laughter. It only grew wilder at the sight of Lylah’s stunned expression, who looked like a mother hearing of her pup’s scandalous mischief for the very first time.

“Don’t, Lylah. Don’t you dare get mad at her,” Tiara managed between laughs, clearly delighted. “I swear on the Moon, I’ve never been prouder of my girl Mina.” She grinned, utterly unapologetic. “Someone needs to get her a gold medal!”

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10:12 Fri, Apr 10

The Betrayed Princess Rising

Ruby Walker

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

Chapter 279

Lylah’s POV

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nished

I tried to laugh it off when Tiara jabbed my arm and told me to loosen up-that at this rate, I’d make a terrifyingly strict mother.

Maybe she was right.

I knew it was only nature-Mina would one day take a mate, as all creatures did when instinct called. And yet, the silly ache in my chest refused to loosen its grip as though I had just caught my own pup straying into something far too grown, far too soon.

The stable caretaker led us down the narrow aisle, the scent of hay and warm earth thick in the air, until Mina’s enclosure came into view.

“I hear you’ve been causing quite a stir lately,” I murmured, stepping closer as my fingers slipped into her dark mane. She greeted me with a bright huff, her tail flicking with shameless delight—utterly unrepentant. “You haven’t even reached the age Nyx was when I lost her..., and already you’ve become this naughty.”

Mina gave a soft, pleased whine-proud, if anything.

I exhaled, shaking my head before glancing toward the caretaker. “The man who was here the last time I visited, Ezra, had asked him to gather information about Nyx. Mina’s mother. Did he ever find anything?”

The caretaker hesitated, something flickering across his face. “He resigned, Luna.” Then, after a pause, his eyes sharpened with curiosity. “You know the name of Mina’s mother. You knew her?”

My fingers stilled against Mina’s neck.

“She was mine,” I said quietly. “Before my father, Alpha Eldric of Ironcrest, sold her to the Starfall Pack.” The words tasted like ash. “I never saw her again after that night.”

Understanding dawned over his features, slow and heavy.

“...Then there’s something you should hear.”

The air shifted.

Even the horses seemed to be quiet, as if the stable itself held its breath.

Tiara stilled beside me, her wolf pressing closer to the surface, alert.

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Chapter 229

And I listened.

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I listened as he unravelled the life Nyx had lived without me.

VPM

Finisher

She had been taken by one of Starfall's high-ranking families-wolves who saw strength only in profit, not in blood or breath. They ran her relentlessly, from one brutal race to another, chasing gold and glory.

Chasing her into the ground.

"She won them everything," the caretaker said, voice low. "Until there was nothing left to give."

My chest tightened.

As he spoke, the images formed with brutal clarity in my mind. Nyx, my friend, once strong and healthy, was reduced to little more than skin stretched over bone. The fire in her spirit dimmed, worn down beneath relentless commands that were never hers to obey-torn from her foal. Driven to run.

Again and again-until her legs finally gave out beneath her. Broke.

"Alpha Ezra was the one who finally brought her back," he continued, his voice lowering with the weight of it. "The night of her final race, her front legs had been completely shattered, yet he still paid a high price to take her. He brought her to Moonclaw and summoned the finest animal healers he could find to tend to her wounds."

Tiara's sharp inhale cut through the silence.

My vision blurred.

"She lived," he said softly. "For six months. She fought hard. But in the end, even a strong mare like her couldn't outrun death forever."

Something inside me snapped.

A low, broken sound tore from my throat before I could stop it. My wolf surged violently beneath my skin, claws scraping against bone, grief twisting into something feral and raw,

Rage followed.

"Vile," Tiara snarled, her voice dropping into something more beast than human. "Absolutely vile. Eldric and that cursed Starfall family who treated Nyx like she was nothing more than a machine-"

"It was my fault."

The words slipped out before I could stop them.

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Chapter 279

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VPN 2

They fell between us like a curse.

“If I had begged Eldric harder that night...” My voice trembled, fragile despite the storm inside me. “If I hadn’t fought him when his guards dragged me away... if I had just... just gotten on my knees and begged him...”

If he had asked me to kiss his boots, I would have done it.

For Nyx, I would have done anything.

Tiara turned on me instantly, fury blazing in her golden eyes. “You were just a little girl,” she snapped. “Fourteen, fifteen at most. And that monster,” her lip curled, revealing the sharp edge of her fangs, “that devil wearing a father’s skin is the one to blame.”

Her chest rose and fell sharply before her gaze shifted, narrowing as she looked back at the caretaker.

“But something doesn’t add up,” she said, voice lowering into a dangerous growl. “You said Alpha Ezra brought Nyx to Moonclaw and treated her.”

Her

eyes

darkened.

“Then why,” she asked slowly, “did he never tell Lylah about it?”

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10:13 Fri, Apr 10

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

Chapter 280

Lylah's POV

VPN

94

Finished

“How could he keep something like this from her?” Tiara’s voice came out low and furious, her words edged with a growl that didn’t belong entirely to her human side.

The caretaker shifted under the weight of it, guilt flickering across his face. “That... I don’t know, Lady. That was Alpha Ezra’s decision.”

The air tightened.

I felt Tiara’s wolf rise just beneath her skin, pressing forward, ready to lash out. Before she could turn that fury on the poor man, I lifted a hand and dismissed him.

“Go.”

He didn’t hesitate.

The moment he was out of sight, Tiara turned on me, her glare sharp enough to cut.

“I don’t like this, Lylah,” she said, stepping closer. “Not one bit. A lie is still a lie. And I don’t tolerate anyone who lies to my best friend. Especially not her mate.”

“But when that happened, I hadn’t met Ezra, right?” A small smile curved my lips, carefully concealing the truth I chose not to share-that we had crossed paths once before, within the quiet walls of Ironcrest Rehabilitation House.

“He didn’t know Nyx was mine. He didn’t know what she meant to me.” I paused, my thoughts circling something deeper.

“What I do find strange...” I continued, lifting my gaze to hers, “Is how he even knew about that race. The very night her legs broke, he appeared. That’s what I’m more curious about, Tiara.”

She stared at me as I had just lost my mind.

When Tiara's protective instincts took over, she became something else entirely-something sharp, feral, and terrifying in its certainty.

"That's what you're focusing on?" she snapped, her wolf flashing in her eyes. "You should be asking why he lied to you in the first place."

Her voice dropped, thick with something dangerously close to fear.

"I'm scared, Lylah," she admitted. "I thought he was different. I thought he was the one. What if this is history repeating itself? What if he's no better than Row-"

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Chapter 280

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Finished

"Don't." The word came out sharp, immediate-a warning. My wolf stirred beneath my skin, not in rage, but in defence. "Don't compare Ezra to that dipshit."

Tiara went still.

The tension between us stretched thin before slowly easing.

I exhaled and reached for her, taking her hand and brushing my fingers gently over the back of her palm.

"Tiara, listen to me," I said, softer now. "I understand why you'd connect this to Rowan. I do. You saw what he did to me, how he lied again and again, and how every one of those was meant to wound. But Ezra?" I shook my head slightly. "What has his silence done so far? Hurt me... or protected me?"

Tiara didn't answer.

"Maybe he didn't tell me," I continued, my voice lowering, "because he didn't know how. Maybe he was waiting for the right time."

Because deep down, I already knew.

Ezra had spared me that pain.

If anything, it was grief that had held him back. He hadn't told me because he couldn't-not without reopening a wound he had never managed to close.

He had once found Nyx, tried to save her, and failed.

So he carried that truth in silence, knowing exactly how deeply it would shatter me to learn that Nyx was gone.

“Lylah...” Tiara’s voice softened, uncertainty creeping in.

“Tiara,” I said softly, a small, knowing smile touching my lips, “I’ve opened my eyes. I’m awake now. I won’t fall into the same trap twice-not for a man who would drain me of my worth and betray me in the end.”

The wind shifted faintly through the stable, carrying the scent of earth, hay, and something warmer.

“If I had sensed even a hint of that from the beginning, I would have walked away from Ezra without a second thought. I know what that kind of filth feels like now.” My fingers curled slightly at my side. “And Ezra,”

I shook my head.

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Chapter 280

VPM

94

Finished

“Not once, not for a single moment, have my wolf, or I ever felt anything from him that comes close to Rowan.”

The words settled firmly between us.

“He may have lied,” I added, “and I’ll ask him about it. Or I’ll wait until he’s ready to tell me himself. But I won’t let one hidden truth overshadow everything he’s done for me.”

My gaze hardened just a fraction.

“I refuse to let fear decide this for me again.”

3/3

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