

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

Chapter 321

3rd Person's POV

:

VPH

๑. (9)

Finished

Back inside the conference hall, a predatory anticipation pulsed through the air. Wolves filled the space-some seated, some standing-but none relaxed. Low murmurs wove through the hall as students and mentors fed the rising tension. This no longer felt like a mere academic assembly; it had taken on a primal edge.

Cora sat with Rowan at her side, Eldric behind her, while Daia and Orion stood close enough that their presence formed a shield. A united front. A display of strength.

Across the hall, Professor Grimwood watched them.

A calculating gleam settled beneath his heavy lids, and his lips curved into a thin, mocking smile.

“Some wolves truly savor the spectacle, don’t they?” he murmured, his tone light, almost playful, as if the words carried no real weight. “Bringing an entire family to witness a victory that hasn’t yet been claimed... I wonder, if fate turns, will they leave with pride, or the sting of a failed hunt?”

A passing cleaner offered a polite nod, but Grimwood had already aimed his words where they would land.

Corvin Vale turned sharply, pale grey eyes flashing with irritation. “Save your bitterness for someone who deserves it, Grimwood. Cora’s family crossed from Ironcrest to see her claim what’s hers. Or does the idea of a cherished daughter trouble you?”

His words did more than defend, they struck.

Grimwood let out a low, unbothered chuckle. “Ah, Vale... you always sound so certain.” His gaze flicked toward Cora. “But certainty can be dangerous. After all, we still await the final call.”

“Because who else could take it?” Vale’s eyes gleamed with arrogance, his confidence unshaken. “If not my student Thane? If not Cora? Do you truly believe the judges would hand such a title to some stray-”

The doors slammed open, the sharp crack cutting through the hall and silencing every voice.

Andrei of Blackmaw stepped inside.

As head judge, the one who would decide and declare the victor, his presence alone carried the weight of law.

Every wolf took their seat.

1/3

344

11:16 Thu, Apr 23

Chapter 321

VPN

Finished

Eldric leaned slightly toward Cora, his voice low but edged with curiosity. “That old wolf I saw speaking with your mentor, does he mentor Lylah?”

Cora nodded. “Yes. Professor Clark Grimwood. One of the few who has mastered both modern and traditional healing arts.”

Eldric’s expression darkened as something primal and territorial stirred beneath his composure. “So she never gave up. She still chose this path to become a healer. Ambitious enough to rise and stand against you.”

On the podium, Andrei raised a hand.

Silence fell instantly-absolute and suffocating.

“I thank you all for your patience,” he began, his voice steady as it carried through the hall. “We have completed the final assessments. As in previous years, we will award two distinctions; the honorable mention and the first rank.”

Eldric’s eyes gleamed with certainty. Pride had already settled into his posture, as though he had long accepted the outcome.

Beside him, Cora adjusted a strand of her hair and smoothed the fabric of her dress, anticipating the moment they would call her name-the moment she would rise.

“The honorable mention is...” Andrei paused, tightening the tension. “Thane Blackridge, of the Modern Healing Class.”

Applause erupted almost instantly, as if his name had long become synonymous with victory.

“And the first rank...”

The entire hall drew a single breath.

Time thinned to a fragile filament, stretched taut between hope and the brink of breaking.

“Stand.” Eldric leaned forward. “Go. You already know this victory belongs to you.”

“Go on, my dear,” Daia said gently, warmth lacing every word like sunlight through silk. “Walk to the podium. Everyone is already waiting for you to take your place.”

Cora rose.

But before she could take a single step, Andrei’s voice cut cleanly through the air.

“The first rank goes to Lady Lylah of the Traditional Healing Class!”

st

C

11:16 Thu, Apr 23

Chapter 321

For a heartbeat, the world stilled.

Then it shattered.

VPN

55

Finished

Eldric’s smile cracked-then broke completely, the certainty he wore like armor splintering at its core, undone by a name no one had been willing to consider.

908

3/3

11:16 Thu, Apr 23

The Betrayed Forces Buy

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 322

Cora's POV

I had already risen.

Funished

My heels touched the red carpet, its crimson path stretching toward the podium like a promise I had never once doubted. Victory had always felt inevitable-something woven into my bones, as natural as breath.

Then the Head Judge spoke.

And the world tilted.

Lylah.

Not me.

The name cut through me like a silver blade.

My body locked where I stood, every muscle seized, my breath caught somewhere between my lungs and my throat. Even my wolf-so loud, so certain moments ago-fell into a stunned, disbelieving silence.

Slowly, I turned.

Lylah rose among the others. She dipped into a perfect curtsy before the podium, every movement measured, controlled. But it was her face that made my wolf stir again. This time, not in pride, but in warning.

Her eyes were knowing. Her smile was calm. Certain.

As if she had already seen this ending long before the rest of us arrived.

“There must be a mistake!” My father’s voice tore through the hall, sharp and feral, carrying the authority of an Alpha unwilling to be challenged. “I refuse to believe any student has surpassed my daughter, unless there has been interference. There is no world where Coraline loses.”

A low ripple spread through the hall-whispers, shifting bodies, the restless stir of wolves sensing conflict.

My mother reached me in an instant, her hand firm around my arm, grounding me before I could falter.

Then came the cold, cutting voice of Professor Grimwood.

11:16 Thu, Apr 23

Chapter 32Z

VPN

ned

“The winner is decided by eleven master healers,” he said, rising calmly. There was no warmth in his gaze as it met my father’s-only quiet disdain. “Outsiders would do well to remember their place. If you’ve come only to disrupt, you are free to leave.”

“Leave?” My father’s lip curled, a low growl building beneath his words. “My daughter is being robbed, and you expect me to walk away? I will stand here until justice is served.”

“Robbed?” Grimwood let out a soft, amused chuckle.

Something in it made my skin tighten.

“We only just announced the results, Alpha Eldric. The judges conducted everything in secrecy.” His eyes flicked to me then-sharp, invasive, like claws peeling back flesh. “By your logic, I could just as easily claim Lady Cora robbed from another student. And who, exactly, would prove me wrong?”

The murmurs deepened.

I felt it then.

Not just the weight of their attention-but the shift.

Doubt.

It crept through the hall like scent on the wind.

My stomach twisted.

The way he said it, the way his gaze lingered on me, it felt like being stripped bare before a pack.

Then his attention slid past me, to my mentor.

I straightened, forcing my shoulders back despite the unease clawing at my chest “It would be wise for all of us to refrain from slander without any evidence. Professor Grimwood.”

Even to my own ears, the certainty I once carried was..... fraying.

A male rose from the judges’ row,

“Andrei,” he called, “since unrest has taken root, perhaps it would be best to reveal the full scoring. Transparency may quiet unfounded suspicions.”

“Yes, do it!” my mother urged beside me, her grip tightening. “For everyone’s sake. Let the truth speak!”

“Everyone?” Grimwood echoed, turning toward us again.

Chander 122

His smile sharpened.

“Tell me, Luna Daia, who exactly is everyone? So far, I hear only one voice in protest. The rest seem quite content with the outcome. None of the participants is contesting Lylah’s victory.”

His tone dipped, edged with quiet mockery. Then he added softly.

“Strange, isn’t it? How those with no stake in the trial appear the most eager to decide its result?”

Silence followed. It pressed in from all sides, coiling through the hall, sinking into bone.

And for the first time-

My parents had no words.

And neither, I realized with a sinking chill, did I

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 323

Lylah's POV

Professor Grimwood had barely closed his mouth when Eldric's voice sliced through the hall, edged with a rising growl.

"Is it truly so difficult to reveal the real scores just as my wife suggested? Or is fear the reason?" he continued, eyes gleaming with accusation. "Because the truth would expose whatever dirty trick was used to make my daughter lose."

The head judge, Andrei, carried himself with composed authority since the moment he entered the hall, untouched by the rising tension. But now, frost crept into his gaze.

The temperature in the room dropped as his eyes locked onto Eldric.

"By making such claims," he said quietly, each word edged with steel, "you are questioning the integrity of Lunar Grace itself."

Eldric did not flinch. "Then you should have no issue proving its integrity. Make the scores transparent."

Silence swallowed the hall.

Andrei let it stretch-long enough for every heartbeat in the room to grow unsteady-before he spoke again.

"Very well." His voice was calm again, but something colder lingered beneath it. "But the decision does not belong to me, Alpha."

His gaze swept over us.

"Participants," he called, "do you consent to us revealing your scores publicly?"

I watched as Cora's eyes found Thane Blackridge, a silent plea passing between them. Subtle. Quick. But not quick enough.

He hesitated.

Only for a breath.

Then he rose. "I agree."

His voice was steady, carrying easily through the hall.

One by one, the others followed.

“I agree.”

“I agree.”

“I agree.”

Each voice stacked atop the last, forming something unbreakable. I caught the faint curve of Cora’s lips.

1/3

Beside her, Daia’s grip tightened around her daughter’s hand, as though anchoring her against an unseen

storm.

Across the chamber, Professor Vale watched with open amusement, his gaze gleaming with challenge as it slid toward my mentor.

“Almost everyone,” Andrei noted. He turned his attention to me. “Lady Lylah, do you agree to have your score revealed before all?”

Before I could answer-

“Why would she?” Eldric cut in, his tone thick with scorn. “Of course she’ll refuse. Once the truth is laid bare, her little victory will crumble, and we’ll all see how she sabotaged this entire trial!”

For a moment, everything stilled.

Then Selestine surged within me.

A low, furious presence unfurled in my chest, her growl curling through my veins like smoke.

The audacity.

Even after he severed the bond between us-after he cast me out six years ago, stripped me of name and blood, and cast me into something feral, something unclaimed-I remained a shadow over his pride.

A threat to his perfect, carefully guarded family.

Even now, he believed I existed only to eclipse his precious daughter.

How wrong.

I do not eclipse the already extinguished.

“I agree.” My voice cut cleanly through the hall.

Andrei gave a single, decisive nod.

“Then it is settled.”

He struck the pulpit once. The sharp crack echoed like a bone snapping beneath pressure.

An attendant brought a parchment forward after that. I watched it pass through the hands of the ten other judges. Each one read it in silence, their expressions tightening, shifting, before they nodded in agreement.

Only then did Andrei unfold it.

The faint rasp of parchment seemed unnaturally loud.

“Each judge was granted two votes,” he began. “These votes were distributed among the participants. I will begin from the lowest. Seraphina of Blackmaw, zero marks.”

A sharp inhale somewhere in the crowd.

“Donovan of Whitepine, zero marks.”

C

Another.

Each name followed like a lash through the air. The tension climbed, coiling tighter, until it was nearly unbearable.

Then.

“Coraline of Ironcrest, four marks.”

“Thane of Blackridge, seven marks.”

The silence that followed was suffocating. I felt it pressing against my skin, crawling down my spine.

“And Lylah... of Lunaris...”

Time fractured.

...eleven marks.”

1.1K

た

3/3

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 324

Lylah's POV

Finished

“Eleven? What?” Professor Vale’s voice cracked through the hall like a thunderclap. “That’s impossible. There’s no way she outscored both of my students combined!”

The outburst rippled through the hall, but my attention shifted elsewhere.

Eldric had turned to Cora..

The look he gave her made something cold coil in my gut. I had never seen him look at his cherished daughter that way.

“She received eleven,” he said, his voice low, dangerous. “And you are only four.” His gaze narrowed. “Explain that to me, Cora. You said your mentor praised your work. So what is this?”

“Lylah,” Professor Grimwood said, warmth and pride threading through his tone. “Well done.”

Then he turned, his expression hardening as he addressed the others. “My student chose humility. A rare trait, unlike those who were already celebrating before the results were even announced.”

A flicker of red flared across Eldric’s face, quickly twisting into something far uglier.

He strode to the podium, his presence pressing down on the chamber as he faced the judges.

“I demand the works be released,” he declared. “Let everyone see them. I will compare them myself.”

“No! Father-don’t!” Cora’s voice broke, sharp with panic.

“Darling, why not?” Daia hissed under her breath, fingers digging into Cora’s arm. “This will help you. Once they compare your work to hers, they’ll see the judges made a mistake.”

“Yes! Release them!”

The demand spread, voices stacking over one another until it became a chorus.

Andrei, after a brief pause, gave a single nod.

So be it.

I exhaled slowly, the last threads of my irritation settling into something colder. Detached.

I had no stake in what came next.

Turning away, I guided Professor Grimwood back to his seat. My senses brushed against the room—the uneven heartbeats, the restless shifting, the quiet hum of anticipation.

And Cora.

This was what she wanted, wasn’t it? Proof. Validation. If she truly deserved higher marks, this would secure it. So why did she look like prey cornered under a hunter’s gaze?

1/3

Chapter 324

“You’re thinking,” my mentor murmured, watching me closely. “Have you figured something out?”

I let my gaze drift back toward Cora, who stood unnaturally still beneath the mounting pressure.

Finished

“Yes,” I said quietly. A slow, knowing smile touched my lips. “I think I understand why she only received four marks.”

Cora’s POV

The moment Andrei began presenting our drafts, I knew this was where everything would unravel.

The screen flickered, casting a pale glow across the hall. Thane’s work appeared first, precise and neat, exactly what everyone expected of him. But I barely registered it.

Because mine was next.

And after that—

Lylah’s.

My stomach twisted violently. The words I had stolen from her would be laid bare for everyone to see. My anger dissolved, burned away by something colder.

Fear.

A primal instinct surged forward, wild and desperate.

Run.

The urge clawed at my insides, sharp and insistent. Run before they see. Run before they know.

But I couldn't move.

I stood there, rooted, as my work appeared.

Line by line. Word by word. My gaze locked onto it, refusing to look away. But then-

No.

It was different. The structure was familiar. The ideas-yes, they echoed what I had taken. But the depth, the substance, wasn't the same.

I traced the lines with mounting dread, my thoughts spiraling.

Why is it different?

"We've read and compared them!" someone shouted from the crowd. "Now it's clear why Lylah scored higher. Hers is richer, her arguments far stronger!"

"Cora's is correct," another voice added, sharper. "But there's nothing remarkable about it."

Each word struck like a blade, carving deeper into my chest.

2/3

How?

That day in the library I had copied everything. Every sentence. Every thought. I had rewritten it exactly. Thane had read it and praised it. Said it was flawless, better than anything I had written before.

The realization crept in, cold and merciless.

She trapped me.

Lylah had let me see it.

Left her draft open, knowing someone would take the bait, What I had stolen... was never her real work.

My head snapped up, my gaze locking onto her across the hall.

My claws slipped free, lengthening as they bit into my palm. Pain flared, grounding the storm raging inside

She had outplayed me!

1.1K

(

3/3

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 325

3rd Person's POV

The conference hall descended into uproar in a matter of heartbeats. Voices collided, rose, and fractured into a storm of opinion as the spectators finished comparing the works. The crowd reached the same conclusion as the judges-Lylah won.

All but one.

Corvin Vale's finger lashed out toward Grimwood, accusation burning in his gaze.

"Since the beginning of my career in the healing arts, I have never seen a student produce work like that. Few seasoned healers could. Don't insult us all-I know you wrote it for her, Grimwood."

Clark Grimwood only laughed. The sound carried a quiet confidence that grated against Vale's fury. "So even you can admit my student is exceptional," he replied lightly. Then his expression cooled, his eyes sharpening with something far less forgiving. "But no. You know me better than that. I would abandon the healing field itself before stooping to something so pitiful."

He paused, letting the weight of his words settle before continuing, “And don’t pretend innocence, Vale. I am well aware you summoned Sable and Hilal before the judging began. You bribe them to vote for Cora.”

Vale’s face drained of color at once. His outrage collapsed into stunned silence.

Not far away, Cora’s composure cracked.

Her jaw clenched until it trembled, nails biting into her palms as fury surged through her veins. Her wolf clawed beneath her skin, restless and vicious, echoing the storm inside her.

“This is all that sly bitch’s fault.’

Lylah had set her up-fed her a hollow draft-and kept the real work hidden. Cora had walked straight into the trap, blind and eager.

Among the spectators, Rowan Blackfang stood rigid amidst the chaos.

He watched when everything unfolded-Eldric’s useless claim, everyone’s reactions, the way even the judges failed to conceal their admiration.

And Lylah... she shone.

His gaze found her as if pulled by an unseen force, and something inside him twisted sharply. Regret sank its claws deep into his chest, stealing the breath from his lungs.

‘Little moon,’ The name echoed in Rowan’s mind, heavy with something he had long buried. ‘You were always meant for this. If only I hadn’t given your spot away, if only I hadn’t chosen Cora that day!

The realization hit him with brutal clarity, leaving a bitter taste in its wake.

Across the chamber, Corvin Vale remained frozen, stripped of argument.

The truth had carved through his pride, leaving only a hollow, gnawing doubt in its wake.

1/2

‘Why did I choose that useless girl as my student?’

The thought festered, growing sharper with every passing second. Each failure of Cora’s replayed itself in Vale’s mind, relentless.

‘Grimwood’s student should have been mine.

The realization twisted deeper, scraping against what remained of his composure.

Finally, Andrei stepped forward, his voice cutting cleanly through the lingering chaos. “So does anyone still wish to protest? Or have further claims to make?”

Silence answered him.

Andrei’s gaze shifted, settling on Eldric.

“Alpha Eldric, are you satisfied? Or do you still believe your daughter was wronged?”

≡

The Ironcrest Alpha stood rigid, his silence louder than any denial.

Andrei inclined his head once, as if the answer had already been given. “Then this matter is concluded.”

He turned back to the assembly, his voice rising just enough to carry through the hall.

“The winner of this year’s Best Paper in the Healing Department is Lady Lylah.”

The hall erupted.

Applause thundered like a rolling storm, voices rising in approval, the energy shifting from tension to

celebration.

When the noise finally began to ebb, Clark Grimwood stepped forward once more, his expression no longer light.

“There’s still one matter unsolved. My student and I were subjected to serious accusations. Such claims are not so easily dismissed here.”

His gaze locked.

“Vale, Alpha Eldric, step forward and apologize.” His tone dropped, cold and absolute. “Here. Before everyone.”

1.1K

(11)

1

212

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 326

3rd Person's POV

Eldric and Vale did not move.

Their pride stood taller than reason, rigid as iron. Not a flicker of guilt crossed their faces, not even the faintest shadow in their eyes. To yield now would be to kneel, and neither of them had ever learned how.

The tension stretched, brittle and suffocating-until a soft voice broke through.

“Please forgive them, Professor Grimwood...”

All eyes turned.

Cora stepped forward, her posture small, her voice trembling just enough to seem sincere. Yet beneath that fragile tone, something calculated coiled.

“They never mean to offend you,” she continued gently. “Professor Vale was only fulfilling his duty as my mentor. And my father...” Her lashes lowered, voice catching delicately. “Any father would act the same if he believed his daughter was being threatened.”

A careful breath.

“I’m sure neither of them intended to insult you personally. So... perhaps an apology isn’t necessary.”

A murmur rippled through the hall.

Cora looked every bit the victim.

But Lylah did not flinch.

Her gaze cut toward Cora, sharp as a blade under moonlight. “Then what about you? You should be the one apologizing to me. And if necessary, step down from the MDT project altogether. Professor Vale would have done the same to anyone who committed what you did.”

Cora blinked, feigning confusion. "What? Lylah... I don't understand."

But something restless stirred beneath her skin. The wolf within her shifted uneasily, pacing, snarling at a threat it could not yet see.

Lylah held her gaze, "I read through both your work and my previous draft. You plagiarized mine, Cora."

Gasps exploded across the hall, sharp and disbelieving.

The scent of shock thickened the air, prickling against every heightened sense in the room.

"What?!" Cora's voice rose into a shriek. But beneath it, arrogance still lingered, stubborn and unbroken. "So. now that everything is settled, you decide to slander me?"

"I'm not slandering you." Lylah's tone remained eerily calm. "I'm giving you one chance to confess."

"Confess to what? I've done nothing wrong. How dare you accuse me like this?!"

1/2

Chapter 326.

Finished

Eldric stepped forward, his presence surging like a storm. "Do you all see it now?" he growled, eyes gleaming with anger. "This is what she is-petty, vicious, desperate for attention. So starved for recognition that she would claw at my daughter's name to elevate her own."

"I'm not," Lylah replied evenly. "I have evidence."

"Then show it."

The voice came from Thane, who had remained silent until now.

"If your claim holds weight," his eyes fixed on Lylah, "prove it. Otherwise, you're only dragging this further without cause."

Lylah inclined her head slightly. "Very well."

Her gaze swept across the room, steady, composed.

"Every future healer develops a distinct way of writing," she began. "The terminology they favor, the way they describe symptoms, the structure of their analysis-it all reflects their training. Their mentor."

“And?” Cora cut in sharply. “That proves nothing. I’ve read Professor Grimwood’s published works in the academy library. Anyone can learn those terms without ever glancing at your draft!” Her chin lifted, defiance burning bright.

Lylah didn’t react.

“Continue,” Thane urged, his voice quieter now.

“Every future healer also gravitates toward a specific topic,” Lylah went on. “A condition or phenomenon that calls to them more than others. Something they choose to focus on for their research. Like for me, Moon Rot cancer.”

A stir moved through the crowd.

“And?” Cora countered quickly, a smile beginning to curl at her lips. “Everyone in the MDT knows that, Lylah. You joined a project under my mentor, you think that’s unique to you?” Her confidence returned, smooth and practiced. “All that fuss, and this is your ‘evidence’? You really have nothing solid, do you?”

The balance in the room snapped.

Eyes that had once looked at Lylah with admiration began to waver, suspicion threading through the crowd like a growing shadow.

1.1K

1

2/2

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 327

3rd Person’s POV

“Lylah, you accused Cora with that?” someone f through their tone. “That’s hardly proof”

the crowd muttered, disappointment threading

Whispers spread, low and restless. The tide shifted as easily as a turning current, and Cora's lips curved.

"Lylah, say something!" another voice demanded.

"Enough." Vale's voice cut clean through the noise. "She has nothing left to say. This was never about truth, it was about dragging Cora down." His gaze hardened. "You are the one who should leave MDT. Not Cora."

"Apologize to my daughter. Now." Daia's voice trembled, but the command held.

"I'll count," Eldric added, his presence looming like a storm. "And if you don't move, I'll make you kneel beneath her."

The threat hung heavy.

No one intervened. No one moved.

Then-Lylah did.

Without a word, she stepped forward to the podium. The room seemed to be quiet as she approached the projector, sliding a small device into place.

"I gave you a chance to confess," she said softly. "You chose silence. So now, I'll let the evidence speak for all of you."

The screen flickered.

A recording of Lunar Grace's library flickered onto the screen, bathed in the quiet glow of evening. Lylah appeared, placing her work on the table before leaving. For a moment, the frame remained empty.

Then-

Cora stepped into view.

She paused at the table, her gaze lingering on the papers. Her fingers hovered, hesitant for only a breath- before closing over them.

شوق

She drew them closer.

Set her own notes beside them.

And began to copy.

“No!” Cora’s voice shattered the silence. “That’s not me! It’s fake!”

“Not you?” Lylah asks. “You said yourself you were in the library to access Professor Grimwood’s books. That access isn’t granted without permission. But clearly you were there for something else.”

1/3

Chapter 327

“Oh... Goddess...” Daia’s hands flew to her mouth.

Eldric stared at the screen, unmoving-like something inside him had frozen solid.

Vale and Thane said nothing.

“Lylah must’ve paid someone to fake it!” Cora’s voice tore through the hall, high and fraying at the edges.

No one moved.

No one spoke.

2 2 2 230

Because her words rang hollow. Absurd. Like trying to deny the sun at its peak-when the truth stood blazing before them.

Everyone could see there was no mistaking the recording. No trick.

Only Cora.

The Ironcrest’s precious daughter. The future Luna of Blackfang. Vale’s prized student.

Reduced to something so small.

So low.

A single act, laid bare before all, enough to shatter everything she was meant to become.

“How could you?” Daia’s voice trembled as she seized Cora’s shoulders, fingers digging in as if the truth might break loose beneath her grip. “You said you did nothing wrong. Then what was that, Cora? What is happening inside your mind?!”

You...” Vale’s voice came low, scraped raw with fury barely contained. His stare burned, heavy with something far worse than anger. “In all my years... no one has ever humiliated me like this.”

“Professor-”

Cora reached for him.

He stepped back as though her touch would stain him. “You are no longer my student, Coraline. Find another mentor.” His gaze cut through her. “And do not show your face in MDT or in any of my classes again.”

Something in her broke.

The color drained from her face, leaving her pale, hollow like a shell already abandoned.

“Thane-”

“You disappointed me, Cora.” He withdrew before she could reach him, as though even that small contact was already too much.

Cora turned too quickly, breath uneven, her gaze searching-scrambling-for anything that would still hold.

2/3

Until it found them.

Her parents.

Her last refuge.

“Father, Mother-”

The crack split the air.

Eldric’s hand struck before she could finish, the force snapping her head to the side.

1.1K

目1

3/3

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 328

Lylah's POV

Eldric's hand struck with a crack that seemed to split the air itself.

A collective breath hitched across the hall. Even the subtle hum of shifting bodies stilled, as though the entire room had bowed to the sudden violence. The scent of rage rolled off him in suffocating waves, pressing down on every wolf present.

And for the first time, it was turned on his precious daughter.

"You've disgraced our family. The Ironcrest name," Eldric said, his voice low but carrying the weight of a storm about to break. "When you told me you would win... that was a lie? The work your mentor praised wasn't even yours. I have never felt shame like this for my own child. The daughter I was proud to claim... is now the very stain I have to answer for."

"Father-"

He turned away before she could finish, already done with her.

"Don't come after us," Daia said as she passed Cora, her voice trembling despite its firmness. "If you want his forgiveness, you'll earn it yourself."

She didn't look back.

For a moment, Orion lingered-caught between instinct and helplessness. But in the end, even he turned away, leaving his sister standing alone in the wreckage she had made.

I hadn't moved.

The weight that had pressed against my chest for so long was gone now, leaving behind something almost unfamiliar-lightness.

I barely registered her movement before she was in front of me.

Cora slammed into me, shoving me back until my spine struck the pulpit. The impact jolted through me, but I didn't flinch. Her scent was chaos-fear, fury, desperation-all tangled together, sharp enough to sting.

“You must be so thrilled,” she choked out, her voice fraying at the edges. “This-this is your victory, isn’t it? Watching me be torn apart.” A hollow laugh slipped out. “Why are you pretending? Go on, Lylah, celebrate. Or is hypocrisy the only thing you’re good at?”

I met her gaze steadily, unmoved by the storm she was trying to drag me into.

“I

gave you a chance to confess, Cora,” I said, my voice even, untouched by her chaos. “You chose not to take it.” I tilted my head slightly, studying her. “You placed yourself here. Why are you surprised by the outcome?”

Something in her expression fractured.

The sapphire of her eyes shimmered, catching the light like splintered glass.

1/3

Chapter 328

“Lylah... I swear I’ll kill you

“Cora!”

A hand clamped around her arm, yanking her back before she could lunge. Rowan.

His grip was firm, strength bleeding through the restraint. “Enough,” he snapped, his voice edged with frustration. “Haven’t you embarrassed yourself enough? You’re only making this worse. Let’s go.”

“R-Rowan...” The fury drained from her face, replaced by something fragile, almost childlike. “They all left me. My parents... they won’t even let me come with them.”

For a moment, something softened in his expression.

Then he exhaled, long and tired. “You can come with me.”

“You’re... still on my side?”

His jaw tightened. “Enough for now.”

And just like that, she yielded-her resistance melting away as she clung to the one person who hadn’t turned his back on her.

I watched them leave, her steps unsteady, his steadying her without a word.

Only when they disappeared beyond the doors did I realize how quiet the conference hall had become.

The tension that had once coiled through the air was gone, leaving behind a heavy, echoing stillness.

And beneath it-

Relief.

As I stepped down from the podium, the faint rustle of movement drew my attention. A familiar presence approached.

Thane Blackridge stopped in front of me, his posture straight, but there was a subtle tension in the set of his shoulders-guilt, perhaps.

“I owe you an apology,” he said quietly. “I failed in my responsibility as her senior. Because of that you suffered a loss you shouldn’t have had to endure.”

I shook my head. “Her choices are not yours to carry, Sir Blackridge. She chose deceit.”

His gaze lingered on me for a moment, something thoughtful flickering behind his eyes.

“Lady Lylah,” he said, softer now, “you are so wise.” A faint, respectful dip of his head followed. “This victory is yours by right.”

Then, after a brief pause, “Would you allow us to arrange a celebration in your honor?”

2/3

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 329

3rd Person’s POV

The other students did not hesitate this time.

They gathered around Lylah in a slow, swelling circle. The air still carried the fading tension of the confrontation, but now it was laced with something brighter.

suggested a

Voices overlapped as they offered their congratulations, some bold, others shy. A celebration outright, their excitement spilling over as though they needed to mark the moment before it slipped away.

Lylah inclined her head to each of them, her composure as steady as ever. Gratitude softened her expression, but only slightly. Celebration had never been something she sought.

“If Lady Lylah prefers something more private, we shouldn’t impose.”

The voice cut cleanly through the crowd.

Andrei stepped forward. His gaze flicked briefly across the group before settling on her.

“What matters is that everything has been resolved,” he continued. “She’ll want to spend this moment with those closest to her first. Give her space.”

A murmur of agreement followed, reluctant but respectful. One by one, they began to disperse.

Andrei met Lylah’s eyes and gave a small nod—nothing grand, but filled with quiet understanding.

It caught her off guard.

Outside the Lunar Grace building, the air bit sharply against the skin. Snow crunched beneath heavy steps as Eldric strode forward, his presence radiating heat that seemed to war against the cold itself.

The wolf beneath his skin was restless—snarling, pacing, furious.

He was nearly at his car when a voice called out, breathless but determined.

“Alpha Eldric, wait!”

He turned sharply.

A young female healer, her auburn hair catching the pale glow of the lanterns.

“I’m a friend of Cora’s,” she said quickly, lowering her head in a respectful gesture. “My name is Gwyn. I was inside the hall, and I saw everything. There’s something you should hear before you leave.”

Eldric’s eyes narrowed, his patience already worn thin. “Whether you’re that wretched girl’s ally or not is of no concern to me.”

“Eldric,” Daia interjected, “We should hear her out. She may offer a different perspective.”

Gwyn seized the opening immediately.

“Yes,” She said quickly, her eagerness laced with just the right amount of restraint. The act came to her far more naturally than she had expected-smooth, convincing, almost effortless. “Cora has always been a good friend to me. And while I understand she made a mistake today... She has accomplished many things worth remembering. I think we’ve all forgotten that.”

Eldric’s expression darkened, the tension in his jaw turning rigid.

“What exactly are you implying?” His voice was low, edged with a warning growl. He had heard enough of anyone defending Cora.

“Tell me, Alpha, how many daughters could achieve what she has? To weave connections with so many of Lunar’s most influential figures, even someone as formidable as Commander Ivar?”

There was a sweetness to her tone, but beneath it lay something sharper. Deliberate.

“Ah, not to mention how far she was willing to go for her mate before her own blood.”

A flicker of something crossed Eldric’s face.

“Speak clearly.”

Gwyn lowered her lashes, as if reluctant to speak-but spoke anyway.

“Alpha Rowan Blackfang has benefited the most from Cora’s privileges.”

The name dropped like a stone into still water.

“Alpha Eldric, you must have noticed how quickly he established himself here. The alliances, the influence. He was an outsider, yet he rose effortlessly. That wasn’t by chance. Your daughter supported him so much!”

The implication coiled in the air, sharp and unmistakable. Gwyn tilted her head slightly, her lips curving into something that almost resembled a smile.

“Cora is such a devoted daughter... a very loyal mate... a wonderful friend,” the sweetness in her tone just a shade too polished. “I just hope none of you have suddenly forgotten that.”

Silence followed.

Eldric stood motionless, his expression hardening into something carved from ice and iron. The fury in his aura didn’t fade-but it shifted, turning colder. Calculating.

Beside him, Daia and Orion exchanged uncertain glances, the ground beneath their certainty beginning to fracture.

Gwyn dipped her head once more, stepping back.

And with that, she turned and hurried away, her footsteps quick against the snow.

They watched her go-still, stunned, suspended in the aftermath of her words.

Only when she turned the corner did Gwyn allow her composure to slip.

2/3

Her shoulders sagged slightly as she brought her phone to her ear, her voice dropping to a murmur.

“Alpha Ezra,” she said, a faint edge of satisfaction threading through her tone, “I’ve done what you asked.”

3/3

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 330

3rd Person’s POV

“Thank you, Gwyn.”

Ezra’s voice carried through the line-low, controlled, and edged with something far colder than simple approval. He had been the one to send her, to orchestrate every word she delivered to Eldric under the guise of loyalty to Cora.

Gwyn hesitated after the call should have ended, unease threading through her thoughts.

She didn’t understand.

Wouldn’t revealing everything Cora had done, every sacrifice, every silent offering, only soften Eldric’s wrath? Wouldn’t it push him toward forgiveness instead of fury?

And Ezra... he had not even attended.

A man more than capable of crushing Eldric and his entire bloodline beneath his heel had... stayed away from the conference earlier. As if the outcome had never been in doubt. As if he had already placed the blade in someone else’s hand.

In Lylah's hand.

And Lylah had delivered.

Flawlessly.

"You only need to watch over Lylah at the academy for now," Ezra continued, "Make sure she is comfortable. I will deal with those who have wronged her myself."

A shiver crawled down Gwyn's spine, instinctive and primal, as though something ancient had just brushed against her soul. She swallowed and nodded, even though he could not see her.

"Yes, Alpha."

Meanwhile, the atmosphere inside Eldric's residence in Lunaris was suffocating.

Rage had weight.

It bore down on the marble walls, bled into the pristine white furnishings, and thickened the air until each breath felt dragged through a gathering storm. Half an hour had passed since their return, and still, Eldric had not stopped.

Glass crunched and split beneath his grip. Shards scattered like ice as they struck the floor, each impact echoing the fracture of his control.

Beneath his skin, the wolf surged-violent.

Claws scraped along bone, teeth aching to tear free.

"I once thought," he snarled, voice roughened by the growl rising in his chest, "that when Lylah bled herself

dry to raise Rowan Blackfang from ashes-when she nursed him while he was nothing more than a crippled Alpha-it was the most foolish thing a female could ever do."

Another crash echoed through the room.

"But turns out...." His eyes burned, gold flickering beneath the surface.

His breath came sharp, uneven.

"My own daughter has ground her pride into the dirt... all for that male!"

Across the room, Daia stepped forward, her voice tight but steady despite the oppressive force of his aura. "Eldric, enough."

But he did not hear her. Or perhaps he refused to.

“Tell me, Daia, is this our curse?” His voice dropped, each word edged with something feral. “No matter how we raise her, she ends up the same. Bowing at Rowan’s feet and becoming his slave just like that stray.”

“Eldric!” Daia snapped, sharper now. “Don’t twist this. What Lylah did and what Cora has done are not the same!”

She drew a breath, forcing reason into the chaos.

“He is Cora’s mate. So what if the whole Lunar is knows she supported him? That is not shameful.”

“Mate?” Eldric echoed, the word laced with scorn. He turned, eyes flashing-wolf clashing beneath the surface. “Was that bond ever mutual?”

Silence answered him.

His lip curled.

“What has Rowan Blackfang given her in return?” he demanded. “Where is the mark of his claim? The official mating ceremony? The crown that would name her his Luna? There is none of that. She has become nothing more than his resource to be drained.”

The room seemed to tremble with the force of his fury.

“Her friends knew,” Eldric continued, “In a place like Lunar, whispers spread faster than wildfire.” His gaze hardened into something merciless. “And every whisper carries our name. Ironcrest’s name will be dragged through the mud by blind devotion.”

What burned within him was no longer just anger-it was humiliation. Betrayal.

The realization that what he had learned all this time was only a fragment.

“I will end this,” Eldric said at last.

He turned to Orion, his expression carved from ice.

“Send word under my name. To Jude, to Thane, any male Cora has ties with here. Invite them all to dinner.” His eyes gleamed, something ruthless taking shape behind them.

“Eldric!” Daia’s composure cracked, panic breaking through. “You can’t! Cora loves Rowan! They are close to sealing their bond!”

“Close,” Eldric interrupted, his voice cutting clean through hers. “Even sacred mating oaths sworn before the Goddess can be broken. Our daughter has nothing tying her to Rowan Blackfang except sentiment.”

“Father,” Orion said carefully, tension tightening his stance, “Cora will hate you for this.”

Eldric did not hesitate.

“She may,” he replied, his voice steady as a cutting wind. “But I am an Alpha before I am her father. Ironcrest’s reputation is worth more than her feelings.”

1.2K

(0

1

George Orwell