

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

Chapter 341

3rd Person's POV

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The next morning crept in with the first breath of spring, though winter still clung stubbornly to Lunar's air, threading the wind with a lingering chill. Inside the quiet warmth of the penthouse kitchen, Lylah stood by the counter, a cup of coffee cradled between her hands, its heat barely enough to chase away the cold beneath her skin.

Her laptop glowed softly before her. Two familiar figures filled the screen-Tiara, sprawled lazily across her bed, and Iris, seated upright.

"I missed everything now. I shouldn't have come back to Blackfang so soon," Tiara groaned, though the gleam in her eyes betrayed her excitement. "Do you know how long I've been waiting to see the day of Cora's downfall? In front of everyone? Finally, she can't hide that rot anymore!"

Lylah's grip tightened slightly around her cup, the faintest stir of her wolf rippling beneath her ribs.

"I heard something too," Iris added, her voice quieter, measured. "Professor Vale expelled her. That kind of setback could destroy her future career in the healing field."

"Good," Tiara muttered, rolling onto her side. "And if you knew even half of what that woman has done to our Lylah..." Her voice dropped, edged with something darker. "You'd be wishing far worse on Cora."

Lylah's wolf shifted uneasily.

"I just hope that stupid Rowan doesn't run to her rescue this time," Tiara continued. "Let her struggle for once. Let her learn what it means to stand without her father's power behind her."

"Right," Iris said, though her attention flickered toward something off-screen. A knock echoed faintly through her microphone. "That must be my brother. I have to go."

She offered a brief wave before her screen went dark, leaving only Tiara behind.

The sudden quiet felt heavier than it should have.

Lylah hesitated, a quiet ache tightening in her chest. She missed her so much, and a part of her longed to stay, to linger in the warmth of Tiara's voice just a little longer.

But her assignment had been open for over an hour now, waiting.

"Tiara—"

"What?" Tiara groaned dramatically, throwing an arm over her eyes. "Don't tell me you're leaving me too. I might actually die of boredom."

Despite herself, Lylah smiled faintly.

"How is your nana?" she asked softly. "I'm sorry I haven't visited."

Tiara's expression softened, the sharp edges melting away. "She's doing much better now. My uncle and aunt just got back from Starfall too, so the house feels alive again." She grinned. "They asked about you too."

Lylah's chest warmed, something fragile flickering there.

"I told them you've found your mate," Tiara continued. "Someone with far better standing and a far better heart than Rowan Blackfang."

She let out a soft laugh, eyes glinting with satisfaction. "I don't think I've ever seen them this happy before."

Lylah let out a quiet breath.

"They've been celebrating it every night," Tiara added. "Toasting to you at dinner like it's some grand victory."

That fragile warmth deepened, blooming into something softer.

A real smile touched Lylah's lips.

If she ever allowed herself to imagine what a true family looked like-what it felt like-her mind always wandered to Tiara's home. Not the cold, calculated structure Eldric and Daia had built around her. Not the suffocating expectations or carefully measured affection.

Tiara's family was something else entirely.

Alive.

Whole.

Lylah could still remember the first night she had stepped into that house. The way laughter had filled every corner. The way voices overlapped without restraint. The way affection moved freely, without fear or condition. It had overwhelmed her.

There had been no hierarchy to navigate. No careful steps to take. No silent rules to follow.

Only warmth.

Only belonging.

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11:40 Thu, Apr 30 m

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And for the first time in her life, Lylah hadn't known where to stand-who to defer to-because there had been no need for it.

Only love.

Lylah lowered her gaze to the coffee in her hands, watching the faint steam curl upward before fading into nothing.

She had wanted that.

More than she had ever allowed herself to admit.

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Tiara's POV

I let Lylah end the call, even though every instinct in me wanted to keep her there a little longer. But I knew she had responsibilities waiting, just as I did. Still, the silence she left behind settled too heavily.

I turned toward the window.

Beyond the glass, Blackfang southern forest stretched wide and restless, its trees still dusted with the last remnants of winter. Snow clung stubbornly to the earth, but beneath it, I could already feel the shift-the pulse of spring awakening. It called to something deep inside me.

My wolf stirred immediately.

A low, eager thrum spread through my veins, sharpening my senses, urging me to run.

I didn't resist.

Nana was asleep down the hall. I could hear her slow, steady breathing even from here. I avoided passing her door, not wanting to risk waking her. Instead, I slid the window open and pulled myself through without hesitation.

The cold hit me instantly.

My bare feet sank into damp soil, chilled and soft beneath my weight. The scent of earth, melting snow, and distant pine flooded my senses, clean and wild.

But shifting here would be careless. Too exposed.

So I moved, circling the house silently, each step instinctive, my wolf guiding me toward the deeper shadows-

Until voices cut through the stillness.

I froze.

Uncle and Auntie.

What were they doing outside at this hour?

I slipped closer, keeping low, my steps light enough that even the wind wouldn't betray me, "Will paint even hide that?" Auntie's voice trembled, tight with worry. "At least make it less noticeable. Before Tiara sees and starts asking questions we can't answer."

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My body went still.

"Those claw marks are too deep," Uncle replied grimly. "Inside, I've covered what I could with furniture. Mother patched the rest before she called Tiara from Lunaris, said she was sick." His voice lowered. "She must have been terrified... alone when those rogues came."

Rogues?

The word struck like a blade.

My wolf snapped to attention, a low growl rising instinctively in my chest.

I stepped closer without thinking.

"With Alpha Rowan gone, nothing is stopping them from crossing into Blackfang territory," Uncle continued, his tone dark. "And with the debt we owe... we've given them every reason to target us."

"No..." Auntie's voice broke. "We can't let this continue. Not now that Tiara's home. If she sees -" She sucked in a shaky breath. "Should we send her away again? Back to Lunaris... or somewhere farther? At least she'd be safe."

"That was our last savings, Diana," Uncle said quietly. "We barely managed this month. There's no way we can afford to send her anywhere now." He pause. Then, more hesitant, "What about Lylah? Tiara said she's mated to someone powerful... maybe-"

"No." Auntie cut him off sharply. "If we ask for help, Tiara will know everything." Her voice softened, but fear laced every word. "And I'm afraid she might hate us for it."

The air felt too tight in my lungs.

I backed away before they could sense me.

By the time I reached my window, something inside me had shifted, something cold and hollow settling beneath my ribs.

I pulled myself back inside, closing the window without a sound.

Auntie and Uncle had been the closest thing to parents I'd known since losing my own.

The idea that they would hide something this serious from me-it didn't sit right. It couldn't.

Rogues.

They had come here. Into our territory. Into my home.

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To Nana.

My chest tightened as the realization sank in.

No wonder the message about her sudden illness had come so urgently. It hadn't been sickness—it had been fear. She had lied to bring me back so that she wouldn't be alone.

The image of her facing them by herself-frail, defenseless-snapped something inside me.

It felt like a snare had cinched tight around my throat, cutting off air, feeding the slow, rising fury of my wolf.

I moved without thinking, crossing to the drawer and pulling out my savings book—the one I hadn't touched since returning from Lunaris.

Since Damon.

I flipped it open.

The number was still there.

My fingers curled against the page, steady now.

"This will be more than enough," I murmured under my breath. "Enough to fix this. Enough to keep those rascals away from my family."

But money wasn't where this ended.

My gaze hardened, something colder settling beneath my skin.

"First, I find out who they are," I said quietly. "Who dared to come here. Who thought they could lay a hand on my nana, our home, and walk away." My wolf stirred, teeth bared in silent agreement. "Whatever it costs, I'll pay it."

I whispered, voice sharpening with promise,

"And when I find them, I swear, I'll tear them apart myself."

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Chapter 343

3rd Person's POV

Since the day Corvin Vale delivered his final, ice-edged ultimatum at the conference, Cora had vanished from Lunar Grace as if swallowed by shadow. Thane Blackridge had not seen her once. Not a trace, not even her scent lingering in the corridors.

He knew she also understood. The weight of Vale's words had not been something even Cora could defy without consequence.

Which left the MDT project-their publication agenda and everything tied to it—resting squarely in Thane's hands... and hers.

Lylah.

Days bled into one another, cold mornings thawing into quiet afternoons as they worked side by side. Notes were exchanged, theories refined, and conclusions sharpened into something worthy of Verdanth recognition. Their collaboration was seamless.

Thane had always been a man carved from restraint, his focus unshakable. Yet lately, it wasn't the work anchoring his attention.

It was her.

The subtle grace in her movements. The quiet authority in her voice. The way her presence seemed to hum just beneath his skin, stirring something instinctive-something his wolf refused to ignore.

And beneath it all, a nagging familiarity lingered. Something about her... reminded him of someone.

"Thane."

Her voice cut cleanly through his thoughts, sharp enough to pull him back.

Lylah was watching him now, her gaze keen, almost surgical. “Do you have anything to add before we close for today?”

He stilled, then shook his head slightly. “Nothing further.”

A soft hum of approval left her lips. Satisfied, she began gathering her things, ready to leave.

“Wait, Lady Lylah.”

She paused.

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Thane stepped closer, the faint pull of her scent tightening something in his chest. “There’s something I want to ask. But it’s not about the publications or the MDT.”

Her brow lifted slightly. “Go on.”

“I know you’re Alpha Eldric of Ironcrest’s adopted daughter,” he said, his gaze sharpening as it lingered on her. “But I have to wonder... since you left his pack, have you ever tried to find your real parents?”

Before she could respond, he continued, his voice quieter, edged with something probing. “Did you ever verify his story? That he found you in Ironcrest’s alleys?” His gaze sharpened. “Cora was raised by a warrior pair from Whitepine before she was brought to Ironcrest and claimed by her real parents. Which means...” He paused, the weight of his words settling between them. “It’s not impossible that you have a family out there too. One you’ve never found.”

Lylah’s expression did not shift-but something flickered deep in her eyes.

Before the moment could stretch further, the shrill ring of Thane’s phone shattered the tension.

His jaw tightened.

“I need to take this.”

He stepped away, voice low as he answered. Whatever was said on the other end drained the last trace of calm from his features.

When he returned, his expression had hardened.

“I’m sorry, Lady Lylah. I have to leave.”

Without waiting for a reply, he turned and strode out.

The drive was fast. Instinct coiled tightly within him, his wolf restless beneath his skin, guiding him toward a place he knew all too well.

He and his friends' headquarters.

Or what used to be.

The moment Thane stepped out of the car, the scent hit him.

Blood. Rage. Dominance.

The air itself felt torn, thick with the aftermath of violence.

Inside, the scene was worse.

Jude and Logan stood on opposite sides of the room like opposing alphas, both battered, both breathing hard. Claw marks raked across Jude's arm, still fresh, while Logan bore bruises and cuts that spoke of a fight neither had intended to lose. Their wolves hovered just beneath the surface—eyes burning gold, muscles taut, control hanging by a thread.

"What the hell happened here?" Thane's voice cut through the room, sharp with authority as he stepped between them. "Clawing each other apart like rabid strays? I could've sworn you used to call each other brothers."

"I wouldn't have started anything," Logan spat, his voice rough, feral. "If that bastard hadn't crossed the line."

Thane's gaze shifted slowly to Jude, something wary flickering beneath his calm. "What did he do?"

Logan let out a humorless laugh, low and bitter. "He thinks Lunaris Research Center is some kind of playground." His lip curled. "Wanted me to sneak Eldric's useless son inside. All for Cora."

The name lingered like a spark in dry grass.

Logan's expression darkened further, frustration bleeding into something colder. "We've done enough for her. More than enough. And what do we get?" His jaw tightened. "Nothing. To her and that damn family of hers, we're not brothers, not allies. Just tools. Cash cows they can bleed dry whenever it suits them."

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11:40 Thu, Apr 30

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Chapter 344

3rd Person's POV

“No, Jude.” Logan’s voice dropped into something final. “Whatever your reasoning is, we’re not turning Lunaris Research Center into a stage for Eldric to parade his son. If that boy wants a place in the tech field in Lunaris, he’ll earn it the same way other engineers and I did, through sweat and tears.”

A low murmur rippled through the room.

“And if we go down that path,” Isaac added, quieter but no less firm, “we’ll end up pushing out the truly gifted mind. That’s not justice. That’s corruption dressed as loyalty.”

Victor leaned forward, “And you really think Jax would approve of this? Turning what was meant to protect his daughter into a war against everyone else?”

Jude’s jaw tightened, his wolf flickering dangerously close to the surface. “And what happens if we don’t?” he shot back. “If no one in Cora’s family stands strong enough to rival Rowan Blackfang, she won’t be free from that jerk’s grasp!”

Silence followed. It pressed in from all sides, waiting.

All eyes turned to Thane. Waiting for him.

When he finally did speak, his voice was low.

“We’re not going to keep propping up weakness just to feed our egos-polishing dull steel doesn’t make it cut. I’ve learned that already.”

His gaze hardened, something colder slipping into his tone. “Tell me Judge, does Cora’s family truly need this to free her from Rowan Blackfang? Or is this just Eldric’s design? A way to have others fight... while he stands back and reaps the outcome?”

For a brief moment, the conference hall replayed vividly in Thane’s mind-Eldric’s voice, sharp and merciless, the way he had torn into Lylah without hesitation. Without restraint.

A man who could shred his own daughter in public like that...

Could he truly be acting for anyone but himself?

Across the room, something shifted in Jude's expression.

The fire in his eyes faltered, replaced by something quieter-uncertainty.

The tension began to unravel.

Without another word, Thane turned and walked out.

Under the pale afternoon light of early spring, Ezra arrived at his family's private treatment center in Lunaris. He moved through the halls without pause, his footsteps echoing softly until he reached the designated room.

Today marked the schedule of his second treatment.

"Alpha Ezra," Maureen greeted, already prepared for the procedure. The healer's expression was composed, though a hint of caution lingered in her eyes. "Before we begin... I need to ask- did you experience any side effects after the first dose?"

Ezra didn't answer immediately. His mind drifted back to that moment.

Pain. Yes.

But beyond that, he saw her. Lylah. Standing beside him, close enough to feel. Close enough that her presence had steadied something deep within him. He could still see her smiling softly.

Ezra's gaze darkened slightly. "Would hallucinations count?"

Maureen blinked, caught off guard. "No, Alpha. That is not one of the effects." She straightened, slipping back into clinical certainty. "The serum induces severe pain, your wolf will feel it as strongly as you do. Muscle constriction, cranial pressure, vomiting, extreme cold-those are expected. But hallucinations... no."

"Then I experienced none of them," Ezra said calmly. He ordered. "Proceed."

'So it was nothing more than a trick of the mind, he told himself. 'A desperate illusion of my Luna standing beside me.'

Maureen moved efficiently, preparing the next dose. "We may need to restrain you this time. If your wolf reacts more aggressively-

Ezra didn't even look at her. "No."

Maureen hesitated... then nodded. “As you wish.”

The needle gleamed under the light.

The moment it pierced his temple-

Everything shattered.

”

A violent surge tore through him, raw and brutal.

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Chapter 345

3rd Person’s POV

“Damn it.”

The curse tore from Ezra’s throat as he forced himself upright the moment the injection was complete.

“Alpha,” Maureen said quickly, her composure thinning despite years of training. “Tell me, what are you feeling?”

The answer came not in words, but in a low, feral sound that seemed to vibrate from somewhere deeper than bone.

Pain struck.

Not ordinary pain-something primal. Violent.

Ezra's body reacted instantly. His claws burst forth, lengthening into lethal arcs of obsidian. His canines sharpened, slicing against his own lips as his breath turned ragged. The world tilted- walls warping, light splintering-

And then-

He was no longer human. The wolf stood where the man had been.

Massive. Dominant. Terrifying in a way that silenced the very air around him.

Maureen stiffened, her instincts screaming, but she did not run. She had been raised in Moonclaw. She knew what the Moonclaw Alpha's wolf looked like.

"Alpha Ezra," The word had barely left her lips when the beast moved.

A blur of power and instinct, he crashed through the window.

Glass shattered outward in a violent spray as the Alpha disappeared into the open air beyond.

At that exact moment, the door swung open.

A healer's assistant stepped in, eyes scanning the room. "Where is the Alpha?"

Maureen exhaled sharply, forcing herself back into control. "I administered the second dose. I warned him the pain would consume every nerve, that restraint would be necessary." Her voice tightened. "But he refused."

The assistant inclined her head, far calmer than anyone had a right to be.

"That falls within expected parameters. His wolf is just... more reactive than most." Her violet irises shifted toward the shattered window, lingering on the jagged edges of glass. Something unreadable flickered in their depths.

"I'll go after him, to make sure he doesn't lose himself completely."

Maureen hesitated. "But, Luén—"

"Don't worry ma'am," Luén said, offering a gentle, reassuring smile. "Leave this to me."

There was sincerity in it-warm, disarming. Maureen didn't question it.

She couldn't have known.

Luén had been waiting for this moment.

The forest breathed with Ezra as he

ran through it like a storm given flesh.

Branches snapped beneath his weight. The earth trembled with every stride. Pain clawed through him-ripping, tearing, devouring his senses until instinct was all that remained.

By the time Zyrelle found him, the frenzy had already burned through its peak.

He stood in a clearing, human once more-but barely. His chest heaved. Blood streaked his hands, dark and drying beneath his claws. Something-unfortunate enough to cross his path— had taken the brunt of his suffering.

At least it hadn't been himself.

Zyrelle moved without hesitation, slipping beneath his arm to steady him. "Easy, cousin," she murmured. "You're done."

Ezra offered no resistance as Zyrelle steadied him, guiding his unsteady steps back toward the treatment center.

They were nearly there.

That was when Luén saw them.

Hidden behind the thick weave of undergrowth, she watched. And in that instant, Everything sharpened.

'Ezrael'

His name echoed through her like a spark catching dry tinder.

Desire flared-sudden, consuming, impossible to ignore.

"This is my chance.

Her pulse thundered. Her body moved before thought could restrain it. She stepped out.

Her hair had been styled just so—half-bound, the rest cascading softly, just as Lylah usually wore it. Every detail had been considered.

Every movement is calculated.

Then-

She collided with him.

Her body pressed into his, as if by accident, as if carried by haste. Warmth bloomed instantly beneath her skin-sharp, intoxicating.

Perfect.

She lowered her gaze, masking the curl of satisfaction threatening her lips.

“Alpha Ezra,” she said, voice soft, laced with apology. “Forgive me—I was in a rush, I didn’t—”

His hand clamped around her arm—

And wrenched her back.

Not with hesitation. Not with confusion. But with unmistakable rejection.

Luén stumbled a step, her breath catching as she lifted her gaze to meet his. Those eyes, Steel-blue edged in stormlight, were fixed on her face.

But there was no flicker of recognition.

No warmth.

No pull.

Nothing of what she had expected.

Only a glacial, cutting indifference.

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

2:14 pm P M

The Betrayed Princess Rising

Chapter 346

Luen’s POV

“Zyrelle.” Ezra’s voice dropped like ice—an Alpha’s command wrapped in quiet authority.

“Remove her from my path.”

The words struck like claws raking across exposed flesh.

I felt the impact in my chest, stealing the air from my lungs.

“Please don’t.” I shook my head quickly, panic rising too fast to contain. My voice unraveled, turning raw, almost fragile as I forced myself to meet his gaze. “Alpha Ezra... don’t you remember me?”

This wasn’t how it was supposed to happen!

How could he not recognize me?

He had fallen for Lysara the moment they were reborn—drawn to her as if fate itself demanded it. So why not me? Why not now?

His steel-blue eyes, rimmed with something feral and untamed, fixed on me. But there was nothing there. No spark. No instinctive pull. No recognition.

Nothing.

“You?” His lip curled faintly, dismissive. “No. All I see is an intrusive woman who throws herself into my way.” His gaze sharpened, predatory and impatient. “Your intentions don’t interest me. But I have very little tolerance for nuisances.”

He paused a warning.

“So if you don’t leave on your own—”

“Go.” Zyrelle’s voice broke in, softer—but no less firm.

Her hand lifted, **as** if to guide me away, but I flinched before she could touch me.

Unlike Ezra, she **saw** it.

The resemblance. I could see it in her widened eyes, in the way her gaze lingered on my face—searching, comparing, questioning. Comparing me to her.

I lowered my gaze, forcing composure back into place, swallowing the bitterness clawing its way up my

throat.

“Very well,” I said, voice steady once more. “My apologies, Alpha Ezra. It won’t happen again.” I inclined my head slightly toward Zyrelle. “And there’s no need to escort me. I can leave on my own.”

I stepped aside.

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Ezra didn't spare me a single glance as he passed.

But Zyrelle's curiosity burned too brightly to be contained.

Fir hed

"Who was that?" she asked once they thought I was out of earshot. "Does Lylah have some secret twin or what?"

Ezra's answer came sharply with irritation. "What do you mean?"

"Don't tell me you didn't notice it," she pressed. "That woman looks like Lylah. Like your Luna!"

"My Luna resembles no one." His tone left no room for doubt. "And certainly not that intruder. Don't ever compare anyone to my Lylah again."

Intruder.

The word echoed, hollow and cutting.

My vision blurred for a split second-

And then a hand seized my arm.

I was yanked back.

Rowan's POV

This wasn't the route I planned to take. I was only here to find a treatment center for my aunt Nymera— someone had recommended one in this part of Lunaris. I had barely closed the car door when I heard voices, drawing my attention toward the clearing ahead.

And there he was.

Ezra.

He stood far too close to a woman who looked exactly like Lylah. Then he shoved her away—and rage exploded in my chest. Hot, immediate, uncontrollable.

The second he walked off, I moved.

"Lylah!" The name tore from me as I grabbed her and turned her around.

But the moment our eyes met-

I froze.

She looked like Lylah. Same features. Same delicate structure as my little moon.

But something was... wrong.

Different.

:14 pm

Chapter 340

Finisher

“Don’t touch me!” she snapped, wrenching her arm free with surprising force. There was a flash of something feral in the movement. “You’re Alpha Rowan Blackfang, aren’t you?” Her chin lifted slightly. “I’m not Lylah. My name is Luén. Don’t mistake me for her again.”

I frowned, unease settling deep in my chest.

“Then who are you? A relative of hers?” My **gaze** narrowed. “And why were you throwing yourself into Ezra’s arms?”

She looked at me openly, and in that moment, I saw what made her different from Lylah.

Her eyes weren’t the same. They carried a cunning, almost predatory glint.

“You’re mistaken,” she replied, far too composed. “I just stumbled. Alpha Ezra caught me. I’ve already apologized.”

I let out a quiet scoff. “That’s not what I saw.”

Her lips curve.

“And what I see,” she replied lightly, “is an Alpha who’s far too interested in things that don’t concern him.” Her gaze flicked over me, assessing. “You’ve been standing here long enough to witness our interaction, haven’t you? Most wolves know better than to interfere where they’re not claimed.”

Before I could respond, she turned and walked away.

I watched her go, a low unease coiling in my gut.

She was wrong. Not just different-

Wrong.

And whatever she was, it wasn't something to ignore.

My fingers tightened around my phone.

At least I had proof.

The image I'd captured when Ezra and that strange she-wolf standing far too close glowed faintly on the

screen.

7/3

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

Chapter 347

3rd Person's POV

Finished

"She looks exactly like Lylah, and that's precisely why it is a good thing," Rowan muttered, a slow, dangerous smile curving his lips. His fingers tapped once against the steering wheel, mind already turning, dissecting.

Who was she?

Whoever she was, she hadn't appeared by chance. Not with Ezra standing that close. Not with that kind of familiarity.

A low, amused breath left him.

"Interesting..." Rowan drawled. "So that's his weakness? If it looks like Lylah, he won't bother questioning

it."

Rowan pulled out his phone and dialed.

“Azrel,” he said when the call connected, his voice smooth, edged with quiet command. “I want eyes on someone. Discreetly. I’ll send you the location.”

He ended the call without waiting for a reply.

The smile never left his face.

By the time Rowan returned to his estate, dusk had begun to bleed into the horizon, the air thick with the subtle, electric pull of the coming spring phase. He stepped into his study.

Cora was waiting.

“Rowan,” she said, rising immediately, her voice soft but edged with impatience. “Did you find a treatment center for Aunt Nymera? Why did it take so long?”

She moved toward him, reaching for his arm.

Rowan’s wolf stirred in irritation.

He stepped back before she could touch him.

“Yes,” he replied flatly, shrugging her off. “I still have other works to deal with right now. I don’t have time for this.”

The rejection was sharp enough to sting.

Cora paused, masking it quickly.

“...Alright,” she said after a beat, her tone gentler now, coaxing. “But tonight, can we at least have dinner together?” She took another step closer, more carefully this time. “It’s early spring, the Moon’s fertility phase is beginning. Mated pairs should celebrate.”

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0:26 am

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Chapter 347

Rowan stilled.

For a moment, he had forgotten.

The instinct that drove wolves toward their mates-toward heat, toward possession. Under normal circumstances, he would have responded without hesitation. But tonight, his mind was elsewhere.

On her.

On that woman with Lylah's face.

"Mmm... dinner?" he murmured, distracted. "We'll see."

Finished

At Lunar Grace Academy, the air was bright.

Lylah walked briskly down the corridor toward the lab, her thoughts still lingering on her work, when a familiar voice called out.

"Lylah!"

She turned to find Iris approaching, a bright smile on her face.

"Congratulations!" Iris said, practically glowing. "Your work almost got published. Your first one, and before you're even officially become a healer."

Lylah blinked, surprised by the enthusiasm.

"Thank you, Iris," she said, a small smile forming.

Then, tilting her head slightly, she added, "It's strange you're not suggesting we celebrate. No dinner? Dessert?"

Iris's smile shifted, turning a touch mischievous.

"Oh, I'd love both," she admitted. Then her voice lowered, laced with implication. "But tonight isn't exactly

for me."

Lylah frowned faintly. "What do you mean?"

Iris gave her a knowing look. "Don't tell me you and Alpha Ezra have no plans? No private agenda?"

Lylah blinked again, completely caught off guard,

"I... what?"

For a moment, she simply stared. Then realization dawned, slow and mortifying.

"... It's the start of spring," she murmured.

The mating season.

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10:26 am

Chapter 347

ppp.

Finished

The time when the bond between wolves sharpened, when instincts deepened, when mates were drawn together with an almost unbearable pull. Her thoughts drifted to Ezra.

No wonder he had looked displeased when she told him she would be returning late.

Heat crept up her neck.

Oh.

Across the city, a sleek black Maybach came to a sharp stop in front of a private residence and Eldric stepped out.

Impatience rolled off him like a tangible force, his presence heavy, oppressive-Alpha power barely leashed beneath polished control.

Four days.

Four days since his conversation with Jude, and not a single word in return.

His patience had expired.

Without waiting to be announced, Eldric strode inside, the doors opening under the sheer weight of his authority.

“Sir Knight,” he called, his voice cutting through the space like a blade. “We need to talk.”

He didn’t wait for permission.

By the time he reached Jude, his temper was already coiled tight.

“By now you should have an answer for me.”

His gaze hardened, pressure mounting in the air like a brewing storm. “When will my son gain access to the Lunar Research Center? Or is there a reason you’ve told me nothing at all?”

1.2K

w

10:27 am

ppp.

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 348

3rd Person's POV

Finished

Jude emerged from his study at the sound of the disturbance. The aura around him was different now. Not welcoming, not even neutral. It carried a quiet finality.

“You have no right storming into my home, Alpha Eldric.” he said, his voice low but edged with steel. “And yes, there’s a reason I haven’t responded.”

Eldric’s wolf stirred instantly, hackles rising beneath his skin as gold flickered in his eyes.

“I’ve made my decision,” Jude said. “I will not help you. Not you, and not your son. Whatever debt I carry... it belongs to Jax Stillward and to Cora. Not to Ironcrest. Not to you.”

The air tightened.

“You-” Eldric’s voice broke into a growl, his Alpha presence surging forward like a gathering storm.

Jude didn’t flinch. “Leave. Before I have my guards remove you.”

At once, the shadows shifted.

Wolves stepped forward from every corner of the estate, silent and alert, their presence pressing in like a closing cage.

Eldric stilled.

His wolf snarled, furious at the challenge-but it was outnumbered, and it knew it. Alone, without backup, this was not a battle he could win without consequence.

With a final, simmering glare, Eldric turned and left.

The drive back was a storm contained in steel and glass.

Rage coiled tight in Eldric's chest, his wolf pacing relentlessly beneath his skin, claws scraping against restraint. Jude's refusal burned-but worse was the insult. The audacity. By the time he arrived at his residence, that fury had sharpened into something far more dangerous.

Daia was waiting outside with Orion.

And beside them, was Cora.

The moment Eldric saw her, the memory of humiliation struck like a lash. The way his authority had been challenged before an entire crowd.

His control snapped.

"You still dare show your face before me?" His voice thundered across the courtyard as he strode forward, power rolling off him in suffocating waves. His claws threatened to break through as his hand shot forward

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Chapter 348

"No!"

PPP.

Daia moved instantly, placing herself between them.

"Eldric, stop!" she pleaded. "Cora came to tell us something. Don't hurt her! She's our daughter!"

Behind her, Cora trembled.

Finished

Even at a distance, the pressure of Eldric's Alpha aura pressed down on her like a crushing weight. Instinct screamed at her to bow, to submit, to run-but she forced herself to stay. "F-Father....I came to invite you... to Rowan's proposal tonight."

Eldric's hand stilled midair.

“He’s going to place the ring on my finger,” she continued, her breath uneven. “Before officially making me his Luna.”

Silence fell.

For a heartbeat, Eldric simply stared at her.

Then something shifted.

“Is that so?” he asked slowly.

The fury that had filled him moments ago receded, not entirely gone-but dulled, tempered by something else.

Satisfaction.

At last.

“So he finally has come to his senses,” Eldric murmured, a faint, pleased smile curving his lips. “And decide giving you the honor you deserve?”

Cora nodded quickly. “Yes...”

The smile deepened.

Under any other circumstances, the news would have barely stirred his approval. But after Jude’s defiance,

it struck him like vindication-sharp and absolute-like the world itself bending at last.

“I will attend,” Eldric declared.

Then his gaze sharpened, sweeping over her posture.

“Stand up straight, Cora. A Luna does not cower. Carry yourself like one worthy of the title.”

Cora hesitated-then slowly stepped forward.

“F-Father... does that mean...” Her voice softened, fragile with hope. “You’ve forgiven me?” For a moment, she looked almost like a little pup again.

0:27 am

Chapter 348

ppp

Eldric regarded her in silence.

Then, unexpectedly, he opened his arms.

Cora froze.

Finished

But when he pulled her into an embrace, the shock gave way to something warmer-something she hadn't dared hope for.

Daia watched them, relief softening her features.

"You've brought me good news today. And so, I am willing to forgive you." A faint, self-satisfied smile

touched Eldric's lips. "Perhaps sooner than you deserve-but then, mercy has always been one of my better qualities. You would do well to remember that."

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10:27 am

ppp.

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

Chapter 349

3rd Person's POV

Lylah was quietly grateful Iris had reminded her.

The moment realization settled, so did the guilt.

Finished

Ezra had been waiting in the penthouse and she had nearly let the night pass as if it were any other. The thought sat uneasily in her chest, tugging at her conscience. For mated wolves, this night was not trivial—it was instinct, bond, something deeper than choice.

Then, an idea sparked.

A small, unexpected smile touched Lylah's lips.

'Ezra still thinks I haven't realized what tonight is....'

Perhaps... she could turn that to her advantage.

'I'll arrange a surprise for him.'

Night deepened over Lunaris, and with it came a shift in the air. The city breathed differently. The Moon fertility phase had begun.

It was a season that awakened something primal. Desire threaded through the streets like an invisible current, rich with pheromones and restless energy. Some mated pairs retreated into the privacy of their homes, surrendering to instinct behind closed doors. Others wandered the city, drawn outward by the same pull, unable-or unwilling-to contain it.

At the heart of it all, the garden estate owned by Victor Ross glowed beneath soft golden lights, its beauty magnified by the charged atmosphere.

Tonight, it was meant to host Rowan and Cora's proposal.

But the celebration had barely begun before tension shattered the mood.

Eldric arrived like a storm given flesh. Flanked by four guards, his Alpha presence rolled outward in suffocating waves. The air seemed to bend under it. Conversations faltered. Laughter died.

Then-

He drove them out.

Visitors who had gathered out of curiosity or admiration were met with nothing but cold hostility as Eldric advanced, his gaze sharp and merciless.

"Why are all these stray dogs here?" he demanded, voice cutting through the garden like a blade. "This place is reserved for my daughter's event. Anyone not invited will leave."

10:27 am

Chapter 349

Ppp.

A low murmur rippled through the crowd-uneasy, offended-but none dared step forward.

Finished

“If you wish to witness it,” Eldric continued, a smug curl tugging at his lips, “you can do so through a broadcast. Not by cluttering this space.”

One of the servants hurried forward, bowing respectfully despite the tension. “Alpha Eldric, I’m afraid you cannot impose such a restriction.”

Eldric’s eyes flashed gold.

“You don’t know who I am?” he said softly-and somehow, that was worse than shouting. “Or who my daughter is?”

Silence answered him.

“The male who will claim her tonight is Rowan Blackfang. A wolf whose name already carries weight in Lunaris.” His arms folded across his chest. “If I wished it, I could have this entire place reduced to ash before the moon reaches its peak.”

Behind him, his guards stood like shadows given form.

“Now choose,” Eldric said. “Obey, or challenge me.”

The choice wasn’t one at all.

Though many present were wolves themselves, no one stepped forward.

Reluctantly, the servant lowered his head.

“...Understood, Alpha.”

With no authority to oppose him, he turned and hurried away.

Victor Ross listened in silence as the report was delivered.

By the time the servant finished, something cold and faintly disappointed had settled behind his gaze.

“Is Cora present?” Victor asked at last.

“No, sir. Lady Cora has yet to arrive,” the servant replied. Then, after a brief hesitation, he added, “But... even if she were, I doubt she would object. Alpha Eldric acts in her interest.”

Victor didn’t respond immediately.

For a moment, he simply stood there, the quiet stretching thin. “I see.”

But there was no agreement in his voice-only cold disappointment. The greed of the Ironcrest family had poisoned the air itself, its bitterness clinging like a stain.

“Do not clear the garden,” Victor instructed calmly.

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Chapter 349

PPP

The servant blinked. “Sir?”

“Instead, prepare the rooftop greenhouse.”

4

Finished

Surprise flickered across the servant’s face. “But that area hasn’t been opened to the public. It’s not even available for booking-”

“Yes,” Victor interrupted, his tone soft but final. “All the more reason.”

His gaze drifted briefly toward the illuminated garden below, where Eldric’s presence had already soured the atmosphere.

“It will be the last thing Cora receives from me. Let it be unforgettable.”

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W

10:28 am

PPP.

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

Chapter 350

3rd Person's POV

Finished

Lylah knew better than to attempt this alone. Planning a surprise for Ezra especially on a night like this required precision. So she reached out to the one person she trusted to keep Ezra occupied without raising suspicion-Archer West, his closest colleague at the Lunar Research Center.

Archer had agreed without hesitation. He would handle everything-keeping Ezra distracted, guiding him to the location, ensuring he arrived exactly when Lylah needed him to.

All Lylah had to do was be ready and wait.

But the moment she stepped onto the venue grounds, she felt it.

The disturbance in the air.

Voices carried in uneasy murmurs around her. A powerful family had cleared the garden, someone said. Forced others out. Claimed the space as their own.

Lylah didn't need to guess which one.

That kind of arrogance had a scent she knew all too well.

"Lylah!"

The sharp call cut through the tension.

She turned-and there they were.

Orion stood rigid, his expression tightening the moment he saw her. Beside him, Cora shone beneath the ethereal garden lights, draped in white silk gown that shimmered like moonlight itself.

"Lylah? Ah, it's good that you're here too," Cora said, her smile smooth, untouched by guilt. "That means you can witness my proposal and congratulate me directly."

Lylah held her gaze, unmoved.

“I knew this was your doing,” she replied evenly. “Who else would drive out guests who had every right to be here?” Her eyes flicked briefly across the garden before returning to Cora. “Remember this, Cora-this place doesn’t belong to Ironcrest or Blackfang. You can’t do that.”

The words were calm.

But they struck.

Before Cora could respond, another presence surged forward.

Eldric.

“You speak as though you stand above us,” he said, his voice low, threaded with quiet menace. “But i know you’re nothing more than jealous of my daughter.”

1/3

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Chapter 350

PPP

Lylah didn’t move.

Fin-shed

“You never received a proper proposal from your mate. And now you dare stand here, pretending indifference?” A faint smirk touched Eldric’s lips.

“Bitterness suits you poorly, stray.”

Around them, his family gleamed in carefully chosen attire-every detail crafted to command attention, to dominate the night.

Lylah took them in and felt nothing but distance.

It almost amused her.

That she had chosen this place... of all places... for something meant to be intimate.

For Ezra.

“Good luck with your event,” Lylah said.

“And no. I’m not bitter, Alpha Eldric. I have no reason to be. I have no interest in witnessing Cora’s engagement. I’m here for my own purpose.”

“Alone?”

Daia's voice slipped in, sharp and sweet with mockery. She stepped forward, fanning herself lightly as her gaze swept over Lylah.

"On a night like this?" she continued, her lips curving faintly. "When even the air calls mates to one another, and yours isn't by your side, Lylah?" A soft, feigned sigh. "How pitiful."

Daia tilted her head, as though offering kindness."Cora and Rowan were generous enough to include you out of sympathy. It would be wiser not to reject that goodwill."

Lylah let the silence stretch just long enough to make the words hollow.

Then-

"I don't need pity from your family, Luna Daia. Enjoy your show." And with that, Lylah turned.

No hesitation. No glance back.

Behind her, the air tightened-Eldric's aura flaring, Daia's composure cracking beneath the quiet dismissal.

But Lylah didn't slow.

They weren't worth another breath.

She moved deeper into the garden, away from the suffocating pressure.

Pulling out her phone, she called Archer.

2/3

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Chapter 350

PPP.

Finished

"We're on our way, Luna Lylah," he confirmed.

Lylah exhaled slowly, her fingers tightening slightly around the device.

Her heart had begun to race.

Ezra arrived at the garden not long after.

Archer had told him it was an urgent business meeting, something that required his presence-but the moment he stepped onto the grounds, a quiet unease settled in.

The night air was heavy with the Moon's pull, stirring his wolf into restless motion. Every instinct urged him elsewhere.

Toward his mate.

Each step felt heavier than it should, his chest tightening at the thought of spending a night like this away from his Luna.

And yet, he kept walking.

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1.2K

3/3

10:28 am

PPP.

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