

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

Chapter 351

Ezra's POV

Finished

“I hope this summons hasn’t disrupted your evening, Alpha. I know tonight should be spent with your Luna, but your presence here is necessary.”

Archer had repeated the sentiment so many times that it had long since lost its meaning.

I barely heard him now.

My gaze drifted across the garden, where couples moved in quiet harmony beneath the moon’s glow. Mated wolves. Their scents mingled in the air-warm, intimate, alive.

It pressed against my senses. Against my restraint. And all I could think was that Lylah should be here.

A faint voice rose within me, steady and unyielding.

‘You promised. You would never stand between her and her path.’

My jaw tightened.

Right.

My Luna was chasing something greater than fleeting instinct. Her calling. Her future as a healer. I had no right to drag her away from that... no matter what the night stirred in my blood.

“Alpha, my mate is calling me. I’ll have to leave you here.” Archer’s voice broke through my thoughts, already retreating before I could respond.

In the next moment, he was gone-swallowed by the crowd.

A subtle relief settled in. No one paid me any attention. No curious glances, no forced conversation.

Just silence.

Then-

Something shifted.

A faint shimmer descended from above, drifting downward like a falling star.

My eyes narrowed.

It might have been mistaken for a lantern... if not for the voice that followed.

“Alpha Ezra...” Soft. Feminine. Familiar. “I am Lily. You cannot see me, but I’ve been sent to guide you.”

My muscles tensed. “To where?”

“Somewhere important,” it replied gently. “Please take hold of the ribbon tied to me.”

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I frowned, suspicion rising. This had Archer written all over it-some elaborate attempt to irritate me.

Then I saw the ribbon. Lylah’s ribbon. The same one she had tied in her hair this very morning, its soft silk unmistakable even in the dim glow of the night.

And then-

Her scent.

It wrapped around me instantly, unmistakable and intoxicating.

This wasn’t a trick.

This was her.

Understanding settled deep in my chest, chasing away the earlier restlessness with something sharper.

“Lylah...” I murmured under my breath. “So it’s you who planned this?”

A faint smile touched my lips.

“Alright then,” I said quietly.

And I followed.

3rd Person's POV

High above the garden, within the glass-walled sanctuary of the rooftop greenhouse, the engagement had reached its final note. The ring now gleamed on Rowan and Cora's fingers, catching the moonlight in a brilliant shimmer.

Around them, a carefully curated audience-Blackfang and Ironcrest guards, Rowan's allies in Lunaris, and hired witnesses-offered their applause.

It should have been perfect.

"Rowan," Cora said, lifting her chin slightly, her voice soft but insistent. "You should kiss me now."

Rowan didn't look at her. "I don't think that's necessary."

Her smile tightened. "It is necessary. All eyes are on us. We should give them something worth remembering."

She leaned closer-

And then the night itself shattered.

Light burst across the sky beyond the glass. Color unfolded like blooming fire, painting the heavens in sweeping arcs of gold, violet, and silver. The air shifted with it. Even through the barrier of glass, the energy was palpable-thrumming, almost sentient, as if the display itself carried intention.

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ppp.

A ripple passed through the room.

Heads turned.

Voices faltered.

Finished

One by one, attention slipped away from the couple at the center, drawn irresistibly toward the sky.

"What is that?" Someone moved closer to the glass.

Then another.

And another.

Within seconds, the carefully staged moment unraveled as the crowd abandoned their places, pressing toward the windows to witness whatever force had claimed the night.

“Wait!” Cora’s voice cut through, sharp with disbelief. “The event is here. Return to your seats!”

But no one listened.

Not even Rowan.

His gaze had already lifted, fixed on the unfolding spectacle beyond the greenhouse walls. Without a word, he stepped away from her.

“Rowan!” Cora moved after him too quickly, her heels catching against the polished floor.

Her balance faltered-

-and she fell.

Her knees struck the carpet with enough force to sting through the fabric. Pain flared. For a moment, she couldn’t move. Around her, no one noticed. No one cared. They were all watching something else. Something greater.

Cora’s hands clenched against the floor as she forced herself upright, her breath uneven. “What is so important...?” Anger and disbelief tangled in her chest.

Near the glass, Orion’s voice carried faintly, edged with quiet realization. “... That’s Lylah.”

The name hit like a blow.

“She meant it,” he continued, almost to himself. “When she said she had her own purpose tonight... This is it. A surprise for her mate.”

Cora lifted her head slowly.

Her knees burned. The skin there was scraped raw beneath the silk of her gown.

But it was nothing compared to the heat rising in her chest.

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P

The Betrayed Princess Rising

Ruby Walker

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

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Lylah's POV

Finished

My heart pounded so hard it felt like it echoed through my ribs as I stepped toward Ezra, the bouquet trembling slightly in my grasp. I had never done anything like this—never orchestrated a surprise in public, never placed myself so openly on display.

Doubt clawed at me.

What if this went wrong?

What if I had just humiliated both of us?

Above, the drone I had guided—my little “spirit messenger”—descended slowly, its faint shimmer fading as it completed its task. At that exact moment, Ezra turned.

The world seemed to still.

For a fleeting second, his gaze locked forward with such intensity that my breath caught. It felt as though he could see straight into me.

“Ezr-”

I never finished.

He crossed the distance in a heartbeat.

His hand found my waist first, and then his mouth claimed mine.

The kiss was not gentle. It was consuming.

Ezra kissed me as if the bond between us had teeth and claws, as if it demanded to be felt, to be proven. Around us, other mated pairs lingered beneath the night sky, their presence brushing faintly against my awareness—but he didn't care. The Alpha in him didn't acknowledge witnesses.

In that moment, neither did I.

“Thank you,” he murmured against my swollen lips when he finally pulled back, his fingers lifting my chin with quiet authority. His voice was low, roughened by something deeper than emotion. “Your surprise didn’t just work, it claimed the entire night. I was completely lost at first.”

Heat rushed to my face.

I quickly covered my lips, my pulse still racing. “I didn’t even speak,” I protested softly. “How could you just... kiss me like that? What if you kiss the wrong woman? What if it had been another she-wolf?”

A quiet, certain sound left him-almost a growl.

“No.”

There was no hesitation. No doubt.

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Ezra lifted something between us-the violet ribbon.

“There is no world,” he said, his voice dropping into something deeper, something that resonated with the wolf beneath his skin, “where I would mistake my Luna for another. Your scent was woven into this... into the air... into me. The moment that little ‘Lily’ appeared, I already knew.”

My lips parted in stunned realization.

So much for being subtle.

I had thought I was creating something mysterious. Something grand. Instead... he had known all along.

“But,” he added, a faint smile tugging at his mouth, “since when did you learn to fly a dorne like that?”

“I-”

Voices erupted around us before I could answer.

Cheers. Laughter. Applause. Archer emerged first, his mate at his side, followed by several of Ezra’s allies and their mates.

“Luna Lylah, that was incredible!” Archer called out, grinning openly.

“You should plan many more surprises from now on!”

Ezra exhaled slowly beside me, his expression shifting into something dangerously calm. “So all of you were involved? That explains that silly ‘urgent business meeting.’”

“It was me,” I admitted softly. “I’m the one who asked Archer for help and for the tutorial on how to operate the drone.” A small, nervous laugh slipped past my lips. “I only learned a few hours before you arrived.” I hesitated, then asked more quietly, “Was I decent? My mate designs things like this so effortlessly. I thought... I should at least be able to use one.”

Something in his expression softened instantly.

“Lylah,” he murmured.

Then, without warning, he pulled me in again and kissed me.

Right there.

In front of everyone.

“You’re far more than decent,” he murmured against my lips, his voice low and steady, threaded with quiet intensity. “You’re extraordinary... far beyond anything I could ever match.”

The cheers around us grew louder-but they weren’t coming from the ground anymore.

They were above us.

Drawn by instinct, I lifted my gaze. High above, beyond the garden, the glass walls of the rooftop greenhouse gleamed under the night sky. Shadows pressed against the panes-figures gathered, watching

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Ppp.

That was where the engagement was supposed to be.

Where Rowan and Cora stood.

And yet...

Their moment had been stolen.

By us.

1.2K

Finished

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

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3rd Person's POV

Finished

Relief flickered across Lylah's face. "So I didn't embarrass us?" she asked, her voice lighter now. Then, after a brief pause, something more uncertain slipped in. "Ezra... if I truly had forgotten that tonight was the First Night of Spring, would it have hurt you?"

"A little," Ezra admitted, his tone calm but honest. "But I wouldn't blame you." His gaze softened, though something deeper stirred beneath it. "Still... to make up for it, I would ask for something in return. A gift."

Lylah's brows arched.

A gift? What could she possibly offer a man who seemed to possess everything?

"Like what?" she asked cautiously.

Ezra leaned in, his lips brushing close to her ear as he whispered his answer.

Heat surged through her instantly, flooding her face as realization struck. She smacked his arm, mortified. "They can hear!"

Her thoughts betrayed her, dragging her back to that fevered night at the Moonclaw estate-when restraint had shattered, when instinct had ruled. The aftermath alone had been overwhelming. Ezra even caught a fever!

And now he was suggesting the same?

“You never learn,” she muttered under her breath, though her voice lacked true bite.

Ezra’s eyes darkened, his wolf rising just beneath the surface. “That night, we weren’t prepared. This time, I am.”

High above them, within the glass-walled greenhouse, the engagement carried on—but the soul of it had long since fractured.

Cora could feel that the air no longer belonged to her.

What should have been a night steeped in triumph now tasted sour-tainted by distraction, by whispers, by the lingering echo of something far more compelling that had unfolded below.

Orion’s voice, still laced with awe as he spoke of Lylah’s spectacle, grated against her senses like claws against bone.

Cora’s gaze smoldered as it swept across the guests, those very same wolves who had abandoned her moments ago, now indulging freely at her banquet as though nothing had happened.

“I know Lylah did that on purpose, Mother,” Cora whispered, venom coiled beneath each word. “She must have known about tonight. That’s why she chose this place, this exact moment. To steal it from me.” Her fingers curled into the silk of her gown. “How could someone be so vile?”

“Shh, darling.” Daia’s voice flowed like silk over steel as she dabbed gently at Cora’s scraped knee, her other

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hand fanning her daughter with practiced grace. “Don’t give her so much credit. Desperate females cling to spectacle when they have nothing else. Lylah needs stunts like that to keep feeding off her mate’s wealth. There’s no devotion in that bond, only transaction.”

Cora’s gaze sharpened, drifting toward Orion, who still lingered near the glass, watching the aftermath below with far too much interest.

“He said he saw Archer West down there,” she added, her voice lowering. “A key figure from Lunar Research Center. Lylah invited those influential wolves-of course, she did. She planned every detail to draw attention. To overshadow me, mother.”

Her nails pressed into her palm. “I won’t forget this.”

Time dragged on.

One hour. Then two. Then three.

The celebration dulled into something hollow.

Laughter turned sloppy, the air thick with the scent of spilled wine and overindulgent wolves. Even the moonlight filtering through the glass seemed dimmer now, as though the night itself had lost interest.

Cora remained seated, her expression composed. But beneath it, her wolf paced restlessly—fur bristling, teeth bared, fury simmering just beneath her skin.

All she wanted was to leave.

To escape this ruined night.

Before she could rise, a heavy presence lurched toward her.

Eldric.

The sharp tang of sour wine clung to the Alpha, his movements unsteady.

“Cora you foolish girl.” he slurred slightly, leaning closer. “I just realized Commander Ivar isn’t here.”

His brows furrowed, irritation cutting through the haze.

“How could you overlook inviting someone like him? Do you have any idea the advantage his presence would have given us?”

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Cora's POV

Finished

"I'm exhausted. Can we discuss this tomorrow?" I kept my voice level, though it scraped my throat like a suppressed growl.

"Tomorrow?" Eldric snapped, his voice cutting through the air. "No. The event is tonight, Cora. You're already behind." His eyes gleamed with drunken urgency. "I'll have a letter sent to Whitepine immediately. Ivar will see it!"

Pressure built behind my temples, sharp and relentless. My pride was already in tatters after Lylah's spectacle-and yet, of course, Father saw none of it. All that mattered to him was power. Alliances. Advantage. Even now, while the ruins of my engagement still smoldered around us.

With a sharp motion, he beckoned a guard forward.

"Write to Commander Ivar of Whitepine. Seal it in Cora's name. Deliver it at once," he ordered. His gaze hardened. "You can run fast, can't you?"

"Yes, Alpha."

Eldric gave a satisfied nod, as though the matter were already settled. "We cannot afford to lose an alliance with a man like him."

"I'm sure he still holds Cora in regard," Orion offered lightly, though there was tension beneath his tone. "It's late. Perhaps he'll respond tomorrow, Father."

I doubted that.

The memory of Commander Ivar's cold disapproval still lingered-sharp as winter frost. The moment he learned Rowan Blackfang was my mate. The moment he uncovered the truth about my lie... about claiming Jax as my biological father. That look had not been one of anger.

It had been worse.

Judgment.

And Eldric, drunk on power as much as wine, wouldn't allow so much as an explanation.

“I’m simply ensuring your sister doesn’t scheme behind our backs again,” he muttered, his words slurring but no less cutting. “That she doesn’t turn against her own blood.”

Mother nudged him sharply, a silent warning. Orion shifted, clearly uncomfortable.

But the damage was done.

Each word twisted where it landed.

Regret burned through me, sharp and unrelenting. I should never have feigned weakness yesterday- never lowered myself enough to beg for his presence.

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PPP

Never pretended I needed him.

“I need air,” I said curtly, no longer caring who heard.

I turned before anyone could respond and strode out of the greenhouse.

Finished

The moment I stepped onto the balcony, the night hit me-cold and biting. I dragged in a breath, but even the air felt like shards of glass in my lungs. My wolf stirred uneasily beneath my skin, hackles rising, instincts snapping to attention.

The door creaked open behind me.

The scent came first-Whitepine earth, stale and cloying, dragging the stench of my past behind it.

Rotting memories. Ties I should have ripped out at the root..

I spun around, my wolf bristling.

And there he stood.

Erik.

“Cora my lovely cousin...” His gaze roamed over me, slow and reverent, something unsettling flickering in his eyes. “You look... breathtaking tonight. By Selene, I thought I was looking at a goddess.”

He stepped toward me, drawn like a moth to flame.

I moved back instantly-faster than thought, faster than instinct-my body rejecting his presence before my mind could even catch up. His hand cut through empty air, and I felt a flicker of satisfaction at the

miss.

“Don’t you dare touch me.” My voice drops into something cold and cutting. “What the hell are you doing here? I didn’t invite you to my engagement.”

1.2K

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Cora’s POV

Filth like him-how dare he show his face here?

Finished

My wolf stirred beneath my skin, a low, offended growl curling through my chest. How had he even learned about tonight?

“Cora,” Erik said smoothly, as though we were still bound by something sacred. “You and Alpha Rowan are getting engaged. Of course, I came to offer my congratulations.” His gaze dragged over me, lingering too long, too familiarly. “We lived under the same roof once. And now look at you... a Luna wrapped in wealth and power.” His lips tilted. “Don’t you think it’s only fair to share a little with your old family?”

A brittle smile pulled at my mouth.

When he and his wretched parents crawled here from Whitepine, I had already given them money—more than enough to erase their existence from my life. And yet, like parasites, they returned. Always hungry. Always grasping.

“Erik,” I said softly, though steel threaded every syllable, “I am not the true daughter of your aunt Vala. That makes us nothing. Not family. Not even acquaintances worth remembering.”

His expression faltered.

“The days we shared that miserable hut?” My voice dropped, colder now, edged with something feral. “They’re centuries dead to me. You and your parents don’t exist in my world anymore.”

“Cora, why would you—”

“Don’t push your luck.”

The warning slipped free with a quiet snarl, my wolf pressing closer to the surface, baring its teeth through me. “You know what I am now. The Luna of Blackfang.” I stepped closer, letting my aura breathe. “If you irritate me, I can make you and your entire bloodline disappear without a trace.”

He froze.

Good.

“And one more thing,” I added, my voice lowering into something far more dangerous. “Never come to me again just to drag up that past. That life was hell. I buried it for a reason and I have no intention of digging it back up.”

I turned on my heel and walked away, refusing to grant him another glance.

Some wolves truly had no shame—leeches clinging to whatever power they could smell.

“Cora.”

My steps halted instantly.

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I looked up, and Rowan stood before me.

“Rowan?” My voice softened, the sharp edges melting away as quickly as they had risen.

Finished

“I heard you and your father talking about Commander Ivar earlier,” he said, his tone measured, but something tight coiled beneath it. His eyes searched mine. “Tell me the truth, did you leave him out of our engagement because... he doesn’t approve of me?”

“What?” I forced confusion into my expression, even as my pulse quickened.

“I’ve heard things, Cora.” Rowan continued, his jaw tightening slightly. “They say he’s not easily impressed. That only a handful of Alphas have ever earned his respect. And I know I’m not one of them.”

His gaze flickered, just for a second-but I caught it-the crack beneath the Alpha.

“Maybe because I wasn’t born into a legacy. I didn’t inherit power. Blackfang fell hard once. Everything I have now, I had to rip out of the jaws of failure-”

“Rowan,” I cut in gently. Cupping his face between my hands.

I shook my head. “No.”

The lie came smoothly, too smoothly.

“Commander Ivar isn’t a man who judges by wealth or lineage,” I said, keeping my voice soft, convincing. “And you-” I let my thumb brush against his cheek, anchoring him to me. “You are no less than any powerful Alpha standing in Verdanth today. Don’t diminish yourself like that.”

His scent shifted, uncertainty still lingering, though it weakened.

“He couldn’t attend because he’s busy,” I continued. “But I heard he’ll be visiting Lunar is soon, for a business event held by the engineers. You’ll have the chance to meet him then.”

“Really?” Rowan asked, searching my face like it held his truth.

I nodded.

Relief softened his features almost instantly.

“You’ve eased my mind,” he admitted, exhaling slowly. “I thought he didn’t see me as worthy enough to be your mate.”

Rowan had always been this way. An Alpha powerful enough to command any room-yet beneath it, a man who still listened for judgment, still measured his worth in the eyes of others.

He pulled me into an embrace, his arms firm around me. I returned it without hesitation.

But my thoughts were far from steady.

How long can I keep this buried?

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PPP.

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3rd Person's POV

Finished

Deep within the frost-laced silence of Whitepine Forest, the letter reached Commander Ivar's hands.

He barely spared it a glance: three seconds, no more. Then the parchment was cast aside, discarded like ash beside the hearth where embers pulsed with a low, steady glow.

Rune, his assistant, stepped forward, retrieving it without a word. His eyes skimmed the contents, "Lady Cora is officially engaged to Alpha Rowan of the Blackfang Pack. She extends her invitation... and would be grateful for your presence in Lunaris."

A heavy stillness settled over the room.

Ivar did not turn. His broad frame remained rigid as he faced the window.

"Not even in death," he said at last, his voice edged with iron, "would I attend."

The fire cracked softly, as though reacting to the weight of his words.

Rune lowered the letter.

He understood.

After the deception, after the lie Cora had woven so carefully, it was no surprise that even a man once revered as a War God of Verdanth could feel the sting of betrayal.

Ivar's jaw tightened, his gaze distant. "Tell me, Rune, why would I stand among those who have already forfeited my respect?"

He pause.

"Cora made her choice. And the male she's chosen..." A faint scoff followed. "Rowan Blackfang is no better. I've heard enough of his dealings since he set foot in Lunaris-clever, yes. But there is rot beneath it. Strategy without honor."

His shoulders remained squared. Yet beneath that iron composure lay something far more fragile—

Disappointment.

"She knew," he said under his breath. "She knew I wouldn't come... and still, she chose to pretend otherwise, clinging to empty hope."

The fire burned on.

Unanswered.

Meanwhile, high above the waking Lunaris, morning light spilled through the glass walls of the penthouse, soft gold brushing across steel and marble.

Lylah stirred. The world returned to her in fragments-warmth, ache, the faint scent of cedar and wild

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musk lingering against her skin.

Then memory followed. They hadn't made it to bed after leaving the garden.

Ezra had asked for his "gift." And he had taken it right there in the kitchen.

Her gaze flickered downward.

Finished

A thick fur blanket had been laid beneath her at some point, shielding her from the cold hardness of the counter. The space around her had been cleared, every sharp edge and object removed as though instinct –or perhaps possession-had demanded her safety even in the midst of chaos. And resting against her collarbone...

A necklace.

Ruby.

Deep, gleaming red, catching the morning light like a drop of frozen blood.

“Bambi...” she murmured, her voice still soft with sleep.

A small mechanical hum answered her as the hovering assistant glided into view.

“My sensor caught an intense fight in this area last night, Lylah,” the little machine chimed in its neutral tone. “Between you and my Daddy.”

Lylah froze.

Then flushed-violently.

“F-fight?” she echoed weakly.

Oh, Goddess.

Right. That’s what it had registered.

Mortification surged through her like wildfire.

She pushed herself upright and hurried out of the kitchen, only to find Ezra in the living room-composed, infuriatingly calm, as though the night hadn’t unraveled into something wild and consuming.

Without hesitation, she lunged. Her wolf surged with her, fast and instinctive. She sank her teeth into his arm. Not hard enough to harm, but enough to punish.

Ezra hissed softly, more amused than pained, turning toward her with a slow, indulgent smile.

“My love,” he murmured, voice threaded with velvet and heat, “is this your way of holding a grudge?”

“Ezra,” she snapped, pulling back, her eyes blazing despite the lingering flush on her cheeks, “what am I supposed to do now? Every sensor in this house heard everything.” She groaned, dragging a hand over her face. “I can’t even look at Bambi without wanting to disappear.”

His amusement deepened.

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A low, pleased rumble stirred in his chest. "I'll take care of it," he said simply.

Relief flickered across her face.

"You mean you'll control yourself next time?" she pressed, narrowing her eyes. "And stop demanding... sex... wherever and whenever you please?"

"No."

Her relief shattered instantly.

Ezra's smile sharpened, something primal glinting beneath the surface.

"Why would I? I'll just reprogram Bambi and the others," he continued smoothly. "So they forget."

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3rd Person's POV

Finished

He said it so casually-as if rewriting memory itself were no more troublesome than adjusting a line of code.

Lylah stared at him, equal parts exasperated and relieved. For all his brilliance, there was something unsettling about the ease with which he shaped the world around him. Thank the Moon Goddess he created machines... not living souls.

"You're truly vile, Daddy," she muttered, jabbing a finger lightly against his chest.

"And Ezra," she added, tilting her head as her fingers brushed the necklace resting against her throat, "why did I wake up with a ruby around my neck? When did you decide to buy me another gift?"

The gem shimmered like captured blood, warm against her skin.

"For getting eleven marks from the judge and winning the paper competition," he replied.

Lylah huffed, though amusement danced in her eyes. "You already gave me something on the Night of Renewal. And much more before that. At this rate, our bedroom is going to look like a pirate's treasure hoard."

Ezra's lips curved, "And I intend to give you far more." His voice dipped, laced with quiet certainty. "I'm wealthy, Lylah. My Luna doesn't live modestly, especially when everything I do is for her."

Her wolf stirred faintly at his words, restless, possessive, yet oddly pleased.

Indeed a wealthy Alpha... and utterly incorrigible.

Lylah shook her head, knowing full well nothing she said would ever temper him. So instead, she leaned into it, a spark of mischief lighting her expression.

"Then you'd better prepare yourself. I haven't truly begun to show you my feisty Luna side yet."

By afternoon, Lylah was already back at Lunar Grace, seated across from Thane Blackridge as they finalized revisions for their publication.

On the surface, everything was as it should be-papers aligned, ink drying, logic sharpened into elegant

arguments.

But her focus was fractured.

Her gaze kept drifting to her phone.

Silent.

A faint unease curled low in her chest, her wolf pacing restlessly beneath her skin. Tiara's absence wasn't normal. She was the type to chatter, to reach out first, to fill the quiet with her chatter. But it had been

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PPP.

three days: no messages, no replies, nothing.

Lylah had even sent a letter to Tiara's grandmother.

Still nothing.

Finished

"This isn't right," she murmured inwardly, ears flattening in instinctive warning. 'Something's wrong since Tiara returned to Blackfang.

"Lylah."

Thane's voice cut through her thoughts, pulling her back. "I think that's enough for today." He leaned back slightly, studying her revised work. "I've gone through everything and you did incredibly well."

She blinked, refocusing.

"And congratulations," he added, a faint smile tugging at his lips. "Publishing in your first year as a student isn't something many future healers achieve."

"Thank you," she replied softly.

Now that she truly looked at him, she noticed the shadows beneath his eyes. He must have stayed late at Cora's engagement.

Her phone remained in her hand.

Still no notification.

Thane continued, his tone shifting slightly. "About what I mentioned before... about searching for your real parents-

Her phone rang.

The sound sliced through the air like a sudden crack of thunder.

Lylah didn't even check the name.

Her wolf surged forward instantly, adrenaline spiking through her veins. She shot to her feet, chair scraping softly against the floor.

"Sorry-I need to take this."

Without waiting for a response, she hurried out, pulse quickening, instincts flaring.

1.2K

0:32 amp pp

The Betrayed Princess Rising

Ruby Walker

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

Chapter 358

Lylah's POV

I thought it was Tiara. I was already bracing myself, questions lining up in my mind, sharp and demanding. Where had she been? Why had she gone silent? What happened in Blackfang?

But the moment the voice came through, everything in me stilled.

It was Ezra.

Finished

"Y-you're at the border between Lunaris and Moonclaw right now?" The words tumbled out before I could stop them, panic lacing every syllable. "What happened? Are you hurt?"

"Not me," he replied, calm-but too calm. That alone made my pulse spike. "But Damon. One of my guards found him unconscious there. We're taking him to my family's treatment center now. Zyrelle will come get you."

"I'm coming," I said immediately.

Zyrelle arrived within minutes.

The drive felt endless, every second stretching tight with unease. My wolf paced relentlessly beneath my skin, claws scraping against instinct, sensing something deeply wrong.

By the time we reached the treatment center, the tension in the air was suffocating.

Moonclaw guards filled the entrance—too many of them. Their scents were sharp with agitation, their postures rigid, eyes scanning like predators bracing for war.

Damon.

I hadn't seen Ezra's Beta in some time.

But this... this wasn't normal.

Something had happened.

Something really bad.

"Explain it clearly."

Grandfather Vargan's voice thundered down the corridor.

I spotted him at the far end, standing beside Ezra and one of the healers. The air around them felt heavy, thick with authority and restrained fury. I moved without thinking.

The moment I reached Ezra, I grabbed his hand—and he pulled me into his arms instantly, as if anchoring himself.

"Y-yes, Master Vargan," the healer began, her voice taut with strain. "I've completed the initial examination of Beta Damon... and we found an extreme concentration of Silverroot Lustvine in his bloodstream."

1/3

PPP.

10:32 am

Chapter 358

Finished

My breath caught.

Silverroot Lustvine.

Even the name made my wolf recoil.

A forbidden plant. Potent. Dangerous. Known to ignite desire into something uncontrollable-something

savage.

“It seems it was administered forcefully,” the healer continued. “His body responded, but his mind resisted. The strain has caused severe neurological trauma.”

A chill slid down my spine.

“Describe the state he was found in,” Vargan ordered.

A guard stepped forward, his expression grim. “He was bare, Master. With a dagger in his hand. Positioned as though he intended to-” he hesitated, jaw tightening, “-cut himself.”

Horror flooded through me.

My wolf let out a low, distressed whine.

To fight something that powerful, to the point of turning a blade against his own vital point...

Damon must have endured a living hell before he finally succumbed to unconsciousness.

“Who the hell dares do that to the Beta of Moonclaw Pack?” Vargan roared, his voice laced with lethal fury.

Then something shifted in his expression-realization striking hard.

“It was only yesterday that the Moon Phase began when every wolf feels that overwhelming pull toward their mate,” he muttered. “Damon hasn’t even found his yet.” His gaze darkened. “And even if he had... why would he fight it like that? Why would he go so far as to try to cut off his own manhood?”

“Not his mate,” Vargan concluded sharply. “This wasn’t a bond.” His eyes turned cold. “This was manipulation.”

The room seemed to tighten.

Ezra hadn’t spoken.

But I felt the shift in his aura.

It rolled off him now-dark, suffocating, threaded with something lethal.

This was wrath.

Controlled.

Deadly.

武

10:32 am

Chapter 358

ppp

“Someone wanted to use him,” Vargan said grimly. “To break him. Or worse.”

Footsteps echoed rapidly down the corridor.

Finished

“Ezra!” Zyrelle’s voice cut through the tension as she rushed toward us, a tablet clutched tightly in her hand. “We have results from the investigation.”

Ezra didn’t move, but the air around him dropped several degrees. “Speak.”

Her voice steadied, though urgency bled through. “We have a name. Beatrix. She’s a she-wolf native to Lunaris,” Zyrelle continued. “Runs multiple pleasure houses and night establishments. According to witnesses... she’s had her eyes on your Beta for quite some time.”

My stomach twisted.

“And last night,” Zyrelle finished, her voice tightening, “on the first night of the spring phase... she made her raove.”

1.2K

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10:32 am

The Betrayed Princess Rising

Ruby Walker

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

Chapter 359

Ezra's POV

Finished

The image of Damon's body crumpled against damp earth, stripped of dignity, burned into my mind like a brand.

My Beta. Reduced to something feral. Broken. Driven to the edge of madness. When my wolf had led me to him, I hadn't believed what I was seeing. Even now, part of me rejected it.

This wasn't just an attack. But an insult. One that cut straight through the name of Moonclaw.

Beatrix.

The name scraped across my nerves like rusted claws. Ragnar stirred inside me, a low, vicious growl building in his chest. He didn't want justice.

He wanted blood.

"First, she got him drunk," Zyrelle said, her voice tight with controlled anger. "Then she lured him into a private room and forced the drug into his system. Without it, Damon would never have touched her. She knew that."

Of course, he wouldn't have.

Damon-who had sworn not to take a mate until Moonclaw stood unchallenged at its peak. Damon-whose loyalty was carved into bone.

"And she wasn't acting alone," Zyrelle continued. "A bartender assisted her. He's already confessed. Damon fought back when she tried to force him, kicked her off."

My jaw tightened.

Even drugged, he resisted.

"But once the Silverroot Lustvine took hold," she continued, her voice tightening, "his wolf lost itself to the overwhelming need to mate. He ran, but she chased him relentlessly. To keep from surrendering, Damon turned on himself. He tore into his own flesh, using pain to anchor his mind and hold on to what little control he had left."

Ragnar snarled.

I could feel the desperation, the war inside him. The instinct to claim... fighting against the will to refuse.

“Even then,” Zyrelle said, quieter now, “Beatrix didn’t stop. She was determined to–”

“Enough.” Vargan’s voice rang out like a crashing avalanche. “This is the gravest insult Moonclaw has ever suffered. To defile the blood of our honorable Beta.”

Something inside me snapped.

My vision sharpened, edges bleeding red.

10:32 am

Chapter 359

PPP.

Finished

“Where is she?” My voice dropped, cold and lethal.

Zyrelle didn’t hesitate. “Our guards have her. She’s being held outside.”

I was already moving.

The moment I stepped onto the lawn, the air shifted.

Guards parted instantly, their heads lowering as I passed. At the center of the clearing, they revealed the female.

Beatrix.

Silver chains bound her wrists, the metal biting into her skin, suppressing her wolf. Blood stained the corner of her mouth. Her face was bruised, her body forced to its knees in the dirt. Beside her, the bartender trembled.

He saw me first-and broke.

“Alpha Ezra, please!” he cried, scrambling forward before fear drove him flat against the ground. “Spare me! She forced me into it! I had no choice! She threatened to take everything from me-my work, my livelihood-”

Vargan’s boot slammed into his back, silencing him with a choked gasp.

I didn’t spare him another glance.

My focus was already locked on her.

Beatrix lifted her head.

Despite everything—despite the chains, the blood, the crushing pressure of my presence—she met my gaze.

Her wolf flickered beneath her skin, defiant.

Delusional.

“I love your Beta, Alpha,” she said, her voice unsteady but stubbornly bold. “I didn’t think... I didn’t think he would go that far. That he would rather hurt himself than take me.” Her lips trembled. “We’ve shared drinks before. Laughed together. He never rejected me outright...”

“Whore,” Vargan said, his voice laced with lethal disdain. “Our Beta is built on honor. You are nothing but filth dressed in skin. You thought he would debase himself, sink that low, to rut with a creature like you?”

She flinched—but only for a second.

Then she straightened as much as the chains allowed.

“He hasn’t found his mate yet,” she shot back, reckless now. “And how do you know I’m not the one? It’s not impossible.”

2/31

10:32 am Ppp.

Chapter 359

Her eyes burned with obsession.

SA

Finished

“I didn’t act without reason. I felt his wolf growing restless, driven, searching for its mate. It was the Moon’s fertility phase. That pull, that hunger...” her lips curved faintly, almost feverish, “I knew it was me he was searching for. So I led him straight to me.”

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

## Chapter 360

### Lylah's POV

my skin as Rage surged through me, sudden and feral, my wolf snapping awake beneath Beatrix's words sank in. I didn't need to measure Ezra's fury; I could feel it, a distant echo of something vast and predatory, answering the same call rising in my blood. Every offense against our Pack members was a wound from which we both bled.

And this... this wasn't just an insult.

It was something far more unforgivable.

"It's only natural," Beatrix went on, her voice trembling but stubborn, "for a male wolf his age to find his mate. I didn't steal him from another she-wolf. I didn't defy Selene's will. Damon and I could have settled this ourselves. So why won't you, Alpha Ezra, let this go?"

I stepped forward before I could stop myself, my wolf bristling beneath my skin. "You want to know why?" My voice cut through the air, edged with fury. "Because what you did wasn't just a crime against our Pack—it was a violation of Damon himself. You poisoned him. The trauma you forced into him won't simply fade. It's not something any healer can erase."

My gaze locked onto hers, unyielding.

"Luna..." she breathed, studying me now.

"I can't accept him even if he were broken," she continued, her tone shifting into something ngly earnest. "When he recovers, I'll take him with me. I'll care for him as his mate."

Rage clawed its way up my throat, raw and unrestrained. "We will never hand our Beta over to a monster like you."

"I am not a monster!" she snapped, her wolf flashing wildly beneath her skin. "I only wanted to prove

he's mine! I felt it-I know he's my mate! I never wanted him to hurt himself like that!" Her voice cracked, guilt bleeding through obsession. "Seeing him like that... it broke me too!"

Before I could respond, Ezra's voice cut in. His tone was controlled.

But beneath it, something vast and catastrophic stirred-like a storm straining against its cage.

“Do you?” he asked.

She swallowed. “Yes... Alpha.”

“Then make it right.”

The command dropped like a blade.

“Guards,” he said, each word precise, lethal, “take her. Give her the same dose she forced into Damon. Lock her in a cell.”

“No!” Beatrix’s composure shattered instantly. Panic flooded her face, her body straining against the silver chains as her wolf howled in terror. “I won’t survive it! Alpha, please!”

“Not alone,” Grandfather Vargan added coldly, his voice carrying the weight of ancient authority. “Put her in with a male who is not her mate. Let her face the madness she so carelessly unleashed- and see what becomes of her when it devours her mind.”

The guards moved without hesitation.

Beatrix thrashed, her screams turning feral as they dragged her away, claws scraping uselessly against the earth. Fear had finally stripped her of delusion.

“Wait.” Ezra’s voice halted them.

The air stilled.

Even the wind seemed to recoil.

“You are not Damon’s mate,” he said, his tone final. “Cling to that delusion if you wish. But if you don’t let it go... Moonclaw will make sure you forget it.”

The words landed like a death sentence.

Color drained from Beatrix’s face, her resistance faltering as realization finally took hold.

Then she was gone-dragged beyond sight, though her screams lingered, echoing through the grounds long after.

Silence followed.

Grandfather Vargan turned to me, some of the iron in his expression softening.

“We must have frightened you, Lylah,” he said, his voice quieter now. “Forgive us. But this...” His gaze darkened. “This is the first time Moonclaw has been so openly defied by a whore. She must be reminded exactly where she stands.”

1.3K

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