

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

Chapter 391

Lylah's POV

Finished

Vanessa guided me through the grand hall before stopping near a quieter section overlooking the stage.

“Luna, this is the seat Alpha Ezra prepared for you.”

My gaze swept across the enormous ballroom. Rows of prestigious seats occupied the front center directly beneath the crystal lights, exposed to every camera flash and every pair of watching eyes. Those seats were clearly reserved for the most honored guests.

Earlier, I had silently prayed Ezra wouldn't place me there.

And somehow... he already knew.

The seat he chose for me rested slightly away from the blinding spotlight while still offering a perfect view of the stage and the gathering.

Warmth brushed softly against my chest.

Vanessa smiled knowingly beside me. “Alpha Ezra is currently with the Research Center team. But if you'd like, I can take you to him.”

I shook my head lightly as I sat down. “He's working.” A faint smile touched my lips. “If you can survive tonight without clinging to your mate, then I can too.”

Vanessa laughed quietly.

As time passed, more guests flooded into the hall.

The scent of powerful wolves thickened the air-cedarwood, expensive liquor, silver smoke, rain-soaked leather. Dominant auras brushed against one another like unseen claws testing territory beneath polished civility.

I wasn't paying much attention to the arrivals at first.

Until suddenly,

“Luna Lylah,” Vanessa whispered excitedly, gripping my arm. “Look.”

I blinked toward the entrance.

“Grandpa?”

My heart softened instantly.

Grandpa Vargan stood near the entrance beneath the towering chandeliers, his face split by a broad smile as he lifted a hand toward me. Beside him stood Commander Ivar, his eyes sharp as moonlit steel even amidst

the crowd.

I waved back immediately.

1/2

13:07 Wed, May 13

Chapter 391

Finished

Vanessa leaned closer with obvious amusement. “I can’t believe the Lord of Moonclaw can smile like that. I heard Alpha Ezra barely receives half that warmth.” She grinned teasingly. “I suppose that side of him is reserved for you only, Luna.”

A quiet laugh slipped past my lips. “Honestly, I was also terrified of meeting Ezra’s grandfather when we first got together.”

Before Vanessa could reply, another disturbance erupted near the entrance.

A wave of camera flashes exploded across the ballroom like white lightning.

Reporters surged forward in a frenzy, voices overlapping as scents of excitement and ambition flooded the air.

Even several wolves nearby instinctively turned toward the commotion.

The atmosphere shifted immediately.

Power had entered the room.

I narrowed my eyes slightly, trying to see through the swarm of bodies and flashing lights.

“That’s Alpha Rowan Blackfang and his Luna,” Vanessa explained.

“Ah,” I murmured simply.

Vanessa continued.

“Hm, no wonder the media’s swarming them like that,” She said, watching the frenzy of reporters surrounding Rowan and Cora. “Alpha Rowan is practically the face of tonight’s venture. After dragging Blackfang Pack from the brink of collapse to the top through the tech industry, he’s become one of the most successful Alphas in Verdanth. And with his recent proposal to Lady Cora, the two of them become golden couple overnight.”

Across the ballroom, Rowan stood beneath the golden lights with Cora at his side while reporters circled them endlessly.

They looked flawless beneath the cameras.

“They deserve that spotlight,” I said calmly, untouched by envy, untouched by jealousy.

Those old wounds had long turned to ash beneath the moon,

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13:07 Wed, May 13 MSO

The Betrayed Princess Rising

Ruby Walker

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Chapter 392

3rd Person’s POV

Fisher

The golden glow of the ballroom reflected across polished marble as Ivar’s sharp gaze swept over the gathering once more. His eyes settled on Lylah. On where she was seated.

A faint crease formed between his brows.

“Why is she sitting there?” he asked quietly, though the dangerous weight beneath his voice carried easily over the soft music.

Lylah’s seat was positioned away from the center platform, where the honored guests sat beneath the brightest chandeliers and under the constant attention of cameras. It still held prestige, but not the place Ivar believed she deserved.

She was Luna of Moonclaw. Mate to the most powerful Alpha in Lunaris. Even in all of Verdanth. If anyone belonged beneath the spotlight tonight, it was her. Not these preening fools wrapped in silk and politics.

Beside him, Vargan chuckled softly, already understanding the direction of Ivar’s thoughts.

“I’m certain Ezra chose that seat himself,” he replied. “Lylah dislikes unnecessary attention.” A quiet warmth entered his expression as he looked toward her. “That girl is unique. She does kindness without ever seeking recognition for it. Half the good she’s done for others, she never even speaks of.”

Ivar remained silent for a moment, studying Lylah from afar.

“Are you sure she’s comfortable there?” Ivar asked again, “You seem to know your granddaughter rather well.”

Vargan’s smile deepened with unmistakable fondness.

“Before I ever approached her as Ezra’s grandfather, I tested her first.” Amusement flickered through his old eyes. “I disguised myself as nothing more than a ragged wanderer. I wanted to see how she treated wolves who had nothing to offer her.”

The memory clearly pleased him.

“She treated me with more kindness than most nobles show their own kin,” Vargan continued. “Even after she learned who I truly was, nothing about her changed.” Pride threaded through his voice. “That was the day I knew Ezra had chosen correctly, not only a mate for himself, but a true Luna for Moonclaw.”

Something ancient stirred behind Ivar’s gaze.

Pride.

‘Jax’s blood truly lived within her.

Not merely in strength.

But in character.

“Commander Ivar.” The voice cut cleanly through the moment.

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13:07 Wed, May 13 MJO

Chapter 392

70

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Ivar turned.

And instantly, the temperature around him seemed to plummet.

Standing several feet away was the one face that had haunted his thoughts ever since the truth surfaced.

Eldric of Ironcrest.

The wolf Ivar had already imagined tearing apart with his own claws.

The old Commander’s wolf surged violently beneath his skin.

Silver flashed through his eyes like moonlight striking drawn steel.

“It’s an honor to meet you in person finally,” Eldric said smoothly, utterly blind to the death coiling in the air around him. “I’ve hoped for this opportunity for years.”

“Father!” Cora’s voice snapped through the tension, panic immediately sharpening her scent. “I told you to wait outside. What are you doing?”

But Eldric either didn’t notice-or didn’t care.

Instead, he stepped forward with the confidence of a fool walking willingly toward a starving beast.

“I know you’ve always favored my daughter Cora,” Eldric continued proudly. “She’s exceptional. I raised her well.” His hand gestured toward Orion. “And this is my son. Orion.”

Without hesitation, he pushed Orion slightly forward.

“He’ll carry on my legacy one day,” Eldric declared. “He’s strong. Disciplined. An honorable warrior with a sharp mind. Rare qualities among young wolves these days.” A smug smile tugged at his lips. “I’m certain you’ll grow fond of him as well.”

The growl that rumbled through Ivar’s chest was low enough to shake the crystal glasses nearby.

Then, two guards moved.

Fast.

They seized Eldric before he could utter another word. The Alpha of Ironcrest barely had time to react before powerful hands locked onto his arms and dragged him backward across the marble floor.

“W-What is the meaning of this?!” Eldric barked furiously.

No one answered him.

Ivar’s silver eyes glowed with lethal light as he watched Eldric being dragged away.

‘Kill him.’

The command echoed savagely through Ivar’s veins.

‘Kill the bastard who made Lylah suffer.’

2/3

13:07 Wed, May 13 M

Chapter 392

Finished

‘Kill the mastermind behind every cruel game, every lie, every wound carved into her life.’

‘Kill him now.’

For one terrifying moment, it truly seemed the old Commander might shift right there in the center of the ballroom.

How dare that bastard stand before him?

If not for Lylah-if not for the scandal it could drag onto her name-Ivar would have slaughtered Eldric where he stood.

But even Eldric’s death was not worth staining Lylah’s future.

So instead of painting the marble floor with Ironcrest blood, Ivar forced himself to endure the one thing his wolf despised most.

Restraint.

3/3

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Chapter 393

3rd Person's POV

Finished

Rowan Blackfang watched coldly as Eldric was dragged away across the ballroom floor like a disgraced

mutt.

Fool.

Rowan thought.

Pathetic.

He exhaled slowly and loosened the collar of his suit. His upcoming speech lingered at the edge of his thoughts, but his throat felt dry beneath the weight of the atmosphere.

So Rowan drifted toward one of the crystal-lined tables and reached for a glass of white wine, only for another figure to step beside him at the same moment.

Rowan's lips curved faintly as he lifted the glass. "Well, look who it is. Logan Silver... my old friend."

Logan's expression remained unreadable. "We were never friends."

Rowan gave a soft hum of amusement. "No?" He swirled the wine slowly in his glass. "That's strange. I seem to remember us building an entire tech project together before you shoved me aside and finished everything behind my back." His gaze sharpened faintly. "You left me with nothing to do. Pushed me out of the very thing we created."

Logan's jaw tightened.

But Rowan only smirked.

“Fortunately, I no longer need anyone.” His voice lowered with dangerous confidence. “On my own, I created something this world has never seen before.”

“The prototype healer system?” Logan asked grimly. “Rowan, we already discussed those models before. Only one percent of the trials succeeded. The rest failed catastrophically.” His wolf stirred uneasily beneath his skin. “If you release unstable artificial intelligence into medical treatment, wolves could die.”

“But imagine what happens if it succeeds,” Rowan replied softly.

There it was again.

That frightening gleam in his eyes.

Madness.

Conviction.

“The impossible always sounds dangerous before someone achieves it.”

Logan Silver stared at him for a long moment, disappointment slowly settling across his features. “You

0:39 am PP

Chapter 393

only ever think about your own gain. I regret we ever worked together.”

A quiet laugh slipped from Rowan’s throat.

Finished

“You served the Lunar Research Center before. Which means sooner or later, you were always going to become Ezra’s loyal dog.” His eyes flickered coldly. “Of course you’d stand here preaching morality to me

now.”

Then Rowan turned and walked away without another glance.

Not long after, the announcer’s voice echoed through the ballroom, calling his name.

The ballroom quieted instantly.

Rowan set his glass down and walked toward the stage.

The moment he stepped beneath the light, every gaze in the room shifted toward him. But Rowan barely noticed any of them. His eyes found only one person.

Lylah.

Seated beneath the softer edge of the chandeliers, far from the center despite being the Luna of Moonclaw

now.

Even from a distance, Rowan felt his wolf go still.

‘Beautiful.”

The word slipped through him like an old wound reopening.

For one suspended moment, the ballroom vanished entirely. Only memories remained.

Rowan remembered she smiled brightly beneath Blackfang moonlight while speaking about healing the sick. Saying she would become the greatest healer in Verdanth one day.

And he had promised he would help her achieve it no matter what.

The ache beneath his ribs sharpened.

Then Rowan finally spoke.

“What I present tonight...” His deep voice carried smoothly across the ballroom. “Was inspired by someone very important to my life.”

A strange silence settled over the crowd.

Even the wolves seemed to listen.

Rowan began explaining the invention in detail-the adaptive medical intelligence system capable of identifying thousands of illnesses, analyzing symptoms within seconds, and generating precise treatment pathways beyond ordinary healer limitations.

Gasps spread quietly through the audience as holographic displays illuminated the ballroom walls.

2/4

10:39 am P

Chapter 393

Finished

By the time Rowan finished speaking, the ballroom erupted into thunderous applause.

Several wolves even rose to their feet.

But Rowan heard almost none of it.

Because his gaze remained locked on Lylah.

His chest tightened painfully.

‘Can you see it now, little moon?’

‘I finally built everything I once dreamed of.

His wolf stirred restlessly beneath his skin, heavy with something dangerously close to grief.

‘But why did I choose this invention?’

‘Why healing?’

The answer had always been her.

Because once upon a time, Lylah had smiled at him with stars in her eyes and spoken about her very dream. And Rowan had severed it with his own hand.

The applause continued around him like distant thunder.

Lylah.

Lylah.

Lylah.

Even now, she was the center of every unfinished thing inside him.

Then suddenly,

Soft arms wrapped tightly around him.

Rowan blinked, dragged violently back into the present.

“Rowan...” Cora sobbed against his chest, clinging to him as cameras flashed wildly around them. “Thank you... Your speech was beautiful.” Her voice trembled emotionally. “I always knew you created all of this because of me. Because your Luna will become a healer someday. Rowan, I love you.”

Rowan said nothing.

Beneath the applause, something old and broken bled quietly inside him.

0:39 am P P

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Chapter 394

3rd Person's POV

‘Pathetic. Someone needs to drag those two idiots off the stage already.’

Finished

Archer West looked one breath away from shifting right there backstage, his wolf snarling violently beneath his skin as Rowan and Cora soaked in the applause like royalty basking beneath borrowed light.

‘Yeah,’ Zephyr muttered from beside him, folding his arms. “What did they think this was? A mating ceremony show?”

Several engineers from the Lunaris Research Center snorted in agreement.

Only Ezra said nothing.

He stood beneath the dim lights, tall and terrifyingly still, while the distant roar of applause echoed through the grand hall.

He understood exactly what Rowan had just done.

That speech, those lingering looks, the carefully crafted emotion threaded through every word.

None of it had been accidental.

Rowan was trying to dig open graves that should have remained buried, trying to pull Lylah back toward a past she had already forgotten. The realization sent something cold and predatory slithering through Ezra's veins.

‘Forget it. He’s nothing special anyway,” Archer continued, trying to lighten the mood. “Alpha, once your presentation starts, everyone here will finally see what a real masterpiece looks like. Rowan Blackfang can’t compare.”

Ezra remained silent.

Only when the announcer called the Lunaris Research Center to the stage did Ezra finally move.

Archer followed half a step behind him instinctively.

The moment Ezra emerged beneath the ballroom lights, the atmosphere shifted.

Conversations quieted on instinct. Every honored guest straightened subtly in their seats.

Meanwhile, seated among the honored guests, Rowan watched with narrowed eyes.

“That’s the Moonclaw bastard. Lylah’s mate,” he murmured coldly, swirling the wine in his glass. “Without his pack name, he’d be nothing. He wouldn’t survive a week in the tech world, let alone stand where he is

now.”

“I know. I met Alpha Ezra a few days ago at a boutique,” Cora said with a faint pout, displeasure sharpening her scent. “At first, I thought he was as noble as everyone claimed.” Her lips curled slightly. “Turns out he’s just as vile as she is.”

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Chapter 394

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Rowan barely heard her.

His gaze remained locked onto the stage.

Then Cora blinked suddenly. “Wait...” Confusion crossed her face. “Why is someone guiding him, Rowan?” Her brows furrowed. “He can’t see?”

Yesterday at the boutique, Ezra’s vision had appeared perfectly normal.

Rowan’s lips curled slowly.

“I already looked into it,” he said coldly. “He’s not truly blind. A pathetic heir and a liar who doesn’t deserve an ounce of respect.” Mockery sharpened every word. “But tonight will be the end of him.”

He leaned back lazily in his seat, confidence radiating from him.

“This audience already witnessed the peak after my presentation. No matter what Ezra does now, he won’t impress anyone.”

Yet despite his confidence, Rowan’s wolf remained restless beneath his skin.

Because the atmosphere surrounding Ezra felt wrong.

Too calm.

Like the stillness before an avalanche.

Then Rowan noticed it again.

Ezra’s gaze.

Ezra looked only toward Lylah. And she-bathed beneath the softer edge of the chandeliers-gave him the faintest nod.

A quiet reassurance.

Something ugly twisted violently inside Rowan’s chest.

His claws pressed into the velvet armrest hard enough to tear the fabric beneath his fingers.

Then Ezra finally spoke.

“I won’t waste everyone’s time with a long speech tonight.” His voice was low and smooth, yet the entire ballroom fell silent instantly beneath it.

A faint glimmer appeared behind him as the massive screen flickered to life.

“Instead,” he said calmly, “I thought I’d show you all a movie.”

213

0:39 am P

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Chapter 395

3rd Person's POV

Finished

“A movie?” Rowan scoffed from his seat, the corner of his mouth curling with ridicule. “What kind of pathetic stunt is this?”

Confidence still sat heavily in his chest.

After all, the ballroom had already witnessed his presentation. In Rowan's mind, Ezra must have realized there was no possibility of surpassing him tonight. So instead, the Moonclaw Alpha had chosen theatrics.

Sympathy.

A cheap emotional performance.

Beside him, Cora folded her arms lightly, clearly unimpressed as well. Around them, several nobles exchanged uncertain glances while the massive screen behind the stage slowly brightened.

Then the film began.

A footage of Lunaris appeared beneath the dim ballroom lights.

The city looked almost unrecognizable. Old roads. Faded infrastructure. Sparse lighting beneath winter- gray skies.

A younger Lunaris-beautiful, but undeveloped.

Rowan leaned back lazily in his chair. “Now he's bringing up history?” he muttered with amusement. “Ten years ago I was fighting to keep Blackfang from collapsing into ruin.” His eyes remained fixed on the screen. “Meanwhile, he was probably living comfortably beneath his precious family name.”

Then the narrator spoke.

The voice was calm. Native to Lunaris by the accent.

“Lunaris City stood at the heart of Verdanth... yet despite its location, it lagged far behind the surrounding

territories.”

Images shifted across the screen. Crowded healer stations. Broken communication systems. Borders guarded only by exhausted patrol wolves.

“It’s only true pride was the legendary Academy of Lunar Grace.”

Then the narrator continued.

“Until a mysterious young inventor arrived before the High Council with a strange prototype that no official fully understood. He claimed his invention would allow us to communicate instantly across long distances... between territories.... between packs... across all of Verdanth.”

The footage changed rapidly after that.

1/4

0:39 am

Chapter 395

The birth of the first communication devices.

Followed by the expansion of Lunaris technology.

Smart border systems.

Automated security networks.

Medical support systems.

Transportation grids.

Technology is spreading through Verdanth like silver fire beneath moonlight.

Finished

“All of it was born from the mind of Ezra. And later... with the wolves who stood beside him at the Lunaris Research Center. At the time, there were only five engineers.”

Rowan’s fingers tightened violently around his wine glass.

“No,.” he breathed.

The next scene appeared.

A remote pack territory swallowed beneath snow and darkness.

Blackmaw Pack.

Emergency alarms blared through the screen as rogue wolves attacked the outer borders, the footage shook with chaos.

There are growls. Blood. Pups crying.

Then,

The newly installed security network is activated.

Silver lights spread across the borderlines like glowing veins beneath the earth.

Warnings echoed automatically through every household.

“The scent-detection system developed by Lunar Research Center allowed Blackmaw Pack to identify rogue intrusions before attacks could fully breach the territory.”

Onscreen, frightened wolves rushed to safety while warriors mobilized with impossible speed.

“For the first time, outer settlements gained enough warning to defend themselves.”

Silence swallowed the ballroom whole as the scenes continued changing.

A small isolated territory appeared next.

Stardust Pack.

2/4

0:39 am

Chapter 395

The narrator spoke softly this time.

“Stardust Pack once lived almost completely disconnected from the outside world.”

Finished

The footage showed elderly wolves traveling days through dangerous forests simply to deliver messages or obtain medicine. Then the screen shifted again.

Communication towers.

Signal systems.

Technology installations.

Young engineers carrying equipment through mountain paths beneath snowfall.

“Lunaris Research Center introduced communication systems to Stardust free of charge.”

By now, the ballroom had fallen deathly still.

The screen flickered once more.

And suddenly,

The setting changed completely.

An elegant penthouse interior appeared under warm golden light.

At first, confusion rippled through the audience.

Then the camera moved.

Smoothly.

Naturally.

As if the viewers themselves were walking through the room. A soft mechanical humming filled the speakers.

Realization dawned slowly across the ballroom.

The footage was being recorded from the perspective of a machine.

A robot.

Then a gentle feminine voice drifted through the speakers.

“Bambi?”

The figure stepped into view.

Lylah.

A visible stir swept through the crowd instantly.

3/4

Chapter 395

Finished

She was smiling in the recording, dressed casually beneath the warm homey lights, her hair falling loosely over her shoulders.

“Can you show me the nearest grocery store?” Lylah asked lightly while tying her hair back.

The machine tilted obediently.

A holographic map instantly projected across the kitchen counter.

Gasps spread throughout the ballroom.

Someone near the back whispered in disbelief-

“That’s really incredible.”

4/4

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Chapter 396

3rd Person’s POV

85

Finished

“Ezra said Damon still needed time to restock the groceries,” Lylah said softly in the recording. “So I wanted to help.”

It was from the very beginning. The day she and Ezra finalized their mating license. The first day she stepped into that penthouse as his mate.

The footage shifted again.

Scene after scene unfolded beneath the dim ballroom lights. Not grand displays of wealth.

Just life. A warm, intimate life.

The camera-through the eyes of the machine-moved quietly through the penthouse, capturing fragments of ordinary moments that somehow felt unbearably personal.

Their quiet conversations late at night.

Her laughter drifted through rooms wrapped in silver city lights.

The sophistication of the technology was astonishing, but gradually, the audience stopped focusing on that. Because the true thing being displayed before them was not the machine.

It was the life Ezra had built around his mate.

And Rowan felt something savage begin clawing through his chest.

“You may think the communication systems introduced to Lunaris were Ezra’s first invention,” the machine narrated calmly.

A soft mechanical hum echoed through the ballroom. “But they were not.”

The screen flickered gently.

“It was me.”

A stunned silence spread across the hall.

“He created me with his own hands long before the tech world ever learned his name.” The machine paused almost thoughtfully. “And even now, I remain beside them... watching over Ezra and Lylah every day.”

For a moment, the mechanical voice almost sounded human.

1/4

11:29 Fri, May 15 M...

Chapter 396

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85

“It’s beautiful.”

Then the screen faded to black.

Silence swallowed the ballroom whole.

And then,

Someone rose to their feet. Then another.

Then dozens more.

Thunderous applause erupted through the grand hall like crashing waves beneath a full moon.

The sound shook the chandeliers overhead.

Several nobles stared openly toward Ezra now, shock and awe written plainly across their faces.

“So while everyone else was merely presenting ideas tonight...” one Alpha murmured in disbelief, “...Alpha Ezra’s invention has already been living among us this entire time?”

“I knew he inherited Moonclaw’s business empire,” another said quietly. “But this...” His voice lowered with genuine respect. “He built all of this himself?”

“He transformed half of Verdanth without ever demanding recognition for it.”

“And we didn’t even realize.”

Praise spread through the ballroom like wildfire.

Ezra remained calm beneath it all.

But Rowan heard every word like silver daggers being driven beneath his skin. His wolf snarled violently inside him, rage and humiliation colliding into something poisonous.

Bullshit.

The word exploded through his mind.

Suddenly, Rowan surged to his feet so violently his chair scraped harshly against the marble floor.

“Bullshit!”

The applause faltered instantly.

2/4

11:29 Fri, May 15 M...

Chapter 396

Every gaze turned toward him.

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Rowan's chest rose sharply, fury barely restrained beneath his skin.

"What was the point of this?" he demanded coldly, staring directly at Ezra. "Showing me footage of his life with Lylah?"

His voice darkened dangerously.

6 85

Finished

"You wanted to prove you won? You think showing me a few staged moments will convince me she's truly happy with you?"

The temperature around him dropped sharply.

Rowan could feel himself losing control if he remained there another second.

So he turned sharply and walked away.

"Rowan!" Cora hurried after him immediately, panic lacing her scent.

Her heels struck rapidly against the marble floor as she rushed toward the exit. But before she could leave the ballroom completely, a hand seized her wrist.

Cora gasped and turned sharply.

"Father?"

Eldric stood there.

His expression was dark enough to freeze blood.

"What the hell happened in there?" Eldric demanded. "Who were they applauding for?"

"I don't have time for this right now," Cora snapped anxiously, trying to pull free. "Rowan's furious because of Lylah's mate-"

"Lylah?" The name cut through Eldric instantly.

His grip tightened.

Slowly, his gaze shifted back toward the ballroom doors.

The scent of hostility rolled off him like rotting smoke.

"So all that praise was for that stray's mate? Not yours?"

11:29 Fri, May 15 M

Chapter 396

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3rd Person's POV

Eldric remained near the ballroom entrance, barred from reentering yet unwilling to leave. Confusion and irritation churned through him like poison beneath his skin.

85

When the thunderous applause had erupted from inside the grand hall, pride swelled instantly in his chest. He had assumed the celebration belonged to Rowan.

Who else could command such admiration tonight?

But then Rowan Blackfang stormed out of the ballroom with fury radiating off him in suffocating waves. And only then did Eldric realize the applause had never been for Rowan at

all.

“How?” Eldric demanded sharply, turning toward Cora. His voice carried the edge of a growl now. “How is that possible? Isn’t Lylah’s mate supposed to be some filthy mutt with a ruined bloodline and dirty money?”

That was what he had believed all this time.

“What exactly is he?”

Cora’s jaw tightened. “He is...”

“Who?” Eldric pressed impatiently. “Someone more influential than Rowan?”

For a brief moment, humiliation flickered across Cora’s face like a shadow she couldn’t hide.

Then she finally forced the words out.

“Lylah’s mate...” Her throat tightened. “Is Alpha Ezra of Moonclaw.”

Silence.

Absolute silence.

It felt as though the ground vanished beneath Eldric’s feet.

His hand slipped from Cora’s wrist as his entire body went rigid with shock. “Goddess...”

The color drained from his face.

Moonclaw.

174

Chapter 397

Not just any pack. Not some insignificant territory hidden at the edge of Verdanth.

Moonclaw.

The most powerful pack in the entire continent.

Meanwhile, irritation burned hotter and hotter beneath Cora’s skin.

She hated this.

Hated admitting it aloud.

Hated the way people's expressions changed the instant Ezra's name entered the conversation.

"But why didn't you tell me sooner?" Eldric snapped suddenly. "All this time I thought that stray had mated beneath herself!" His breathing grew uneven. "If I had known she became Moonclaw's Luna, I never would've treated her with hostility. She could've been useful to us."

Something inside Cora finally snapped.

"Useful?" she repeated quietly.

Then louder,

"Useful? Useful?" Her wolf surged violently beneath her skin, gold flashing briefly through her eyes. "Is that all you ever care about, Father? I spent years being useful to you! I did everything you asked. Everything!"

The bitterness in her scent thickened.

"You were the one who told me to stop associating with Lylah because she would drag me down. And now suddenly this is my fault because I didn't know who her mate was?"

She was exhausted.

Exhausted from Rowan. From Lylah. From tonight.

From the crushing realization that no matter how desperately she tried to climb higher, Lylah somehow still stood above her.

But Eldric's expression hardened instead of softening. He said coldly, "Yes."

Cora froze.

"Yes, you failed." Eldric stepped closer, his voice ruthless now. "Let's be honest for once." His lip curled faintly. "I had to beg Rowan and Vale to pull strings just to get you accepted into Lunar Grace. Meanwhile, Lylah earned her place there on her own."

2/4

Chapter 397

"And now?" Eldric continued. "You couldn't even secure a mate worthy of elevating our family further while Lylah became Moonclaw's Luna without any help from anyone." Each word cut deeper than the last. "So yes. You fell short. Useless."

Cora stared at him in disbelief.

For one terrible moment, she couldn't breathe.

Her fingers curled tightly at her sides while fury and humiliation crashed together inside her chest. Gold flickered dangerously through her eyes as her wolf strained against her control.

Then suddenly,

An aura rolled between them like a winter storm.

Rowan stepped forward without hesitation, placing himself between Cora and Eldric.

"Enough." His voice was low.

Rowan's eyes locked onto Eldric with open contempt.

"You always have plenty to say when things stop benefiting you, Eldric." His lips curved without warmth. "But let's stop pretending anyone else is the problem here. The only truly worthless is you."

The words landed with brutal precision.

"Not Cora. Not me. Not even Lylah." A dangerous growl vibrated faintly beneath his voice. "You're the worst kind of father anyone could have."

Eldric's face darkened instantly, but Rowan continued before he could speak.

"And you seem to forget something important. Cora is no longer merely your daughter. She is my Luna now."

The warning hung sharp as silver between them.

"If you make an enemy out of her, then you make one out of me too." Rowan spared him one final look of disgust. "So watch your tongue next time before it gets you into trouble you can't survive."

Without another word, he guided Cora down the corridor beside him.

3/4

11:29 Fri, May 15 M...

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 398

3rd Person's POV

85

Backstage, the lingering echoes of applause still trembled through the walls when Ezra finally stepped away from the podium. Satisfaction settled quietly beneath his skin. But what lingered most vividly in his mind was not the audience's admiration—

It was Lylah's smile.

That soft, reassuring look she had given him beneath the chandelier lights.

The memory alone was enough to soothe the restless beast prowling inside him.

He was about to return to her when delicate arms suddenly wrapped around him from behind, her warmth melting instantly against his back. Ezra's wolf quieted at once.

A smile touched his lips.

"I hope you're not angry," he murmured as he turned, gently cradling her face between his hands. He brushed a kiss against her cheek, lingering there for a heartbeat longer than necessary. "I should've asked before showing those recordings, my love."

Lylah looked up at him, moonlight caught in her eyes.

"Ezra, I don't mind at all." Happiness shimmered through her voice so brightly it almost made his chest ache. "Your presentation was incredible." She laughed softly, pride glowing all over her face. "I'm so proud of you."

The look in her eyes nearly destroyed him.

Goddess.

Ezra wanted to preserve this version of her forever-warm, safe, glowing with life. His mate had no idea what she did to him. Every smile from her felt like another thread binding his soul tighter to hers.

"You actually enjoyed it?" he asked quietly, brushing his thumb beneath her eye. "I was worried you'd get bored. Now since the formal presentation is over, if you're tired, we can leave whenever you want."

Lylah shook her head immediately.

Before tonight, she had been terrified the event would overwhelm her.

But somehow...it hadn't felt unbearable at all.

1/3

11:29 Fri, May 15 M...

Chapter 398

85

"They're still talking about you out there," she said with a small smile. "And I think everyone's waiting for a chance to speak with you. I don't mind staying a little longer."

Ezra's gaze softened further. "If that's what you want."

Then he kissed her properly this time.

Slow.

Gentle.

Possessive enough to make Archer, Zephyr, and nearby wolves instinctively look away.

Only after that did he guide her back toward the banquet lawn.

The informal gathering had moved outdoors beneath the night sky. Warm fairy lights flickered through the gardens like scattered stars, their glow dancing across polished marble paths and crystal glasses. Music drifted softly through the cool evening air while the audience gathered in clusters beneath the moonlight.

The moment Ezra and Lylah stepped onto the lawn, conversations halted.

Then the crowd surged toward them.

Questions came from every direction. Congratulations. Praise. Curiosity. Several influential guests eagerly tried to secure Ezra's attention while others stared openly at Lylah, fascination practically rolling off their scents.

Ezra remained calm amidst the chaos, one hand resting possessively at Lylah's waist while she politely answered questions beside him.

A sharp force shoved through the crowd.

Lylah barely had time to react before someone caught her shoulder and spun her around.

Her breath hitched.

Rowan.

His jacket was gone now, discarded somewhere in his fury, leaving only the white dress shirt stretched tightly across his broad frame.

His eyes locked onto hers with frightening intensity.

“We need to talk, Little Moon.” His voice came rough, strained thin by restraint. “Now.”

2/3

11:29 Fri, May 15 M...

Chapter 308

Lylah’s brows drew together instantly. “What do you want?”

Around them, the atmosphere shifted sharply.

The surrounding nobles exchanged startled glances as murmurs spread through the lawn like ripples beneath black water.

“Alpha Rowan Blackfang?”

“Did he just call Alpha Ezra’s mate Little Moon?”

“What the hell is happening?”

The tension thickened almost instantly.

Ezra moved at once. But before he could reach Rowan,

Lylah touched his arm.

A silent plea.

Then she stepped between them herself.

Rowan’s expression darkened immediately at the sight of her shielding Ezra so instinctively. Fury twisted sharply across his features as he pointed directly at him.

85

“That dirty bastard is a liar,” he snarled. “The rogue-detection system he presented tonight was my idea first.”

A dangerous silence spread outward.

Rowan’s wolf surged harder beneath his skin, rage bleeding visibly into the air around him.

“He stole it from me.” Rowan hissed, glaring at Ezra with naked hostility. “And tonight he stood in front of all of you pretending it was his own creation.”

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3/3

11:29 Fri, May 15 M...

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

Chapter 399

Lylah’s POV

85

Finished

The accusation was so absurd that for a moment, I genuinely wondered if Rowan was drunk.

But the sharpness in his eyes told me otherwise.

There was no haze in his scent. No instability from alcohol. Only rage. And the desperate, violent certainty of a wolf cornered before an entire territory.

He truly believed he could accuse Ezra in this manner.

A heavy silence spread across the moonlit garden before one of the nobles finally spoke.

“But Alpha Rowan... you and Alpha Ezra have never worked together before, have you? How would he even know about your idea?”

I felt secondhand embarrassment crawl beneath my skin.

Enough.

I was already preparing to pull Rowan away before he humiliated himself further when his gaze snapped toward me.

“Not him.” Rowan said darkly. “Her.”

A cold ripple passed through the crowd.

“Lylah knew about it.”

“Me?” The word left my lips before I could stop it, stunned disbelief flashing through me.

“You all may not know this,” Rowan continued, “but before Ezra, she was with me.” His eyes locked onto mine with suffocating intensity. “She lived in Blackfang far longer than she ever did here in Lunaris.

“She witnessed how I built Corlis Prime, my tech company, from nothing. She knew about my ideas. She knew what I was working on.” His gaze sharpened with accusation. “So tell me, if Ezra suddenly created the same system afterward, then where else could he have gotten it from?”

Around us, whispers erupted almost immediately.

“Is that true? Luna Lylah was once involved with Alpha Rowan?”

The voice came from somewhere within the gathered nobles, hushed but impossible to miss

1/4

11:29 Fri, May 15 M...

Chapter 300

beneath the suffocating tension.

85

Fin med

“That explains why her mating with Alpha Ezra was always surrounded by mystery. No one even knew where Moonclaw’s Luna came from before she appeared beside him.”

“And there was never any formal announcement about their mating ceremony either...”

“That would explain it if she truly used to belong to Alpha Rowan.”

“But then what happened? Why didn’t they end up together?”

The words spread through the gathering like wildfire beneath dry leaves.

And Rowan heard every single one.

I watched something ugly flare brighter inside him as the reactions fueled his wolf.

“Before you left Blackfang,” he said hoarsely, “before you left me... we used to share so many things.” His voice lowered. “Don’t tell me you’ve forgotten that.”

For a moment, all I could do was stare at him.

If this had only been about me, I would not have bothered explaining anything.

If he wanted to drag our past back into the light, to rip open old wounds in front of the entire continent to satisfy his pride, then fine. Let them talk. Let them speculate. I could endure it.

But this no longer involved only me.

Rowan had dragged Ezra’s name into it.

And that...

That I could not allow.

“Yes,” I said quietly. “I remember.”

The crowd fell still again.

“I remember watching you build Corlis Prime while Blackfang was collapsing around us.” My voice remained calm. “I remember those days very clearly, Rowan.”

A strange flicker crossed his face, almost triumphant.

But then I continued.

“But your ideas? How would I know them well enough to steal them for Ezra when you never

214

Chapter 390

shared your work with me in the first place?”

The triumph vanished instantly.

“You never involved me in your discussions, Rowan.” I said. “Not once.”

The memories rose sharper now, cutting through me like winter wind.

Back then, Rowan had been consumed by rebuilding Blackfang. Corlis Prime had become his obsession. His pride. His escape.

And me?

I had simply stood beside him, trying to hold together everything that was already slipping away.

Even when I myself was still bleeding inside.

A lost teenage girl cast aside by her Pack. By the very wolves I had once believed were my family.

“I supported you with my own savings,” I continued, my voice growing colder. “I offered suggestions. Resources. Foundation ideas for your company.” My gaze locked onto his. “And every time I asked if there was anything you wanted to share with me about your work, you told me that what I’d already done was enough.”

A faint murmur rippled through the nobles again. Because they understood now.

Rowan had thrown a spear in desperation,

only for it to turn back toward him.

“You seem to have forgotten that,” I said quietly.

But I hadn’t. I remembered everything.

The sleepless nights tending his injured legs.

The hunger was spreading through Blackfang while Rowan buried himself deeper inside ambition.

The way I stretched every coin I had was to feed his struggling pack members while he chased survival through business deals and expansion plans.

I never demanded access to his work.

Never forced my way into his world.

3/4

11:29 Fri, May 15 M...

Chapter 390

85

Fin bed

Never tried to pry open doors he chose to keep shut.

Because while he fought to save Blackfang in the only way he knew how, ran off searching for sparks,

I was already the ember keeping the fire alive in the dark.

4/4

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

Chapter 400

3rd Person's POV

“Lylah... is that truly all you remember?”

Foreshadowed

Rowan's voice cut through the garden, strained thinner now beneath the weight of humiliation. What had begun as controlled indignation was beginning to fracture into something far more dangerous.

Panic.

“You're bringing up the fact that I didn't include you in my discussions? Was that really necessary?”

Lylah merely looked at him.

Moonlight spilled across her silver-blue gown while the garden lights flickered softly around her like fallen stars. Yet there was nothing fragile about her now. Not anymore.

“I only told the truth,” she said calmly with a small shrug.

Around them, whispers spread rapidly through the crowd.

“So Alpha Rowam shut her out after taking her support?”

“She helped fund Blackfang during its collapse, didn’t she?”

“And now he’s accusing her of betrayal?”

“The nerve...”

The murmurs struck Rowan from every direction like invisible claws. His expression paled by the second as the weight of public judgment pressed down on him.

A crushing aura rolled across the banquet lawn.

Violent enough to silence the entire gathering instantly.

“What the fuck happened here?!”

The voice thundered through the gardens like a wolf’s roar beneath a blood moon.

“If any of you dared trouble Lylah, I won’t hesitate to hang your heads one by one.”

The crowd parted immediately.

Heads lowered on instinct.

Ivar stood at the edge of the marble path beside Vargan. Though long retired, the legendary War God still carried the presence of a predator.

And tonight-

Chapter 400

Finished

His wolf was awake.

The temperature itself seemed to drop as his gaze slid toward Rowan.

‘Do not insult my intelligence, Blackfang,’ Ivar said coldly. ‘I heard enough before arriving. Do not attempt to lie or cover your tracks now.’

The hostility rolling off Rowan’s wolf sharpened instantly in response, but before the tension could ignite further, Lylah stepped forward quickly.

‘No, Commander Ivar,’ she said gently. “There’s no problem here.”

Several wolves blinked in surprise at the softness in her tone.

Lylah offered Ivar a reassuring smile, “We were only having a discussion. And Alpha Rowan simply joined

1s.”

var’s hard expression didn’t soften immediately.

His wolf clearly disliked allowing the matter to rest.

But after a moment, his gaze settled on her face.

Are you certain?”

Yes,” Lylah said.

A stunned silence lingered for a heartbeat before someone within the crowd suddenly blurted out,

Wait, Luna Lylah knows Commander Ivar personally?”

Another noble stared openly now. “Not only knows him, but Commander Ivar is also clearly protective of her. What exactly is her background?”

She’s Alpha Ezra’s mate, close to Ivar the fearless, she’s favored by the Goddess herself...”

A female noble let out a breathless laugh. “Goddess, her life sounds perfect.”

The praise spread instantly through the gathering.

And not far away, Cora heard every single word.

She stood partially hidden near the edge of the garden entrance. Earlier, Rowan had told her to wait in the car while he “handled things.” But instead, she had returned.

And now she watched the scene unfolding before her like a nightmare she could not wake from.

Lylah stood at the center of the gathering effortlessly, wrapped in admiration, protected by powerful wolves, glowing beneath the attention of the entire continent.

The exact place Cora had dreamed of standing her whole life.

“S-since when...” Cora’s chest tightened painfully. “Since when did Commander Ivar become this close to

2:02 pm

Chapter 400

Lylah?”

PPP

Confusion spiraled violently inside her.

Finished

‘I made sure nothing happened outside my watch... So why...” Her breathing trembled unevenly. “Why does everything still keep slipping beyond my fucking control?”

Meanwhile, Lylah remained completely unaware of the storm unraveling nearby.

‘I think there’s nothing else to worry about now,” she said lightly, turning back toward the two elders and he guest. “We should continue the banquet.”

Then, with natural ease, she slipped her arm through Ezra’s before glancing warmly toward them both.

‘Grandpa. Commander Ivar.” Her smile softened beautifully beneath the moonlight. “Come eat with us.”

And just like that, she guided them forward with effortless grace, as though standing among legends had always been where she belonged.

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2:02 pm

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